



A
BAD GIRL'S
Reckoning

Emily Tilton

A BAD GIRL'S RECKONING



EMILY TILTON

CONTENTS

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Afterword](#)

[The Institute: Bad Girls Series](#)

[The Institute Series](#)

[The Institute: Shameful Arrangements Series](#)

[The Institute: Naughty Little Girls Series](#)

[Bound for Service Series](#)

[Beyond the Institute: The Future of Correction Series](#)

[Corporate Correction Series](#)

[Shamefully Courted Series](#)

[Victorian Correction Series](#)

[Galactic Discipline Series](#)

[More Stormy Night Books by Emily Tilton](#)

[Emily Tilton Links](#)

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Published by Stormy Night Publications and Design, LLC.
www.StormyNightPublications.com

Tilton, Emily
A Bad Girl's Reckoning

Cover Design by Korey Mae Johnson
Images by Shutterstock/Pandorabox and Shutterstock/IM_VISUALS

This book is intended for adults only. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults.

PROLOGUE



Briana

Fucking Lieutenant Kresky. While my daddies were off in country, doing their Lumberjack thing, fucking Lieutenant Kresky was in charge of the little base in the underground bunker. And he had just given me an order.

"Excuse me, Lieutenant?" I asked, trying hard to keep my temper.

"You heard me, SRD. I need you to get me coffee."

What. The. Fuck. He wasn't my boss. Okay, technically he was, because my spec ops daddies had put him in charge. But I didn't get coffee. I filed reports, like a secretary—fine. I set up meetings like a secretary—sure.

I didn't get coffee. Except that I kind of did, for my daddies—because I loved them.

I didn't love Lieutenant Kresky. He wasn't a daddy. He didn't have the right to punish me, the way my Lumberjacks did... let alone the right to fuck me any way he chose, whenever he liked, the way they did.

Dammit. They've been gone way too long. I'm so damn needy. The faces of Daddy John, Daddy Omar, and Daddy Trevor rose into my mind's eye... and not just their faces... their huge bodies, their muscular chests, their enormous thighs, and in between those thighs...

"SRD, do we have a problem?"

The lieutenant stood over my desk. He could get his own fucking coffee. He was standing up and I was sitting down and the break room lay about fifty feet away. No, I wasn't in the middle of anything, but the principle mattered. I didn't get coffee for Lieutenant Kresky. I was a bad girl, trained in Advanced Guidance back in the States, turned into a military fuck toy aka SRD—Sexual Relief Device—and sent to a bunker in the frozen tundra. I served special operations forces as a morale booster, and I'd become damn good at my job, shameful as many would find it.

Shameful as I still found it, a lot of the time.

I did not get coffee for Lieutenant Kresky. I looked up at him. Not bad looking, but a bureaucrat—not a real warrior, like my daddies. He didn't even know how to use the voice of authority my daddies used with me.

"Not on my end, sir." I kept my voice as level as I could. "But I don't get coffee."

"Alright then," the lieutenant said, "you'd better go ahead and get your paddle instead."

My lips parted and my heart started to beat fast. I felt my face flush hot with anger and embarrassment.

"No fucking way," I said, my calm starting to evaporate.

"SRD, Captain Bradley told you I'm in command. I heard him."

Shit. Shit. Shit.

Captain Bradley, Daddy John. He hadn't meant that this asshole could paddle me, though. He definitely hadn't.

But he could. He could get two corporals from the tech unit in here to hold me down, and he could go into my quarters to get the fucking paddle himself and pull my fatigues down and paddle me until I could hardly walk, if he wanted. Then he could tell Daddy John about my insubordination, and Daddy John wouldn't just paddle me again—he and Daddy Omar and even Daddy Trevor wouldn't let me come for a week.

I felt my face crumple. It was all just because I missed them: I knew it. Tears filled my eyes and I got up abruptly, lowering my swimming gaze so I wouldn't have to see the lieutenant.

"Your decision, SRD," he said. "Coffee or your paddle."

He wasn't an asshole: he hadn't even insisted on the paddle. But I couldn't take it. I rushed from the room and down the corridor to the exit out into the snow. I just needed a few moments to myself. I keyed in the code I wasn't supposed to know. The big metal door opened.

I didn't even think about the security risk—about the heat signature I might create. The cold surrounded me, embraced me as I went up the stairs to the other door, the one that just looked like the entrance to an abandoned building. It was so cold out there, I would get frostbite if I stayed for longer than a minute. I would clear my head and then go get coffee. I stepped outside, gasping at the cold.

Someone grabbed me from behind. I felt a hood go over my face, smelled a chemical smell.

Oh, shit.

CHAPTER 1



Briana

"You're going to call me Papa Nicolai," said a voice in lightly accented English. Whatever drug they had used on me had left me in some strange state where I felt like I had already woken up, but somehow hadn't been aware of... well, anything—where I was, who I was, and especially how they had, it seemed, bound me to a chair.

I shivered. Bound me naked to a chair, I realized.

Except for the hood, which the hand—presumably—of the man who had just told me to call him Papa Nicolai now pulled off my head. I looked up at him—a big, dark-haired man in a business suit with a definite air of wealth and crime—blinking. With a smile that I couldn't help labeling cruel, he took a small step back and sat down.

Papa Nicolai and the two other men I now noticed sitting in front of me in comfortable-looking armchairs wore business suits without ties. I could hardly have imagined a more stereotypical picture of a Russian organized crime warlord and his mobster minions.

For a moment, fear rose from my belly through my ribs and into my throat. My hands, cuffed behind me around the back of the hard metal chair in which they had put me, tried to get free. At the same instant I became fully aware that I had no clothes on. Nakedness had become almost second nature in the Bad Girls facility where Selecta, the megacorp that more or less ran the government these days, had 'reformed' me. It took me a second to realize that it meant something different here, just having been kidnapped: I could see the difference in the eyes of Papa Nicolai and his henchmen, their evident satisfaction to have a gorgeous young American sexual servant naked and restrained in front of them.

"You're here," he said, as he settled back into the center armchair, "because we know about the voice of authority, Briana."

Shit, they even know my name. The part about the voice made nowhere near the impression on me that the sound of my own name did, coming from the warlord's mouth.

After all, they clearly didn't understand how the voice worked.

I forced a skeptical look onto my face. Not a sneer, because I thought a sneer would probably look fake. I felt like I could pull off skepticism, though. I definitely had a lot of practice, since I had perfected it during my short-lived career as a real bad girl.

I mean, doing crimes and stuff back in Hoboken. Nothing big and definitely nothing violent. Nothing that got me into drugs, thank God, though I'd had some close calls living in the squats, as everybody called the abandoned housing Selecta hadn't gotten around to razing yet.

In front of five different judges I'd done the skeptical look, with just enough sweetness to imply my innocence—my modesty, even—in addition to my ignorance of what a crime might even be. Only the fifth had seen through it, with the help of a whole bunch of surveillance footage Selecta had decided to release because—I learned later—they had set a trap for me with the permission of the fourth judge.

That memory, unfortunately, flashed into my mind right there, naked in front of Papa Nicolai and his goons, distracting me. But my hard swallow as I remembered added to the impression of innocence I had resolved to present.

That simple fucking trap the judge set. They hadn't even had to entrap me, though the corporate laws had completely decriminalized even entrapment, when Selecta felt like entrapping girls like me. They could have handcuffed me and made me look at a particular sort of naughty pictures, as they had done to a couple of the bad girls I had met in Advanced Guidance.

They hadn't needed to do that with me, though: the judge had authorized the sensor between my thighs, installed via nano-drone, and then my attorney—my gorgeous, Selecta-hired attorney, of course—had suggested I might show my gratitude for his having gotten me off on the charge.

My stupid fucking body had done the rest. The picture in my mind's eye, of me on my knees in front of my lawyer as he fucked my face with abandon, his big but beautifully manicured hands firmly around my head, long fingers interlaced in my disheveled blonde hair—that had sent an electric thrill to my pussy. The sensor, newly installed between my vagina and my anus, they told me in Advanced Guidance, had done the rest, beaming the information straight to Selecta and qualifying me for bad girl prison.

My body had betrayed me.

Just like it had already threatened to do now, in front of the Russians.

The Russians had kidnapped me, it seemed, because they knew about the voice of authority. Unfortunately, they almost certainly couldn't actually have understood the report they'd heard about a bad girl—that is, formally, an SRD, a Sexual Relief Device—whose special ops daddies could command her to do whatever they wanted.

Whatever they wanted. That part, to my mortification, represented nothing more or less than the truth. In the detention facility where they had 'reformed' me, they had installed whatever fucked-up technology allowed the men they gave me to—the ones I had to call Daddy—to order me around.

Not just order me around; when my daddies used the voice of authority, I couldn't do anything but obey them. No matter what they told me to do.

So if they told me to kneel down right in the situation room and suck all their cocks, yup—I did it. I didn't have a choice. It only got more degrading from there.

The Russians had heard about it, I realized, and they wanted me. Nicolai—Papa Nicolai, he had already commanded me to call him, in his lilting accent—had told me as much the moment before he pulled the bag off my head somewhere, I had to assume, in Russian-controlled territory.

It looked like a bunker, but I probably thought that because I'd spent the last few months in a bunker with my spec ops daddies. Really, it looked like a meeting room on a cheap floor of an office building, or a classroom in a community college. It probably felt like they had taken me underground simply because I'd awoken in the dark, instantly sensing the bag over my head.

Bunker... dungeon... a place where bad girls like me received their just rewards. Well, I had news for 'Papa' Nicolai: I had already done enough time in jails, prisons, and bunkers that I didn't really have any just rewards coming any longer.

No, I got them in the ass pretty much every day from my Lumberjacks.

My spec ops warrior daddies called themselves that—the Lumberjacks—because most of their job consisted of taking down communications towers that the warlords had generally disguised as the ugliest fucking trees you could imagine.

Also, they looked like lumberjacks. They even wore flannel sometimes, when they were off duty.

Papa Nicolai turned to the goon on his right and said something in Russian. He—a not really unattractive guy, younger than his boss and sporting cold blue eyes and a black beard—grunted an agreement and got up. He took a step toward me, so that he loomed over me, moving a little to my left side.

The metal chair they had put me in stood a little lower than your average chair, probably precisely so that my eyes would be level with this man's belt, the buckle of which he now started to unfasten, two or three inches away from my face.

I looked up at the guy, doing my best to keep the skeptical expression on my face. My heart raced as I tried to figure out what to do, when the next thing happened—the thing I felt one hundred percent sure would happen.

Papa Nicolai spoke, but in a voice a minor third lower than the one he had used before. "You're going to suck Ivan's cock, Briana. I want to see how well your daddies trained you."

I understood all too clearly that I probably had less than a second to make up my mind. Really, I didn't actually make up my mind. I just did the stupid, brave thing.

Also the thing my treasonous body craved. If the daddies in bad girl prison had managed to instill one actual message, one honest to God life lesson, it was that my body would always win: the trick to living a reasonably happy life, even in a bunker in God only knows what icebound country, lay in accepting my pussy's lewd, humiliating needs. Once I did that, I could begin to govern them.

My advantage over my Russian kidnappers lay in them not understanding me or my training in the slightest, and so I had to maintain that edge if I possibly could. I let my body's craving take over, and I pretended that Papa Nicolai's attempt at the voice of authority had worked on me.

His lame attempt, I thought to myself with an inward sneer, even as I transformed my features from the skeptical expression to a well-practiced pout of grateful submission. I parted my lips as if my panting need to serve this handsome henchman could not be denied any longer. I gazed up at him, widening my eyes and crinkling my brow to suggest that if he would only pull his cock out of his pants and shove it into my mouth, I would know joy such as had never before fallen to my lot.

It took the goon by surprise. His own eyes widened, and I thought I could tell that despite his handsomeness and his evident effort to maintain a suave manner in front of his crime-lord boss he didn't have a lot of sexual experience. His face told me that he certainly hadn't received a lot of oral, and he certainly hadn't had a girl on her knees in front of him, her eyes begging him to thrust himself deep inside her waiting, open mouth.

You don't have to do it exactly right, I told myself as I felt my heart start to race. They don't know how it works, so they'll accept whatever you do as coming from the voice, as long as you obey in some way.

The thought reassured me. I didn't think I could possibly imitate the effect of all the different emotions, urges, and thoughts that roared and roiled in my mind when one of my daddies used the voice of authority on me. Some of it always felt voluntary—that represented the true key to the subroutine my Advanced Guidance daddies had installed in my brain.

A man whose voice, in that lower register, I had been programmed to obey, could only command me to do what my subconscious mind already wanted to do. Subroutine and program were the words my senior daddy had used to explain it to me, anyway, after he had told me to bend over a bench and spread my bottom-cheeks for a punishment plug.

On the other hand I had once heard one of the doctors get mad about it and say that

they shouldn't mix up people and computers that way. One of the daddies had asked the doctor how they should explain it, then, and the doctor had said something like, "Biometrically calibrated preconscious psychosexual suggestion," which had made the daddy laugh.

It didn't feel like a program, though. I couldn't deny that it felt, well, a lot less straightforward than I imagined a robot felt. I mean, a robot doesn't feel—doesn't feel anything at all, and that probably makes for the most important difference. A robot couldn't feel the feverish welter of emotion and sensation that took hold of me when a huge, gorgeous man took out his cock and told me to kneel and present my anus for plugging—or for a hard fucking I knew would leave me walking with gingerly steps for the next two days. And when a daddy I had been programmed to obey gave the instruction in the voice of authority, that mixture inside my head only got more confusing.

But the Russians didn't need me to imitate the strange, halting way I always obeyed, as my body and my brain found their way to the forbidden pleasure of submission, to my dark need for the discipline of a strong, firm-handed daddy. They had no idea what I really looked like when I opened my mouth for Daddy John, Daddy Trevor, or Daddy Omar—my Lumberjacks.

I swallowed hard, and a tear actually welled up as I thought of them, wondering what had happened—whether the Russians had killed them when they kidnapped me, or if they were alive and wondering who had stolen their bad girl.

"Oh, look," said the warlord. "The little whore is sad because she has to suck your cock, Ivan."

I kept my eyes on Ivan's face. I bit back the words that had risen in my mind, and let them sound there and there alone.

My Lumberjacks are going to come for me, asshole. And they are going to be very, very angry.

CHAPTER 2



*B*riana

Ivan started to unbuckle his belt. He might have an air of inexperience, but the decisive way his hands moved over the silvery metal of the buckle and the shiny black leather of the belt told me that Ivan had the essential dominant instinct I had come to know so well in my daddies.

Those urges, I saw in the icy blue eyes that made such a uniquely Slavic contrast with his high cheekbones and dark hair, had all the urgency of the henchman who feels entitled to get laid a good deal more than he actually does. I couldn't really see my naked body reflected in the pupils, but I could feel running down my spine the acute consciousness of how my nudity had affected Ivan's sexual needs.

I heard the clinking of the belt buckle. To my distress, it drew my eyes downward again. The sight of the masculine fingers unfastening the button of the dark trousers and starting to open his fly brought to my mind's eye the memory of Daddy Omar (code name Lumberjack Three) getting ready to punish me before he used my mouth to assuage the erection that whipping me always gave him.

I had talked back to Daddy Omar, in the situation room, where I served as my Lumberjacks' secretary, more or less. The one thing spec ops warriors needed possibly more than an SRD was someone to do their paperwork. I had talked back to Daddy Omar because he had told me that his report needed to take priority over my streaming old horror movies.

Really I had talked back because I needed a whipping. Or at least a spanking. I remembered now how I had cried out in alarm when instead of sitting down and ordering me over his knee he had started to unbuckle his belt.

Daddy Omar hadn't had to use the voice of authority. I had said, "Oh, Daddy... please, no?"

He had said, "You know what to do, Briana. Over the back of the chair and panties down. You know we can't tolerate insubordination here. Lives are at stake in every report."

He had whipped me so hard, with his heavy jeans belt, but he hadn't needed to use the voice to keep me over the back of the chair.

The memory made me furrow my brow hard, and pant like a puppy with a treat held in front of her nose.

"You're hot for it, aren't you?" Ivan said, his English a good deal more heavily accented than Papa Nicolai's. "You can call me Papa Ivan, when your mouth isn't full."

Papa Nicolai clearly wanted to get in on the lewd action, displaying in person the petty jealousy I had come to associate with the warlords as I got to know them from afar, watching their movements through the intelligence my Lumberjack daddies gathered. He spoke in a cartoonishly lecherous voice.

"Use the voice, Ivan," he said, leering at me and making me think that if his bushy mustache had been a little longer he might actually have twirled it. "Make her answer you."

For a horrible moment I thought I might actually laugh. That would have completely destroyed the impression I had resolved I must create: that they could use the voice of authority with ease and that it turned me into an unwilling but—despite my unaccountable innocence and basic modesty—nevertheless eagerly compliant concubine.

I needed to create and maintain a fantasy—something I knew a good deal about. If I laughed, I knew, I would destroy my chance at disarming them that way. I might also make them feel the need to get rid of me.

I turned the laugh into a moderately convincing cry of distress.

They don't know what it should look like, I told myself, managing to calm my racing heart a little. I could see on Ivan's face that he had taken my submissive little noise as the cry of a girl who knew she must suck the long, hard cock he had just pulled out of his navy blue briefs despite her shame and reluctance to do such a dirty thing.

They don't know how well your daddies trained you.

Even before my trip to Advanced Guidance bad girl prison, I hadn't minded giving head, despite my being completely self-taught in the lewd art of pleasuring a hard penis. I hadn't really associated it with anything that felt really important to me though—I had to wait for my time in detention to become the truly passionate bad girl cocksucker I was for my Lumberjacks.

Everyone who grew up in the care of a megacorp-sponsored educational facility as I had got a rather mixed message about sex. We learned two distinct things from the combination of school rules about close contact with the opposite sex and our health and

human development curriculum: consensual sex—even of the most conventional cock-in-pussy face-to-face kind—had something naughty and adult about it. It was also, we heard, absolutely healthy and necessary for the species' survival.

Less conventional ways of fucking didn't feature in our coursework, so we had to figure that out on our own. After leaving the educational facility at eighteen and taking to the streets of Hoboken, I had occasionally sucked cocks as a way of growing my bad girl credibility and getting stuff like food and shelter. It hadn't felt particularly connected to my deepest needs and urges—in fact I found kissing the guys I gave blowjobs more unpleasant than taking their hard penises to the back of my throat.

My Advanced Guidance daddies had changed that. At first I had thought I could fool them into thinking that sucking their cocks represented a major 'breakthrough'—the thing they always seemed interested in me having. They had much too complete an understanding of me, though, for that to work. The sensor between my legs and their computer models, I learned to my horror, told them everything about me—my brain, my body, my deepest needs, my dirtiest fantasies.

I felt my brows work and my cheeks flush with hot, rising shame, now, as I looked up at Ivan: real shame, something I had supposed, when I arrived at bad girl prison, I couldn't ever feel. My mouth had started to water at the sight of his throbbing manhood, the way he pumped it arrogantly in his hand to get it ready to use me. I didn't actually want to suck his cock, but my body responded as my daddies had trained it to do.

"Answer me, slut," Ivan said, lowering his voice something like a minor third. I'm not a professional musician or anything, but I have a pretty good voice and I sang in my EF chorus; I knew a minor third when I heard one, and more important, daddies who actually knew how to use the voice of authority knew that the pitch had to be precise.

So I had a dilemma: should I obey, as if the voice could be invoked in such a slapdash way, or should I show some resistance? I decided to take a gamble on the possibility that I might be able to reel Papa Nicolai in a little closer, set him up a little better if I made the voice seem just a bit more complicated than Ivan at least had grasped.

I frowned hard, as if to suggest that I had almost felt an inescapable compulsion to do as the henchman had said. I shook my head.

Ivan looked over at the other henchman, sitting on the other side of Papa Nicolai. I saw an instant of uncertainty in Ivan's eyes.

Ah. So there's some instability in the power structure here, I thought. Ivan is the top minion... lieutenant, let's call it... but blond guy—he looked more Swedish than Slavic, that one, and his rugged good looks made the other two men look like schlubs—is probably threatening to take over the lieutenant slot.

I didn't know how I could possibly use the insight, but at least it gave me something to think about. I felt a ray of hope make its way into my heart as I noticed myself noticing

things: Daddy John had given me what he called 'observation lessons' in the three months since I had first deployed with the Lumberjacks, sitting me down every day in front of a different reconnaissance video and telling me to watch it five times and notice something new each time.

I had a dangerous moment as I remembered him telling me, in that serious, unsexy voice that nevertheless turned me on so damn much, "Notice yourself noticing, Briana. You're here because in addition to being such a good little bad girl, you also have a major aptitude for reconnaissance."

That's something these Russian fuckers definitely don't know, I thought to myself, to recover from the sob that had risen out of my chest at the memory of Daddy John's deep voice and his chocolate eyes.

I couldn't see how blond guy had reacted, and I couldn't read in Ivan's expression anything more than the momentary glance had conveyed: he worried about how he looked to Papa Nicolai when blond guy could see.

It's a start, anyway. I filed it at the back of my mind as Ivan got control of his expression and turned his eyes to look at his boss with a sneer of scorn. He said something in Russian that I assumed must mean something like, "I thought you said this whore obeys when you use that tone."

I swiveled my own eyes over to Papa Nicolai. Notice everything, I told myself. I didn't have the easiest time concentrating, with Ivan's hard cock an inch from my face—and it got much harder right then because the henchman snarled something else in Russian, which I knew just from the sound of the words must be directed at me rather than his boss. He accompanied the harsh words with a sudden movement of his right hand: he reached out and seized the back of my head, twining his fingers in my blonde hair.

My mouth had remained open: that came from my training, and if it had in fact been one of my daddies who had given me the command to get ready to suck his cock, it would have been the same. Obeying that way, instinctively and consistently, just represented a part of owning my body's wanton needs.

Ivan started to thrust his hips forward; I could see the red-brown head of his penis coming closer, and I knew he meant just to take my mouth by force, as I felt sure he had done with reluctant girls before.

"Nyet," Papa Nicolai said in a cold voice. That was one Russian word I knew, at least. The warlord's face had a cruel look on it: narrow eyes and the barest hint of a thin-lipped smile. To my dismay, Papa Nicolai had a handsome face, as attractive as Daddy John's really. He reminded me of old paintings of noblemen and kings—I thought I remembered a picture of Peter the Great, imposing and dark, that this criminal resembled.

I knew my fate probably hung on Papa Nicolai's intelligence—and on my being able to outwit him in the end, thanks to knowing more than he did. If I had a glimmer of hope at

doing that, it needed to start here. I looked into the man's dark eyes and saw calculation, and I thought I had a shot.

What happened next confirmed my hope for the moment at least. The warlord looked back at me, and he said, his voice precisely pitched a minor third lower than his usual speaking tone, "Answer Papa Ivan. Are you hot to suck a big Russian cock, slut?"

I gave myself to the play I had made, then. I closed my mouth, as if having been given this countermanding order to speak, I had no choice. I turned my face into a mask of mortified, submissive woe, and I looked up at Ivan with wide eyes.

"Yes, Papa," I lied. "I'm so hot to suck your cock."

CHAPTER 3



*B*riana

Ivan looked down at me, his brows knit in confusion.

“Open your mouth, whore,” he said, trying again to find the correct pitch.

I didn’t have to do anything; I had sold Papa Nicolai on his own intelligence. Before I could even shake my head with my lips tightly closed, the warlord spoke to his henchman in Russian, his deep voice scornful. The words, I felt sure, could only mean, “You did it wrong, asshole.”

I remembered something Daddy Trevor had told me—“The smart ones who know they’re smart are the easiest to fool... we make them think they’ve figured out the problem, that it’s the temperature that’s fucking up their comms.”

What a strange way to confirm the theory, my brain thought as I bolstered whatever my new papa (until I got rescued, anyway) had said to his minion by pursing my lips and moving my chin in a frantic back-and-forth movement of refusal.

For a moment, I felt a giddy pride in manipulating them all this way, and again I realized how narrowly I was avoiding laughter—and then I considered what kind of laugh would emerge from my throat and understood I had started to experience fairly severe shock. If I did laugh, it would come out as a manic, highly disturbing sign of near-lunacy, as the various parts of me failed to integrate sensation, emotion, and thought.

My mind had gotten very familiar with dissociation over the past six months—the daddies in Advanced Guidance had made sure I could recognize it, because of the important role it played in submissive sexuality. I had even reached the point, before they sent me to the Lumberjacks, where I could control it to a certain extent, and more important, enjoy it when it allowed me to get my darkest sexual needs satisfied.

I couldn’t enjoy it now, though, or I would ruin any chance I might have of surviving

whatever these Russian criminals had planned for me.

I quelled the pride and I committed to my performance as the reluctant bad girl sexual servant Papa Nicolai thought he had stolen from the American contractors—it seemed most likely that the warlord believed my Lumberjacks’ cover story of being well-armed communications techs. I couldn’t imagine he would have kidnapped me, otherwise.

Papa Nicolai spoke again in Russian, giving Ivan an order. The lieutenant tried again, and this time his voice did sound right. The Selecta doctors had given me a specific attunement to my daddies’ voices. Only they could actually make me obey, but I could recognize the precisely calibrated activation of the vocal cords, always in a precise tonal ratio with the speaker’s usual speaking pitch.

“Open your mouth, whore,” Ivan repeated.

I had thought I would have to work harder to put on a convincing act. Honestly, I had hoped I would have to work harder. But even though my body didn’t react automatically, the way it would have if one of my daddies had issued the command, need surged between my thighs at the sound of this reasonable imitation of the voice.

In fact, the humiliation of having to obey this moderately handsome minion of a criminal warlord made that need mortifyingly stronger. I felt my shoulders tense with the helpless thrill of arousal, and that reminded me of the handcuffs around my wrists and my nakedness on the hard metal chair.

My brow knitted with mingled shame and need as I opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue, and a little moaning whimper emerged from my throat. I looked at the huge, hard cock in front of my eyes, brandished in Ivan’s hand. I watched him lower its head as with the fingers still twined in my hair he held me still so that he could thrust deep between my lips.

He filled me, and he put his other hand behind my head, grasping the back of my neck tightly. I could feel in the muscles of his hands the raw aggression and the animal need my naked form had excited. Above me—far above me, it felt like, in my dissociated state—I heard him grunt with helpless pleasure, and I had to resist another pulse of pride at having seduced him so thoroughly into thinking himself my absolute master.

Such a shameful pride and such an ambiguous happiness: I could achieve it, whether with my caring daddies or this brutal criminal, only by a bad girl’s reluctant submission to the ultimate authority of a hard cock’s enjoyment. As if to reinforce the breaking of the pride I moaned around the gag of rigid flesh that Ivan kept holding deep inside my mouth.

I whimpered with discomfort as he began to thrust only half an inch or so in and out, using the back of my throat in his urgent quest for release. The shameful sounds of a well-fucked mouth, the gluck gluck gluck that a hard cock only made in the mouth of a trained bed girl contrasted, in the close air of the room, with my little noises of submission.

"Is she good?" Papa Nicolai asked.

In English... to shame me further, I understood somewhere in a part of my brain that felt like it had floated up to the ceiling. That part had enough independence to feel some scorn for the warlord.

Of course I'm good, I thought with an inward sneer, but this is just opening my fucking throat and suppressing my gag reflex. I hadn't perfected that response, that deep-throating skill, until my daddies in Advanced Guidance had gotten hold of me, and given me real lessons in breathing and muscle relaxation, but I had started practicing all the way back on the streets of Hoboken.

"Da," Ivan replied, as if he couldn't remember how to speak English because my mouth made his cock feel too good.

I whimpered again as his cock used me, as he held my head and thrust with dominant masculine abandon. Every driving invasion went balls deep now, and I had to concentrate to keep my teeth covered as his wiry pubic hair tickled and brushed my lips and nose and cheeks.

"Come in her mouth," Papa Nicolai said. "Then Georg will take a turn. I'm going to have the cunt and the ass myself."

I knew for certain that he had used English in order to degrade me, to crush my innocence—that is, the innocence I had gotten so good at projecting, because of course my real innocence had vanished sometime on my eighteenth birthday or thereabouts.

His crudity still worked; I felt my face burn with shame and my pussy flow with helpless arousal. I cried out around the hard cock thrusting in my mouth and I struggled against the handcuffs.

To my utter mortification, I felt desperate to use my right hand between my thighs as Ivan brutally enjoyed my mouth—the way my daddies would let me do, if I had obeyed them fully. I thought of the little vibrator in my nightstand in my little room in the Lumberjacks' bunker, of how Daddy Trevor called it my naughty girl toy. I moaned as I felt my bottom squirm under me, moving against the hard surface of the spartan chair's aluminum seat, pressing down in a fruitless search for friction and the release it might bring.

I crossed my calves, under the chair, and I squeezed my thighs together. I knew they would see, these criminals, and the knowledge made me even hotter down there.

"No," Ivan said, his voice pitched at the correct level despite its thickening with the pleasure. "No, slut. Sit still on the chair. No coming for you."

Oh, no. My piteous whimper around his hardness had nothing feigned about it. If my real daddies had given me that order in the voice of authority, my body would have done much of the work for me, the conditioning taking over at a subconscious level. Without

the real voice, the task of keeping myself from giving into my wanton nature got much harder. If I didn't work very hard now, I could well show the Russians that their fake voice of authority didn't actually work on me.

But my daddies' training saved me. If Daddy John were the one using my mouth like a pussy, pounding his lap into my face and grunting with the satisfaction to be had at the soft back of my throat, he might well have forbidden me to ease the need between my thighs. He wouldn't have done it in the voice, though; Daddy John especially loved to enforce that kind of discipline on me as he enjoyed me, unless I had earned an orgasm as a special reward.

More often, though, Daddy John would fuck my face as part of a session of sexual discipline—the kind I earned pretty much once a week for the general slovenliness I couldn't seem to shake.

My Lumberjacks, like my Advanced Guidance daddies, took very seriously the fundamental nature of the SRD Protocol that everyone just called the Bad Girl Rules. At its most basic level, it only had one rule: Bad girls only get fucked with a very sore bottom. In practice, that one principle meant a whole bunch of other, smaller rules, like Daddy John's favorite: Bad girls only come when they truly earn it. When he punished me for my untidy room, I definitely hadn't earned such a reward; if Daddy John caught me squeezing my thighs as he used my mouth he would give me a warning. If I did it again, he would get the strap and whip me as I served him on my knees.

Just the thought of it, along with the almost painful memory of the kind of orgasm Daddy John would finally bring me to, with his cock deep in my ass at the end of that kind of session, made my whole body buck, there in front of the Russians. My floating brain somehow sorted it all out, though, and with what felt like the ghostly help of my faraway daddies—oh, please... let them not really be far away!—took charge, quelling my panic.

They'll see that needy spasm as me reacting to the voice. Now I just need to keep still.

The movement of my body, the wantonness and need I had just made so very plain—the heat I, to my mortification, did really feel to have my mouth used by this handsome minion of a criminal warlord—brought on Ivan's orgasm. I suppressed the thrill of jubilation I felt in having forced him to a climax as he thought he forced me to pleasure him. I cried out, hearing the ambiguity in the noise and knowing Ivan, Georg, and Papa Nicolai would undoubtedly interpret it as submission to the violation they had perpetrated.

"Swallow it all, whore," Ivan said. He had forgotten his ineffectual version of the voice, but it didn't make a difference to me. I knew how to swallow theatrically, and to put a look of distress on my face as if I didn't like it, even though the taste of semen had grown so familiar to me that I could actually enjoy the difference between my daddies' flavors of cum. Ivan's seed wasn't really all that bad—I realized that it actually tasted a lot like Daddy Trevor's, which I thought might be because Daddy Trevor liked vodka.

I noticed myself noticing that. Behind my expression of submissive woe I smiled inwardly. Ivan pulled his softening cock from my mouth and I realized Georg had stood up on my other side to make good on Papa Nicolai's intentions for this little scene.

"I want to see you try to play with your cunt, girl," he said as I looked up at him with wide eyes. His English was better than Papa Nicolai's, and his face more attractive than Ivan's. Also, I felt certain the slight accent that remained must be German—his shoulder-length blond hair and blue eyes seemed to confirm that.

He had dropped his pants and his briefs to his knees already, and he held a long, throbbing penis in his left hand as he put out the right to take hold of my chin.

"Show me," he said, dropping his voice a precise minor third.

My jaw dropped, slackening in his grip, as I felt my body respond of its own accord, my bottom squirming against the hard metal.

The voice of authority... I'm attuned to him. He's a... he's one of my...

"Yes, Daddy," I whispered as I sought my release in vain, whimpering at the faint sensations the chair provided.

CHAPTER 4



Georg

Damn, Briana looked gorgeous, naked and bound, squirming over the metal chair. I had seen her picture in a briefing a few months back, on one of the rare occasions when I'd managed to make contact with my station chief. The picture, though, had only shown the blonde, blue-eyed girl's lovely face; it hadn't given a hint as to the loveliness of her petite body, the pertness of her B-cup breasts, or the perfection of the slight but definitely feminine curve of her hips.

Briana Tragner. Watch out for her, the text from control had told me. We're not sure Opal will take her, but the modeling shows a pretty good chance.

Opal was the agency's codename for Nicolai Garonov—aka at the moment Papa Nicolai.

My primary target, as part of the agency's effort to defend Omislavan energy markets from his—and the other regional warlords' corruption and pressure. When I thought about the various components of the organization I had joined five years ago, fresh out of college, it always seemed simpler just to call it the agency. In reality, as far as I could tell, my bosses comprised a flexible partnership of several Western governments, a few megacorps—the ubiquitous Selecta chief among them—and at least one shadowy, secretive NGO that apparently spoke in Latin a good deal of the time.

The complexity of it made my head hurt whenever I tried to figure it out, but in practice, in the field and undercover with Opal's little army of power-hungry criminals, I didn't think about it. I did my job, which had just gotten very, very complicated.

"Papa," I corrected, still using the voice of authority. "Call me Papa Georg."

"Yes, Papa Georg," Briana said automatically, her eyes wide and troubled. Tears streamed down her face from the hard face-fucking that little prick Ivan had just given her. She didn't seem in real distress, though, which tracked well with what I knew of her training. These bad girls were made of tough stuff—indeed, that pretty much represented

the point of the synergy Selecta had established with the military on the SRD program.

Geopolitical affairs—currently in a state many pundits had already labeled The Energy Wars—had reached a point where specialized Western military deployments like the Lumberjacks had grown commonplace. From what I knew, Selecta had taken advantage, leveraging existing assets as they always did: in this case, the bad girl ‘intervention’ program that had originally sent its reformed submissives to wealthy men had proven a priceless source of the SRDs that current military doctrine viewed as essential to maintaining morale in the field.

After a successful tryout at stateside bases, bad girls had begun going into the field in a variety of different situations. The vast majority of them, from what I had heard at one of the many briefings I had suffered through as I trained for this assignment undercover with Opal’s organization, had accomplished remarkable things—indeed, several of the first few SRDs had joined up as soldiers and field agents after the tours of government-mandated service that finished off their judicial sentences.

Looking into Briana’s wide eyes, I thought I could see that her experience so far with the spec ops crew that called themselves the Lumberjacks had set her up nicely to do the same. If she and I could survive the next few days—at the most, I hoped—and I could get her back to them.

“See, Ivan,” Nicolai said to his henchman in Russian, “Georg knows how to do it.”

“Suck the cock, whore,” I told Briana, in my practiced German-accented English, still using the voice of authority. “Show me your skill.”

Her brows knit, and I could see in the tension of her features how difficult she must find it to realize that somehow her body’s responses had been attuned to my voice. I wished I could wink, or send some sign—any sign at all—that she had an actual ally in the room. I hoped that my not seizing her head and thrusting my hard cock down her throat might serve at least a little in that capacity.

She bent her head and, with her eyes still fixed on my face, gave my rigid penis a long swirling lick that demonstrated just how much she had learned in Advanced Guidance. I couldn’t suppress a grunt from deep in my chest at the surge of pleasure that shot through my whole body.

“Eyes down,” I told her, knowing the peremptory command would please Nicolai. When she had lowered her gaze to my lap, her cheeks reddening so deeply that I felt my cock leap against her lips, I turned my attention to Ivan. I spoke to him in Russian.

“If you only fuck her face,” I told him, “you don’t get to know what she can do.” Then, very theatrically, I caressed Briana’s head with my left hand, tenderly stroking her cheek. I spoke next in English, looking down at her golden head.

“This girl is a trained fuck toy. Don’t treat her like an inflatable doll.”

Briana

My mind raced.

Trained fuck toy. He spoke so much like one of my daddies, with that indescribable mixture of affection and degradation. Was this man with the German accent... this Papa Georg... trying to tell me something? How could he use the voice of authority? They had told me... my Advanced Guidance daddies had told me that only the men whose voices they had attuned me to could do that... could make my body obey them.

I gave a little sob. Fear surged in my belly, up to my neck so that I felt I could hardly breathe for a moment. I would display... I probably had already displayed... to Papa Nicolai and to Ivan the difference between my body's reactions to the real voice and its response to their vain attempts to imitate it.

They would realize something was amiss, that I had tried to fool them. They would get rid of me.

My breath came hard and fast between my open lips as I encircled the head of Papa Georg's hard cock with my lips, using my tongue gently in that spot just underneath that gives a daddy so much pleasure. Automatically, my breathing adjusted, coming more slowly and steadily through my nose. I blushed as I realized that the act of sucking a man's rigid penis had this soothing effect on me, even with my hands bound behind the back of a hard metal chair.

I let out a submissive whimper as it became clear to me that I probably didn't have anything to fear; as long as I kept up the act of the reluctant but wanton innocent, the slut who nevertheless clung to her modesty, I could make the two responses seem identical.

I raised my eyes to look up into Papa Georg's face, suddenly wondering if he had intentionally commanded this oral service to give me time to think. If my body were somehow attuned to his voice, he might be an undercover agent, right? He might be planning right now how to get me out of here and back to my daddies—or maybe he had already planned it, and he only meant to kill time before the Lumberjacks arrived.

Foolishly, I gave in to hope and I beamed that hope and all my questions into the handsome, blue-eyed face above me. I tried to read the expression of the man whose cock I now took much more of into my mouth. I slid my lips down the shaft with a little whimper of need, feeling my forehead crease at the shame of giving that lewd service to a man I had never seen before five minutes ago.

His eyes said that he had no intention of helping me at all.

"Did I tell you to look up, whore?" he asked in a harsh voice. "Eyes down."

I felt Papa Georg's hand reach around from my cheek to take hold of my head, gathering my hair into a rope he could use like a horse's reins, to move my mouth up and down.

I cried out, and I obeyed though he hadn't used the voice. I lowered my gaze so that I saw only the wiry golden curls of his pubic hair. The instincts my daddies had fostered in me let me relax my neck muscles so that the hand in my hair could push my lips a long way down. The throbbing hardness filled my mouth much too full, but I knew how to do it. I knew how to please a demanding papa like this one.

All hope of this man's helping me had flown away; I felt certain now, from the way he had looked at me, that his ability to use the voice of authority must be a cruel coincidence. He must just sound exactly like someone the Selecta doctors had attuned me to. I had made the mistake of trusting them—I should have known that something as new and untested as the voice wouldn't have the reliability they had promised.

At the same time, the way Papa Georg used me, combined with this frightening coincidence, stirred something in me beyond even the helpless arousal the other henchman had brought between my thighs. The man whose hardness I served now was a daddy, I could tell, just as much as my Advanced Guidance daddies and my Lumberjack daddies. He might call himself a papa, but what I sensed in his face and in his voice and in his firm, controlling hands... it meant daddy to me.

"I want to see her play with that little cunt," he said in English, his voice so deep and rich I felt like the degradation enfolded me and the flush of shame covered every inch of my skin. I wanted to look up, to see what expression Papa Georg had on his face as he said the terrible thing. I wanted to see whether he had looked over at Papa Nicolai or he still had his eyes fixed on me, enjoying the sight of his manhood thrusting between my lips. "And I know for a fact they train these whores to use their hands."

Papa Nicolai grunted something in Russian, to Ivan I guessed, because I heard the other henchman rise from his chair. I couldn't pay any attention to what he did, though, because Papa Georg spoke again in the voice of authority, to me.

"My balls, Briana," he said. He accompanied the words with an abrupt motion of his hand, using his grip on my hair to pull my face off his penis. He turned my head firmly as with his other hand he took hold of his rigid cock, glistening from my mouth, and began to pump it gently in his fist, while he pressed my lips gently against the wrinkled skin of his scrotum.

He shaves his balls, I realized with a little surprise, just like my other daddies. Until I had wound up in bad girl prison, I had never known the pleasure of serving a man who groomed down there. 'Papa' Ivan—I didn't think I could get myself to call him papa, at least in my head, though Papa Nicolai earned the title through being so menacing, and Papa Georg through his clear daddiness—definitely did not take care of himself in that

way. Nor had any of the men I had blown back in Hoboken. I couldn't suppress a little whimper at this new similarity between Papa Georg and my Lumberjacks. What did it mean?

Nothing, I told myself. It means nothing.

I kissed my papa's balls. I licked. I wanted to be a good girl for him.

I felt Ivan behind me freeing my hands, and as soon as he had finished I reached up, the way I knew how, and cupped Papa Georg's sack on my fingers, stroking gently as I licked and nuzzled and kissed. I knew that his shaven balls would feel the touch exquisitely, and he responded with a grunt of pleasure that made me smile.

Be a good girl, now, I told myself. Papa will reward you if you're a good girl. Papa wants to see you play with your little pussy, doesn't he?

I realized in my distant, floating mind that this unexpected daddy had thrown me deep into the state of mind I called naughty girl. His effect on my body, through the voice of authority, through his hard cock and his shaven scrotum, had wrapped me up in the fantasy of a bad girl desperate for discipline, for the boundaries that only a firm-handed daddy could give.

"Put your other hand between your legs," Papa Georg said, his voice at normal pitch—so that I would have to show just how badly I needed to play with myself. "Get that cunt ready for Papa Nicolai."

CHAPTER 5



*B*riana

I sobbed into Papa Georg's balls, still kissing, over and over, as I obeyed. He let go of his cock, and took my hand from underneath his sack, moving it firmly to take hold of the rigid length of his manhood.

I let out a little cry at the sensation of his long, strong fingers closing around my hand and guiding it to where I could feel the essence of his masculinity, his authority... his dominance. I knew the feeling—both the physical one of having my daddy take my little hand and put it on a naughty place and the emotional one of knowing myself for the bad girl I was... the naughty girl whose daddy had big girl time with her, to teach her the lessons she needed so badly.

Desperately but also as gently as my daddies had taught me, I moved my hand up and down the hard, silken shaft, wet from my mouth, rigid and ready for me. I nuzzled Papa Georg's fragrant balls and I moaned at the heat I could feel in my little hand's grip, at the sheer size of his cock.

I wanted it in my pussy, suddenly; I ached for it. My fingers down there went from my clit to my empty sheath, pressed inside where my daddies' cocks belonged—where this cock, the one my new papa had allowed me to touch, belonged right now. In obedience to his command I kept kissing his balls and stroking his penis with infinite respect, but I wanted Papa Georg's manhood inside me.

Instead I sensed Papa Nicolai standing up, and although all I could see now was the warm darkness between Papa Georg's legs, I heard him unbuckling his belt and unzipping his fly. He said something in Russian, and I felt Ivan's hands pulling me up from the chair.

"Stand up, whore," Ivan said, in his imitation of the voice of authority. I heard Papa Nicolai pull the chair out from behind me as I obeyed. Moaning, I did my best to keep my face buried in Papa Georg's lap, bending my knees and stooping, still kissing and still

stroking. Papa Georg had my head in his hands, and to my surprise those hands felt gentle, as if he meant to soothe me and tame me the way a kind man trains an animal.

“That’s it,” he murmured. “Good girl. Don’t stop.”

I whimpered into the warm, wrinkly pouch that bulged just a little with its precious contents. I licked them, giving each ball its own turn, concentrating on that assigned task and Papa Georg calling me a good girl, even as I heard Papa Nicolai issue another order in Russian, and I felt Ivan lift me up and put me, kneeling, on the seat of the chair he had turned around.

“On the cock,” Papa Georg ordered, using the voice of authority so that he released me from his previous instruction. Again he enforced the command with his hands, but without any violence; he moved my face and simply thrust himself softly into my mouth as I sobbed with shame and need at this humiliating position.

I still had my hand between my legs, and I kept rubbing my pussy in search of release even though I knew Papa Nicolai must be watching every motion of my fingers on my shaved private lips. I felt how exposed my soaking vagina and my cringing anus were to his lustful gaze. I moaned with each slow fucking movement of Papa Georg’s cock in my mouth, because I knew how very intent the Russian warlord must be—how hard his cock must have gotten—to make good on his promise to use me not only between my thighs but also in the much tighter place between my bottom-cheeks.

I cried out as I felt him touch me there. Right there. A fingertip against the little button that Daddy John called my special flower. The wrinkly, hidden place that had never had a cock in it, or even a lewd, naughty finger of my own, before two weeks into my training in Advanced Guidance.

My AG daddies had broken my bottom in thoroughly, when I had finally crossed the line they had carefully drawn for me. I had acted out, screaming at a cafeteria worker because she had given me a smaller helping of mashed potatoes than the girl before me in line had gotten.

Daddy Trevor, the Lumberjack who had studied my AG file most closely, told me later that though my daddies in bad girl prison hadn’t known exactly when I would act out, they had known I would. That figured, because what happened to me then—the whipping until I begged my daddies to fuck my virgin bottom—had seemed so very thoroughly planned, in retrospect.

As I had lain in my cot afterward, my hand behind me to feel the strangeness of the tiny hole three strong men had used, one after another, the very first time anyone had put his cock there, I had felt bizarrely cared for. Just as I felt cared for every time my Lumberjack daddies had my ass—even when they did it with authority, as a disciplinary measure.

Papa Nicolai, on the other hand, did not make me feel that way, even though the pressure of his fingertip on my anus was so light.

"You keep fucking her face, Georg," he said, his Russian accent seeming to add an extra hint of menace. Then he spoke in his version of the voice of authority. "American whore, take your hand away from your cunt. I don't want you to feel any more pleasure than I can help when I fuck you."

I cried out around the thrusting cock as I pulled my hand from my pussy as if from a hot stove and put it on the back of the chair. I half expected Papa Georg to become rough with me, to match his boss, but he said in the true voice, "Look at me, slut."

I raised my eyes, and I saw a complex expression in Papa Georg's cornflower blue gaze that I couldn't read at all except for an assurance that I pleased him. I had a sudden desperate need to know whether that just came from his basic instincts as a natural daddy, or it meant something more—like his version of the voice working on me did have a secret... a good secret.

My mind refused to think the complicated thoughts needed to figure that out... Papa Nicolai had his hand further down now, driving two fingers into my shamefully hot sheath, pumping them roughly in and out... I couldn't even seem to form an idea beyond oh, God and what's going to... I couldn't even get to happen.

I made a mewling sound around the hard length of Papa Georg. He took my left hand from around the base of his cock and moved it firmly to join my right on the back of the chair. With his own other hand he kept a steady hold on the back of my head, thrusting very slowly and gently in and out and holding my eyes with his.

"I know," he said, his voice—his normal, still very deep voice—full of the mixture of affection and humiliation that seemed so familiar to me. I couldn't even remember where my knowledge of that tone, or the warm emotion that rose in my chest at the sound, came from.

Daddy... daddy... My brain... my heart... my body... they all remembered at a level much deeper than even that primal word could express what it felt like to have a daddy.

And not just one daddy, but two... three... somehow my body knew that it had served many daddies, some of them warm and teddy-bear-ish and others rough and brutal. So many of them... firm.

Papa Nicolai's fingers felt firm, inside my pussy. Too firm and too rough, fulfilling his promise that he didn't intend me to enjoy the use to which he would put my most private places. Looking into Papa Georg's eyes, and seeing there that he understood the terrible force of need that I felt might rip me apart, I moaned and I gave in to the mortifying paradox I had known since my earliest days in bad girl prison: the more brutally a daddy used me, the less pleasure he wanted me to feel, the more satisfying it seemed to me.

"I know," Papa Georg said again, just as I felt the head of Papa Nicolai's hard penis thrust into me, rushing to open me and fill me without any further preparation and without any warning. So thick... like the rest of him, so long and hard. I cried out around the cock in

my mouth, my body spasming, close to coming not in spite of the warlord's brutality but because of it.

"Da," Papa Nicolai grunted as he put one hand on my shoulder and the other on my hip, holding himself deep in my pussy, his firm lap against my backside. I could hear pleasure in his voice, even in the Russian monosyllable. "Da." He said something else in Russian.

"Tell her in English," Papa Georg suggested, his eyes not straying from mine though he addressed the warlord. I felt my face crumple with shame because the hot, guttural sound of Papa Nicolai's words had made it very clear more or less what they meant.

"This is a tight little cunt," Papa Nicolai said, and as I whimpered with shame he began to fuck it, hard and fast.

My whole body seemed to clench; most of all, my hands on the back of the chair, because my desperation to touch my clit got so very intense. Still Papa Georg held my gaze, even as the chair beneath me creaked and rocked with the force of the fucking Papa Nicolai gave me. The warlord seemed intent on getting as deep into my vagina as he could, every thrust seeming to fill the passage and press against the very entrance to my womb.

I cried out as I felt his grip tighten, his hips pounding into my ass over and over. My hands gripped the back of the chair so hard, and I remembered Daddy Omar taking me this way, forbidding me to touch myself but without using the voice of authority, making it a true test of my obedience despite my rebellious nature.

"It's hard," Papa Georg said softly. I felt my eyes widen even as tears formed in their corners at the discomfort Papa Nicolai's cock brought between my thighs. "I know. You're a bad girl, aren't you, Briana? Even now that you've learned to be a good girl for the daddies who know how to use you."

He cradled my jaw in his hands, his fingertips gentle on my neck. He had pulled his cock most of the way out of my mouth. I sobbed and suckled at the head of his rigid penis, understanding nothing more than the need to please my daddy... my daddies... in hope of the release they might give me if I could yield myself properly to them.

Papa Georg knew my secret, whether or not he had a secret of his own that might help or hurt me. He knew that for a bad girl like me, the brutality of a Papa Nicolai and the tenderness of a Papa Georg went hand in hand. He knew that climaxing even under the cruel thrusts of the warlord's thick cock was more than a distinct possibility—that I would inevitably, shamefully come... I would come soon, unless I used all my skill... and that I needed to use that skill because a bad girl like me couldn't show a man like Papa Nicolai that his arrogant, thoughtless, barbaric dominance made my body melt.

I didn't think that whole complicated idea: its truth and its meaning had impressed themselves on me gradually from my first whipping in bad girl prison. It didn't even represent an idea to me, so much as a basic system—the dawning understanding my training had given me of how my brain, my heart, and my body worked together to make

me the bad girl I was, and the good girl I had become without losing an iota of my defiance.

My Lumberjack daddies had gotten very, very good at keeping me at the edge of orgasm and then tipping me over only when I had earned it. Papa Nicolai didn't have anything like their skill, and that—paradoxically—made this moment terrible. My body's need for release vied urgently with my whole soul's need to keep the warlord from learning how easily he could control me not with the voice of authority or even with whips and chains but with cruel, dark pleasure.

CHAPTER 6



*B*riana

Slowly and gently, but with a stern resolve in his eyes, Papa Georg drove his cock deep into my mouth. My body shook on the metal chair with one thrust... two... three... four from Papa Nicolai—all before Papa Georg’s penis found the back of my throat.

I came: I couldn’t help it. What I could help was the way my body responded. If my Lumberjack daddies had been the ones fucking me now, I would never have gotten away with the concealment I managed; way back when they had decided to send me to bad girl prison, they had installed a sensor between my thighs.

From that point on, anyone in charge of me—even the guards in the detention facility—had known exactly how needy my pussy got, and exactly when whatever pleasure my daddies allowed me had pushed me over the edge into orgasm. The voice of authority had the power to keep my body from climax; I didn’t understand how, and my Advanced Guidance daddies’ explanation about limbic systems, amygdalae, and parasympathetic nervous responses made no sense to me. When I had asked Daddy Trevor, the smartest of my Lumberjack daddies, about it, he had laughed.

“Yeah,” he had said. “I’m actually not sure even Selecta understands how it works. I definitely don’t.”

Whatever: my daddies could keep me from coming. When they gave me the order in the voice—which they didn’t always do even when they decided to edge me as punishment or as a lesson in self-control—I didn’t have to worry about it.

I had a good deal more to worry about, from one point of view: the effect on my body didn’t resemble anything else I had ever felt in my life.

Tortured with pleasure: that always seemed the best way to describe it. Moaning, panting, screaming for release from the sensations of my daddies’ hands and cocks, the dominance in their eyes, mingled with love and care, that drove me wild, but never wild

enough, my body obeying their firm purpose that I only feel real satisfaction when they decided. Then, coming like a freight train... like a cluster bomb... like a nuclear detonation... when at last they said—always in the voice—“Go ahead and come, good girl.”

Papa Nicolai undoubtedly wanted to do that to me, or at least something like it—as much of it as a crafty but ignorant criminal could imagine. Ignorant even of how a submissive bad girl actually got turned on... more crucial, ignorant of how my training and my conditioning actually worked.

And I had to keep him ignorant.

Thankfully the orgasms I had this way, utterly full, didn't really show. Sometimes my daddies filled me with cock and told me I couldn't touch my clit, and then a hard cock at just the correct angle slammed into my g-spot. Unable to obey their command, I climaxed, but it didn't take a truly obvious form—definitely not the wild, cataclysmic ecstasy I had sometimes. When, say, Daddy John held a vibrator against my clit while he used his other hand to push my face into the mattress and filled me with his jackhammering manhood, I bucked under him like a bronco and screamed like a banshee.

Now, coming despite myself, I moaned around Papa Georg's hardness, my eyes locked on his. My hips jerked hard, my hands clenching into tight claws on the cool metal back of the chair. Even I hardly noticed the extra spasm of my little orgasm, with Papa Nicolai's hands holding me so tightly and his muscular lap slamming into my backside.

I almost kept it out of my eyes; I almost managed only to blink with the pleasure rocketing through my system and turning all the discomfort and the humiliation into ecstasy. Maybe I did, too: when Papa Georg narrowed his eyes and I knew in the marrow of my bones that he could tell I had just come, I couldn't feel sure that my eyes had given me away.

But he did know—if the slight change in his gaze hadn't told me, the secretive smile would have.

Fear raced up and down my body, electric in the wake of the pleasure from the rigid cock Papa Nicolai kept driving into me, and bringing on, to my astonishment, a second little climax even as the terror of what Papa Georg might do took hold.

When it became clear, a second or two later, even as a third orgasm made my hips jerk beneath Papa Nicolai's hard fucking, that Papa Georg intended to keep his knowledge to himself, I gasped around the manhood he had been moving softly back and forth in my mouth. Emotion filled my chest, seeming to flow downward into my belly, into my thighs, not really bypassing my pussy but also not centering there.

I liked Papa Georg.

Who the fuck knows what 'chemistry' actually is. It's not like I didn't have chemistry with

all my daddies—especially Daddy John, back in the Lumberjacks bunker. But what I felt about Papa Georg then, in spite of—no, to be honest, because of—the horrible, dangerous, degrading circumstances in which we had met... in that humiliating moment at least I felt like I had never liked anyone so much.

Met him? Is this what you would call meeting a guy... a daddy?

“Good girl,” he said, gently but also still with that belittling, superior edge that made a fire of shame and need seem to run along my skin, shooting out from his fingers into my nipples and my clit. “I’m going to come on your face while you get it from Papa Nicolai.”

He pulled his cock from my mouth and he pumped it quickly in his hand. I thought I could see it getting even harder as his climax neared. His eyes stayed locked on mine; I felt sure I could see in them the knowledge that I wanted the cock in my pussy to be his. The idea made me blush so hotly that I wanted to look away, but even though my conscious mind could hardly remember the command he had given a few minutes ago, to look at him, the voice of authority ensured that my body knew not to move my gaze from his face.

Papa Nicolai spoke to Ivan in Russian. His rhythm slowed inside me. I sobbed, taking my lower lip between my teeth and looking up at Papa Georg with my best submissive, pleading expression as I felt the warlord’s cock withdraw, because I knew what came next.

Papa Georg stroked the rigid length of his penis slowly. I saw his eyes dart over to Ivan, and then return to me as I heard Ivan do something that sounded like opening a drawer in a desk or a side table somewhere in the room. I knew what that meant, too.

“Ivan’s going to lube you up, sweetheart,” he said, and I realized he could do another thing my Lumberjack daddies could do—make a term of endearment like sweetheart sound like whore or slut... a degradation that sent heat to my cheeks and to my pussy in equal measure.

At the same time, strange as it always seemed to me, sweetheart still meant something sugary and candy-coated: it meant that the daddy who called me that thought I tasted good in some way, and made me think about how my mouth would taste to him—or, a bad girl thought, how I would taste if he decided to enjoy my shaven pussy with his lips and tongue.

Could Papa Georg see in my eyes how his good looks in that dark suit, his blond hair, and his icy blue gaze affected me when he called me sweetheart? I felt my pleading look get even more intense as I saw that he must, because his hand on his cock moved more quickly and I saw his hips thrust a little... I was turning him on with my submission... maybe even as much as Papa Georg turned me on.

I felt Ivan’s big, rough hands on my ass, one hand spreading my cheeks and the other, fingers slick with lube, against my anus, inside that tiny flower. I cried out, and I because

I had to keep looking at him I imagined Papa Georg was the one doing it. Of my Lumberjacks Daddy Omar was best at getting me ready for that ultimate bad girl act... the final submission of my body's most private place. Ivan probed roughly, distended my tight ring—not the way Daddy Omar did when he stretched me little by little. I sobbed, my hips moving forward despite myself, trying in vain to get away.

"Nyet," Papa Nicolai said. Then, in English, in what he thought the voice of authority, "Keep that ass right where it is."

I struggled to obey, desperate to avoid showing them that Papa Nicolai's version of the voice didn't actually work. I thought I could see in the way Papa Georg's eyes flicked from what Ivan did behind me back to my face that he, my new papa, believed he could do it much better than the warlord's lieutenant. I pushed back with my bottom, cried out in discomfort as I felt my anus prepared for the warlord's cock.

I want to do it for Papa Georg, a wayward thought said.

"Good girl," he murmured.

Ivan said something in Russian. Papa Nicolai responded with a laugh.

Papa Georg snorted. Still not taking his eyes from me, he said in English, "You don't understand, Ivan. If you want one of these whores to give the pleasure she can give, you have to praise her, the way you would praise your dog."

I gasped, and cried out, because at the same time Papa Georg said dog, Ivan pressed two fingers deep inside my bottom.

"Remember," Papa Georg said, in the voice—the real one that controlled me beyond will and even beyond any need I could ever admit, "don't come, little whore."

Oh, my God... Did he know? Did he understand? My body, on the very edge, about to betray itself completely, froze in place, and I gave a gasping sob. My breaths heaved in and out of my chest, my mouth wide open. My tongue felt around my lips, sensing that difference, the slight numbing and the filthy, naughty, used sensation that my mouth always got after a daddy had enjoyed me properly there.

That too would have made me come if Papa Georg hadn't saved me with his instruction. I looked up at him, searching his icy gaze, trying to figure out if he had meant to help or had given me the command merely in the name of heightening his own pleasure by taking mine away.

I saw only coldness, only dominance and arrogant contentment, and then I felt the head of Papa Nicolai's cock press against my smallest place. With a grunt of satisfaction, he began to invade my bottom, and I cried out in discomfort. The expression of helpless, degraded submission that I beamed into Papa Georg's face only made him speed up the rhythm of his hand on his own cock.

Despite my fear and despite the terrible stretching of my anus on the thick, hard penis, I put out my tongue and opened my mouth. My Lumberjack daddies had taught me that, and it had become a reflex: when a daddy got ready to give you his seed that way, you showed how badly you wanted daddy's special gift in your tummy. A reflex, but I would never have done it for Papa Nicolai. I did it because of the strange, powerful effect Papa Georg had on me: the need below my awareness, the need to submit to a daddy who could discipline me with a firm hand and take care of me with a full heart.

In his eyes I could suddenly see a moment of hesitation, and I felt my face grow hot even as I let out a moaning whimper at Papa Nicolai's beginning to fuck my bottom in earnest. I knew what the hesitation meant: Papa Georg was deciding whether to blow his load on my face, as he had said he would, or in my mouth, as my tongue and my wide open lips begged him to do.

CHAPTER 7



Georg

I saw Briana realize, with a deep blush, that despite her ready mouth, I might still come not there but on her pretty face. I knew she had seen my moment of decision, and I hoped she had taken a little comfort from it. Maybe she could see that like a true daddy, the kind who cared about their bad girl, I liked to give treats when she asked for them nicely.

And Briana, so incredibly hot with that submissive pout on her face and the tears in the corners of her eyes from the discomfort of Garonov's cock invading her anally, had definitely asked nicely for me to come in her mouth.

The moment when I had to decide where to shoot my load, and Briana saw me making up my mind, might tell her also that I felt it too: whatever they called the thing where you suddenly felt like another person simply fit together with you. I had read it in her face, and I had known—as illogical as it seemed—that she wanted my cock in her little bottom rather than Garonov's.

I had thought wildly then of simply picking her up and running out the door. I might even have made it outside onto the tundra. Spec ops would have picked up the strange motion from my transponder and Briana's sensor; if the weather cooperated they could have extracted us within an hour.

Utterly dooming the mission she and I shared without her knowing it, of taking out Garonov and saving countless lives in the countries still desperately trying to remain civilized in Northern Eurasia.

I didn't think there was any way I could even actually tell her I was an undercover agent, at least in the next few hours—or more probably days.

I would get a rescue op going, when I went off duty from Garonov's guard detail. One that didn't jeopardize either of our missions. That op would take time to plan, though, I

knew. In the meantime, I simply couldn't risk Briana knowing; I had to hope she would see me as another henchman—one who unaccountably knew how to use the voice of authority.

That intricate calculation flashed through my mind in a microsecond, and it didn't stand in the way of my arousal in the slightest. Nothing could do that. The sight in front of me aroused me too powerfully; the alpha rage that boiled in my chest at the brutal way Garonov fucked Briana's ass... at the idiotic grin on Ivan's face as he watched... they made my dirtiest daddy instincts kick in.

I took Briana's head in my right hand as my left flashed faster and faster on my cock.

"Not in your mouth, sweetheart," I told her in a growl. She gasped again at the word sweetheart, and again I felt that tug of affection, the instinctive liking I had for this bad girl, enhanced by the intuitive knowledge that she shared the feeling. "On your face, just like I said."

The circumstances demanded that I keep the degrading promise, and I felt no compunction about it: I like the way a naughty girl looks with semen all over her forehead, her cheeks, her chin. I saw in Briana's eyes that she understood, and in her red cheeks that she appreciated, the special effect that a facial from a daddy has.

That sight, and the thought of what she would look like, with my cum besmirching her pretty features and Garonov's cock still pounding her poor little bottom, drove me over the edge into orgasm at last.

I grunted as the seed shot out, a jet of white onto the bridge of Briana's nose, another onto her cheek. The pleasure coursed through my veins. In my peripheral vision I saw Garonov witness the humiliating moment, and then I heard him give a cry as his own climax came on.

Briana sobbed, her body tensing hard between her two new, rough daddies. I had known that the voice of authority could keep her from climaxing, but they hadn't told me how unbelievably sexy the effect would be: watching the arousal, the unreleased need, rise and rise in her body made me wonder how the Lumberjacks got any work done when they could fuck Briana Tragner whenever they wanted.

* * *

Briana

Papa Georg's seed felt hot on my nose and my cheek. I closed my eyes, but my body still obeyed his instructions: I had to open them again, and look at him. I whimpered at the strange conflict inside my mind, my heart, my body; familiar now from my service to my

other daddies but also very different here with this new one.

The thing my Advanced Guidance daddies had told me, that the voice of authority couldn't make me do anything I didn't really, subconsciously want to do, never left my mind. If my daddies hadn't informed me of the fact, in so many words, I would have figured it out, because of the way it felt when I looked into Papa Georg's face and saw his satisfaction with the pleasure he had taken in my body... on my body.

My blush got even hotter, and part of me—even after all this time as a bad girl and a sexual servant—said no, you're not a dirty little whore who gets facials and takes big cocks in your ass. But at the very same time a shudder of wanton need gripped me there, kneeling on the metal chair. It made me push out my backside so that I could show Papa Georg how good a girl I could be when a man fucked my bottom, how much I deserved a reward for letting my new papa do such a terrible thing.

I felt Papa Nicolai's seed shooting into me and I tried to work my bottom to open it further, to ease the discomfort and to make him finish quicker. He kept his hands on my hips, though, and held himself in very deep, even as I felt his hardness begin to grow softer.

"Do you want to see this slut come?" Papa Georg asked, his eyes still locked on mine.

I swallowed hard. I tried desperately to figure out what I should do, to preserve the idea that the warlord had acquired an unwilling but obedient bed girl. All my instincts told me that I needed to make Papa Nicolai think he had in me an unlimited source of reluctantly submissive pleasure. It would involve abject humiliation and almost certainly pain as well, but the illusion had to be maintained.

The role of Papa Georg represented a wildcard, though, and I couldn't seem to think it through in a coherent way. Did he know that his was the only voice of authority that actually worked on me? Surely the command not to come—I could hear it in my head, over and over, low and tender despite the coarse words... Remember, don't come now, little whore—meant that he did know, and he meant to spare me the danger of giving myself away?

"I promise you it will be worth watching," he said. Then, in the voice, "Close your eyes, sweetheart."

Oh, my God... maybe he was on my side? The experience of the darkness on the inside of my eyelids seemed a relief so great that I let out a sob from deep in my chest.

"Put your hand between your legs," said Papa Georg's voice, in the low, commanding register. I did it instantly, thrust my right hand down there. "Play with your clit."

"Nyet," said Papa Nicolai, before I could start. I stopped, and only then did I realize that Papa Georg hadn't used the voice of authority for the final command. Papa Nicolai continued, very slowly, in English. "I want to look in her eyes."

Papa Georg chuckled. I whimpered as the warlord pulled his cock from my anus.

Papa Georg said in the voice, "Open them, Briana. You may come now."

"Not until I say so," added Papa Nicolai as I obeyed Papa Georg and lifted my gaze to see the warlord moving around to my front, his softening cock still looking terribly thick to me. The sight brought another little noise from my throat as I felt how sore he had left my bottom with his brutal fucking.

He had spoken in his version of the voice: I had to control myself as best I could.

"Ivan," he said, "spank this whore so she pays for her pleasure."

Oh, no. All the many, many feelings my daddies had instilled in me about my punishments seemed to flood into my heart. I looked up into Papa Nicolai's face with desperately pleading eyes. It wasn't like Ivan would be the first man to spank me, but the experience had such an intimacy about it for me that my heart and mind screamed, Papa Georg! Not Ivan... Papa Georg!

But Ivan had already put one hand on my back, and I felt the rush of air as his other one came down. I heard the spank, and felt the burn on my right cheek and then another one, quickly, on my left.

My body shuddered as the familiar need that this kind of bad girl discipline always brought out in me. I cried out, my forehead creasing as I looked into the warlord's cold eyes.

"Now," Papa Nicolai said, in what he thought was the voice of authority, "play with that tight little cunt."

I still had my hand between my thighs, though my fingers hovered a millimeter away from the tingling, warm, bare skin of my pussy. I had learned how to keep them there way back in bad girl prison, when my daddies had started giving me the command to put my hand between my legs but not to touch myself. To have them there, so close, while Ivan spanked me, almost made me feel nostalgic for those days of my earliest training—but of course in bad girl prison I hadn't felt myself in mortal peril.

The eyes I had looked into had belonged to one of the men who I knew—despite all my defiance—had the intention of making me better. They hadn't gazed coldly and possessively out of the face of an unsmiling international criminal who probably delayed my execution once a minute or so, just to see if my pussy, ass, and mouth might continue to give him more pleasure than those of some other, less dangerous to keep around bed girl.

I looked up into Papa Nicolai's face, tears forming in the corners of my eyes at the hard, rhythmic slaps that alternated between right and left cheeks. Each one brought a little whimper through my nose. I pretended that the command to play with my pussy had come from Papa Georg.

The order to masturbate... that instruction brought me back even more urgently to my real daddies. I hadn't ever done it before bad girl prison. It still made me blush. I touched my clit, and I gave a gasping cry as the heat rushed into my cheeks as much as into my pussy. The arousal had subsided just a little since I had come with Papa Georg's cock in my mouth and Papa Nicolai's hardness hitting my g-spot, and then Papa Georg's command not to come had kept me suspended over the gulf of pleasure. I felt the burning heat of Ivan's spanks, how they moved my little cheeks and brought out the soreness of my tiny hole, too... how they made the dirtiness of having a man's semen trickling from my anus seem all the naughtier...

I'm getting spanked because I took all their cocks... I got fucked like a bad girl... and now I'm...

The need surged like a raging fire, overwhelming every part of my body. Suddenly the fear Papa Nicolai inspired became part of my fantasy: he would do whatever he wanted with me... he knew how well trained a whore my daddies had made me... he meant to use me more thoroughly than I had ever been used...

I screamed, and I kept screaming, because the pleasure forced the sound from me. My left hand on the back of the metal chair clamped so hard I thought I would bend the steel. I kept looking into Papa Nicolai's eyes, and to my surprise I saw them crinkle with a smile—not a nice smile, not like Papa Georg's, let alone the kind ones a daddy like Daddy Omar gave me.

I kept rubbing my clit... I moved my fingers down and put them inside me... I returned to my clit. My hips bucked over and over... my bottom squirmed ceaselessly. I came again... and again...

Ivan had paused in his spanking, as if taken aback. Papa Nicolai said sharply in English, "Keep punishing her. She needs it."

Oh, God... He was a cruel man, but he had a basic understanding of what it meant to be a dominant, didn't he? I cried out as Ivan renewed my punishment.

"I told you," Papa Georg said.

Papa Nicolai nodded, and then, abruptly, his eyes narrowed. "That's enough," he said, in what he thought was the voice, "stop, whore."

With a theatrical sob, I obeyed, lifting my hand from my pussy and furrowing my brow to show my desperate need for more.

The warlord spoke to Papa Georg in Russian. He started to pull up his pants. I couldn't remember if I still had to look at Papa Nicolai, so I turned my face to follow him as he moved toward the door. Glancing back at me, he saw me looking, and said, in English but without using his voice of authority, "Eyes down, whore, and keep them there. You don't look anyone in the face unless you're told to. Ivan and Georg will take you to your cell

now. I'll see you later."

CHAPTER 8



*B*riana

Papa Georg and Ivan walked me down a long hall. The place wasn't a dungeon or anything, which the word cell had me think of, just the same nondescript office park—or, more probably, military bunker—style room, but much smaller. As far as I could tell, wherever the warlord had brought me had nothing special about it—a bunch of hallways with concrete floors, metal doors, and rooms of varying sizes. I kind of felt like we must be underground, but that sense could have come from having spent so long in my Lumberjack daddies' own bunker, which felt like a slightly nicer version of Papa Nicolai's.

Also, I had gotten used to thinking of warlords like him as belonging to the Russian underground, so maybe that idea influenced my thinking—as well as my knowledge that the push from spec ops forces like the Lumberjacks had driven these private armies further underground than they had already been, pretty literally. From what I could gather as I had filed my daddies' reports, Papa Nicolai and his ilk had started to leave their beautiful dachas and take refuge below the surface of the earth to seek security and escape detection.

I had walked in silence, my teeth slightly gritted at the soreness between my thighs and in my ass from the warlord's brutal fucking. One thing bad girl prison will definitely get a young woman used to is walking around naked with clothed men. The temperature in Papa Nicolai's bunker—I just decided to call it that, since I didn't have any better information—came a little short of where my daddies kept it, but it didn't stiffen my nipples or anything.

Nor did I have any trouble keeping quiet as Ivan said degrading thing after degrading thing about my ass and my pussy and my tits—he clearly felt the need to practice his English, and took considerable pride in knowing so many dirty words. I hadn't gotten anything quite so crass and lewd either from my Advanced Guidance daddies or from my Lumberjacks, but as far as I could tell, all daddies liked to talk dirty. Though Ivan's commentary on how he had enjoyed seeing his boss' cock deep in my ass left me cold, I

couldn't deny that it made my nipples tingle when Papa Georg, who had remained silent until we reached the cell, took a turn.

He put a hand on my ass as he redirected me toward the door that Ivan had opened, and he said, "I know your little cunt and bottom are sore, sweetheart. We're going to give you some time to rest before Papa Nicolai uses you again."

Maybe the little room with a cot and a bucket had served as a medical exam room at some point, or maybe as a broom closet. Like the rest of the place it had nothing special about it—except, I noticed, that someone had attached a pair of handcuffs to each side of the metal frame of the cot.

Ivan said something sharp and—I could tell just from the tone—unpleasant in Russian. Papa Georg answered, and I heard the word *nyet*, but I couldn't make out anything else. Then Ivan grabbed me roughly by the elbow and shoved me toward the cot, stepping into the little room close behind me and putting his hand on my ass to push me further.

Papa Georg spoke sharply, and now I thought I could figure out what their disagreement involved. Though he clearly stood lower on Papa Nicolai's chain of command, Papa Georg took serious exception to Ivan's intentions for me.

If I hadn't guessed them immediately, those intentions would have become instantly clear anyway, because Ivan followed up his shoving with out-and-out manhandling. With one hand on my backside and the other on my neck, he bent me down over the cot. The hand on my butt moved around me and grabbed my wrist.

I cried out in alarm at the effortless strength in his aggression. I could remember my daddies in Advanced Guidance treating me this way, but only after I had rebelled somehow. From what I learned during my time there, I knew now that they had used force on me in a very precise fashion, and only at times when my body had gotten ready for it in some way. With their skill—and on the similar occasions when my Lumberjack daddies had punished me, they had shown the same kind of expertise—my real daddies had protected me even as they made me feel my helplessness.

Ivan's grasp on my neck and my wrist, the sudden violence of his movement, could not have differed more. I cried out, and I struggled without even thinking about it. My old bad girl instincts took over, and I cried out, my limbs flailing uselessly against the henchman's casual brutality.

"Oh, my God," I screamed. "Fuck you!"

Ivan had my wrist down by the handcuffs on the right side of the cot, but he obviously couldn't get my hand through the metal circle with just his right hand, and he had to use his left to control the rest of my body with his grip on my neck.

"Calm down, Briana," I heard Papa Georg say, from behind Ivan. He had used the voice of authority; my body seemed to hear it before my mind did, and I ceased to struggle

instantly.

I knew then that Papa Georg's ability to use the voice couldn't just represent a coincidence, because calm down was the phrase my Advanced Guidance daddies had relied on from the very beginning of my training—both to teach me about what the voice could do and to reestablish a baseline physical state when I had started to lash out as a result of getting overwhelmed by sensations, emotions, and thoughts.

Calm down didn't just mean that I stopped resisting: it meant something special about my relationship with the daddy who spoke the words. Its power came, my daddies had taught me, from my need—body and soul—for a firm-handed daddy to take care of me.

I don't know what would have happened if Papa Nicolai or Ivan himself had somehow had the ability to use the real voice of authority. I doubt the question has any meaning, because as far as I could tell the whole thing depended on the man using the voice actually inspiring trust: Papa Georg, despite the terrifying circumstances, had done that.

He had convinced me that whatever his outward presentation as the minion of an evil warlord, he was a firm-handed daddy who intended to take care of me. So calm down worked for him, even with Ivan bending me over a cot and getting ready to handcuff me to it so that, undoubtedly, he could rape me. Because Papa Georg had told me to calm down, I remained bent, and I let Ivan put my hand through the cuff and tighten the metal ring around my wrist.

"That's right, bitch," Ivan said in his weak imitation of the voice. "Calm down." Even if Selecta had programmed me to respond to him, I suddenly realized I wouldn't have had to—he wasn't like Papa Georg, or even like Papa Nicolai. There was a very good reason I just couldn't think of him as having Papa before his name, let alone Daddy. "I'm just going to fuck you like Papa Nicolai did. You can take it like a good girl. Then we'll leave you here and let you think about being a good little whore and not trying to get in the way when we feel like fucking a tight cunt and a pretty asshole. Then we'll come back and do it again to make sure you understand."

I could hear the rage in his voice, and I thought I could hear the fear that it came from—of his warlord boss and, maybe even more of Papa Georg. In the degrading words I detected defiance of the other man, who must have risen quickly in whatever fucked-up organization these gangsters had, though he was obviously still subordinate to Ivan.

Who is he? Why can he use the voice? Double agent? Triple agent? My mind spun wildly even as fear churned in my stomach despite the command to calm that nevertheless prevailed in the rest my body. Somewhere deep in my psyche, despite the fear that Ivan would carry out his threat, I knew that Papa Georg would take care of me.

He did. He spoke in a calm voice, in English.

"You want to give her an infection in that tight little cunt, Ivan? You think Nicolai will like that? Having to call a doctor or have her die from a fever? The whore needs to rest and

wash up. She's valuable—at least until Nicolai gets tired of her. He didn't seem to me to be getting tired of her just now, did he?"

Ivan kept holding me bent over the cot, but I heard him snarl an answer in Russian to Papa Georg.

The other man replied, his voice sounding dismissive. I could hear in the tone that either Papa Georg really had no fear of Ivan, or he had gotten very good at pretending he didn't.

"Lie down on the bed," Ivan said in his version of the voice of authority. "I'm going to whip you, slut, for fighting me. Then Papa Georg will wash you, since he cares so much about that."

I felt my forehead furrow very hard. I realized what must have happened—Papa Georg must have said that it made no difference to him whether Ivan whipped me instead of fucking me. My stomach lurched with a feeling of betrayal, but my mind fought it off. I clung to the idea that my new papa had done that because he had no choice: he had saved me from getting raped by Ivan, but he couldn't save me from this whipping.

But I'd been wrong. Papa Georg spoke again, his voice just as flat and dismissive. Did he really feel that way, or did he feel the need to cover over his actual emotions? Desperation to know built in my chest like a rising stream. He asked Ivan a question. Ivan didn't answer.

"Whore," Papa Georg said in English. "Papa Ivan is going to watch me whip you. As you may have guessed, I have a good deal of experience teaching sluts their lessons. Papa Ivan will whip you next time. Lie down on the bed and put your left hand out so Papa Ivan can cuff you there too."

My whole body shuddered. He hadn't spoken in the voice, and I knew why. He wanted to show Ivan that when a daddy treated me with skill, he didn't need the voice. I would do what the daddy said because I knew I had no choice—and because my bad girl needs demanded it. The lesson could only be lost on this cruel, unintelligent henchman, I felt certain, but it wouldn't be lost on me. I clambered onto the cot, my head bowed low, my movements very awkward because of the wrist Ivan had already secured to the metal frame.

The thin mattress had no sheet; its rough ticking felt scratchy on my skin. I thanked God that it seemed new and clean. With my lower lip between my teeth I lay down on my belly and put my left wrist out against the cold black metal. Ivan grabbed my hand roughly and shoved it through the cuff, then tightened the steel ring on my wrist.

"You're going to get used to lying like that," Papa Georg said from above me in a cold voice. "When Papa Nicolai gives you to his men, you'll get it like that all night."

He said something in Russian as Ivan stood up. I had my face turned to the right, my

cheek against the mattress, so I saw Ivan stoop and reach under me to bring out a towel. Confusion boiled in my mind as he folded and then rolled it, looking into my eyes with a narrowed gaze and a forced sneer on his lips.

“Lift your ass, whore,” he told me in English—not using even his bad imitation of the voice, as if wanting to see what Papa Georg had done would work for him.

My face burning, I obeyed, and Ivan slid the folded and rolled towel under my hips.

“There we go,” Papa Georg said as I lowered myself again, my blush only getting hotter as I felt how the makeshift bolster lifted my backside for my naughty girl lesson. “Now watch, Ivan.”

CHAPTER 9



Briana

I hadn't seen him take off his belt. When I heard it whistling through the air, I let out a cry of surprise, and then I felt my body jerk in fear an instant before I felt the kiss of the leather across both cheeks. My brow furrowing and my eyes tightly closed, I whimpered at the sting.

Ivan said something; I had no need of Russian to understand the dismissive tone. He had scoffed at what he saw as the lightness of the lash. I knew precisely how Papa Georg would respond before he answered the foolish criticism, and though I couldn't understand the Russian words I felt certain I had gathered the precise meaning of what he said in his deep, calm voice: "Just wait. We don't want to injure this whore, but we can make her very sorry if we whip her the right way."

This interpretation of Papa Georg's response, coming from my knowledge of how real daddies did things, made me squeeze my eyes even more tightly shut. It set my nose twitching with the beginning of tears against the scratchy ticking of the mattress. I missed my Lumberjacks, and that brought part of the sadness, but more of it came from the simple, almost purely physical release that Papa Georg's skill had started to give me.

As if to let me know that he understood, he said in English, his voice suddenly very stern, "You're going to learn, Briana, that you have to obey us, no matter what we decide to do with you and your sweet cunt and asshole."

He brought the belt down again, just a little harder than the first time. I yelped as the smart from the leather began to build. He spoke again to Ivan, the meaning of the single Russian word even clearer to me: watch.

Then Papa Georg started to whip me in earnest, the rhythm fast and steady, the lashes harder and harder as my bottom and my upper thighs got warm under the lash. By the tenth time he brought his belt down across my backside, my hips had started to jerk

violently atop the rolled towel with each renewal of the pain.

I panted between parted lips, tears streaming down across my face and onto the mattress. My daddies had whipped me many times, and paddled me, and even caned me, but although I had gotten used to some parts of it, I had never accustomed myself to the pain, or the effect it had on my body.

I had started with my knees tightly shut, the reflexes of a modesty that despite everything in my past I could never seem to let go of. These men had seen everything, had done or watched me submit to everything, but my blushing instinct still sought to hide the pout of my pussy and the little rose of my anus from them—even when they handcuffed me to a cot for a whipping.

When Papa Georg really started to punish me, though, my legs reacted with an even more basic instinct than the one that made me try to hide my private places: I began to writhe over the rolled towel, and I cried out at the almost involuntary movement as I felt how it exposed my pussy and even my cringing bottom-hole to Ivan's gaze.

Papa Georg kept whipping me, hard and fast, delivering the lesson he had to give—for my survival, I understood somewhere in the back of my mind. Whether he was actually on the same side as the Lumberjacks and Selecta, or he just wanted to make sure he could use me to rise past Ivan in the warlord's organization, Papa Georg meant to make sure I lived at least until I could be passed on from Papa Nicolai to his minions. He brought the belt down over and over, the sound of its crack against the agonized flesh of my bottom and thighs loud in the tiny room.

My backside felt like some fiery devil had come from Russian hell to lash me with a whip of flame. I screamed, full-throated, my legs completely out of my control and desperately trying to turn me onto my side. My hands, confined by the metal of the handcuffs, still could push my upper body up on the cot, trying to crawl away from my whipping.

The whipping stopped. For a moment I thought it had ended, but then Papa Georg spoke again. The words might as well have been in English: "Hold her legs," because I felt Ivan's hands gripping the backs of my knees. I sobbed and turned my face over my shoulder so that I could see Papa Georg's shoulder, see that he had taken off his suit jacket and rolled up his sleeve to give himself a freer swing as he punished me. To my horror, I started to beg.

"Papa... please... please... no more?"

Papa Georg's response came in the form of more whipping. I couldn't see his face, only the moving shoulder. My body jerked under the lash. I had felt the familiar arousal at the beginning of the punishment, but now I only felt the burning pain with which he enforced his authority.

I screamed, "Please! Please! I'll be good!"

A word in Russian, to Ivan.

"Da," Ivan responded. I thought I could hear in the lieutenant's voice, even in that brief grunt, a grudging respect for his subordinate's skill.

"Stay like that, Briana," Papa Georg said. "Or.." I had the impression he hadn't actually had a new thought, but instead had decided to make whatever this or led to more emphatic for Ivan—and for me.

When he spoke again, his voice had returned to that true daddy degradation that suddenly started to turn the burning agony in my ass into a warmth spreading forward. I had to furrow my brow and bite my lip to push down the whimper of need that almost rose from my chest.

"Get up on your knees and display that naughty backside. After I wash you, you'll stay like that with the door open to show everyone walking by what happens to a little whore when she's disobedient."

Ivan laughed. The contrast between the steady voice of Papa Georg, calming with its sheer authority and even soothing in its familiarity, and the juvenile humor of Ivan, drew a sob from deep in my throat. My burning bottom cheeks squirmed as my mind started to return from the remote place it had gone—the place it always seemed to go during extreme punishment like the whipping Papa Georg had given me.

I knew it would take a moment before I could obey the humiliating command, and I knew my new papa understood that. I let the process unfold in my body; my muscles, which had tensed very tight at the beginning of my punishment and then relaxed at last as I yielded to my papa's fiery discipline, started to tense again, in order to follow his instructions. My sob became a soft moan of mingled pain and growing need.

Papa Georg had the experience to know it would take me a moment. Ivan didn't.

"Do it, bitch," he snarled, trying yet again to pitch his voice correctly to command my body. Again the contrast between these henchmen of Papa Nicolai, and my probably illogical certainty that Papa Georg meant to protect me, sent a thrill of arousal coursing through my whole body.

I didn't know what effect the real voice of authority would have had in this situation, but I tried to do what I thought Ivan expected: I scrambled up, pushing awkwardly with my cuffed hands so that I could bring my knees toward the head of the cot and then press my upper body to the scratchy surface of the mattress. My nipples stood stiff at the touch, and the intense feeling of submission this position—Posture 1, they called it in bad girl prison—always brought.

"Knees apart," Papa Georg said, his deep tones seeming to take effortless control of the situation. I whimpered as I felt him enforce the command with a hand down between my thighs, an inch below my pussy. His fingers took hold just where it would bring a surge of

the terrible need there, the warmth that flowed more urgently by the second from my whipped bottom-cheeks to my quickly dampening sheath.

His other hand pressed down on the small of my back. "Further," he said simply. "Offer your cunt and your ass, slut. Show us who they belong to."

"Oh, no," I whispered as I complied.

I heard Ivan's voice, then. "That's right, bitch," he said.

I thanked God my face was hidden, pressed against the mattress, because I couldn't suppress a smile, though thankfully I kept back the giggle that threatened to come out. I couldn't imagine a more obvious sign of weakness than he had just shown me with his attempt to make me think him the one in charge.

I wondered for a moment whether Papa Georg had also had to suppress a laugh, because his next words, in Russian, sounded subservient to an almost comical degree—a question he asked Ivan that I thought must be something like, Should I go ahead and follow your other orders now?

"Da," Ivan responded. Then he spoke to me, his voice dismissive. "I'll see you later, sweetheart." He obviously meant to make sweetheart sound the way Papa Georg made it sound, a word that made my value to him clear, but only as a fuck toy. It came out, though, as unintentional self-mockery.

They both left the room. The light in the little cell, from a single bare bulb overhead, seemed to beat down on my blazing bottom-cheeks; I could almost feel how it illuminated my bare pussy and the forbidden valley of my ass, showing anyone who might pass by the wrinkled bud of the anus Papa Nicolai had fucked so hard.

I heard footsteps in the hallway, more than one set. I heard them pause. A new voice spoke in Russian. Other men laughed.

"You understand English, whore?" the first voice said. "You're the one from the American bunker, right?" His voice became teasing, a travesty of sympathy for a penitent child. "Were you naughty? Did you get your little ass whipped?"

I heard Papa Georg, then, speaking several sentences in Russian, his voice jovial. The other men laughed.

"See you later, whore," the first man said. Whore barely had an effect on me at this point. Get some new material, I thought. His parting shot sent a surge of fearful arousal through me, though. "Papa Nicolai will get tired of that asshole and give it to us before too long."

I heard Papa Georg come into the room. I knew what he must have said to the men in the hall—he had told them what had happened in the warlord's interrogation room, or whatever the room where Papa Nicolai had fucked me might be called. My face burned,

and I wondered yet again what this man's intentions for me were. I told myself Papa Georg hadn't had a choice—to get the men in the hall to leave me alone he had needed to satisfy their lewd curiosity. Still, he had sounded so demeaning, so dismissive that my heart quailed as he sat at the end of the cot.

I heard a faint sloshing, and I finally remembered Ivan's other instructions. Then I moaned as a warm, soapy washcloth pressed against my pussy.

"Do you think you can be a good little girl from now on?" Papa Georg asked, his voice soft, his tone so patronizing that my pussy clenched and my hips jerked. The washcloth moved up and down, gently soothing and cleansing. "Can you be good for Papa Georg?"

"Yes, Papa," I whispered. "I'll try."

CHAPTER 10



G eorg

It took all my self-control not to linger with Briana. I knew how close to orgasm she must be—it didn't take a readout of the sensor between her thighs to detect her pussy's warmth or wetness. Really, I would have known from the whimpers she couldn't suppress as I cleaned her up.

I soaped her sweet, neatly shaven privates in silence, wishing I could tell her how badly I wanted to give her a climax to help her relax just a little—and wishing even harder that I could reveal that I would start doing everything in my power to get her rescued as soon as I left her cell.

Instead, I rinsed off the soap and dried her gently. Briana's whimpers of need turned to sounds of discomfort at her soreness down there. Then I bent over her and said in her ear:

"Papa Ivan is dangerous." I emphasized the papa, hoping she would understand that the best way to make sure Ivan didn't harm her was to give him the respect he craved but would probably never deserve.

Briana replied with a little noise of acknowledgment deep in her throat. I supposed she hadn't needed my warning, but I felt compelled to help her as much as I could given that I knew I must not reveal to her anything that might compromise her safety.

I still had more I wanted to say, though. The connection I had felt to this bad girl—this sweet, bright, gorgeous bad girl kidnapped by the evil warlord I had come here to bring down—had only gotten stronger over the last few minutes. That short space of time somehow seemed like an eternity—like a division between everything that had come before, in my mission and maybe even in my life, and what I had to do now.

I gave into my instincts. I had started to rise, but instead I put my lips next to Briana's sweet, warm ear, nearly covered with her disheveled golden hair, and said very softly,

“I’m going to take care of you.”

I put my left hand on her back, and rubbed one small circle. Briana let out a tiny moan, and then she whispered:

“Thank you, Papa.”

Then I did rise and step away, to keep my hand from going lower and soothing her in a way that, if one of the guards passing by in the hall saw it, might suggest that I meant to trespass on Garonov’s rights. Given what happened to the regular girls Garonov acquired and housed here in his bunker at the hands of the men he employed as his private army, that probably wouldn’t have posed a problem. But I couldn’t risk it getting back to Ivan, after I had stopped him from fucking Briana.

Yes, Ivan was dangerous: petulant, immature, and always ready to strike out before thinking. The warlord would have killed his favorite a long time ago, I felt certain, had he not been the son of Nicolai’s dead best friend.

Instead, Nicolai Garonov had raised a series of second lieutenants to the position I now held. Every one of them had died within six months of becoming part of the triumvirate with which Garonov preferred to rule, though Ivan had only literally murdered one, as far as I could tell. Nicolai himself had killed two others, almost certainly on faked evidence concocted by Ivan. American spec ops had slain two more.

I walked back to my own room and got my cigarettes, suppressing my absolute disgust as I picked up the package. I had been forced to choose between them and some kind of fake drug habit, as the only way to attain a few moments of privacy; my room had three listening devices in it, I had ascertained ten minutes after moving in. Since a fake drug habit could, I knew, turn into a real one all too easily, I had elected to harm my lungs instead of my brain—and everything else, as I knew from my life before the agency.

Maybe that drew me to Briana, I reflected as I walked down the hall to the bunker’s back door. She had come up on the streets of Hoboken—that had stood out to me in her file.

I pushed open the door and stepped out into the freezing night. As I lit a cigarette I thought about what I would say when I heard the familiar, soft beep in my ear. The microdrone had spotted the flare of my match, I knew; it only took a few seconds for it to arrive and make its tiny alert sound.

“Briana Tragner taken unharmed. Op sec endangered. Recommend extraction.”

* * *

Briana

I actually managed to fall asleep. When I woke up, with my mouth drooling onto the mattress and my arms and legs aching, I could hardly believe it, but my body's exhaustion seemed to overcome everything—except that I needed to pee now, really badly.

"Hello?" I said. Well, I tried to say it; it came out as a croak made up entirely of what sounded like random vowels.

I worked my mouth, moving my jaw and trying to generate some saliva. The thought of my current, undoubtedly terrible state of hydration almost made me laugh. It made me remember a conversation with one of my Advanced Guidance daddies, when I had tried to claim that they were abusing me by not letting me have a glass of water whenever I asked. He had said something about young people and their water bottles, and whisky having been enough for his grandpappy.

Knowing that I'd survive—or at least I'd survive not having drunk my usual forty-eight ounces of water the previous day—didn't make my cottony dry mouth feel any better, or help me bring up the spit I needed to get my mouth actually working.

"Hello?" I tried again, a little more sure of the sound I would produce, though my voice still sounded weak to me when the word emerged. How could it not, when I was calling more or less into a mattress?

I heard footsteps outside and I remembered the horrors of the previous—who knew? Six hours, maybe?—more sharply. Especially the part about Papa Georg leaving the door open so everyone could see my naughtiness and its reward. Oh, God... When the owner of the footsteps arrived, what would he do with the kidnapped bad girl made to offer her pussy and her asshole so shamefully to every passerby?

Two thoughts crashed in: disbelief at how my bad girl needs could somehow get me warm between my thighs at this idea, even handcuffed to a cot in a cell in a Russian warlord's bunker, and the memory of Papa Georg speaking soft and low into my ear. The two thoughts, I felt certain, had a lot to do with one another: if Papa Georg hadn't told me he would take care of me, I would never have gotten aroused by the terrible fantasy of taking the cocks of Papa Nicolai's henchmen whenever and however they decided to bestow them.

It worked the same way it had worked in bad girl prison, and the same way it worked in my Lumberjack daddies' base: when I knew—or, I supposed, when I believed—strong men who had my best interests at heart had taken me in hand, I could somehow relax into the darkest depths of my shameful desires.

How absolutely insane, though, to feel that here in this cell, with the light beating down from the bare bulb to show off my whipped bottom, my shaven pussy, my roughly fucked anus. And, worse, to feel it so strongly... more strongly than I had felt it even with Daddy John, whom I had thought I might be falling in love with just last week, before...

I sobbed into the mattress. I tried again, as loud as I could, because the pressure in my bladder had started to become unbearable.

“Hello?”

The footsteps had stopped for a moment, as if someone had wondered if they heard something and then decided they hadn't; now they started again and got closer.

“Hello,” I heard a man's voice say, in a Russian accent so thick I could hear it even in hello.

Not Papa Georg—not even Ivan. And I could hear in the single word such mockery and such lust that it made my heart race.

“I need to go to the bathroom,” I said bluntly into the air just above the mattress as far as I could get my mouth above its surface, trying to articulate each word clearly and slowly in hope the henchman would understand.

His cruel laugh seemed to indicate he had gotten the message—from the urgency of my tone if not from the meaning of the words.

He said, injecting all the degradation imaginable into the single syllable, “Go.”

I squeezed my eyes shut, my forehead creasing so hard I wondered if I could literally pull a muscle that way. Down below, my hips jerked in helpless, unwanted arousal while my bladder muscles contracted desperately, trying to contain the shameful golden fluid I couldn't help picturing—though any thought of liquid only made the problem worse.

The man standing outside the door, watching my ordeal, called out in Russian. I heard more footsteps.

“Oh, no,” I whispered. “Oh, God... please... Papa.”

My Advanced Guidance daddies had known how to employ the bathroom, and the feelings of the bad girls in their care about the bathroom. They had put regression through remedial toilet-training to shameful but very effective use in making me into an effective fuck toy for my Lumberjack Daddies. It began with having to ask to use the potty and, when I disobeyed or talked back, it progressed into more humiliating territory—above all being made to pee in front of them, and even being dressed in a diaper, when I decided to push the boundaries.

With my Lumberjacks I still had to ask to go to the bathroom, but they hadn't taken an interest in potty-training me. To my blushing amazement I had found myself thinking about it sometimes, on the toilet, and wondering whether I would feel differently about that kind of discipline now that I had advanced so far in accepting my submissive needs.

Now I wished I had no such needs... the feeling of arousal—the wish that Papa Georg would come and step inside the little room and close the door... my fear and anger at

these fucking assholes... they drew a deep sob from my chest that I knew to my fury would only amuse them all the more.

Two or three more had come. They spoke in joking Russian. One said, his English heavily accented but much better than the first, "Come on, whore. Don't keep us waiting. Go pee-pee for us. If you do it now we might let you off the bed to clean up after you're done."

I scrunched my whole face tightly. I didn't know why I kept trying to hold it in, but I couldn't help it; I couldn't bear to give these assholes any compliance at all. I sobbed again as I felt a little bit of pee squeeze itself out and trickle down onto my pussy, drip onto my thigh. The henchmen guffawed.

Then I heard Papa Georg's voice, in Russian. Angry and commanding. I focused on the sound, and it distracted me for the moment from the pressure between my legs. Another man answered Papa Georg, his tone resentful. Papa Georg spoke again, the meaning clear: Do what I said.

He said in English, "Briana, Vassily is getting a diaper for you."

Oh, no. "But..." I said before I could stop myself.

"Papa Nicolai wants to see everything it means to be a bad girl in training," he said. "He's heard about what they did to make you such a good little whore. He ordered out for diapers to fit you."

My breath came panting in and out of my mouth. Papa Georg's voice somehow made me feel like he had everything under control despite the world of pain and fear and degradation I had come into against my will. The idea of wearing a diaper in front of these Russian criminals, though—it made my heart race with a mixture of emotions I could never have named.

CHAPTER 11



*B*riana

I heard Vassily's footsteps return. I bit my lip so I wouldn't plead with Papa Georg... I didn't know what would come out of my mouth if I started to beg, but it would probably have included everything... please, no diaper, Papa... please, close the door, Papa... please let me go to the potty...

Please just let me go. But...

A wrenching sob shook my upper body and seemed to make my entire lower body spasm with need. For the first time, with that squirming clench, I became aware of how sore my ass felt from Papa Georg's belt.

But...

More pee escaped, and I cried out in shame and distress as I felt it, and just barely contracted the muscles there enough to keep it from gushing. The men behind me guffawed.

Papa Georg spoke sharply in Russian.

Please just let me go... but come with me.

I heard footsteps going away. I heard the door of the tiny bedroom close behind me.

I couldn't help myself. "Papa?" I whimpered. "Please?"

He didn't respond with words, but I felt the too-familiar, clinging enclosure of an adult diaper on my bottom cheeks, my back, my thighs. My bad girl prison daddies had only put me in diapers once. It had been enough to teach me my lesson, and adjust my attitude toward my training. The very idea that I could be put into diapers sent a thrill of shame shooting through my veins—and, just as bad, a current of wanton arousal shooting out from my clit through my nervous system.

I heard the Velcro tabs being opened and felt the tugging.

"Hold on one more second, sweetheart," Papa Georg said.

But I couldn't: my new papa's very words made it impossible to hold another microsecond... another nanosecond. I cried out with the terrible, wonderful feeling of release, feeling my pussy clench at the same time as my pee started to flow out of me. The mortifying feeling of it being wicked away but still leaving me slightly warm and slightly damp in the diaper brought a whimper of forbidden need to my lips.

"It's alright," said Papa Georg as he fastened the tabs to tighten my diaper around my waist. "I got it there just in time."

The soothing quality of his voice didn't take me aback, really, because I had heard the same tone from my other daddies. Here, though, when he had behaved so ambiguously before, despite clearly having those daddy skills and personality traits, to have him turn into a kind papa rather than a scary, strict one, undid me. I started to weep desperately into the mattress.

Despite the comfort Papa Georg had just given I felt certain he would leave me there and open the door so the other henchmen could see the little whore in her diaper. Even as the terrible pleasure of peeing at last gave way to the blushing naughtiness of relieving myself in a diaper, I told myself that this man must merely have decided to play with me.

It didn't seem to matter at all, in that moment, that in every way that counted he had shown me he meant exactly what he had said: to take care of me. I heaved a huge sob, my wrists rattling in the handcuffs, and I gave into feeling sorry for myself—having, I couldn't help thinking, every right to feel that way.

"Shh," Papa Georg murmured. His hand came down gently on my back and started to rub my tense muscles, kneading softly so that I had to whimper with the tiny pleasure of the sensation.

This didn't fit with my idea that he would just leave, but my brain didn't seem able to put facts together into solid ideas. The desolate feeling that he would leave me remained; his soothing hand only brought another flood of tears.

"Push up a little on your arms," Papa Georg said. "You have to stay in the handcuffs, but I have a bottle of water for you."

It felt pathetic, but I couldn't help it: my chest filled with affection—really I wanted to call it love to myself, but I refused to allow my brain to form that word. The affection came out in a little sob as I obeyed him and got onto my elbows. The handcuffs made the position very awkward, but that didn't matter when I turned my face toward Papa Georg.

He sat on the edge of the cot and held the bottle so a little of the water could trickle into my mouth. Some of it spilled, of course, but he managed to make sure most of it got, very gradually, inside, where it felt like... well, love. Even if I refused to call my hours-old

feelings for this man that, I seemed able to see this tiny kindness in a criminal hellscape that way.

“Thank you,” I heard myself say between sips. “Thank you, Papa.”

His hand moved from my back to my bottom, to hold me gently there atop the bulky material of the diaper. I felt pretty certain he had done it unconsciously. That slight pressure on my backside, though, where he had whipped me with his belt, and displayed me to the hallway, and finally diapered me...

I moaned very softly. My hips jerked, and I had to stop drinking. Papa Georg, seemingly alert to every detail, tipped the bottle up in time, so that the water didn't spill. My face had gone very hot, and I felt sure he could see the crimson in my upturned cheeks.

His hand on my diaper, which had merely rested there before, gave a gentle squeeze. My moan became a little gasp. My daddies had gotten me very used to being kept needy, in order to increase my responsiveness to their touch. Here in the warlord's bunker, though, with Papa Georg's hand on my ass, I felt more desperate for an orgasm than I thought I had ever been before.

It had something to do with Papa Georg, I decided—but probably also something to do with the danger, and even the fear: my Advanced Guidance daddies had made it clear that one of the most important reasons girls from bad girl prison had proven ideal Sexual Relief Devices for the military lay in our response to high-risk situations. It didn't make any rational sense, but a link between our sexual arousal and our fear arousal reactions made us perfect concubines for men like my Lumberjack daddies.

And even more perfect for Papa Georg, here in Papa Nicolai's bunker, if he decided to take advantage of my wanton need for him... all of him... right now.

“Please?” I whimpered. I thought I could feel it, even in the gentle squeezing movement of his fingers on the diaper, which communicated a terrible teasing pressure to my bottom and all the way to my pussy. I could sense how badly Papa Georg wanted to fuck me, and I arched my back and raised my bottom in answer.

He was a daddy... a papa. Surely he would get up on the cot and rip the diaper open and plunge his huge, hard penis into my pussy. Daddies knew when to do that—though of course, when a bad girl had misbehaved it might be delayed to teach her a lesson.

But I had been so good for Papa Georg. Didn't I deserve a fucking? My bottom squirmed under his soft grip as I felt myself wetting the diaper a different sort of embarrassing way from how I had before.

He leaned down to put his mouth against my ear. I thought he would say something like, Papa's going to fuck you so hard now.

Instead I heard, in the voice of authority, deep and calm, “Don't make a sound. They're watching, so Papa can't use you the way he wants. But Papa can make you come if you

can keep quiet.”

I felt my eyes go very wide. Part of me wanted to say, No... even with the voice... I don't think I can, Papa. I'm scared.

But Papa Georg moved his hand further down, between my legs, so that he had my pussy in his grasp though the diaper's bulk still lay between his fingers and my clit. His mouth still pressed up against my ear.

At the very same time, he squeezed hard, down there, and he said in my ear:

“Come for Papa, sweetheart. Quiet.”

The orgasm swept through my body. The need to restrain myself extended it and heightened it, to an impossible duration and a nearly unbearable intensity. My limbs quaked and jerked, and my teeth clamped down so hard on the inside of my cheek that I tasted blood.

It went on and on, until I regretted begging for it, since keeping quiet proved such an ordeal. It made me long to snuggle with Papa Georg somewhere very, very far away... on a warm beach, safe in his arms, screaming out my ecstasy for the whole world to hear.

“Good girl,” he murmured, so lovingly into my ear. “Such a good girl for Papa.”

I gave one sob, a noise I knew any observer without access to the data from between my thighs would hear as a sound of need rather than of satisfaction. Really I didn't even feel satisfied... relieved, maybe—as if I could go on, now... but I wanted my new papa to do so much more.

I understood that the stunning strength of the connection I felt to Papa Georg had a huge amount of illusion and fantasy in it—not to mention a big helping of Stockholm Syndrome. On a certain level I felt how disloyal to my Lumberjack daddies I would probably seem to them. I felt a tiny bit guilty about that, but all my daddies had made it clear that a bad girl could and should give her heart to as many daddies as she felt drawn to.

The way Papa Georg made me feel seemed much more intense than anything I had known before, though. I knew it must mostly have to do with him seeming like the only hope of anything remotely good coming from my kidnapping, but for fuck's sake, he hadn't wanted to kidnap me, I felt certain; I had seen that in his eyes the moment I laid eyes on him for the first time in Papa Nicolai's interrogation room.

No, Papa Georg had stepped in to help me, even if in the end it just meant he would claim me as his own after his warlord boss had given me to the rest of the henchmen. At that moment, as my climax finally began to ebb out of my now relaxed muscles, I didn't seem even to mind the thought of all of them using me... as long as the only one who punished me remained Papa Georg. Stupid Ivan's spanking didn't count: the firm hand here belonged to my new papa—much firmer even than Papa Nicolai's.

"Good girl," he murmured a final time. "I know you're thanking me in your heart—and I'll let you thank me properly as soon as I can."

Despite everything, I felt lighthearted for an instant, and I almost giggled at the formality of the words. Daddies liked to say things like that: it was important to thank your daddy whenever he made you feel good in that special, naughty way that only your daddy is allowed to do. I wanted more, of course, but it still felt like one of those moments with my Advanced Guidance daddies and my Lumberjack daddies when I could let my bad girl defiance and even my adulthood slip away and just revel in the sheltering care of the papa who knew how to take care of me.

Then the door opened. From behind me, Ivan said something harsh and accusing in Russian.

Papa Georg got up slowly before he responded. His voice sounded dismissive—maybe of me, as a naughty little whore, or maybe of Ivan's accusation.

It didn't satisfy Ivan. He spoke to me, his voice just as angry. "Papa Nicolai wants to see you in your diaper," he said. "Then we're going to have a gangbang."

CHAPTER 12



B riana

Ivan unlocked the handcuffs, then with a rough grip on my shoulder he stood me up. Papa Georg took a step back, and an irrational wave of anxiety swept over me, that he would simply leave me to Ivan. But when I had gotten to my feet I turned to see him right there, only a few feet away, looking intently back at me as Ivan pulled my wrists behind me and fastened one of the pairs of handcuffs around them again, behind my back.

His blue eyes seemed as cold as ice, but I knew somehow that the chill there had Ivan as its direction. Maybe I imagined it, or maybe it came through some chemical telepathy rather than from the muscles of his cheeks the way it seemed, but I saw in Papa Georg's handsome face the renewal of his promise to take care of me.

Not just the renewal, either—that sounded weak as the idea came into my mind. More like the affirmation, and even the strengthening. In the urgent attention with which his eyes seemed to study mine I found a pledge to protect me that steadied my trembling limbs despite the fear Ivan had induced in my mind and my body.

The insecure lieutenant clearly meant to scare me, for he jerked me toward the door with a much more violent movement than necessary. Ivan seemed to want to make me pay the price for my time with Papa Georg with the door closed.

Outside, three more men, all dressed in the dark suits Papa Nicolai apparently favored for his minions, watched me emerge from the cell. The leers on all their faces told me they had heard about the gangbang their boss had planned—and that they had every hope of taking part.

I felt my face work with alarm and shame. For a moment I had forgotten my near nudity and my only garment being a diaper—one I had been made to wet in the extremity of my need to relieve myself. The faces of Papa Nicolai's guards brought awareness crashing

back.

"You ready, whore?" one of the men demanded. "You ready for this?" He gestured toward his crotch.

I knew—in the best, most intelligent part of my brain, I knew for certain—that I should just shut up and let Ivan force me further toward wherever Papa Nicolai had chosen for my humiliation and sexual use. But my bad girl nature rose in my chest like a physical force.

Partly the defiance that surged in me came from sheer survival instinct. On the streets of Hoboken I had made good use of bravura—both to fend off aggressors and even, on occasion, to attract them. Despite my time and my training with my Advanced Guidance daddies and my Lumberjacks, those instincts didn't lie buried very deeply at all.

Another part of my response came from that other bad girl trait, the one that made me so good at what my daddies had taught me. Despite all my soft, fuzzy feelings toward them, and toward Papa Georg above all right now, my dark sexual needs—my make me needs, as my daddies called them sometimes—always kicked in when some asshole pointed to his crotch.

"I don't see anything," I said with a sneer.

That brought a snarl from the pointer and a laugh from all the others. The pointer said something to Ivan in Russian, and Ivan laughed. Suddenly, before I could even figure out what was going on, I found myself on my knees on the cold concrete floor of the hallway. The feeling of unbalance that came from having my hands cuffed behind me brought panic rising from my belly into my throat. Worse, Ivan had the back of my head in his hand, fingers twisted in my hair so that I could see only the lap of the black pants of the man who had asked if I was ready.

His hands began to unbuckle his belt. Those hands seemed enormous to me. My heart fluttered, and despite myself—for I didn't want to show Ivan and this crotch-pointing asshole that I had any special attachment to Papa Georg—I tried to turn my face to look back at the man who had promised to take care of me.

Ivan twisted my head in the other direction. Again, my cuffed hands made me feel like I would fall down, and I had to suppress another wave of alarm. I hoped desperately that Ivan had interpreted my movement toward Papa Georg as a simple attempt to avoid seeing the huge, hard cock that rose suddenly before my eyes, to the laughing applause of the other two guards.

"Vassily!" one of them shouted, in a half-encouraging, half-mocking tone, and then something in Russian that sounded like it must mean, "Good God, that's a monster."

I heard Papa Georg say, "Don't make us whip you again, Briana." His voice sounded just as cold as his eyes had looked. I knew he had no choice but to speak that way, but the

sound still made me whimper in fear.

Then he put his hand on my shoulder, gripping me firmly—clearly to show Ivan that he meant to go along with the little scene Vassily had demanded. But my papa's hand felt warm on my skin, and again I had the impression that some extrasensory shit had started to take place between us.

Or, I mean, I imagined it all. I know that's what actually happened, because science, but I knew then that I wasn't imagining it. I felt my papa telling me through the warmth of his fingers on my shoulder, despite the tightness of the grip that made my whimper become a cry of discomfort, that he would make sure I stayed safe.

Vassily spoke in Russian. Ivan replied.

Papa Georg said, "Give it a try." He seemed to have a laugh in his voice, as if he intended to make fun of Vassily, maybe.

Vassily spoke in his terrible English, and he made his voice lower—maybe a whole fourth or fifth or whatever. My educational facility had had a music program, thanks to the generosity of the Selecta Foundation for Arts Education, but all I could remember was that the higher the numbers got, the further away the pitch was.

Even if Selecta had programmed me to respond to this asshole's voice as the voice of authority, it wouldn't have hit the correct pitch; my experience with my daddies, including Papa Georg most of all, had honed my hearing enough to tell.

"Suck it, whore," he said.

I had no idea why I looked up from his cock into his face and said, "Suck it yourself."

His blue eyes—a shade darker than Papa Georg's but also, I thought in the strange stillness of that moment when the Russians were clearly all working out what I had said, somehow icier—went wide. Then, as his colleagues laughed, he slapped me, very hard across the face.

I cried out, tears seeming to jump from my eyes. Down below, though... my needs, my sheer badness, it felt like... to my horror, I felt my pussy clench. Papa Georg had made me come only a few minutes before, but something about this horrible place—no, about my new papa's promise to me, and the way he had already delivered on that promise—made even that blow from Vassily, the asshole crotch-pointer, arousing.

Ivan spoke to Vassily in a tone so superior I could understand his meaning easily: You did it wrong, moron. Then, as I felt Papa Georg's hand on my shoulder tighten its grip a little, as if to warn me to concentrate on what I did next, Ivan said in his version of the voice of authority, "Suck that big cock, whore."

I needed the concentration my papa's fingers urged on me. I had to force myself to remember that Ivan's commands, when delivered at that pitch, had to seem to work on

me. I let out a theatrical whimper of shame. I only had to turn it up a notch or two, because I really did feel my cheeks blaze with the humiliation of having to suck Vassily's hard penis after he had slapped me for talking back.

I opened my mouth and put out my tongue. I lowered my eyes to the rigid manhood in front of me. With his hand on the back of my head, Ivan pushed my face forward. The other two guards let out whistles of admiration, clearly surprised to see what they thought must be the effect of the voice of authority—which of course Ivan himself must have told them about.

Vassily gave a grunt of satisfaction as, with another whimper, my mouth enclosed his enormous girth. His right hand, the hand that I felt certain had left a vivid red print on my cheek, came down on the top of my head, the fingers curling toward the back of my skull as Ivan let go so that his friend could control my mouth as he chose.

He chose, as I expected, to hold my face still and drive his hips forward. I cried out in alarm around his hardness as he filled my mouth much too full and held himself there. Behind me, instinct made me try to bring my hands forward to steady myself, but I only felt the restraint of the metal cuffs. It took all my training to keep myself breathing through my nose as Vassily enjoyed himself, my nose in his wiry black pubic hair and his cock balls deep between my lips.

Papa Georg still had his hand on my shoulder. His fingers had loosened their hold again, and as Vassily began to thrust in and out of my mouth they started to rub in very small—almost certainly invisible—movements. That tiny pressure, telling me that my papa was watching me pleasure another man, that he wanted me to do a good job and make Vassily's penis feel good despite the way he had treated me, made it much easier. My daddies had trained me well; I had become a good little whore... the kind of bad girl whose face a brutal man likes to fuck.

One of the other guards spoke, his tone seeming to convey a warning. It took a moment, as the huge bulk of Vassily's erection began to move more quickly between my lips, but I thought I understood: Don't blow your load now, asshole. Wait for the gangbang.

Ivan spoke, and I made out the first word—Da—as well as the slight impatience in his voice, as if he had had enough of this little scene and wanted to get me to his boss for the promised viewing of the bad girl in her wet diaper.

For a moment Vassily's fingers tightened their grip. He drove his cock even deeper than he had yet, so that I sobbed around it as he found the soft back of my throat with the tip. Papa Georg's fingers gave another little rub and the overwhelming combination of sensation brought a wave of shameful heat between my thighs. My sob became a moan, and my hips jerked in the diaper at the utter degradation my papa wanted me to endure for him.

Then Vassily pulled my head off his lap with a forced laugh, as if to prove he could take

or leave the pleasures to be found in the body of a slut like me. Ivan got me to my feet again and turned me toward the end of the corridor.

I saw double doors there, and through them a large, well-lit room. A common room, or a mess, maybe. As we got closer, Ivan propelling me with his hand on my elbow so that I felt the strain from my bound hands in my shoulders, I saw through the doors that tables had been moved to the side and a wooden bench placed in the center of the room.

Papa Nicolai stood waiting on the other side of the bench, looking at his handheld. When Ivan pushed me through the doors, the warlord looked up with a broad smile.

“Look at this little whore,” he said, in his fairly good English. “Does she need her diaper changed?”

CHAPTER 13



Georg

I watched Briana walk toward Garonov with misgiving in my mind. Her defiance to Vassily hadn't brought disaster—in fact, it might actually have helped keep her safe, since she had managed to reinforce Ivan's idiotic notion that he knew how to use the voice of authority. But she had also showed that her wildcat response—as the assessors at Selecta called it—had grown dangerously strong.

The art and science of managing and then making use of bad girls' wildcat responses had become, I knew, one of the most important subfields of Selecta's research into the submissive psyche. What the scientists learned had of course strongly influenced the megacorp's practical application of that knowledge—the way men like the daddies in Advanced Guidance trained girls like Briana and helped them become happy (and valuable) members of what the current CEO of Selecta called the Selecta family.

I wished I knew more: as a natural dominant myself I had devoured all the information the agency had given me from Selecta, but megacorps kept their secrets very closely even from those who like me had both clearance and, potentially, need to know. What I had learned about submissives' wildcat responses told me first and foremost that more than any other factor they distinguished bad girls as belonging to that particular category—bad girls were bad because they had a strong tendency to wildcat.

As far as my reading went, when a girl manifested a wildcat response, her actions and words came straight from her unconscious. Briana herself had had no idea—still had no idea—why she had said, "Suck it yourself." The sensor between her thighs would have told an assessor that, I felt certain, but I had sensed it myself somehow the moment the words emerged. Briana's skin had seemed to tell me.

I wished for a moment as Ivan pushed Briana up to the bench, within reach of Garonov, that I had time to consider that—the feeling I had had that I could somehow read my diaper girl's mind through her skin. I wished I could think about how fucking hard it got

me to think about her as my diaper girl.

I wished I knew whether my message to her real daddies had gotten through. I felt sure my heads-up about the imminent attack on the Lumberjacks' bunker had kept them safe despite Garonov achieving his main objective of stealing Briana. If Briana's real daddies had survived unhurt, and if my message to the drone had made it to them, everything could work out very well.

As long as Briana doesn't wildcat at the wrong time, and fuck it up.

I watched Garonov reach his hand out to take my little girl's chin in his fingertips, grip it so that she had to look into his pitiless but hungry eyes. The warlord spoke in his version of the voice of authority.

"Lie down on the bench on your back, slut," he said, as Ivan took the handcuffs off Briana's wrists. "Let's see what you did in your diaper."

* * *

Briana

Emotions roiled in my head, my chest, my belly. Intellectually, I understood precisely what Papa Nicolai meant to do—maybe better than he himself knew it. He needed to humiliate me. I thought I could even tell that he had that need because of what my Lumberjack daddies had done to his organization, or his empire, or his country, or whatever.

In his eyes, I could see that he saw in me—in my naked, diapered body, above all—the symbol of the wrongs he thought my daddies had done him. He intended to punish me and to degrade me as absolutely and completely as he could, to win a victory over me that he couldn't ever have won over my Lumberjacks.

My Advanced Guidance daddies and especially my Lumberjack daddies had taken great care—and great pleasure—in regressing me to the little girl I had really never gotten to be in real life. They did it to discipline me, yes, because that represented the kind of discipline a bad girl like me needed sometimes—just as much as I needed their firm hands on my bottom from time to time, or even their hard cocks in my ass, to keep me in line.

'Papa' Nicolai—for I could barely think of him as a papa, let alone a daddy, at this point—clearly took pleasure in putting me in a diaper and humiliating me that way. He did it with no care at all, though. Papa Georg, the daddy who had actually done it... my new papa... he cared for me, he took care with me, and he knew how to make me feel truly little... the way I needed. This man, though, the one who had just pretended to use the

voice of authority... he cared only for himself.

The same kind of urge that had made me talk back to Vassily started to rise inside me. I remembered my daddies talking about wildcatting sometimes. I hadn't fully understood—it seemed like a term they used with the technical people at Selecta—but I knew it meant my bad girl side coming out. I had learned, in bad girl prison, to recognize that defiance as it built up inside me, and I had even learned—mostly—to control it.

I had lost that ability in Papa Nicolai's bunker, I realized now, and standing across the bench from him I realized also that I probably needed it very badly. With Vassily, my defiance had just gotten me slapped, and then Papa Georg had helped me respond to asshole Ivan the way I should.

Papa Nicolai had just used what I had managed to convince him represented the actual voice of authority, though. My brain knew I needed to do as he had said.

My body wouldn't do it.

Wildcat. Unreasonable, stupid rebellion, basically.

Which could get me killed. And Papa Georg too, because he would try to save me, wouldn't he?

Ivan saved me, though, this time at least, through his sheer stupidity. He spoke in Russian, and I knew precisely what he must have said: You did it wrong. Then he spoke to me, in English, using his version of the voice.

"Lie on the bench on your back, whore."

I wanted desperately to turn and look at Papa Georg. If I could see in his eyes that all this degradation... the whole lewd, humiliating ordeal I knew would begin in earnest once I had obeyed these evil men's commands... if I could see that my papa would enjoy watching them use me and he would call me his good bad girl afterwards and hold me in his arms while he fucked me himself... somehow it felt like I could do it without fear of what it would mean to wildcat and show Papa Nicolai that he couldn't make me obey just with the sound of his voice.

I had been gangbanged before; graduation from Advanced Guidance required a demonstration of a bad girl's ability to enjoy her submission to this ultimate, filthiest bad girl act. Two teams of daddies—six huge men in all—had used my mouth, my pussy, and my bottom until I could hardly walk, covered in their semen, back to my cell. I had feared the graduation gangbang but the Advanced Guidance daddies had demonstrated all their skill and made it fun even as they called me a dirty whore and a little slut.

The soreness had only kicked in after the pleasure from all the orgasms had faded. My daddies had also permitted me to play with myself as much as I wanted after gangbanging me, so I had distracted myself from the discomfort by reliving the wanton scene in fantasy. The whole experience, thanks to my daddies' care, had made me proud

—though the memory still always brought a blush even to my bad girl face.

My Lumberjack daddies had fucked me all together, too, on a couple of occasions. After my graduation from bad girl prison, having three cocks in me at the same time didn't even seem like that big a deal. The Lumberjacks maybe didn't have the same training as my AG daddies, but they all had the daddy instinct, and they knew how to take their dominant pleasure in a way that left me feeling valued despite their degrading dirty talk.

Group sex, that is, didn't pose a problem for me—including the kind of group sex that a lot of people would look at, from the outside, as beyond the pale.

But here in Papa Nicolai's bunker, as I forced my body to obey the command Ivan had repeated and sat down on the bench on my diapered bottom, then started to recline... I felt fear of a kind I hadn't felt back in bad girl prison. I wanted to look at Papa Georg, because I felt like his face might quell the resistance I could sense rising in me along with that fear.

If you show them they can't control you, I told myself, Papa Nicolai will just get rid of you. And he'll do it in anger... he'll just kill you.

I closed my eyes as I felt my back come up against the hard wooden surface of the bench. Papa Nicolai spoke, again using his idea of the voice, though I could hear impatience in his tone and I knew that his obviously violent nature lay right behind it.

"Spread your knees and hold them apart, whore," he said. "Nice and high for Papa."

A thrill of arousal rocketed through my body; this position, the diaper position as Daddy Trevor sometimes called it, seemed to have some kind of hardwiring into my nervous system and my submissive sexuality. At the same time, that very fact, my bodily response to the warlord's humiliating, belittling words, brought out the rebellion in me.

Really, if this scene were unfolding in my own warm bunker, with my Lumberjack daddies, and Daddy Trevor had decided not to use the voice of authority, I probably would have said, "Daddy, no... please," and refused. I would have known of course that he would spank me; Daddy Trevor loved to spank me in the diaper position. But that simply represented the way a bad girl behaved, when the time came for something shameful like a gangbang—reluctantly.

Here in this cold room, with Papa Nicolai looming over me at the end of the bench, waiting to take my diaper off and inspect my damp pussy and my cringing anus, I had to fight that instinct. I shook my head slowly, my brow creasing so deeply it hurt.

On my right, I saw Papa Georg. He stood behind two of the guards, almost a full head taller than them. I couldn't see my papa's mouth, but I could see his blue eyes and I could read their serious, caring expression. My chest filled with light. I didn't think I really even needed that wonderful, thoughtful look on his face—Papa Georg could have worn a scowl of disapproval at my slowness to obey the man papa had said could take my diaper

off and fuck me.

All I needed was to see that he was watching. He would keep me safe. If for some reason, something bad happened anyway, he would put his own life on the line to stop it—maybe we would die together, but it seemed to me that that promise gave enough comfort to make me do not as my defiance wanted but as Papa Georg wanted.

I turned my face back to look up at Papa Nicolai, because I knew my own, real papa wanted me to do that. I bit my lip, and I started to raise my legs the way the warlord had commanded.

I whispered, “Yes, Papa,” because Papa Georg would want me to do that, too: pretend that this evil man somehow had put me under the spell of his dominant authority.

“Such a good little whore,” Papa Nicolai said, smiling lustfully down as he reached for the tabs on the sides of the diaper. “Good little whores get filled up with cock.”

CHAPTER 14



*B*riana

I felt the tug of Papa Nicolai's fingers on the tabs, and I heard the soft ripping sound of Velcro coming open. I saw the warlord's face, but I filled my mind instead with the face of Papa Georg, his second lieutenant... my new papa... maybe an ally of my real daddies... the firm-handed man I...

My forehead creased very hard. Papa Nicolai had opened my diaper all the way, and he had bent his head to look at the smooth, pink places he had uncovered. I closed my eyes and squeezed them shut very tightly.

What a strange moment to discover you're in love with someone, my brain said, seeming to hover above the bad girl on the bench, the little slut in the open diaper with all the Russians around her, ready to fuck her as hard and as long as they liked.

All the Russians and also the one who might be Russian, and might be German, and might be...

Papa Nicolai spoke in Russian, asking for something. I heard a kind of shuffling, as if someone were taking something out of a bag, and I thought I guessed what he had asked for. My cheeks burned with shame at the same moment I felt the baby wipe on my diaper area.

A whimper escaped my lips at the coldness of the alcohol as it went on and as it evaporated.

"Look at that," Papa Nicolai said, in condescending English that made me feel like a naughty little girl, too old for diapers but put back in them to teach her a lesson after wetting herself. "So pretty. You almost can't tell she's such a dirty slut."

"Oh, my God," I whispered. Papa Nicolai had the daddy gene—I knew it for sure in that moment, though it made everything much more difficult. The daddy gene... I had heard

another girl talk about it that way in bad girl prison. The daddies didn't describe themselves that way, but my own experience seemed to correspond to what the daddy gene seemed to mean: you either had it or you didn't. Ivan didn't. Papa Nicolai, evil warlord, did.

Papa Georg did. Oh, did he ever. I felt tears leak out of the corners of my eyes as I struggled not against any new surge of defiance in my chest but against the overwhelming urge to look at my real papa. The way my body had responded to this evil daddy... the way I had just clenched right in front of his eyes as he cleaned my pussy and bottom-hole with a baby wipe... I wanted to make sure Papa Georg knew it only came from Papa Nicolai having the daddy gene... and from Papa Georg being right there, watching.

Because it was my new papa, my real papa, watching his evil boss toy with me, enjoy me the way a daddy enjoys a bad girl... that was the thing that made my pussy contract, made my breath come in little pants as I thought about how Papa Georg would now watch all these criminals fill me up with their big, hard penises.

"Nice and clean," said Papa Nicolai. "Now let's see how this tastes. Keep those knees spread, little whore."

I felt the sob escape my chest and then I heard it in the room as if someone else had produced the sound... someone who liked it when her daddies tasted her pussy. I didn't like it, because it made me feel out of control, like I didn't know how to please the man who sampled me with his tongue. The pleasure that came from a daddy doing it... it felt almost like a punishment, like he wanted to show me exactly how utterly he could make my body betray me.

It felt good... I couldn't help that it felt good. Papa Nicolai knew how to alternate gentle licks and kisses with flicks of his tongue... he knew how to put fingers deep inside a bad girl's pussy to make her hips jerk upward, desperate to push her clit against his teasing tongue.

I cried out, clinging with my hands to the backs of my knees, trying to think not about the man tasting me down there but about the only man I might want to do that embarrassing thing. If anyone could help me enjoy a daddy's exercising his right to taste his bad girl's pussy, Papa Georg could.

But I knew I couldn't hope for that, and the knowledge seemed to make the shame much greater: not only did I have to let this evil daddy use his lips and tongue down there, let him inspect me so minutely and comment to his henchman about how tight I would be on their cocks and how wet I had gotten for my gangbang... but I had to let them do it while my real papa looked on.

He wants it this way... Papa Georg needs me to obey them... to hold my knees so wide... to let them see my pussy and my bottom-hole...

That thought, whenever I managed to bring it back into my mind and hold it there, seemed to comfort me. As Papa Nicolai wrung moans and whimpers of forced pleasure from me, I opened my eyes and managed to catch a glimpse of Papa Georg, still standing behind the others. They all had their cocks out, and they pumped them in their hands as they watched their boss toy with his kidnapped American bad girl. I couldn't see clearly, but I didn't think Papa Georg had taken his own penis out.

Suddenly I wanted to see it... to see my papa's hardness, and to kiss it and make it even harder, make it feel good. I sobbed with the need for my papa's cock, knowing somewhere at the back of my mind that the idea had no logic to it, but still feeling that if only Papa Georg's hardness could be one of the penises to fuck me, I would be able to obey.

Papa Nicolai stood up. Still shaking, my eyes wide, I looked at him between my raised knees. He began slowly to unbuckle his belt.

"We'll take turns in her cunt first," he said in English, a cruel smile curving his lips.

I gripped my knees so tightly. I tried not to look over at Papa Georg, but I couldn't: I turned away from the sight of the warlord unzipping his fly and pulling down his pants and his black underwear to look beseechingly at my real papa. Two of the guards had moved aside a little as they stroked the hard lengths of their erections, so I could see all of Papa Georg. He had his arms crossed over his chest, and his blue eyes gazed straight back into mine.

For a moment I had a sense of terrible danger... that by turning my head so openly to look at the man who truly owned my obedience and my heart I had taken an awful risk that could kill us both. I could feel in the increasingly warm air of that bare room how all the Russians' attention had turned from the newly uncovered cock of their criminal overlord to the calm frame of the second lieutenant—the man who I had realized very early on had made a practice of staying quiet and in the background.

Icy fear gripped my heart: for the first time I felt like my papa might not truly have the ability to save me. Then, with a single phrase, Papa Georg gave me a clue to the mystery that seemed to have engulfed my mind: why had I fallen in love with him this way?

He spoke in the voice of authority. "Don't look at me, you dirty little whore. Put your eyes where they belong, on your papa's cock."

His voice cut through the momentary silence in the room like a knife of glass, and I felt all the Russians' eyes go from Papa Georg's face straight to mine, as I gasped, whimpered, and obeyed. My brain didn't even try to quibble, to tell me that the place my gaze belonged had to be, could only be my real papa: no, he had told me, and he had decided, where I should look.

I did: I turned my head and lowered my eyes to see Papa Nicolai's hard, heavy penis, brandished arrogantly in his left hand. I let out a sob of need at the sight, terribly glad

that the Russians couldn't look inside my head and see that while I looked at one cock I had a very different one in my head... that the need between my thighs, while I knew to my shame from my bad girl training that it could find satisfaction on anything that filled me up and fucked me dominantly, could never reach a real release without Papa Georg's hardness inside me.

Papa Nicolai laughed, and all his henchmen followed suit. The warlord put his right hand just below mine on my upper thigh, pushing hard, opening me even further—spreading me wider than even my Advanced Guidance daddies had ever done. He clearly wanted to make this fucking feel like a punishment, perhaps for looking over at Papa Georg. I couldn't take my eyes from his hard manhood, but even from my brief experience with this evil man, I knew the cruel look that must occupy his eyes as he gazed down at the upturned pussy he meant to use.

My hips bucked upward; it felt for an instant like a betrayal—like my body in its raging bad girl need had disobeyed Papa Georg... but then, at nearly the same moment, I could feel his eyes on me, watching me obey him... watching me see Papa Nicolai's cock press its tip against my clit, so that I cried out with the ache inside me, clenching hard, my vagina spasming in desperation.

Papa Nicolai chuckled, and again I didn't need to see his face; in that brutal mirth I heard how completely he had fallen for Papa Georg's brilliant ruse. He lowered the head of his hardness and pushed it gently—teasingly—against the hole I needed filled with more intensity than I thought I had ever needed anything in my life.

I clenched again... my hips jerked again, my pussy attempting shamefully and shamelessly to take the evil warlord's manhood into it. Papa Nicolai pulled his cock away, murmuring something in Russian that could only be filthy and belittling. Heat surged into my face as the men around me guffawed, but I knew that Papa Georg had no laughter in his mouth; I knew the smile he must wear—the smile a kind papa gives a good girl when she does terrible things to please him.

Papa Nicolai brought his penis back, pressed it against the opening, so that I whimpered.

I heard Ivan's voice. "Make her beg, bozhe."

"Ask for it, whore," said Papa Nicolai's voice, in his version of the voice of authority.

I knew Papa Georg understood, but I still felt my blush get even more intense as I realized that it didn't matter in the slightest if Papa Nicolai didn't have the real skill necessary to use the voice. I would have begged if it had been Ivan's cock, or Vassily's, there at the needy entrance to my pussy.

I felt my face crumple, and a sob burst from my throat, as I remembered that soon it would be... and they would make me beg, too.

"Please... please..." I whimpered. "Please, Papa."

Again I tried to keep Papa Georg in my mind while I looked down my body at the thick cock that belonged in my good girl hole, as my Advanced Guidance daddies had sometimes called it. That thought made the ache so much more intense that I clenched again, just as Papa Nicolai gripped both my thighs and thrust in hard, so that I screamed with the terrible mingling of pleasure and arousal and discomfort.

CHAPTER 15



*B*riana

My good girl hole. I kept thinking about it as Papa Nicolai started to fuck me hard and fast. Released from Papa Georg's last command because the warlord's cock had vanished from view, I raised my eyes to look into his face. His own gaze had fixed itself downward, to enjoy the sight of his thick manhood surging in and out of me, making me cry out with every inward thrust.

The evil man is fucking my good girl hole... The terrible thought brought on a swift orgasm, my back arching hard against the wooden bench and my hands clutching my knees with knuckles I knew must have turned white with the effort. The little stab of pain from my fingertips there added itself to the discomfort of having such a thick penis so deep inside, and the pressure of Papa Nicolai's hands on my thighs: I tried to disguise the climax with submissive cries to match my criminal papa's rhythm, but it went on so long I felt sure they all would know.

They hadn't told me not to come, but I also hadn't asked permission, which was what I had to do with my Lumberjack daddies—as my Advanced Guidance daddies had emphasized in my training. Coming without permission meant a spanking, and the thought that Papa Georg might give me one only made my forbidden pleasure more intense.

And it brought on another wave of need to see him, to turn my head now that I could look at him rather than at Papa Nicolai's cock. I turned my head as the warlord... the bozhe... kept fucking me, and saw with a cry of surprise and reflexive alarm that my real papa had moved forward, and that he had taken his cock and his balls out of his fly.

I had a moment of panic on his behalf—surely Ivan would take this as an insult. But though I didn't understand what Papa Georg meant to do, I felt such gratitude for his nearness and for his showing me his beautiful, long, hard penis that I whimpered as I looked up into his eyes.

"You like it, don't you, little slut?" he asked, in a voice so thrillingly degrading I thought I might faint with the surge of arousal it brought and the way it extended the aftershocks of my climax. Then I thought I did understand: Papa Georg had seen me come, and he wanted to make sure none of the others did. He spoke again. "You like Papa Nicolai's cock in your tight little cunt, don't you?"

"Yes, Papa," I sobbed. "Yes... please..."

The guards laughed. I even heard Ivan joining in.

"That's it," Papa Nicolai said, his voice husky with the effort of fucking me so hard. The bench creaked rhythmically under his brutal thrusts and a grunt broke from his chest. "That's it. Let's fill you up a little more." He lowered the pitch of his words, into his fake voice of authority. "Suck that German cock."

I felt my face contort into a mask of need as I opened my mouth wide, sure that Papa Georg had planned it to go this way: he had presented the bozhe with an opportunity to degrade me further, see me used more thoroughly, which he couldn't refuse—and which Ivan couldn't deny him since their overlord commanded it.

Papa Georg put his right hand behind my head to hold my mouth in place, and then he thrust deep inside. I let out a shameful, grateful whimper to have both papas' cocks inside me, and my cheeks flushed hot as the guards applauded at the brutal treatment their superiors meted out to the little whore.

My real papa fucked my face almost as violently as Papa Nicolai fucked my pussy, but it didn't feel truly brutal or cruel... it felt like what I needed, and I came again, writhing helplessly on the bench, utterly dominated by the two papas.

I floated up and away, then, the way I did with my Lumberjack daddies when they gangbanged me. Papa Nicolai pulled his thick erection out of my pussy at last, and Ivan took his place. Papa Georg, once he had established his dominance and reassured me—sent me off into the ether, as I realized he must have intended—offered his place to Vassily.

Papa Georg's cock, in its nest of golden fur, receded. Vassily's enormous manhood, its bush dark and wiry, approached. Papa Georg leaned down and whispered into my ear, in the voice, "Don't come again until I tell you to. And don't look at me."

Off in the floaty distance, my mind and heart sensed my body responding to the commands. None of me understood, but all of me knew I had to do as my papa had said—and that I could do it. Papa Georg must have calculated his instructions precisely. I had come already, more than once, so my body had become pliable... I knew I could definitely come again, but I didn't ache for it the way I had at the start of the ordeal.

But Vassily's cock was so big... it made me—my voice and my breath, at least—whimper as I tried to take it all in. He pressed deep, just as I felt Ivan drive his hardness into my

sheath. I already felt sore there, but all of the discomfort had become part of what Papa Georg wanted me to take... what he wanted me to show I could endure... and enjoy... for my papa.

All without seeing him, without looking in his direction again. As Vassily used my mouth for his cruel enjoyment, I concentrated on Papa Georg's stern face in my mind—not the kind expression I knew he must have somewhere in his heart for me, but rather his strict, icy look... the one that told me he would take care of me and he would decide what I needed.

Vassily grunted above me. His fingers twined in my hair. I tried to receive him with the respect my papa would want me to show. The next man who used my mouth made me lick his balls while he pumped his cock in his hand. Another henchman took Ivan's place. His hips slammed against my backside, pounding me into the hard wood of the bench.

I had closed my eyes when Vassily had begun using me, losing myself in the floaty feeling while they played with their fuck toy. But a command from Papa Nicolai brought some of my attention back.

"Look at me, whore," he said in the false voice. I opened my eyes to see him standing to my right, just behind the man who had shoved his ball sack in my face, and who now thrust in and out rapidly between my lips. I whimpered to see the look in the warlord's eyes: his expression seemed to say that as valuable as he found me, he intended to use me and to give me to his henchmen until they had consumed me completely... until I couldn't walk without wincing for weeks... until I could hardly move from this bench.

As I kept my eyes on him—even without the force of the voice of authority, I couldn't have looked away because of the fear and the bad girl need his cruel face expressed—Papa Nicolai laid a hand on the shoulder of the man using my mouth. That minion got the message immediately: he pulled his hardness from between my lips and moved aside, pumping his glistening cock energetically, clearly aroused nearly as much by the prospect of seeing his bozhe enjoy me as by my own submissive service.

I closed my mouth, worked my lips together feeling that special numbness that always came from giving head, assuaging the ache in my jaw for a moment. The henchman in my pussy fucked me in a slow rhythm now, grunting with pleasure at each in-driving thrust and drawing a little sob from me every time—more because of the sight of Papa Nicolai's thick cock, jutting out from his right hand toward my face than at the filling of my pussy.

I felt the diaper, too, under my backside, its slight dampness reminding me of the humiliation I had undergone, but just as much also of Papa Georg putting it on me, fastening it at my hips, before that shameful release. Looking at Papa Nicolai, at his face looming over me with his cock menacing me in the space between, I felt like I could see Papa Georg—or maybe I could feel him—telling me I had to do as the bozhe said, had to endure everything this evil man wanted to do and watch others do to my body... telling

me that he could save me, but only if I managed to remain a good girl.

Papa Nicolai put his left hand on the top of my head. He put the tip of his cock against my lips, and I could feel how my needy pussy had left his manhood slippery. I knew what I had to do, and for a moment the defiance threatened to rise again in my mind, but the simple idea of Papa Georg's presence somewhere nearby, watching, stopped it. Instead, I did what my real papa wanted me to do for my cruel papa... I kissed, and as I kissed I felt my mouth water, felt the need grow stronger again in my whole body.

I kissed again, and my hips jerked under the man fucking me, and I knew I would come close to another orgasm—as close as Papa Georg's command would allow. At that moment, though, as if he knew me all too well, Papa Nicolai said, his eyes fixed on mine, "Ivan, fuck the ass now."

I kissed the head of the bozhe's cock again, as the man between my legs pulled his hardness from my pussy. I whimpered as I kissed, and I put my tongue out to lick in the special spot underneath. Papa Nicolai's cock jerked in his hand, and his fingers twined in my hair. I opened my mouth and whimpered, a wordless plea to have the honor of tasting my papa's penis.

In the moment, I felt it, that submission to a greater power, even if the power was an evil one. Having Papa Georg there, even though I couldn't see him, made it possible, because I never would have been able to keep my wildcat resistance in check otherwise. But a memory from bad girl prison floated into my mind... what one of my Advanced Guidance daddies had told me about what made me the bad girl I was. In my floaty, detached mind, it played back as the brutal bozhe buried himself between my lips, pushing the head of his manhood all the way to the back of my throat.

"You're the special kind of bad girl we need, Briana, because of your filthy imagination. You would have made a great actress, with a different kind of training—and different needs. You get lost in your fantasies, and that makes it possible to satisfy those naughty, naughty needs."

The memory brought a whimper from my chest, around the thick cock pressing down on my tongue, nearly but not quite choking me. Then a shudder went through my whole body because Ivan—I couldn't see him with my eyes, but I could imagine him, looking down at what his hard penis did—had pressed himself against the tiny button of my anus.

"Let's make her come this way," Papa Nicolai said. My hips jerked and I felt my bottom tighten. My hands, which had gone nearly numb, clutched at the backs of my knees. I had a moment of panic that Papa Georg's and Papa Nicolai's commands might conflict, and it made me close up against Ivan's intrusion.

"Open this, whore," Ivan said, trying again for the voice of authority. "Take it now."

Oh, no, I thought, as the problem got worse, and my anus tightened even more. Papa Georg... help?

CHAPTER 16



Georg

Briana, nearly hidden from my view as Garonov and Ivan used her and the rest of the guards clustered close around, jerking off at the lewd sight, let out a whimper that I knew must betoken panic.

Shit.

I knew exactly what had happened, because as a daddy who likes fucking his naughty little girl's most private place, I had devoted a good deal of effort to making sure I understood all about the muscles there. Panic represented the least desirable emotion, when it came to Briana's being able to obey Ivan's petulant command.

I cursed myself for warning her about Ivan. That had only made the problem worse.

The neurological programming involved in setting up the voice of authority inside Briana's brain meant that I could solve the problem by issuing a command of my own, at the proper pitch. Her limbic system would simply override the panic and she would be able—as I knew she wanted—to open to Ivan as her prison daddies had trained her to do.

Bad girls like Briana had a special relationship with anal sex of course: their feelings about doing dirty things with dominant daddies made them the unique sort of sexual creatures they were—and made them immensely valuable both to Selecta and to the military organizations who had found them such a boon to morale. Anal lay at the core of those feelings, because a naughty girl's bottom-hole always seemed to her the most shameful place to do the dirty things she both longed for and feared. Much of the training her daddies in Advanced Guidance had given her had involved discipline given right there, with their special toys but above all with their hard cocks.

Briana could do it—she had done it, for Garonov—and I could help her get control of her body over the panic. But to intervene again would mean open conflict with Ivan, and almost certainly conflict with Garonov. Their guns—all their guns, including the other

guards’—were only a few feet away. Ivan had the only truly hot-headed personality among them, but with hard cocks and the standard degree of alpha rage even less dominant men can experience in that state, it could well become very violent very quickly.

I had seen it before, in fact: Ivan had shot another henchman for telling him, in a half-joking tone, that he should give someone else a turn in the ass of another girl Garonov had given to his guards. This situation came too close to that one for comfort, and having to shoot it out in such unfavorable circumstances, when I had a reasonable hope that I might be able to get Briana rescued before too much longer, represented the last thing I wanted.

She cried out in discomfort and Ivan grunted in a dissatisfied way that I knew from experience meant someone had denied him what he considered his rights.

“I told you to open this ass,” he said, again using his pathetic version of the voice of authority.

For a moment I thought I would have to go for my own gun, still in its shoulder holster, and start shooting. The suspicion that Briana and I had formed an alliance against the warlord would kill both of us. If I killed Garonov and Ivan to make the world a better place, my actual mission to strategically penetrate Garonov’s organization be damned, I would make it clear I was the only enemy agent, one who happened to be able to use the real voice.

I would die in the process but Briana could well survive. And, who knew, maybe I’d manage to kill them all and Briana and I could get ourselves picked up. It would leave practically the whole of Garonov’s empire intact for the next claimant to emerge and keep doing terrible things, but it would buy the good guys some time, anyway.

My hand went inside my jacket, but before I touched the butt of my gun, Garonov, to my astonished relief, came to the rescue. He unwittingly kept me from—probably pointlessly, but maybe satisfyingly—giving my life for the chance of saving Briana’s. I couldn’t blame him, though.

“You’re doing it wrong again, Ivan,” he said in Russian.

Then he spoke again, in English, in his own version of the voice—the one that sounded very similar indeed to the correct use, by a trained daddy.

“Open that ass, whore. Let little Ivan put his cock in you, and we’ll make you come.”

Shit. Shit. Shit.

* * *

Briana

When Papa Nicolai gave me the same command Ivan had, my brain froze for a split second.

I can't... he's not my papa...

Then my body said otherwise, and a wave of arousal and shame swept through my whole body, so strong that I felt like my skin had turned to fire. I sobbed around Papa Nicolai's cock, and I obeyed him; I pushed with my bottom in that humiliating way, and I felt myself open to Ivan.

It's because of Papa Georg... I told myself, and I kept telling myself. It's all because of Papa Georg, my real papa...

And it was, because I could never have thought that Papa Nicolai could have the role of papa for me, could give me such a terrible command and make me obey just with the sound of his words. I started to float away again as the asshole guards—Vassily especially—cheered to see Ivan fucking my bottom.

But I heard myself whimpering around the thick, hard penis in my mouth and I knew that Papa Georg's presence only explained part of the way it felt to have him make my bottom open for the warlord's lieutenant. My bad girl needs had triumphed, and I realized I had learned something important about the voice: Papa Nicolai had managed to use it—really use it—despite my not being programmed to obey him specifically.

My body wanted to obey him, even though I loved Papa Georg. Nearly my whole field of vision was taken up by Papa Nicolai's thrusting lap, but out of the corner of my eye I could see his hand move down my body, and I remembered what he had promised. I cried out around his thrusting manhood, my hips thrusting up and taking more of Ivan inside my too-full bottom so that I could present my clit. My hands, still clutching the backs of my knees, trembled with needy anticipation.

Papa Georg had told me not to come until he said so, and he had used the voice. I felt my brow furrow anxiously, and my mind came back to earth as I wondered what would happen... how I could obey both commands...

You can fake it, my brain told me. You used to do that all the time, back in Hoboken.

I had faked it back then, for boyfriends—if those guys could even be called that, the ones I more or less used to keep myself safe on the street. I had felt like I gave convincing performances, too—my fake orgasms certainly seemed to fool the guys.

But I hadn't done it since my daddies had taken over, in bad girl prison. They had shown the very first time they got their hands on me that they knew my body better than I did, and when they finally allowed me a real honest-to-God climax it hadn't resembled any performance I'd ever given. The sheer involuntary movements of my muscles, the tension

and the release, represented something I didn't think I could ever reproduce voluntarily.

And Papa Nicolai and his asshole lieutenant Ivan had witnessed it for themselves, when they first woke me up in their interrogation room. The bozhe's fingers came down on my clit, and I bucked atop the bench, my bottom—full of Ivan's surging cock—squirming atop the shamefully wet diaper. I moaned around the thick manhood that Papa Nicolai held deep in mouth, keeping my head in place and moving his hips in small thrusts to enjoy me so dominantly it sent me floating straight back into the ether.

You can do it, my brain told me again, they saw you, but they didn't understand. Only Papa Georg really understands.

"Come for me, you dirty little whore," the warlord growled in that voice that came so, so close to the real voice of authority... so close that I felt a conflict—no, a war—break out in my body, between the two uses of the voice. If my real daddies had given me different commands, each new one would replace the old; they all had equal authority, according to the way Selecta had trained me. Here, with one daddy who I loved and who knew how to use the voice, and another who I feared—and who had his hardness in my mouth and had commanded his minion to fuck my ass—my body couldn't figure out which command to obey.

The fingers on my clit moved in a way far more skillful than I would have given such an evil man credit for. The need to come and the prohibition against coming made me sob. Papa Nicolai pulled his cock out until he could tease me with it. He put it in again, pushing it against the inside of my cheek and then tapping that cheek on the outside with his fingertips, something I always found so degrading when a daddy did it that it typically made me clench.

I cried out at the sensation, sure that if the warlord and his henchman hadn't yet figured out that for some reason I couldn't come, they would realize it now, thanks to the terrible tension in my body. Then, with what felt like the last shred of my conscious thought, I faked it—not the way I'd done on the streets of Hoboken, with little shrieks and cries of "Yes... Yes... oh, God... Yes," but as close to the way I came for my daddies as I could manage on my own.

I screamed and bucked. I raised my hips to push my ass against Ivan's thrusting cock and I heard him grunt in his own forced pleasure to feel himself so deep in my bad girl hole. I suckled desperately at Papa Nicolai's hard penis, trying only to please my brutal papa, to make him want to treat me like a good girl... like a treasure to keep rather than a fuck toy to give away.

As I faked it, though, something else happened. I could never have put it into words, since it didn't involve conscious thought. I started to come for real: my body broke through the command Papa Georg had given me in the real voice of authority, and suddenly I sensed—I didn't know, because my brain couldn't know anything, just then—that if I wanted, I could defy even the voice of authority.

Such a bad girl, said some voice inside me. Such a badass. Papa Georg's voice, I thought: Papa Georg saying I could do what I chose... I could let his voice control me, or I could choose.

I chose: I came, because Papa Nicolai wanted to reward me for being such a filthy little slut. The fake movements of my body gave way to the real movements of climax, and as they kept using me, I became a single thing for long moments... all ecstasy, all pleasure.

Dimly, as I came back to reality, I understood that Ivan had pulled his cock from my anus, and my papas had picked me up off the bench. I saw Vassily getting onto the bench, on his back, his enormous cock jutting up like a wooden post from his lap. Papa Georg had me in his arms, hefting me lightly, curled up almost in a ball, and he had started turning me and lowering me toward the huge manhood threatening my pussy.

"Oh... Papa..." I whimpered. "Please... no."

CHAPTER 17



B riana

"Yes, sweetheart," Papa Georg said. "I know your little cunt is sore, but you're not done."

I knew with my body what my papa meant for me to do now... what he meant for me to take... to receive... three hard cocks, and none of them his... A sob burst from my chest and I turned my cheek and snuggled my face against his chest while he kept shifting me in his big hands, spreading my knees so I would straddle the huge, hard penis of the waiting henchman.

"The little whore doesn't want to be a bad girl now?" Papa Nicolai said, from somewhere to my right. His mocking voice sent a terrible thrill of arousal through me, and even as I pleaded with my papas to spare me this filthiest of ordeals, I felt my body yield to the movements of Papa Georg's hands.

I turned my face from my real papa's chest to look at my cruel papa. My face worked into a pout of shame and need, and the soreness between my thighs became an ache that seemed like it could only be filled this way, with three of them... all of them... using me at once.

Another sob rose out of my chest and I turned my attention downward again just as I felt my pussy touch the head of Vassily's cock.

"Hold her there," he said in his rough English, his cruel blue eyes fixing on mine. "Let's see how bad she needs it."

My whole body shuddered at his words and at his leering face. I looked down his body, a sudden wanton need to see the dirty spectacle of his big penis opening me seizing my mind. I gasped to see it, and Vassily chuckled as he moved the enormous cock with his right hand, brushing it against my pussy lips.

"Oh, God," I whispered. I felt it begin again inside me, the bad girl need... I felt it turn the

soreness into a challenge... I could do it... I was a bad girl, and I needed to do bad girl things.

I closed my eyes.

"Please, Papa," I whimpered. I knew who I meant the words for, but I thought Vassily would think I had directed them at him, and I didn't mind. They all could think of themselves as my papas now, even Ivan, because Papa Georg had decided they should treat me the way daddies treat a very, very bad girl... the way they should treat a girl like me.

My hips bucked, my bottom squirming, but Papa Georg held me so that my sore, needy sheath couldn't descend onto the massive penis below me. Vassily laughed again, and asked, his voice even more teasing, "What do you want, whore?"

I squeezed my eyes even more tightly shut. I sobbed, "Fuck me, Papa. Please fuck my pussy."

Papa Georg didn't wait for Vassily to give permission. I felt him lower me, and push on my bottom as he put my knees securely on the wide bench, to either side of Vassily's hips. I cried out as the big cock filled me, my cheeks squirming under my real papa's hand as he let go of my hips and moved his grip to my backside, ready to guide me in the shameful riding motions I would have to make atop the rigid penis inside my pussy.

"Spank her," Papa Nicolai said in a voice so commanding my eyes flew open to look directly into his, where he had moved to stand directly in front of me. He had his cock in his hand, pumping it gently, and when I saw the look in his face—a mixture of cruelty and appreciation and lewd arousal that made me furl my brow and bite my lip—I couldn't bear to see it anymore and I had to drop my gaze to his jutting, arrogant manhood. "We need to punish her for coming so hard, don't we? Georg, you do it. You're good at it. Show the others how a papa teaches a lesson before I fuck her in the ass too. Ivan, you can use her mouth after you wash your cock."

I wanted to close my eyes but I just kept looking at Papa Nicolai's hard penis, at the way its round head kept surging in and out of his fist as he pleased himself to witness and to command my degradation. My bottom, guided by Papa Georg's firm hand, had already begun to go up and down, every movement on Vassily's huge cock a mixture of pleasure and ache that brought a little mewling whimper to my lips.

Papa Vassily... Papa Ivan... all the papas... everyone my real papa gave me to, to fuck me and fill me up.

Papa Nicolai moved aside and Papa Ivan came to take his place, and I watched his cock... Papa Ivan's cock, a little wet from the cleaning he had just given himself in a kitchen sink... in Papa Ivan's brutal hand, the red tip seeming to flash in the movement of his fingers as he readied himself to enjoy me again.

Papa Georg's hand left my ass, then returned with a sharp spank... very hard, so that I cried out and squirmed desperately on Papa Vassily's hardness. Below me he gave a grunt of surprised pleasure that made my mouth open... made my tongue extend, begging Papa Ivan to fuck my face the way I knew he liked best.

The sound of the spank rang out in the dead acoustics of the underground room. Papa Georg spanked me again, and it was because I had opened my mouth for another papa's cock, the way bad girls do—and because I didn't yet have that papa's hardness inside, I hadn't yet done as a bad girl should do.

With a groan of satisfaction, Papa Ivan sheathed himself between my lips, both his hands going to the back of my head. Papa Georg spanked me again and again and I rode the huge penis between my legs frantically, pushing out my bottom for my fiery lesson.

I tried to keep track of Papa Nicolai, but when Papa Georg stopped punishing me and I felt other hands on my ass, spreading my cheeks, it came as a surprise anyway.

Oh, why couldn't Papa Georg just go on spanking me, my mind pleaded from somewhere in outer space, in a little girl voice that made me flush all over at the feeling of dark, forbidden pleasure that it brought. I've been so naughty, and I just want to be a good girl for papa.

But Papa Nicolai stopped my ride on the enormous hardness in my pussy, so he could push the round tip of his own cock against my bottom-hole, while Ivan held his cock so deep in my mouth that I thought I might faint.

I wished it were Papa Georg... why couldn't it be Papa Georg to use my bad girl hole?

I moaned around Ivan's rigid penis as Papa Nicolai slowly invaded my anus with his thick manhood. The warlord grunted something in Russian that must have meant Wait or maybe Hold on, because they all stopped moving. My moan became little panting whimpers around the cock in my mouth as I felt it—felt what Papa Nicolai wanted me to feel... what Papa Georg must want me to feel, because he, my real papa... my real daddy... he had made it happen just like this.

Papa Nicolai said in a voice thick with pleasure, "Such a good little fuck toy." He lowered his voice into his terribly accurate imitation of the voice of authority. "Take it now, little whore."

I cried out as he started to move in my bottom, his hands on my hips so that he could control the rhythm exactly as he chose, moving my pussy too, on Vassily's huge manhood. Vassily grunted with pleasure, and Ivan began to thrust his cock in and out of my mouth. My body seemed a limp, shattered thing among them, too stretched and too full. I had experienced this kind of triple penetration before with my daddies, but something about these Russian criminals using me that way made the feeling of utter objectification stronger than I had ever even imagined it could be.

I seemed to exist only in little pieces of sensation and fragments of ideas... pleasure and pain and punishment and reward... my papas and my daddies and him... Papa Georg... somewhere nearby and yet far away because my whole world lay among the brutal, strong bodies of the men fucking me.

They sought their pleasure inside every place a hard penis can enter a bad girl's body, and as I felt them near it, I sensed the other guards nearby, reaching theirs in sympathy with the man inside me. The heat from their bodies seemed to warm me as I rode and was ridden, my eyes seeing only the sinewy lap of Ivan, the wiry curls of his pubic hair. The sound of their jerking off mingled with the groan of the bench under Vassily's back and my galloping form and Papa Nicolai's vigorous thrusting in my too-open bottom.

I came, in that modest, submissive way that only happened when dominant men mastered me utterly. As I did, I felt Vassily start to spurt between my legs. Ivan pulled his cock out but kept holding my head in place, readying me to receive the shameful gift of his seed on my face. Around me I heard grunts from the other guards as they started to spurt their semen on my sides, my breasts. Papa Nicolai had gotten even harder in my anus, so that I cried out with each urgent thrust that brought him closer to his own climax.

"Papa," I moaned. "Papa, please." I knew Papa Nicolai would think I meant him but of course I didn't... I meant Papa Georg. If only...

I heard a bang... not an explosion, my floaty brain said, but a door being slammed open. A voice started shouting commands in Russian, but instead of my mind telling me, as it usually did, that I just couldn't understand the words, it told me instead that I knew the voice... that in fact I knew the voice very, very well, and that I loved the voice.

Daddy John?

Another voice shouted, but those words were English, and they were pitched low, and I recognized the speaker at the same time my body—much quicker to act, apparently, than my brain was to think just then—started to obey.

Daddy Omar shouted to me, from somewhere behind Papa Nicolai, "Briana, stay where you are. You're safe."

Things seemed to unfold very slowly, though I knew in some remaining logical part of my mind that they were actually happening in a matter of moments. Papa Nicolai's cock pulled out of my ass while he was still in the middle of his orgasm. Somewhere, a naughty little girl laughed inside my head. Caught literally with his pants down and his dick in the air.

Then another part of my consciousness chimed in. Papa Georg is definitely a spy. They couldn't have found me otherwise, right?

Then I felt suddenly like I had taken flight, and I had enough time inside my mind to

understand that Vassily had thrown me off before I hit the floor hard on my left side.

After that, for a little while it all became a jumble of noises. Daddy Omar repeated his command that I should stay where I was, and his reassurance that I was safe. I must be, I kept thinking, because they had all taken off their clothes, right?

Wow, what a setup, I suddenly thought. Hey, am I a hero, or a heroine, or something?

That's when I ruined everything. Or I guess just a lot of things. I sat up, and I saw that they had all the Russians corralled in a corner with their hands up, and I saw that Papa Georg was standing there among them with his hands up, too.

And I knew I should just keep my mouth shut.

But I didn't want to be parted from my real papa again. Ever.

So I said, "Wait... Papa Georg is on our side!"

CHAPTER 18



*B*riana

When I saw him frown, I knew what I had done. I had never had a more intense, more stomach-dropping uh-oh moment in my life—even when the judge had told me I had earned a ticket to something called Advanced Guidance.

Even when my first daddy in bad girl prison had shown me the paddle and told me to bend over.

I knew immediately what the look meant, and I also knew what my stomach-lurching reaction to it meant. I had heard other bad girls describe it in Advanced Guidance, but I hadn't really understood: suddenly I knew that what had divided them from me lay in their having felt for one of the daddies in bad girl prison the same thing I felt for Papa Georg. Not just love, but a very special kind of love—the kind a little girl has for her true daddy.

For me, that look said, You're going to be very, very sorry you just did that. It didn't say it to me the way Papa Nicolai's face—or even Daddy John's face—might have said to me, You'll be punished for that later. It had its special meaning for me because to me it said a lot of other things, too: so many I couldn't even have counted them, let alone listed them all.

I'm the man who has taken responsibility for you.

I have a very, very firm hand, because that's what you need.

Your little bottom won't be comfortable to sit on for quite a while when I'm done with you.

I love you.

The fear, for myself but even more for him, for what I had to done to him and what the consequences of my stupid words might be, struggled so hard with the love and the sheer

joy of recognizing that I had really, actually found my papa, that it made me feel faint. Like, very close to swooning and passing out right there.

The moment of my idiocy seemed to take forever as the world spun around me, but then events unfolded all at once. Papa Nicolai, whose attention had been fixed on Daddy John's assault rifle, turned to look at Papa Georg. So did Ivan, and then the rest of the guards. Daddy Omar walked forward from behind me and quickly grabbed Papa Georg from the gaggle of Russian prisoners. Daddy Omar pulled him out of the group, as Papa Georg cursed in German.

He turned to me, then. The loving, warning look had vanished from his face and now he gazed at me with a contempt so absolute that a cry of anguish burst from my lips to see it. Had I made a horrible, horrible mistake? Even worse than giving him away, if he really were on my side? My mind tried to tell me that he could only be acting, but my heart felt completely devastated by the scorn in my papa's face.

"I have no idea what this whore is talking about," he said to Daddy John. "But if you want to throw me a party, go ahead."

"More like we need to keep you safe from the rest of these assholes," Daddy Omar responded. "We know you're just a German asshole yourself, Georg Richter, but I can't imagine Mr. Garonov here is going to take any chances."

"Scheisshund," Papa Georg replied, tossing his head defiantly. He turned back to look at Papa Nicolai—Nicolai Garonov. For the first time I realized that the man who had kidnapped me was the same warlord whose communications network the Lumberjacks had been working on hobbling. They had only ever just called him by his last name.

Then I remembered asking Daddy Trevor once why they didn't just take Garonov out. He had responded, "Someone else would just take his place—someone even more brutal, maybe, and, what would be much worse, a good deal smarter. Garonov we know, and right now in the world we're working for a little stability."

Oh, my God. I had fucked it up completely: everything. I felt my face crumple. All I could think of was the horrible look on Papa Georg's face. I needed so badly for it to be fake that I almost wailed, there on the floor. The tears stung the corners of my eyes but I blinked them back.

Reeling, I watched six spec ops guys come into the room where the Russians had gangbanged me so brutally just a few minutes before and lead them all out. Papa Nicolai didn't even look at me, but Ivan—he was back to just Ivan the asshole, now, in my mind—turned and gave me a look that clearly meant he would have made an obscene gesture if Daddy Omar hadn't cuffed his hands behind his back. They led Papa Georg out after that, and my heart soared for just an instant as he turned around and his face had the same Later look it had had when I had first ruined everything.

I knew then that my situation wasn't good—but at least Papa Georg loved me, and no

matter how much I had screwed up, he intended to keep loving me.

* * *

Daddy Trevor gave me fatigues to wear. Daddy Omar led me out into the freezing night to a waiting chopper. My mind had gone so numb that it took me several minutes of the chopper flight to wonder where they had taken Papa Georg.

I tried to yell my question in Daddy John's ear. "Where is..." I screamed over the noise of the rotors, but then I stopped, blushing, because I didn't want to call him Papa to one of my real daddies. They still felt like my real daddies, but real took on a different meaning when my brain applied it to Papa Georg now.

"What?" Daddy John shouted back.

"Where is the... the German guy?" I yelled.

Daddy John nodded, though I thought I could see a quizzical expression in his eyes, as if he had heard something in my hesitation that he needed more information about.

"Georg," he shouted. "They'll probably hold him for a few days at the FOB."

"FOB?" I asked, though my throat had started to hurt with all the yelling and, you know, the oral sex, so I just mouthed the words.

"Forward Operating Base," Daddy John said.

I wanted to ask so much more, but at the thought of all the questions I needed answers to I felt my blush grow even hotter. I shut up and looked out the window at the snow passing under us.

The chopper took us to a new bunker that looked exactly like the old one Garonov had raided. On the outside, a tiny, nondescript building—a concrete and steel hut, really—built atop the snow-covered tundra. Down some stairs, a metal door into an American office building, or that's the way it always felt to me.

I heard the helicopter dust off as Daddy John uncovered the hidden keypad for the door and started to key in the access code. I shivered even in the parka Daddy Trevor had put around me over the badly fitting fatigues.

"How did P—" I started, and cut myself off before I could say Papa. I must be in shock or something, I realized. "How did Garonov find the old bunker?" I asked, looking over my shoulder at Daddy Omar. "How did his guards get past the perimeter?"

He had a grim look on his face as he responded.

"Lieutenant Kresky was trying to bring you back inside," he said. "He didn't notice the snowmobile coming in because he wasn't on his station. It all happened inside a minute,

maybe two.”

I felt my face crumple. “I’m sorry, Daddy,” I said, just as Daddy John got the door open and Daddy Trevor put his arm around me to lead me inside.

We stepped across the threshold into the bunker and I had the same feeling of dislocation I remembered from the first time I had stepped foot into the old bunker, as if we had gone from the wilds of the Arctic circle to Hoboken in the blink of an eye.

The heavy door slammed shut behind us, and I shivered again in the parka, this time with the growing warmth in my bones. For the first time, whatever natural anesthetic my body had made to keep me going during the last adrenalin-soaked hour started to wear off. I bit my lip as I felt the soreness between my thighs and my ass-cheeks.

My warming shiver gave way to a thrill of fright as I thought about what might await me back with my Lumberjacks. I turned to Daddy Trevor, my kindest Lumberjack daddy.

“You’re not going to whip me, are you? Or... please, not now?”

Daddy Trevor shook his head and started to take off his parka. “No, sweetheart,” he said. “Kresky was out of line. You shouldn’t have run outside, but if our security hadn’t already been compromised, they wouldn’t have known where to grab you. You did us a favor.”

“Bullshit,” Daddy John said in his customary brief way. “If I’d won the vote, Briana, you’d be over my knee tomorrow.”

He had his own parka off, and I could see again for the first time his broad shoulders and his breathtakingly muscled chest in his fatigues. He looked down at me from his six foot four height and my heart quailed.

“Kresky’s mistake doesn’t excuse your behavior,” he said, lowering his chin and looking intently at me.

“No, Daddy,” I said meekly.

“But we agreed,” said Daddy Omar from behind me, “that you’d been through enough. Now let’s get you warmed up with a nice hot tub.”

Their kindness despite what I had done, how all this had begun, and the thought of a bath, made me think of the real reason I didn’t deserve it. I should definitely be punished, I knew. I couldn’t deny it. If not for the stupid thing that had gotten me kidnapped, then for what I had done to...

Papa Georg. For the first time since they had marched him away I thought of him, and I realized that my mind had avoided doing that for the past hour so that my heart wouldn’t have too much to bear when I had to remain strong. Back in my Lumberjacks’ bunker, though, the barrier broke, and I saw the look on Papa Georg’s face as I blew his cover.

“Georg...” I choked out, my knees giving way so that Daddy Omar had to put an arm

around me very quickly to keep me from falling. Then, despite all the emotional conflict it brought, I felt the urgency of making it clear to my daddies exactly how I felt about the man who had saved me. I looked up at Daddy Trevor and said, "Papa Georg. What... what did I do to him?"

To my amazement, Daddy John smiled reassuringly.

"Oh, Georg's going to be fine," he said. "Sure, you ruined a pretty big operation, but from what I hear, things were getting precarious on the inside anyway. I'm sure he's not thrilled to have his cover blown, but he got a nice escort out, didn't he?"

Daddy Trevor laughed. "And he got to play with our bad girl, too."

I felt my face crumple as I turned to my kind daddy. "He didn't just play with me, Daddy," I said, hearing my voice turn into a sob. "He... he protected me. And..."

"Hey," said Daddy Trevor. "Briana, what's wrong?"

"I... I just..."

I had stood back up when Daddy John had smiled, but now my knees gave way again and Daddy Omar only just managed to catch hold of me before I hit the concrete. I turned to him with pleading eyes.

"I just need to see him."

Daddy Omar looked at Daddy John, his face puzzled. I turned to see Daddy John's reaction. He had his own puzzled look on his face, and then abruptly his eyes moved to an upper corner of the room and I knew he had just received a transmission through his implanted comm. A second later he tapped his jaw to acknowledge it.

"Well, honey, it seems like Georg wants to see you, too. He called in a pretty big favor, I'm guessing, to make it happen, but he's on his way here now."

CHAPTER 19



Georg

The trip on the snowmobile seemed no more than half real to me. I had spent the last eighteen months almost completely in the field, living the life of Georg Richter. Just having the men around me speak to me in American English and address me as Agent Gruner—my real last name—had disoriented me so thoroughly the frozen tundra seemed like a fairyland.

Or maybe—well, probably, really—it was Briana that had done that. At the FOB, taken aside into a separate interrogation room, I had had the chance to make my case to stay in the field. I had even had a not completely insane argument to make that I should take over Garonov's entire operation.

But my heart hadn't been in it, and it wouldn't have been in it even if I thought the argument a good one—which it definitely was not. The circumstances would look much, much too suspicious. No, we had to take the not inconsiderable victory Briana had helped us win, keep Garonov and Ivan with the possibility of making them our own agents for good in the region, and send me home.

The real reason I hadn't tried to convince them to leave me in the field for longer than about ten minutes lay completely with Briana, though. All the time in the chopper from Garonov's bunker to the FOB, I had felt the hard restraint I had placed on my emotions starting to give way. I had kept them in check—all the various things I wanted to think about her and feel about her—during my debrief, but on the snowmobile, embraced in the chilly wind-rushing stillness of the night and numbed by the roar of the engine, it all came rushing into my heart and mind.

I loved her. She had betrayed me, of course—and she had enough training to know what she did even as she did it. I had seen it in her eyes, very plainly: she hadn't meant to betray me, specifically, but she had spoken out of a selfish impulse as much as out of a generous one. Yes, her eyes had told me, she had feared for me—but she had also

wanted me for herself, wanted me not to be taken away from her.

How could I not love her for that? And yet, as her own face had told me when our eyes had met, she knew she had ruined a very important plan.

I shook my head and felt the wind penetrate around the edges of my parka hood to my cheeks.

"Almost there," the snowmobile driver yelled, jerking his chin back toward me.

Almost there, and I haven't figured out what I'm going to do.

Thank everything good that I had the chance to do something, though. My station chief's mouth had twisted up into a slight, lopsided smile when I had asked for a temporary transitional assignment with the Lumberjacks, but he hadn't said anything other than, "I think we can probably arrange that. They could use your help as we figure out who's going to take Garonov's place."

The email I had gotten from HQ in Washington an hour later, in response to my own inquiries, had put things a little more bluntly.

Reassignment of thirty days to Special Operations North Region authorized. Status of SRD Briana Tragner is currently 'on leave.' North Region Command SRD policy states that a SRD may request discharge following a Grade 3 or higher incident. The Garonov operation has been graded 5.

"When you see her," said the CO of North Region as he said goodbye right before I had gotten on the snowmobile, "thank her for us. Your mission might have gotten fucked, agent, but ours just got a lot easier—and SRD Tragner is the reason."

The snowmobile pulled up outside what looked like a utility shack on a failed, deserted oil rig. The driver didn't even kill the engine.

"Bottom of the stairs, agent," he shouted. "They'll see you coming."

"Thanks!" I shouted back, but he had already roared away, the better to make sure no one following his heat signature from the sky would notice anything interesting. I took his cue and went through the door of the little building, closing it quickly behind me so that my own heat signature would vanish.

Then I paused to think before I descended the little staircase. I didn't really have any doubts about what I needed to do: I just had to make sure I did it the right way. The look in Briana's eyes when she had seen my pretended scorn stabbed at my memory and descended to my heart, and I took a moment to replace it with the one I had seen there when she had blown my cover.

It had only been a few hours since then, I realized suddenly, though it felt like weeks. I would have to reconnect with her, begin relating to her as a real girl—a bad girl, but also on the inside, marvelously, a little girl, and a good little girl at that. I smiled, and began to walk down the stairs. I heard the lock click in the security door at their bottom.

Yes, sweetheart. We're going to reconnect. And then, I'm afraid, we're going to settle up. In every way.

* * *

Briana

"Daddy Trevor," I pleaded. "Don't leave me alone with him?"

I didn't really know why the thing I wanted most in the world had suddenly become the one that frightened me so much. I literally had to hold myself rigidly still, sitting there on my little bed in my new bedroom, to keep from trembling.

"Are you really scared, honey?" Daddy Trevor asked. He stood over me, his arms folded across his broad chest and a slight frown on his kind, handsome face. "Or are you really excited?"

I felt my own face frown in response as I considered the question. I had fallen asleep waiting for Papa Georg to come, after my bath and a tuck-in from all three of my Lumberjacks. That had felt very nice, and they had assured me they would make sure Papa Georg didn't go too far when he gave me what I knew I had coming.

When Daddy Trevor had rubbed my shoulder to wake me up, and I had come back into groggy consciousness, though, the first feeling to rise up into my sleepy mind was dread. My papa would arrive soon... maybe he had already gotten here. I had ruined everything, hadn't I?

As if he could read that thought in my mind, Daddy Trevor continued, "He wouldn't have requested reassignment to our unit if he didn't want to spend time with you, honey."

My eyes went wide. They hadn't told me that part before.

"He requested reassignment? Here?" My heart started to beat very fast.

Daddy Trevor nodded slowly, smiling at my reaction.

"Do you... you and Daddy John and Daddy Omar, I mean... do you..." My voice dropped to a hesitant whisper. "...mind?"

Daddy Trevor's mouth quirked into a wry little smile. "Well..." he said.

My lips parted and I felt tears start at the corners of my eyes. Maybe this part was the thing that had really put the dread in my tummy—not the fear of the punishment I felt terribly sure Papa Georg had to give me.

But Daddy John saw my tears and he shook his head as his smile got bigger.

“No, Briana, honey, we don’t mind, really. We love you, but we think from what Papa Georg says...”

“Wait, he’s already here?” I interrupted. “You... you all... talked to him?” It came out like talking represented some outlandish or even forbidden activity, and I saw Daddy Trevor’s grin get even bigger in appreciation of the humor.

He nodded. “We did. We do that sometimes.”

I made a face. “You’re such a daddy sometimes,” I said, and twisted my mouth to the side. Suddenly my heart felt light. They had all talked. And it didn’t seem like anyone had punched anyone else?

Daddy Trevor laughed. “Guilty, honey.”

“And?” I demanded.

“Don’t get sassy, young lady,” he admonished. “Or I’m going to spank you myself after Papa Georg has finished.”

“Sorry, Daddy,” I mumbled. It felt like the old days, before Garonov had kidnapped me. I remembered suddenly that the whole thing had only occupied a day at most—but it felt like so much time had passed that all my most important relationships needed reconstruction.

But the reconstruction was going so well!

“That’s alright, honey,” said Daddy Trevor, always my kindest daddy. “I know you want to know what we talked about and what I think of him.”

Him. The reconnection I needed the most—like I needed water, or air.

“We like him. A lot. And more important, we can tell he loves you—and from what we’ve seen of your reaction, we’re pretty sure you love him too.”

I knew Daddy Trevor meant his words to stop me from crying, but instead they drew a sob from deep in my chest. “You—you...” I choked out.

He had been stooping next to my bed, but now he sat down on the edge of it, his solid body rocking me in that pleasant way I remembered from my months of complicated happiness as the Lumberjacks’ fuck toy. Before...

I blinked as I remembered again that it had only been thirty-six hours, at the very most, since those days had ended forever. Another little sob came to my lips as I scooted a

little toward the wall to make more room for Daddy Trevor.

He put his hand back on my shoulder, and I remembered that my Lumberjack daddies had put me in my nice red silk baby doll after my bath. I recalled the last thought I had had before falling asleep... wondering whether Papa Georg would like to see me in that sexy nightgown, or whether he would tell me to take it off and put on something more appropriate for my age.

I even remembered how sleepy and confused that thought had gotten, because another part of me had said, You're nineteen, Briana... you can wear red silk nightgowns that show your nipples through the lace... while the first part had insisted, No, I'm Papa Georg's little girl, and maybe he wants me in an old-fashioned cotton nightgown and pink cotton panties.

Most of all I remembered how very warm and happy that thought had made me despite how strange and illogical it seemed now as I looked up at Daddy Trevor's kind face. That made me sad, because I knew things were going to change with my Lumberjack daddies, but it made me happy because they knew me so well, and somehow it seemed they understood about Papa Georg.

I bit my lip, feeling the tears flow down my cheeks.

"Shh, honey," Daddy Trevor said. "We talked to the people back at Advanced Guidance..."

"My old daddies?" I asked, my eyes going wide. Had they talked to everyone about me?

Daddy Trevor nodded. "They told us you would probably get emotional, and that it's a good sign."

"Why?" I managed, though a new sob had risen into my throat.

"Because it means you know we understand and accept what happened. They also said..."

I swallowed hard. "What?"

"Well, they have a lot of data, as you know."

My bodily and mental reaction to this statement, which Daddy Trevor delivered with a tone that seemed like the vocal equivalent of a wink, confused me greatly; I blushed and laughed and felt happy to be so known, all at once. But things got even more complicated in the next moment.

"Some of that data is about Georg Gruner—that's Georg's real last name."

I frowned, trying to follow. For a moment I had the absurd thought that he must mean some other Georg, because my Georg was Papa Georg, and shouldn't everyone know that? Then my brain caught up.

"And?" I practically demanded despite Daddy Trevor's warning not to get sassy.

"And your old daddies told us that you and Papa Georg are... well, they actually said..."

My mouth opened in surprise and anticipation. My sadness seemed to vanish, as my heart rate increased.

"Said what, Daddy?" I asked, as meekly as I could.

"That you're a match made in daddy heaven."

CHAPTER 20



B riana

Daddy heaven.

My mind didn't really want to take it in. The image of Papa Georg's stern but loving, utterly gorgeous face, of his golden hair and his ice blue eyes, filled my imagination, but what Daddy Trevor had just said made me shrink back a little from it.

If the data said that Papa Georg and I belonged together, that meant I would have to try to be good for him, didn't it? But... but I had learned to see myself—to love myself, which strangely enough represented the most important thing my Advanced Guidance daddies had taught me, while turning me into a fuck toy—as a bad girl.

Do you even know him? Does he know you? Does he know that you don't like to do good girl things like read books and shit?

"That's a little scary, isn't it, honey?" Daddy Trevor asked, gently stroking my shoulder.

I bit my lip and looked into his dark eyes. I nodded.

"But I bet it makes you want to see him." He didn't phrase it as a question. He knew me, and he had seen in my face and heard in my voice how I felt about Papa Georg—all the most important parts of me, anyway: my heart... and my body... my stupid brain could try to deny how I felt all it wanted.

It doesn't matter whether you like the same silly movies. This thing goes way deeper than that.

I nodded again. Then my eyes went to the chair in the corner of my bedroom: a simple metal folding chair, just like the one in the old bunker... it probably was the one from the old bunker, too. It didn't look like anything special, but it had a very special meaning in my life.

I felt my cheeks go scarlet because I knew how Papa Georg would use that chair, the same way my Lumberjack daddies had used it, many times. My spanking chair, where I learned my lesson. And...

My memory flashed back to the day Lieutenant Kresky had asked me to get him coffee, and had ended up telling me to get my paddle. I didn't know for sure, because everything had gotten moved from the old bunker to this new one, but I felt pretty certain that the stitched leather paddle—really almost a punishment strap—sat on top of my foot locker, under my bed.

My gaze returned to Daddy Trevor, and I saw that he had narrowed his eyes as he took in my reactions. He had definitely seen the blush, I realized—but did he know why my cheeks had gone red?

Of course he did. He moved his hand from my shoulder to my cheek.

"You know you've got it coming, honey," he said gently. "Don't you?"

I felt my forehead crease very deeply, and then after a second's hesitation I said, "Yes, Daddy."

"Good girl," Daddy Trevor said. "I'll go get him."

I had to stifle another plea not to be left alone with the man I loved, so fluttery did my tummy suddenly feel. Daddy Trevor left my quarters, and I scooted myself into the corner of the bed, my backside tightly wedged with the mattress below and a wall on either side. I let myself believe for the moment that I might be able to defend myself that way.

Daddy Trevor had left the door ajar, so I could see a little slice of the hallway. In that bit of a view I saw a shadow, and then I saw a hand reach out to knock on the door. My nose worked with fear as I tried to find the courage to say come in, but Papa Georg didn't wait: he stepped into my quarters with a kind smile on his face.

That smile made me forget I had ruined everything, for a few seconds at least. I felt my own mouth curve upward in an irrepressible response. I whispered, "Papa?"

I didn't know at first why I had spoken the special word—the most special in the world to me, after everything we'd gone through together—as a question. I could see that Papa Georg and no one else had come all the way here, out of hell, really, to find me.

"Yes, sweetheart," he said in his deep patient voice. "Who did you think it would be?"

That made me giggle, and then I realized why I had added the question mark, and I told him.

"Because... I think because I want to make sure you want to be my papa?"

Again with the question, I realized, feeling the blush come back hot into my cheeks. I'm supposed to be a bad girl, I told myself. I sound like...

I sounded like a good girl.

Papa Georg took two steps forward. In my tiny quarters that brought him to the edge of my bed. He put out his arms.

Oh, no.

If I went toward him, went into that hug, I would leave behind the safety of my position in the corner, where he couldn't get at my bottom without hauling me out from there. A bad girl would never do that, would she?

But... but it didn't matter, did it? Because Papa Georg could do that without a second thought: he could pull me off the bed as I howled in protest, and put me over his knee and give me what I had coming. He could do that any time he wanted. My Lumberjack daddies would hear it, of course, and they would understand that a naughty girl was getting what she deserved.

And yet the idea of forsaking the opportunity to put up that fight seemed like a surrender.

Papa Georg's smile faded as he saw my hesitation. I almost went toward him, almost accepted his hug, when I saw disappointment rising in his eyes. But when he folded his arms across his chest a second later and I knew my chance at that first hug had gone away, the sudden fear of what would happen now made me let out a little whimper and press myself even more firmly into the corner.

The disappointment had lasted only a second on my papa's face. He replaced it with determination, and his smile returned—a very different kind of smile, though.

I bit my lip. Inside my mind, my brain screamed, Okay, you showed your bad girl side. Are you happy?

I studied Papa Georg's face. My heart leapt—in fear, okay, yes, because I knew I was going to get it now. But also... with love... and contentment. Because what I saw on my papa's face in place of his simple, kind smile from a moment before, ready to hug me and console me, seemed deeper and more real. It seemed bigger and fuller.

Joy. Those blue eyes, narrowed as he clearly considered how best to take me in hand, and the patient curve on his lips... they meant that by defying him, I had satisfied something even deeper inside him—even deeper inside me, too—than simple affection.

"I do want to be your papa, Briana," he said softly but with the utmost deliberateness and the utmost seriousness. "And I think you know what that means."

I felt my face twist into an expression half of fear and half of petulant defiance. To my surprise I sensed my inner bad girl, my rebellious streak and the dark needs that went along with it, rising up inside me.

It had gone dormant for a little while in my anxiety that Papa Georg wouldn't really want

me, that it couldn't all work out so perfectly. Perfectly? my brain demanded. With an ass I can't sit down on? I felt like I should have my head examined, but that's what bad girl life was like, I knew from my training in Advanced Guidance and my time with my Lumberjack daddies. Now that bad girl had decided the time must have arrived to come out and play.

"What?" I demanded, my nose twitching to the left in a way I hoped walked the line between sass and cuteness.

"I think you mean, What, Papa?," Papa Georg said, inclining his head and narrowing his eyes a little more.

I let out a theatrical sigh, and then exaggerated the words to make fun of him. "Fine. What, Papa?"

Papa Georg shook his head, his eyes fixed on my face. Suddenly despite the lingering soreness I still had down there from the ordeal in Garonov's bunker, I knew what I needed, and it wasn't a hug. Well, not yet. Afterwards would come the time for cuddling. First, I needed to run toward the darkness with my new papa.

I pressed myself even more tightly into the corner of the bed. I put my hands out to either side to brace myself for what I knew had to follow. Papa Georg's eyes flicked downward for a moment, observing my every move, and then they returned to my face.

"Do you have any idea how long I worked to infiltrate Garonov's organization?" he asked softly.

My eyes went wide. My papa had come right alongside me into the darkness.

"No," I said. "But I didn't mean to blow your cover, did I?"

"Are you sure about that?" Papa Georg asked.

It felt like my whole body reacted to those calm, slow words that packed so much meaning into so few syllables. My jaw dropped and my eyes went even wider. Tears of... of anger, somehow mingled with repentance, sprang instantly into my vision, and I had to blink, too, so fiercely did they sting.

"What?" I asked. My body asked, because my mind needed time—to find a way to respond that would do an impossible number of things: stay true to myself, conceal the dead-on accuracy of what my papa had just said, and above all keep my ass from getting whipped from here to next Tuesday.

And... show that I love him... and that he should love me...

Papa Georg's eyes never left my face, but his arms unfolded and he took his right hand into his left, massaging the knuckles. My gaze dropped to those enormous hands and I swallowed hard, thinking about the many things they could do to me, pleasurable and

painful—and to my dismay I felt my body cry out for my papa to do all of them.

“You know what, sweetheart,” he said even more softly. In his words, I heard how thoroughly he had seen through me. Why had I even thought of hiding the truth from him—the authentic memory of what had happened in Garonov’s bunker, when I sat naked on the concrete floor, next to the bench where the warlord and his men had gangbanged me, a foot away from the diaper Papa Georg had himself put me in?

Yes, I had blown his cover on purpose. I had done it by instinct, but I could remember the moment when I’d decided not to hold my tongue but instead to do what I could to make sure he stayed with me. Not to save him, or at least not anywhere near as much as I felt the terrible longing to have my papa for my own.

I couldn’t tell him that, though. No way. I looked at him, and I felt myself shut down. I narrowed my eyes and shook my head, refusing to bring my hands up from their bracing position to wipe away the tears. The tears of anger. Nothing but anger. How dare he? After everything they had put me through... he had put me through?

I lied to myself. Some small rational part of me watched the whole thing unfold, saw the lie for precisely what it was, and let it happen, because deep down I believed that what would happen next would bring us together even more closely. The part of me that had lied to myself, though, felt so scared of the letting go that would have to happen, the surrender to my papa’s firm hand.

I closed my mouth and pursed my lips. I looked at him with furrowed brow and narrow eyes. His smile didn’t fade.

But the focus of his attention changed, suddenly. Papa Georg turned away and found the chair with his eyes. He turned and fetched it from the corner, and put it two feet away from the bed.

My lips parted again, but I closed them quickly, and tried to conceal my nervous swallow at the implications of the chair. Papa Georg didn’t look at me, then; he took off his fatigue jacket and hung it on the back of the chair.

Again my mouth threatened to open, to gape at his muscular shoulders in the olive green t-shirt he had revealed. I kept it closed, though, watching him sit down, slowly and deliberately, before he turned to me again.

“Come here, Briana,” he said, looking straight into my eyes.

CHAPTER 21



*B*riana

"Why?" I asked, trying desperately to keep my face impassive, and failing abysmally.

"You know why," Papa Georg replied.

"But..." I said. He looked at me patiently. I didn't have any more words, because I knew they would be lies, and I didn't want to lie to my papa. A thrill went through my whole body at the thought. My papa might be kind, like Daddy Trevor, but he was also just like Daddy John. He would punish me for lying.

And I had already lied, when I said I didn't mean to blow his cover.

My face went hot. Papa Georg waited a moment to see if I would say anything more, and then he spoke again.

"If I have to use the voice, Briana, you're going to get extra."

I felt my face crumple. I closed my eyes, and in the darkness behind my lids I pushed away the fear and found my defiance again. I needed it all.

"Where's your paddle?" he asked, while I still had my eyes shut.

I opened them, and felt my face blaze with heat—rebellious heat as well as embarrassment.

"You think I'm going to tell you?" I asked, taking the twisting knot of mingled fear and excitement in my belly and turning it into a bad girl sneer.

The smile on his lips grew just a little.

"Get the paddle and bring it to me, sweetheart," Papa Georg said. As always happened with the voice of authority, my body recognized the compulsion before my mind understood. I pushed myself away from the corner and the fear rose from my tummy into

my chest as I observed my body doing it as much as I did it myself. I scrambled off the bed, my nightgown's short skirt going up and showing Papa Georg much more than I wanted him to see just then.

What kind of bad girl are you? my mind demanded. You seriously care about that? After everything that happened in Garonov's bunker?

Yes, I cared though: as I had learned all too well my modesty just refused to go away, no matter how strange and inconvenient it seemed. Though Papa Georg had seen absolutely all of me and watched Garonov and his men fuck me sideways, I still had the urge to smooth down the skirt of the red baby doll so he wouldn't see the pout of my bare pussy.

And his command wouldn't let me do that, because my body knew the thing my papa wanted most from me right now was obedience. I got off the bed and I knelt on the floor so I could reach under. I let out a little cry as I felt his hand on my back as he flipped up the skirt of the nightgown to expose my bottom.

Papa Georg might want obedience most, but he also clearly wanted me to feel his dominance. As I extended my right hand under the bed to find the paddle on top of my foot locker, his huge hand took hold of my whole bottom, squeezing it so firmly that I gave another cry, my hips jerking—half trying to get away from his grasp and half responding to the lewd pressure of my papa's thick fingers on my pussy.

"This is mine now," he said simply. "Isn't it?"

"Oh, God," I whispered.

Your ass is mine, a voice in my head echoed. The kind of thing the daddies in Advanced Guidance might say. Or any daddy might say it when a bad girl like me had done something terribly naughty.

The hand squeezed harder. My hand scrabbled atop the foot locker. My fingers found the handle of the paddle and tried to take hold of it, but the distraction of Papa Georg's grip on my ass and my pussy made me clumsy.

"Answer me, Briana," he said. "Is this mine?"

My response came as a sob from my chest. He hadn't used the voice. I understood suddenly that he meant to ask about everything... about life, about whether I wanted to belong to my papa. The shreds of my defiance gave way.

"Yes, Papa," I sobbed.

His hand eased its firm hold.

"Alright, then, sweetheart. Get that paddle and give it to me. It's time to learn what that means for a bad girl like you."

Electricity ran over my skin. In Papa Georg's words I had heard something very different

from the serious tone he had used only a moment before. He knew I needed my resistance as much as I needed to have it overcome.

I got the paddle in my hand and drew it out from under the bed.

"Fine," I said as I stood up and turned around to face him. "Here's the stupid paddle."

The smile on my papa's face got bigger. I decided that I loved all his smiles. Maybe I loved the kind, forgiving one the most. But that one definitely wasn't the one that made me shiver all over right now—and right now that shiver felt like the thing I needed most in the world. I would never call Papa Georg's face grim the way it looked at me as I held out the stupid paddle to him—because it was stupid—but the smile on his lips was definitely... determined.

"Your butt is going to pay for that, missy," he said.

My eyes went wide. None of the others—not a single one of my previous daddies—had called me missy. I hadn't even known that dismissive little word represented precisely the proper title of the naughty little girl inside me.

I did now. A match made in daddy heaven.

I drew my hand and the rest of me back a step as he reached for the paddle, upping the stakes, teasing the bear. I knew what he would do next: he would use the voice of authority again to get me over his knee.

But he didn't. Instead, he put his hand out, grabbed my upper arm, and pulled me toward him.

I cried out. I struggled. I yelled.

"No... Papa... please!"

But Papa yanked the paddle out of my hand and he put me over his knee. I tried to twist out his grasp, using all my strength. He pinned me over his left knee with his left hand and brought his right leg across the backs of my upper thighs.

"Papa... wait..." I tried. In that moment every deep, logical thought about our relationship fled away from my mind: I became my papa's naughty girl. I had done a terrible thing, but my papa still loved me. I had started off the life we both wanted to have together with something that would be there between us always. We could get past it, but it posed a problem.

My papa knew how to solve the problem, though. All he needed to do was to take his bad girl in hand and to teach her the lesson she needed.

"No... please... Papa... I'm sorry!" I wailed as I felt myself completely restrained there over Papa Georg's knee. His left hand moved down my back to take the skirt of the sheer red nightgown into his fingers and pull it up, so that I felt the air in my quarters moving

on my bare bottom.

"I'm glad you feel sorry, sweetheart," he said in his deep, steady voice, "but you know we have to make sure you don't forget how serious a mistake you made. I know it was because you wanted us to be together, and I love you for that, but what you did was very selfish."

He tapped the paddle against my backside once, twice, three times.

"Wasn't it, little Briana?"

I bit my lip and hung my head even lower, feeling my hair brush against the floor as I shook it in a wordless lie.

"Are you shaking your head, sweetheart?" Papa Georg asked. For the first time since he had come into my quarters, I heard a real warning tone in his voice and it sent a thrill of fear through my chest.

"No," I said, hearing how sullen my voice was and feeling suddenly unsure whether I wanted to take that tone.

Papa Georg increased that fear. "No, what, sweetheart?" he asked, his voice now very stern.

"No, Papa," I tried, but my voice still sounded defiant.

I thought he would give me more time... to take it back, maybe—to admit that, yes, I knew I had done a selfish thing.

My papa, it turned out, didn't have that kind of patience. I felt his left hand press down hard, to keep me in place, and I let out a little cry of fear right before I felt the paddle's hard leather blade come down with a gunshot-like crack across both my cheeks. I barely had time to feel the pain, and I had just started to gather breath to let out another cry, a louder one, in response to how hard he had spanked me, when I felt the air move again and the paddle came down a second time.

"Papa!" I shouted. Papa Georg paddled me again. My body tried to writhe, but his grip held me firmly in place. I threw my right arm back behind me but he instantly imprisoned my wrist in his left hand and held it down atop my back, hardly stopping the rhythm of my terrible lesson. "Papa! It hurts... please!"

But he kept spanking me. He slowed the hard swats though, so he could speak to me as he punished me.

"We both know... this kind of lesson... is the only one... that works... for a girl like you."

I cried out with each crack of the leather across my bottom, squirming my terribly hot cheeks as much as I could to try to ease the pain.

I threw my head back as my body made one last attempt to twist out of my papa's grasp. I felt him ease the pressure on my arm and move my wrist a little. For a moment I thought I would actually manage to get away from the horrible paddle, but then I understood. My new papa knew that I might actually hurt myself—pull a muscle or even dislocate my shoulder. He understood how the human body worked, clearly from having had to fight so often hand-to-hand as well as from long experience of giving naughty girls what they had coming. He didn't want me to get hurt while he taught me my painful lesson, and he knew precisely how to keep my bottom right where it belonged, offered for my paddle's mortifying ministrations—while also keeping me safe.

The realization sent a shudder through my whole body. I felt my limbs relax over his solid thigh, my head hanging down, and then I felt the tension on my arm return, and the paddle come down again. I sobbed from the very bottom of my chest as my back arched at the pain, but then my body relaxed again to drape itself over my papa's knee.

I felt myself push out my bottom, and I realized that I had started to float again, as I did during my most intense experiences of submission. But I also knew that I had never done that before... I had never actually offered my punished backside to my daddy or my papa for more paddling. And the floating had never felt like this, either... not just rising above my body but also feeling embraced there, hugged, cozy, despite the outward appearance of a bad girl pinned down atop the thigh of her firm-handed, dominant papa.

The paddle came down again, and the whole process repeated itself: I floated higher as my body gave a wrenching sob, tensing involuntarily at the fiery pain in my whole backside, then, instead of struggling further at all, relaxed and raised my punished cheeks again, as if pleading with my papa to do whatever he wanted... whatever would make it better, would win his forgiveness.

The next swat from the paddle didn't come.

"Briana, sweetheart," Papa Georg said, his voice a soft growl, "why did you blow my cover?"

I felt my face contort into a mask of woe.

The paddle came down again, hard. I cried out with the echo of the spank off the concrete walls of my quarters.

"Please..." I sobbed. "Please, Papa. Please..." I could hardly understand the reason for my next words at first, but I knew they came from deep inside me. "Please, make me?"

"With the voice?" Papa Georg asked, his voice sounding less stern, and even a little amused.

"Please?" I asked, understanding now. I wanted it all: I wanted to be a bad girl and a good girl too. A bad girl would never admit her infraction: her papa would have to make her.

CHAPTER 22



Georg

I almost took pity on my sweet little bad girl. If I used the voice of authority it would let her hold onto the idea of herself that she had grown so comfortable with: the bad girl who didn't have to confess that deep down she really just wanted love.

The same way we all do, I thought, looking down at her gorgeous little ass. I allowed myself a smile of satisfaction at the even red glow I had imparted to it with the paddle.

Briana wouldn't sit comfortably for the rest of the day, but her backside would feel fine tomorrow. That would help greatly with getting all the paperwork filed about the Garonov incident: we could have fun today—my CO had said we'd earned it—but we had a lot of work to do tomorrow, among the Lumberjacks, me as special liaison, and Briana as our coordinator. She had a lot of time on her butt, at her desk, coming.

Now, though.

I couldn't let her get away with making me use the voice of authority. Briana's time in Advanced Guidance and with the Lumberjacks had let her grow into the young woman she had always had the potential to be: mischievous, maybe, but highly intelligent and highly capable and no longer getting in her own way with her need to act out. Firm-handed daddies, making her confront her own needs, had accomplished that.

The daddies in bad girl prison and the ones here in country had left one part untouched, though: Briana's natural defenses around real attachment. I had the same defenses, in my own way: I had fought against my growing love for her even as I tried to protect her, knowing she could unintentionally put us both in terrible danger and that if necessary I had to be ready to act with a mind unclouded by affection.

We had made it, though, and the last few minutes had made it clear that Briana felt the same way about me as I did for her. I hadn't really doubted: I had seen her eyes when she blew my cover. But just as Briana didn't want to give in fully to her need for my real

authority—my responsibility to discipline not just her body but her mind—here over my knee, I hadn't wanted to let myself believe fully in her love.

I brought my hand down very lightly on her well-warmed bottom. Briana let out another heart-wrenching sob. I squeezed very, very gently, letting my middle finger press between her thighs. Her body responded with a thrilling spasm of need that told me how to meet this little challenge. From her mouth, hidden from my eyes by her surrendered position atop my lap, came a longing whimper. Her beautiful bottom squirmed under my covering hand.

I didn't have to use the voice of authority—the mechanism that revealed Briana's true submissive needs while allowing her to believe she hadn't consciously given in. I could make her much, much more ready to admit the error of her ways and to plead—as she needed to do for her good, and our good as daddy and little girl—for the forgiveness I had already given.

I pressed the tip of my middle finger deeper between her thighs, and felt the warm wetness gathering there.

"Why did you blow my cover, sweetheart?" I asked softly.

* * *

Briana

"Oh, no," I sobbed. "Please..."

I had said please so many times that the word had started to lose its meaning. This time, though, it came from a place so different and yet so related to what had gone before that I could almost feel my mind expanding as I finally, really, got what Papa Georg wanted to teach me.

I had to let go... I had to let go completely... not just of the idea of being a bad girl but of the idea that I could find happiness without being honest about what I wanted. I knew I could live without Papa Georg if I had to—my whole life seemed to me a lesson in emotional independence and self-reliance. It wouldn't be the life I truly wanted, though—the one I should have, now that we had found each other.

If I had fully understood my growing love for him, I would have trusted him enough to let him decide for himself how to escape. He would have done it... maybe it would have taken a few days, or maybe a month—or maybe a year. But he would have come for me, and I should have known that.

Instead, my blindness to how much I needed him had made me betray him. I hadn't trusted him, and I had spoken without really thinking, just wanting him not to go the way

a child might. But my new papa had finally taught me that my selfishness in Garonov's bunker had come from not wanting to admit I really, truly wanted him as my daddy.

I closed my eyes tightly and felt the tears leak from them, the final release of emotion from my punishment. Something about the terribly arousing, utterly soothing touch of his hand in my most private places let the release happen. I heaved a sob, not from the pain in my thoroughly paddled bottom, but from the remorse Papa Georg had brought me to feel, as I knew only he could.

He kept stroking me down there, on the hot cheeks he had punished, working his middle finger gently between them, down from my warm pussy, touching me everywhere as if to remind me about what I had admitted a few minutes before—that my bottom, my pussy, my anus... they all belong to my papa. Softly he made sure I knew he would do with those parts of me, and with all of me, body and soul, precisely what he wanted and exactly what he knew I needed.

"I'm so sorry, Papa," I sobbed. "I... didn't understand."

"Shh," Papa Georg said, the soothing sound seeming to come down from above me like a warm mist of happiness. "Shh, Briana. I know. If you had understood what we have here, and still done what you did... well, I don't think it could have happened that way. You're not that kind of bad girl."

"No," I said. "No... I just..."

"It had only been a few hours," Papa Georg said, still soothing me with his hand. "It's still only been a few hours."

"But..." I replied, suddenly taking my papa's words in a very different way than the one he meant, and remembering that only a few hours ago Garonov and his men had gangbanged me in the warlord's bunker, and yet my pussy seemed much too ready to have my papa claim me there.

My bottom squirmed against his hand, my hips thrusting out in a shameful sign of need.

My papa chuckled. He squeezed a little more firmly. I whimpered as I felt my body tense. My right arm, still captured behind my back in his big left hand, flexed a little, and the sensation of my papa restraining me over his lap sent a shiver of arousal straight to my clit.

"Are you ready to admit what you did?" he asked in his low growl.

"Oh, Papa... I..." I swallowed hard, as the rhythm of his stroking fingers resumed. "I... I..."

"Yes, sweetheart?" he asked. I could hear his smile in his voice. He took his hand away.

I didn't need any further discipline: the simple withdrawal of the exquisite pleasure my papa knew how to give me proved enough.

"I was selfish!" I cried. "I'm so sorry!"

His hand came back. It didn't feel big now... it felt huge. And the fingers... somehow both big and small at the same time... somehow so tender and so commanding... Two of them stroked my clit, and Papa Georg pressed his thumb between my paddled cheeks at the same time, to touch—just touch, lightly—my cringing bad girl hole... and my body stood instantly on the verge of a climax like I didn't think I had ever even imagined.

I had had so many titanic, wanton orgasms already in my young life... and every one my daddies had allowed me easily eclipsed any of the ones on the streets of Hoboken. From the first time my Advanced Guidance daddies had let me come in bad girl prison, after I had begged, sucked their huge cocks, and had my ass whipped until I thought I would pass out... to the first time my Lumberjacks had gangbanged me in the old, compromised bunker, as I came and came and came on their three surging erections... to the one Papa Georg had allowed me in Garonov's interrogation room and even the ones when all the warlord's men had fucked me on the hard bench... but they all seemed to me now, as my body responded to my new papa's touch, only the pale anticipation of what his firm hand and his firmer manhood would do, in just a moment... just a second... just a microsecond...

"Don't come, sweetheart," my papa said, and as always my body heard the voice of authority before my mind did—seemingly even before my ears did.

Every muscle shuddered, and I moaned at that feeling, and at the feeling of release denied.

"Oh, God," I panted. "Please... please, Papa?"

He had a little pity on me, then. He took his hand away from my pussy and returned it to my bottom, so that the need for a climax receded just a little. Still, my terribly punished cheeks sent waves of arousal forward to my clit so that even the gentle circular rubbing Papa Georg started to do now made me whimper with need.

He let go of my wrist at last, then, and he began to stroke my back as well. He crooned, very low and deep in his chest, "Good girl... such a good girl."

"Oh, God," I whispered. I didn't feel like a good girl at all... I felt like I could break something... fight someone... even fight my papa, for the right to the orgasm I needed so very badly.

"Good girls need hard fucking," he murmured. "Ones like you, anyway." His right leg loosened its hold across the backs of my knees.

Despite myself, I laughed. Something about the way he had just released my legs, the way it had changed the circulation in my lower body slightly and sent the blood flowing anew to the limbs my papa had restrained to punish me... it made me feel even floatier, more lightheaded... a better girl and yet a more mischievous one.

The hand, though... he had taken me off the boil, but now he put me right back there, in a brutal fashion that made me remember the way he had seemed to me at first, in Garonov's bunker. He thrust two fingers inside my soaking wet sheath and he returned his thumb to the tiny aperture of my bottom and pressed it inside.

My giggle turned to a heart-wrenching cry of need. Or I hoped it wrenched his heart, anyway.

"Please..." I tried again, and then, like a bad girl, I added, "please fuck me so hard, Papa. As hard as you can."

I had the feeling—such a strong impression that I felt absolutely certain I understood my papa at a thrillingly deep level—that until that moment Papa Georg had felt himself completely under control. I already knew, from the way he had acted from the moment I first laid eyes on him in the warlord's interrogation room, that my papa prided himself on that quality: on his ability to keep command of his head and his heart in every situation.

When I pleaded with him to fuck me as hard as he could, though, the way he responded made me think that I—maybe even only I, in all the world, an idea that filled my heart with light—could make my wonderful, strict, self-controlled papa lose his command over himself.

He picked me up off his lap as if I weighed nothing, he turned me over in the air, and he threw me on the bed. For the first time in long minutes I could look up into his face and see his sheer handsomeness... the chiseling of his jaw, the gold of his hair, the icy blue of his eyes. I gasped, unable for a moment to believe that I belonged to the godlike man who loomed over me.

And he—the thing I had just realized, from him losing a little of his self-control—belonged to me. My papa. The man, the daddy... the one I loved.

CHAPTER 23



*B*riana

He had thrown me on the bed in a single motion, and as I watched his next movements they, too, all seemed part of one connected gesture, a sort of graceful, utterly masculine dance. He had his t-shirt over his head and he dropped it onto the chair while at the same time, it seemed to me, he had already started to unbuckle his belt and drop his fatigues and his black briefs to the floor.

I realized that the amazing things Papa Georg had done to me—my body and even, it felt like, my whole consciousness—over his knee had affected my perception of the scene. Because he had to have taken off his boots at some point, because otherwise he wouldn't have been able to take off his pants and his underwear, would he?

I hadn't noticed that part, but I saw every detail of what my papa revealed to me now as he stood naked before me for the first time. I saw my papa's enormous cock, pointing straight at me, jutting majestically, arrogantly out of its nest of golden hair. The rest of him, furred with the same gold, did nothing to take away from the impression that my papa had something truly godlike about him.

Godlike for me, anyway, I thought as I felt my brow furrow and I bit my lip. I couldn't keep the little whimper of awe and wanton need from escaping my mouth though, as I looked up into Papa Georg's eyes. His face had taken on an air of great seriousness when he started to undress, as if he wanted to make sure I would see and take to heart every passing moment of this first time... the first time my real papa would possess me as his own... his own bad girl, his own...

I whimpered again as I thought the word, the one I would never have imagined I could think about any man.

His own property.

A shudder went through my whole body, then, because my papa had reached out and

taken hold of me, his dance continuing and now involving me and my aching needy body fully. His right hand had reached down, and grasped my left knee, raising it toward my chest. Now his left hand did the same to my right leg, so that at the same time he could pull me toward him, to the edge of the bed, and bend me nearly in two.

I cried out at the sensation in my well-paddled ass, the tightening of the muscles my papa had punished so justly and thoroughly. Papa Georg's dance of dominance continued unabated despite my noise of mingled distress and lust; he spread me swiftly open, so that my cry became a moan and then a whimper at the feeling of openness and exposure.

His eyes went downward, and that made me moan again, because I could see him admire and appreciate the parts of me he had declared to belong to him from this day on. My own gaze went down, too, and my face went red as I realized that the way my papa had arranged my body let me see the naughty pout of my own desperately needy pussy. Past the red bunch of my silky nightgown's skirt, the pink lips of my bare slit had opened like a flower as if to welcome my papa.

I saw his huge manhood, too, so close to the place it needed to go, the aching hole it needed to fill.

"Hold yourself open," Papa Georg said, his voice deep with the special tone that made my body comply willy-nilly. I couldn't tell if he had used the voice of authority intentionally, or whether perhaps he had simply reflexively adopted it because my papa's first instinct was to command my obedience. I didn't want to know, because my pussy had clenched when I had merely thought of that idea, and at that moment I wanted to live in the mystery: how strict... how firm-handed... how hard a daddy was my papa?

In the meantime, as those thoughts had unrolled in my mind, my hands had obeyed him. I had taken the backs of my knees in my hands, and the memory of being made to assume the same posture in Garonov's bunker rushed back into my imagination. I realized that Papa Georg had done that intentionally, and I looked back up into his face to find that he had returned his own attention to my eyes.

A little smile had curved his lips upward, too, and his eyes had narrowed a bit, as if he were experiencing a deep satisfaction to have me laid out that way before him, ready for fucking just as he pleased, in the same position they had made me adopt for my gangbang, when my real papa hadn't gotten really to participate at all.

I felt my face twist into a pout of arousal so strong that I thought for a moment I might cry with need for my papa's hardness inside me. His smile got a little bigger, and he said softly, "It's my turn, sweetheart. Just one cock, now... but I'll make sure it fills you up."

"Oh, God," I whispered. "Yes, Papa. Yes, please."

The smile on his gorgeous face turned into a grin—almost a boyish one, though that aspect vanished almost instantly as his attention turned once again to his cock. He took

its rigid length in his right hand. His left reached out and slipped under my nightgown, to caress my breasts a little roughly. His touch there felt like another claiming, as if he wanted to ensure he had as much of my body in his possession at once as he could. The thought made my hips buck, thrusting my pussy up as much as I could, desperate to have his hardness where it belonged.

My papa chuckled at the wanton movement. He raised his cock up a little as if to tease me, enough that I let out a frustrated whimper. Papa Georg took pity on me, though: he swiftly lowered his hard penis and ran it down along my private lips all the way to the sheath made for it, for him, and he put his manhood inside.

Again he seemed to begin a dance; as my body bucked again, trying to get him deeper, he moved his right hand up my body to join his left. Both hands took hold of me, gripping firmly but without force around my ribs, demonstrating effortlessly just how big a papa I had. With the same movement of his body, as it seemed to me, he thrust his hips forward, using his hands to keep me still on the bed, so that I would receive the brutal surging of his enormous cock exactly as he wanted to give it to me.

I cried out, suddenly feeling like my papa had taken my virginity anew, so dominantly did he open me. My back arched and my body cried out for the climax I should have had then, the moment I felt his lap come up against my punished bottom and the whole length of his cock fill my pussy, just as he had promised.

I thought he would start fucking me immediately. My eyes had closed, squeezed shut with the delicious discomfort of his huge manhood. When he held himself there, deep inside, I opened them again to find Papa Georg looking down into my eyes. He bent down, suspended on the hands that encircled my body just below my breasts, and he kissed me.

The moan that escaped me as he opened my mouth with his own, as my body quivered beneath his, seemed to come from my very soul. My need for release threatened to make me lose consciousness.

Papa Georg broke the kiss for a moment.

"Come, now," he said. None of my daddies had ever used the voice of authority so softly, or with such great effect. When my papa returned his lips to mine, and he started to thrust inside me, so hard that from the beginning I thought the metal bed might bend or even break, I started to come as I had never come before.

I cried out, upward, into my papa's mouth. My body shuddered under his, utterly dominated and utterly pleased. I closed my eyes and took wing, it felt like, into the upper atmosphere, waves of pleasure jolting through me again and again. His strong hips kept thrusting, his hardness surging into me relentlessly, mastering me more fully with every stroke of his huge manhood.

Somewhere in the middle of the terrible ecstasy that took hold of me, the release that

seemed to unwind my entire soul, Papa Georg rose up, and stood at the side of the bed, pulling me toward him. He moved his hands from my ribs to the backs of my thighs, their broad palms seeming to envelop me there and to secure me in my bent, opened position.

I opened my eyes and saw him there, looking down at me, fucking me all the while, and a new climax took hold of me to see how majestic my papa looked, and to feel how very thoroughly he could take care of me. He could show his love tenderly, in that kiss and that permission to come, and he could show it firmly—brutally even—in the mighty movements of his hard cock.

I need it both ways, my mind sighed, as my body responded under his, squirming so that I felt how completely he held me in place so that he could use me for his pleasure. I need it every way.

As if he could read my mind, Papa Georg pulled his cock from my pussy. I gave a little cry of disappointment, but the stern expression on my papa's face told me he would decide about where his hardness went in my body, and that sent a new spasm of pleasure echoing out from my clit. My eyes went wide at the next move of his dance: he turned me around on the bed, spinning me atop the blanket so that my view of my papa became filled with his huge cock and his gold-furred balls, with his face looming above, the stern look giving way to an expression of hunger.

His hands reached down to cradle the back of my head, and I whispered, "Oh, no," because of the hot flush of shame that seemed to course in my bloodstream at the idea of what I knew Papa Georg meant to do.

Then he had done it: he straddled my face and brought his scrotum down gently on my lips. I whimpered with shame and arousal as my papa made me lick his balls.

Above me, Papa Georg gave a grunt of pleasure. "Good girl," he murmured as I tasted the salty, musky place underneath his sack. He moved a little, and now it was his hard cock I had to receive, deep between my lips. "That's it," my papa said. "Get me nice and ready."

I tasted my own pussy, my cheeks hot at the degradation of it, and I gave him the reverential reception I thought only a bad girl knew how to give—once her papa has thoroughly taken her in hand. Ready... for...

For my bad girl hole. Papa Georg didn't need to tell me. He fucked my face gently but very deep, rewarding me with his right hand, which he moved to stroke my still-needy pussy very gently as he enjoyed my mouth. I moaned around his thrusting cock when he spread the warm arousal from my sheath downward to my anus, firmly pressing two fingers inside, telling me exactly where he meant to use me now.

The dance continued: my papa pulled his hardness from between my lips, and he rearranged me yet again, turning me over and around, bending my limbs skillfully so that I ended up on my elbows, my bottom up and my knees spread. A new blush came to my

cheeks, for this posture always brought my violated modesty to my mind, as I pictured my papa looking at my most intimate places, evaluating them and deciding how he wanted to take his pleasure.

I closed my eyes and bit my lip, resting my cheek against the blanket, grateful that Papa Georg couldn't see my face. The position seemed so right for a bad girl to have her bad girl hole fucked by her daddy—because it also seemed so wrong. When I felt my papa's cock press against my bottom-hole, I let out a little mewling cry of shame and discomfort that seemed to come as much from the idea of the dark pleasure my papa demanded as from the actual sensation.

"Play with yourself," he commanded in the voice of authority, and my hand obeyed. My hot, paddled bottom squirmed under his hands as he spread my punished cheeks still further. My back arched with the effort to open to the head of his thick erection. I rubbed my clit frantically, whimpering at the excess of sensation, and then I cried out as Papa Georg entered me there, surging inside my bad girl hole and grunting with pleasure at the way my little ring engulfed his manhood.

"Oh, God," I moaned. "Papa... please..."

"Shh," he murmured above me and behind me. "Papa will come soon."

The hot shame that flooded my body, and the shuddering orgasm that seemed to flow directly from it, told me that yes, indeed, we were a match made in daddy heaven. My papa fucked my bottom. He fucked it hard. I cried out over and over. I bit the blanket and I pushed back against him to take him deeper, give him more pleasure.

He had saved me, in every way... and I had put him in danger. I gave him my ass not just for paddling, but for this firmer discipline, a more thorough mastering. He went deeper in my bad girl hole, his lap coming up against my bottom-cheeks. Open and stretched and full, I moaned as I felt my papa's body go rigid, his warm cock pulse out his seed inside my body—his bad girl's most private place.

Gently, then, he pulled his manhood from my bottom. The final steps of the dance arrived: Papa Georg picked me up off the bed, and held me close, in his arms, his hands underneath the little nightgown, big and warm on my bare skin.

"Do you think you're ready to have one papa instead of three daddies?" he asked me, speaking softly into my ear.

"Oh, yes, Papa," I said eagerly. "I'm not even sure I'm such a bad girl anymore."

He laughed, and the sound seemed to fill my body, too. "Are you telling me I won't ever have to use the voice of authority again?"

That made me giggle. "Well..." I said, nuzzling against his furry chest. "That depends. Will I have to do the dishes?"

He laid me down on the bed, and he lay down beside me, taking me into his arms again. "Yes," he growled, kissing me. "But I think your paddle will make sure you obey me, don't you?"

I pursed my lips and twisted my mouth to the side, playfully avoiding his. "I guess so," I said. Then something occurred to me. "But the voice wouldn't work with the dishes, would it? Because I don't ever want to do the dishes."

Papa Georg chuckled. He took hold of my chin and made me kiss him, and then he said, "I think you're missing something, sweetheart. You're actually not a bad girl at all, because you do want to do the dishes, when your papa asks you to."

My eyes went wide as I looked into my papa's kind blue eyes. I felt tears well up in my own eyes as I understood. I could be a good girl—no, I had to be a good girl—for him.

"Maybe you can use the voice sometimes, though," I whispered, my cheeks starting to get hot again. "To... you know... make me do bad girl things."

"Oh, yes," Papa Georg replied. "Yes, I can."

The End

AFTERWORD

Stormy Night Publications would like to thank you for your interest in our books.

If you liked this book (or even if you didn't), we would really appreciate you leaving a review on the site where you purchased it. Reviews provide useful feedback for us and our authors, and this feedback (both positive comments and constructive criticism) allows us to work even harder to make sure we provide the content our customers want to read.

If you would like to check out more books from Stormy Night Publications, if you want to learn more about our company, or if you would like to join our mailing list, please visit our website at:

<http://www.stormynightpublications.com>

THE INSTITUTE: BAD GIRLS SERIES

Where Bad Girls Go

What Bad Girls Need

What Bad Girls Get

How Bad Girls Learn

When Bad Girls Need More

What Bad Girls Fear

THE INSTITUTE SERIES

Bought and Trained

An Extreme Marriage

Breaking Abigail

At Leo's Command

Controlling Caitlin

Thoroughly Trained

Begging to Be Owned

Reformed for the Senator

Drastic Measures

A Concubine for the Trillionaire

Tamed by the Sheikh

Sold to the Billionaire

A Punishment Exam for Jane

THE INSTITUTE: SHAMEFUL ARRANGEMENTS SERIES

Her Shameful Arrangement

Her Billionaire's Demands

His New Plaything

THE INSTITUTE: NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRLS SERIES

The Oak Street Method: Wendy

The Oak Street Method: Ginnie

The Oak Street Method: Frankie and Mary

The Oak Street Method: Heather

The Oak Street Method: Renee

Beyond Oak Street: Their Billionaire Daddies

BOUND FOR SERVICE SERIES

Bound and Initiated

Trained by the Trillionaire

Shameful Surrender

A Shameful Punishment

Shared and Punished

The Shame Gambit

Shameful Influence

Harsh Training

Broken for Him

Begging to be Broken

BEYOND THE INSTITUTE: THE FUTURE OF CORRECTION SERIES

Shamed

Subjugated

The Sergeant's Claim

Buying His Mate

Bought by the Doctor

A Punishment Marriage

Governing His Bride

A Wife's Correction

Stolen by Her Master

Claimed by the Machine

The Most Shameful Game

Serving in Shame

CORPORATE CORRECTION SERIES

Shared by the Billionaires

Theirs to Use

A Shameful Experiment

His Blushing Plaything

His Blushing Toy

SHAMEFULLY COURTED SERIES

His Blushing Bride

Claimed as His Bride

Her Shameful Lesson

Her Shameful Wedding Night

The Doctor's Girl

VICTORIAN CORRECTION SERIES

Innocence Examined

The Duke's School for Young Ladies

The Lord's Scandalous Bride

The Modesty Cure

His Blushing Rose

Examined and Corrected

Reforming Rebecca

Kept for Training

His Bride's Shameful Training

Properly Theirs

Her Shameful Training

The Duke's Shameful Demands

The Duke's Shameful Game

GALACTIC DISCIPLINE SERIES

War Bride

Training Planet

Given to the Daddies

Given to the Club

MORE STORMY NIGHT BOOKS BY EMILY TILTON

The Count's Discipline

Geoffrey's Rules

Tamed by the Highlander

Their Firm Men

Bred by the Spartans

Her Doctor's Orders

Her Daddy, Her Dom, and Her Doctor

Her True Lord's Claim

The Emperor's New Pony

The Rancher's Little Girl

The Outlaw's Daughter

Assigned a Guardian

Old-Fashioned Values

Under His Watch

Trained at the Castle

Her Shameful Audition

An Indecent Awakening

Saved by the Highlander

An Indecent Voyage

A Legacy of Dominance

Assigned a Daddy

Shared by the Barbarians

His City Girl

His Little Runaway

In Loco Parentis

Their Wayward Wives

His Little Troublemaker

Five Naughty Little Girls

The Immortal's Pet

The Correctional Program

Taken from School

His Old-Fashioned World

The Billionaire and the Wedding Planner

Her Old-Fashioned Husbands

The Mercenary's Girl

In Need of a Master

Under Alien Influence

His Naughty Little Superhero

Her Shameful Confession

Shared by the Pirates

EMILY TILTON LINKS

You can keep up with Emily Tilton via her newsletter, her Facebook page, and her Goodreads profile, using the following links:

<https://landing.mailerlite.com/webforms/landing/k8d6a9>

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Explorations-by-Emily-Tilton/524106554315976>

http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/7048431.Emily_Tilton

