



What
BAD GIRLS
Fear

Emily Tilton

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EMILY TILTON

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

CHAPTER 1



My laptop hummed to me reassuringly. I mean, it felt comforting to me, anyway.

If anything had the ability to reassure me, as I hacked into Selecta's Northern European drone network, my deceptively innocent-looking laptop could.

GH*HF8KAW

Console Login

>

It had taken six hours of work to find this backdoor. I hadn't left my dorm room during that time, though I felt reasonably sure I would see afternoon sunlight if I raised the window shade.

All for this. I supposed I could see that two ways.

All for this: just so I could throw it all away by using what I knew about the subject matter to identify a weakness in Selecta's implementation of the Confidelia Protocol, and conduct a nascent criminal enterprise in my dorm room. All so I could throw away a potential career as one of the few people in the world who actually understood the subject matter and could tell Selecta where their cybersecurity flaws lay.

All for this: so I could get a shot at taking down the evil these corporate fucks had taken it upon themselves to do in the increasingly unstable republics of far Northern Europe. The official news—aka the corporate-governmentally controlled media—spoke of efforts to bring the fighting to an end and get the warlords to the negotiating table. Everyone

who had seen the images coming out of Yesnia and Haroslava, though, knew that Selecta's drone strikes had gone much, much too far.

Three months of a college education (well, three probable Fs in English, Western Civ, and Communications plus the A+ in Computer Science I was currently throwing away), so I could take down the megacorp that represented evil's newest incarnation. All I needed lay 1024 hexadecimal characters away: a readout of current drone activity that I could send to the friends in Yesnia I had made over the summer, hanging out in dark web chatrooms, desperate to do something to stop the atrocities.

I entered the username I had made for myself in Selecta NE's Confidelia shell. After Confidelia—the security firm now owned by Selecta—had fixed the flaw exploited by Relicorp's Free Connect protocol, they hadn't cleaned up after themselves. Not completely. CP—the Confidelia Protocol through which ninety percent of the world's secure information now flowed—could be rooted.

Well, it could be rooted by me, I had discovered last week. I didn't know if anyone else on Earth had the necessary skills, since it involved the sort of deep dive into the identity tables that my professor had specifically said had no potential to turn up interesting results. I hadn't bothered even to start the paper that would prove him wrong; I had just used what I found to create an account in the Confidelia shell and get to work.

All for this.

Admin, I typed.

Password, the console responded.

I hit escape and moved my cursor over to the open notepad where I had put the enormously long password. If anyone were watching the connections on the drone network—I mean, of course someone was watching—they had probably begun working through the layers of my VPN. I had about ten minutes, I estimated.

I copied the password into the clipboard, moved the cursor to the console, clicked into that window.

I had just right-clicked and highlighted Paste when they broke down my door.

* * *

"So you just decided to throw it all away," the man in the suit said.

I thought he might have done me the courtesy of putting a question mark at the end of the sentence, but no.

I supposed I should have felt some small degree of gratitude, though: the man in the suit, in deciding to speak to me, had rendered himself unique among the dozen or so

assholes, some in uniform and some in suits—like this guy's—that might as well have been uniforms, who had handcuffed, perp-walked, and straight-out manhandled me over the past three hours.

I sat at a table in an utterly nondescript room. Well, nondescript except for the fact that the table had a metal post, and the post had a chain, and the chain had the current set of handcuffs enclosing my wrists. Also, the mirror. At some point, I wondered idly, would they stop doing the two-way mirror thing, since absolutely everyone had seen a cop show in their life? Surely they had the imaging technology to move past two-way mirrors.

I glanced up from my intense study of my knuckles to make it clear, with what I considered a magnificent sneer, that I had no intention of answering his questions—or any statement that should have been a question and plainly carried the arrogant expectation of an answer. I didn't have rich parents to call, or in fact any parents to call, but habeas corpus was still a thing; I had looked it up last week as part of what I called, to myself, due diligence. I wasn't that stupid; I knew I might get in trouble.

Habeas corpus had gotten a lot more complicated in the wake of the corporate laws—especially in light of the increasingly open secret that laws now existed about which the public even now knew nothing specific and could be arrested for looking into. The NGOs who paid attention to the matter, though, said that the watchdog agencies inside the government had retained a robust presence: if you ended up in an interrogation room or a detention facility, you should do what the smart criminals in the cop shows did.

I returned my gaze to my knuckles, and I did it.

"Lawyer," I said.

I knew the guy wouldn't do what the cops—either the good ones or the bad ones—did on the shows. He wouldn't say, "Are you sure?" in that regretful tone that meant I had absolutely done the right thing, or, "Lawyer up, fine with me. I've got you six ways from Sunday, asshole," in the voice of righteous fury that meant I would probably get knifed in the third act.

I didn't expect him to laugh.

"You've probably heard that the inspector general's office is watching every corporate-governmental interrogation," he said.

I turned my right hand over, curled my fingers to look at my nails. I felt fairly sure he couldn't see my pulse jumping at my neck.

"Well," he continued, leaning back in his chair—I could tell from the way the legs scraped on the concrete floor, even though I didn't raise my eyes, "I have good news and bad news."

I did look at him, then, and I knew he could see the surprise and anxiety in my eyes, because his unfortunately very handsome face crooked its lips into a sardonic smile of

satisfaction.

Dammit.

I looked away, and found myself regarding this shitshow in the mirror. Lithe young hacker in a punk rock t-shirt. Spiky purple hair. The jeans jacket they had thrown at me before walking me out of my dorm. The sweatpants in which I had spent the previous forty-eight hours.

Chained to a table with a blond dude in a dark suit looking at her, a wry, smug, superior smile on his face.

Do. Not. Cry.

I forced my eyes back down to my hands.

"The good news is that the IG is definitely watching. Or, to be more precise, their algorithms are watching. Not that it would make much difference, as I'm pretty sure a smart girl like you knows, since the algorithm definitely heard you say lawyer just now. That's where the bad news comes in, though."

He stopped talking. Rage coursed through my body. The prickling started up in my nose.

Do. Not. Cry. Do not even speak. He's going to tell you the fucking bad news.

"Lawyer," I tried again. To my horror, I could hear the beginning of a sob in the word.

"Are you interested in the bad news, Claudia?" the man in the suit asked.

Shut up. Don't even say...

I couldn't help it. "Lawyer," I tried once more, concentrating my whole will on keeping the word even in tone, and as scornful as I could make it.

The man in the suit sighed theatrically.

"Have it your way," he said. "Maybe you'll ask someone, somewhere down the very difficult path you've chosen for yourself, why no attorney ever showed up to challenge your detention."

I closed my eyes, and I could feel moisture in their corners.

"You've got one last opportunity to cooperate with us now, Claudia." I heard the chair push back, away from the table, and I knew he had stood up, because his voice came from above me when he continued.

"It won't spare you the severe punishment you've got coming for trying to hack a proprietary national security system, but it could affect where you go after that."

Was he bluffing? The information I had found online seemed to say that the watchdogs had lawyers ready to intervene at every facility. Even if this asshole didn't mean to

suspend the interrogation, shouldn't an attorney be knocking at the door of this room?

It didn't matter. Whatever my fate, I couldn't just sit there without telling him and whoever the fuck was watching through the mirror what I thought of their cooperation. I opened my eyes and raised my head to look up at the man in the suit, looming above me on the other side of the table.

"If you think I'm going to tell you about the exploit—"

He interrupted me with a laugh—a real laugh, not the forced, derisive sound he had made when I had said lawyer the first time.

"I thought you were smarter than that, Claudia Danforth," the man in the suit said. "I don't mean that kind of cooperation."

My lips parted. I had no idea in the world what he did mean, if he hadn't been angling to get my help fixing Selecta's security flaws.

"We know all about what you did and how you did it. The exploit you found is there to trap girls like you."

I felt my breathing speed up. Girls like me?

"What the fuck is that supposed to mean?" I demanded.

"That's another thing you're going to learn along the way," he replied, mouth twisting again into the amused smile that had begun to drive me completely batshit. "But let me tell you what I mean about cooperation, so you get one last, fair chance at making things a little easier on yourself."

I stared into his blue eyes, very conscious of how fucking handsome an interrogator I had drawn and even more conscious, to my dismay, of the effect his words and his sheer presence had begun to have on my confused nervous system.

That problem instantly got much, much worse, when the man in the suit spoke again.

"You can take your clothes off now, or we can take them off for you."

CHAPTER 2

Claudia

I managed to keep my face still. Yes, I had tears in my eyes, but I knew my sneer would render my expression singularly unattractive even if the man in the suit was the kind of guy who thought girls looked pretty when they cried.

"One," he said.

I felt my cheeks flare into fiery heat. The idea that he meant to treat me that way, like a small child, nearly undid all the effort I had put into my sneer. I knew he would see the blush on my pale complexion, and that made the problem even worse.

"Two."

I gritted my teeth to keep the sob of rage and humiliation down. It destroyed the sneer, but making that sound in front of the man in the suit would have cost me so much more, or so it felt to me in the moment.

I waited until I saw his lips start to move, and then I yelled my retort at the same time he said, "Three."

"Asshole!"

My fists clenched into tight little balls on the table. I tried not to move them because of the effect that feeling the handcuffs' restraint seemed to have on my body, my nerves, my limbic system. I could deal with fear, I told myself; I had begun dealing with it the moment I decided to go all in and hack into Selecta's CP shell. What I didn't think I could deal with was the way my body seemed to crawl with unfocused, distracting energy when I felt the metal around my wrists and looked up at the man who had shackled me there.

And that reaction seemed to have arisen on its own, before the man in the suit had mentioned taking off my clothes. With that threat looming over my head, with the

paternalistic counting, with his sheer, tall presence in the room, my limbs quivered as if he had run a low-level electric current through them.

To my dismay, he smiled at my defiant insult. He raised his eyes and spoke to no one in particular.

“Come on in, please. Let’s get her undressed.”

I think a major part of me had honestly thought he was bluffing. Even as I heard the door open behind me a chunk of my mind pleaded, No, he can’t be serious. Habeas corpus.

Then a chill went down my spine as I remembered something in one of the online postings about what to do if you found yourself in detention or interrogation.

There are unconfirmed reports that the secret corporate acts provide for a special form of detention for individuals identified as having qualifications for the megacorps’ corporate-governmental programs. Information remains very scanty, but if these reports are true, well, be afraid.

My mind went back to what the man in the suit had said a few moments before: traps for girls like you.

I didn’t have time to dwell on the words or their meaning, though. My head had swiveled automatically at the sound of the opening door. Two men even bigger than the sizable man in the suit, and wearing—to my surprise—military fatigues, had stepped into the room. I felt the hands of the man in the suit manipulating my wrists and the handcuffs, and I turned back to see that he had the key out and had begun to unlock the restraints.

“Wait,” I said, desperate for a little time to think through my options. “I’ll...”

I had no idea what I meant to say. I didn’t really mean to say anything, in fact; I just wanted to get them all to stop moving toward the insane idea that I would henceforth not merely be in their power but also be naked.

I felt my brow pucker at the very idea, and I realized I had started to chew on my lip at the mere touch of the man in the suit’s hands.

I needn’t have bothered even speaking, though. The enormous men in the gray fatigues didn’t hesitate, or pay my words the slightest attention.

One of them said, “Can you get up, miss, or do we need to get you out of the chair?”

My hands had come free of the cuffs. I raised them instinctively to my chest and cowered back, trying to draw myself into a tighter, more defensive posture. Again I thought I might gain time that way, but again it had no discernible effect. The man who had

spoken, a dark-skinned soldier with a very deep voice, reached for me and took me by my upper arm, while his light-skinned companion stepped to my other side and did the same.

I cried out as they lifted me up as if I weighed nothing at all, lifting me all the way over the back of the chair carrying me backward until they could lower my feet to the floor again. The man in the suit stepped around the table and turned the chair around, then sat in it, looking up at me with the same infuriating, amused smile he had worn most of the time since entering the interrogation.

“Strip her,” he told the soldiers, “and put her over my knee.” As my jaw dropped and my heart thudded in my chest, he turned to me. “Claudia, I’m going to spank you now, until you’re ready to do as you’re told. Then we can talk more reasonably about what you did, and what it means, and about your new life.”

“What new life?” I demanded, catching hold of his final words and trying to use their meaning to ward off the other things he had said. But he just looked back at me, and the soldiers paid my question no attention at all; they had started to strip off my jeans jacket before I even spoke.

The tears, which had receded a little bit with the sheer surprise of the soldiers’ arrival, started up again. I felt my face scrunch into a weak, weepy pout, but I couldn’t help that, or the way I turned to right and left in desperate hope of winning sympathy from the enormous men in the combat uniforms.

My brain, hunting desperately for something productive or even meaningful on which it could focus, noticed an unexpected detail then: the insignia on the shoulder of the black soldier, the stylized eagle of the Air Force. They got my jacket off and I heard it land on the floor off to the side, under the mirror. The white airman—as my brain instantly began calling them airmen—held my hands over my head while his comrade took the hem of my vintage Stooges t-shirt and stripped it upward. I felt the cool air on my skin, and it contrasted instantly with the heat in my face and all the way down my neck as I heard them chuckle.

“No bra, Claudia?” the man in the suit asked while the t-shirt still shrouded my face.

I couldn’t help picturing it, and then, when the airmen had the shirt off, I couldn’t help looking in the mirror no matter how hard I tried to keep my eyes from it.

No, no bra. Of course not. I had sat in my dorm room at my laptop for the past twenty-four hours. In the mirror, through which I felt certain lay a room with unseen people watching my abject humiliation, I saw my smallish but, I thought, perky breasts. B-cup, when I wore a bra, which really I didn’t do often, because except for the gym three times a week I spent my time looking at a screen.

The worst part would come now, though. I started to struggle in earnest for the first time against the airmen’s grip.

No, I told myself, that's far from the worst part, given what the asshole just said.

Nevertheless, it definitely felt like the worst part, when the white airman lowered my arms and gripped me tightly around the waist while the black one first ripped off my sockless sneakers and threw them into the corner of the room, then pulled down my sweatpants.

The chuckle sounded even louder this time.

"No panties either," said the man in the suit. "Well, it suits you, Claudia. Rebel without a shred of modesty. We're going to change that. Or, I guess I should say, we'll add to your repertoire, at least."

Again I tried to keep my eyes away from the mirror, and again I failed. I saw the golden thatch between my legs that revealed my true hair color, and I felt the heat surge in my face. I hated the fact, but without a shred of modesty didn't describe me very accurately. I pretended pretty well, though—at least when I was allowed to keep my clothing on.

"We'll make one long-term change, though," the asshole continued. "We're going to take away your pubic hair very soon. Right after I spank you, actually. We'll also let your hair come back in a prettier color."

I didn't want to answer because I knew he wanted the satisfaction of me showing he had gotten under my skin with this matter-of-fact humiliation. My anger boiled up, though, and part of me didn't want to seem meek, with my impotent tears running down my face as the airmen lifted me up and pulled the sweats off my feet.

"Fuck you," I said, trying to keep my voice low so as to demonstrate ultimate contempt despite the roil of unwelcome thoughts and emotions his words and the airmen's hands had awakened in my mind and body.

The man in the suit sniffed the air, and looked at his minions with a little smile on his too-attractive face.

"This bad girl needs a shower, doesn't she?" Then he looked at me. "Claudia, have you been playing with yourself to cope with the tension of engaging in major cybercrime? I can smell your pussy from over here."

"No, asshole," I managed to get out through clenched teeth. Somehow I suspected, though, with a deep and sinking dread, that the corporate-governmental complex had seen me coming even more thoroughly than I had ever thought them capable of doing. I felt terribly certain that this asshole knew by some awful authoritarian means, that I had indeed masturbated that morning in bed.

My furtive right hand inside my sweats, my left hand under my t-shirt going from nipple to nipple, I had thought of the things that came unbidden to my mind when, yes, I needed to release tension that way. Even worse than my suspicion that the man in the suit knew about what I had done in bed, though, the outlandish but still inescapable idea came into

my mind that he also knew about what I had seen in my wayward mind's eye as I had shuddered into my quick, cleansing orgasm.

"You can think of this spanking as punishment for touching your pussy without permission," he said, spreading his thighs and patting the left one.

My jaw dropped. My mouth tried to form the letter P, for permission? but no sound emerged. The airmen took hold of my upper arms and started drawing me toward the seated man. I struggled, twisting in their grip, but it felt like resisting a landslide. I found maybe a couple millimeters of movement, and I did nothing at all about the forward progress they forced on me.

"Or," the man in the suit continued, "you can think of it as the beginning of your punishment for the illegal access of the system you hacked."

"Stop!" I yelled, as the airmen manhandled me over to the right side of the chair, turning me so that I faced the place where the blond man's left hand rested now, indicating where they should put me. The dismay that filled me grew so great that, despite the weakness it would convey, I added, "Please!" without even thinking about, and then repeated it in a much more unfortunate, rising tone, "Please?"

"Or," he said, while his unheeding minions started to force me down, and I felt his right leg clamp down over the naked backs of my knees, "you could even think of this spanking as the result of your refusal to cooperate here in this room."

My belly touched the woolen fabric of his suit, and I felt the strength of his leg muscles underneath it. One of the airmen put his hand on my head and the other pressed between my shoulder blades, to bend me fully over the seated man's knee. With one last shred of strength, I flailed against them, and I heard the black airman grunt as I caught him a little by surprise and managed to free my left hand.

"Hold her hands, Smith," the man in the suit said sharply. "She's not to move while I spank her." Then, as the white airman obeyed the order, grabbing my wrists and stooping in front of me to hold them in place, the blond man addressed me again.

"Really, though, you should take this spanking for what it truly means. It means that from now on, you're going to learn to respect authority. Neither I nor your other daddies need any reason to punish you. We'll do it whenever we want, to teach you to obey us no matter how shameful or uncomfortable you might find the command. You've shown that you're a bad girl, Claudia. Bad girls get what they deserve, in this program, and your daddies will enjoy giving it to you, like I'm going to enjoy spanking your little butt right now."

CHAPTER 3

Claudia

My mind whirled. Daddies? Program? What the fuck is he talking about?

“What the f—” I yelled, but then I yelped, and I heard the sound of his big hand coming down, open-palmed, on my ass, low down right in the middle, and I bucked over his rock-solid thigh at the pain of the first spank I had ever received.

They all seemed to happen at once, though it hurt more with each passing microsecond, as if my mystified nervous system had needed a moment to figure out that, yes, Claudia Danforth, relatively good girl in the eyes of the law to this point, was receiving a humiliating dose of old-fashioned discipline, naked over the knee of a man in a suit.

With an airman holding her wrists straight out in front of her to ensure she had not the slightest chance of escape.

Before the wave of agony in my bottom even had a chance to crest, he had brought his hand down hard again, in the same spot. I realized then that I hadn’t even understood what a spanking was, or maybe what it could be.

Okay, I’d watched some porn in my time, since turning eighteen. Curiosity, mostly, part of the curiosity being a quest to find out whether I could find the things in my head out there, on the net, in the multifarious kinds of video a girl could watch these days.

I had found them—kind of.

Also, I had seen guys spank girls—kind of.

I had told myself firmly, even as I played with myself in bed one morning a week or so, usually thinking about something I had seen in a video, that the two things had no relation to one another.

Anyway, when a guy ‘spanked’ a girl, in one of the videos I had watched, he slapped her

ass while he fucked her, usually from behind. She made a little kitten sound, and you could see on her face—you could usually see her face in the shot the film-makers had chosen for this kind of moment, since she had turned it back over her shoulder to look at the dude with his cock inside her—that she had wanted that ‘spank.’ Sometimes he would do it hard enough that his handprint appeared a few moments later, vivid red on the creamy white of her butt.

I understood now, over the knee of man in the suit, that what happened in those videos, while I could forgive myself for having called it ‘spanking,’ wasn’t. I no longer had any illusions on the matter, however: the blond man spanked me now in the true sense of the word. His hand rose high—I couldn’t see it, but I could feel the torsion of his upper body. It came down hard, over and over, and so quickly that each forceful contact of his big palm and long fingers added its agony to the previous blow.

A punishment series: a big sum, with each spank adding to it. I had begun to scream uncontrollably by the sixth spank.

He punished me over his knee. I had done something he considered naughty, and he had taken away my clothing so that he could teach me the old-fashioned lesson I had coming. This had nothing to do with sex, or it certainly felt in the moment like it didn’t. The man in the suit had a stern message to deliver about my behavior, and he had chosen to convey it to my bare backside, the way men had taught misbehaving girls such lessons from time immemorial.

I had decided at first not to struggle, because fruitless struggling would just satisfy them. Now I found I couldn’t help it. I writhed over the blond man’s knee, my hips trying to weave from side to side as his hand started to travel to my bottom-cheeks and my upper thighs, giving three spanks on the right, then three on the left.

Words ripped themselves from my chest, screams for mercy.

“Please... oh, God... please, stop... stop...”

Part of me dissociated, then. I had closed my eyes a few spanks before so I wouldn’t have to see either the concrete floor or the fatigues of the airman in front of me. In my mind’s eye, as if I were looking from the other side of the two-way mirror, I could to my horror see myself, struggling feebly over the big man’s knee, his other leg clamped down and his hand rising and falling in a steady rhythm.

I heard my own voice begging as if it belonged to someone else, as this part of my mind knew it must, because Claudia Danforth would never plead for mercy from some asshole authoritarian that way. I saw my whole backside turning a glowing crimson under his justice—I hated myself for calling it that in my own mind, but that word floated up from the depths of my psyche: I had tried to hack a corporate-governmental national security facility, and now my own mind told me I had started to get what I had earned.

I went limp, then, and my screams became sobs. The flash of self-hate vanished, and I

moaned, "I'm sorry... I'm sorry."

He stopped spanking me. He rested his right hand on my bottom, and even that contact made me cry out softly in agony.

"My name is John," he said, his voice flat. "You will call me Daddy John."

I bit my lip, feeling my forehead crease very hard at the word Daddy and the way he had emphasized it by rubbing my butt in a gentle circle at the same time.

"I'm an officer in the intelligence community."

That made me frown in a different way, as my wits began to return. I opened my eyes, to see a pool of my tears on the floor under me.

"The... what?" I asked, my voice more of a sob than a normal utterance. Even speaking seemed to move the muscles of my bottom in a painful way.

"You don't need to know the agency, sweetheart," Daddy John said.

I shuddered at the word. Sweetheart. Another sob heaved itself up from my chest at the huge conflict it brought in mind and heart. My wits came back a bit more, and reviled the rest of me for how Daddy John's hand on my ass and the sound of his humiliating sweetheart had affected my nervous system.

"You'll have two other daddies—not the airmen here, though you'll learn to obey all the airmen on the base where we're headed, whether they're male or female. No, your other two daddies will be some of the men you wanted to put in danger."

The first time the man in the suit—Daddy John—had mentioned daddies and a program, right before he had started to spank me, I had found it confusing. Now it seemed utterly mystifying.

"What...?" I whimpered. I didn't even have a word to put after what.

Daddy John didn't seem likely to answer any questions, even if I had managed to ask them comprehensibly.

"Stand her up," he said to the airmen. "Let's get her down the hall to the doc."

"The..." I began, this time with the intention of adding a word—doc.

But I didn't get to finish. Daddy John released me, and the two airmen forced me to my feet, one holding me by each arm. I cried out when they made me take my weight on my legs, because my bottom hurt so damn much.

"Do you understand, Claudia?" Daddy John asked. "You're not likely to disobey me now, are you?"

I closed my eyes and scrunched up my face, new tears leaking from the corners of my

eyelids. A wave of shame washed over me as I realized I did understand. The idea that he might do something worse to my naked backside made my body comply with the forward motion into which the airmen now put me.

I opened my eyes again as we walked out the door and into the short, absolutely nondescript hallway that could be anywhere within a hundred miles of my college, given the long ride in the windowless van. The elevator ride meant I was underground, probably at least a hundred feet. Two doors opened to the right, and the airmen led me through the second—the one closest to the elevator.

I saw a small doctor's exam room, and a man in an Air Force uniform, seated on a wheeled stool at the desk. I saw a gynecological exam chair, with the stirrups up. I saw clippers and a plastic disposable razor on a tray next to the chair. I bit my lip.

"What?" I tried again, this time finishing the monosyllable as a question all on its own. My brain wanted to make the word defiant, but I heard it come out of my mouth as a plea, begging to be spared the humiliation they clearly had planned for me.

"Hi, Claudia," said the Air Force officer. "I'm Doctor Bradley. I understand you've just been punished, and I'm hoping you've learned your lesson well enough to make this exam easy on both of us. What do you think?"

I stared at him, chewing on the inside of my cheek as I contemplated his patronizing face. To my distress, that face ranked very close to Daddy John's for handsomeness, and his blue uniform made him look like a paragon of national authority.

"Are we going to have to restrain you in the chair," Doctor Bradley said, "or do you think you'll be able to hold still while I do what I have to do?"

The airmen still had a firm grip on my shoulders as they marched me one further step into the exam room. Daddy John said from behind me, "Answer the doctor, sweetheart."

My face puckered, my lips twitching with the continuing, glowing agony of my bottom and with the welter of anger and fear and humiliation in my chest.

"I'll... I'll hold still," I said, wishing I could keep my voice from sounding like a weak, pleading sob.

The airmen let go of me. The doctor nodded to them. "You gentlemen can go," he said. "We'll let you know if we need you."

They closed the door behind them. When I turned my head over my shoulder nervously, to see what Daddy John had done, I saw that he had taken a position with his back to the door. He gazed back at me from there with a smile on his lips that made heat rush to my face.

I just punished you, his eyes seemed to say. And I'll punish you that way, naked and over my knee, whenever you need it, from now on.

I had to turn back to the doctor; I wanted to glare at Daddy John but I knew how very red my face had gotten and how very impotent any attempt at fierceness would have looked. I found Doctor Bradley looking so frankly at me that I became fully and mortifyingly aware of my nakedness for the first time since the airmen had stripped me and put me over Daddy John's knee. My hands went to my chest and my lap, instinctively trying to cover myself, like Artemis in some renaissance painting or Eve in the Garden of Eden before she and good-for-nothing Adam had figured out how to use the fig leaves.

The doctor clucked with his tongue. "Now, Claudia," he said. "I'm a doctor. And I have to say that not only has Daddy John already seen everything you have to offer, but the program you're joining doesn't really leave any room for modesty."

Now I had to look back at Daddy John, standing there with the same smile on his face. I fought off the urge to put a hand behind me, as if to ward off his eyes from the bare ass he had reddened so thoroughly and painfully. In violent contradiction to what the doctor had just said, I suddenly felt more modest than I could remember feeling since an English teacher in my educational facility had told me in a whisper that I shouldn't wear a dark bra under a white shirt.

The doctor patted the seat of the exam chair and said, "Go ahead and hop up here, please. Let's get started."

CHAPTER 4

John

I watched Claudia clamber up onto the chair, feeling quite satisfied with the shade I'd turned her adorable bottom. The tears in her eyes, I noted, had a somewhat stronger effect of me than a girl's weeping usually did, especially after such a well-deserved spanking. I would have to watch myself, I realized: although the purple-haired punk hacker pixie girl definitely didn't represent my type, her elfin body posed a strong attraction nonetheless—especially now that her panties had come down and we would soon have her pussy bare.

More important, as usual for my libido, the girl's remarkable intelligence made this beginning of her training dangerous for me, from the perspective at least of my affections. I didn't see myself as being at any real risk of heartbreak, of course, but the Advanced Guidance protocol the fighter jocks and I would use on Claudia Danforth meant I would have to share her with others.

Doctor Bradley turned to me, as the red-bottomed girl started to turn around, her movements understandably sluggish and reluctant.

"You went hard on those buttocks and thighs, I can see, Mr. Pemming. I'm sure she deserved it, but no more of that for forty-eight hours."

Claudia whipped her head around to look first at the doc and then at me. The connivance in her blue eyes suffered a bit from her butt making contact with the paper-covered exam chair at practically the same moment. As our eyes met, she let out a whimper and bit her lip.

"Understood, Doc," I replied, keeping my eyes locked with the hacker girl's. "Claudia, sweetheart, I wouldn't let myself relax if I were you. We have many, many other ways to discipline you. I have a feeling this exam will give you an idea of the kinds of things we

can do, if you decide to disobey. If the sore backside and the bruises I gave you don't do the trick, you'll end up much sorrier than I think you can probably imagine."

The blush had left her face for a few moments, but now it returned in full force and I watched her try to picture what I meant. Our reports on her indicated Claudia might have some reasonably accurate—and shamefully arousing, to her—ideas. Selecta's corporate-governmental partnership, the Special Non-Violent Offenders Rehabilitation office, which everyone just called the Bad Girls program, had identified her as a candidate the first time she had probed the CP shell.

Selecta had sent a nano-drone in to plant the microscopic perineal sensor Claudia now wore between her vagina and her anus. Enough data had flowed from the sensor to the megacorp's analytic algorithms to justify routing her to Bad Girls when the special police unit tasked with cybercrimes under the secret laws had picked her up.

We had much more data now that the girl had spent twelve hours in custody, under the watchful eyes of the cameras in the van that had brought her here and the full sensor array inside this transitional facility. I would be headed to Northern Europe with the highly valuable Claudia Danforth tonight, and with the help of my fellow daddies I would ensure that she put her considerable talents to use in the service of her nation.

My qualifications for the somewhat unusual job of sexually dominant intelligence officer had come through a mixture of military and espionage training with life experience—the latter part heightened in due course by a formal course of study at the famous-to-a-select-few facility known only as the Institute. Claudia Danforth represented my third case in the section of the Bad Girls program that dealt with national cybersecurity, but without a doubt she held the most potential—and the most risk.

The airbase to which we would fly out tonight sat on the border of a nation allied to the United States with two warring regions that our government had chosen not to dignify with the title of 'nation.' The increasingly distressing situation in the world's energy markets meant that controlling the violence in those fossil-fuel rich regions represented a do-or-die affair, with the obvious end goal of expanding our ally's highly disputed border to include them. Drones and combat sorties from Airbase Zeta constituted our best hope of making that happen.

The very pilots whose lives Claudia had meant to endanger with her hack would, if we rehabilitated her through the Advanced Guidance protocol, have protection from her cyber skills.

The girl dropped her eyes as if conscious of how thoroughly her blush had betrayed her. Everything we knew from her data feed both before and after her arrest told us that she fell into the category the Institute called Alpha minus. The clenching of her little fists as she looked down at her naked body provided exactly the same information to my trained eye.

When I had said Claudia probably couldn't imagine how sorry our disciplinary techniques could make her, I had told a fib. I could see in her red cheeks and her furrowed brow that she definitely could picture the kinds of things I and my fellow daddies could do, and would do if necessary, to all the other parts of a bad girl where a man could teach a lesson in obedience.

"We'll go ahead and shave you first, honey," Doctor Bradley said.

Claudia

I watched the doctor reach for the clipper on the tray, and I suddenly regretted having told him I would keep still. Turning my face from side to side I saw the restraints they would use, and to my horror I had a bizarre, momentary wish that the airmen had forced me into this chair and strapped me down with that thick webbing.

Doctor Bradley picked up the clipper and turned back to me, a frown on his face.

"Go ahead and put your knees in the stirrups, Claudia," he said, implying that I should have done so already.

I almost said no. At the thought of refusal, though, at the certain knowledge of what would happen—the return of the airmen and the webbing straps—my body betrayed me. My hips gave a mortifying little jerk, and my bottom pressed harder against the seat of the exam chair. A sob of pain burst from my chest at the terrible soreness Daddy John had left there.

The doctor had said no more spanking, though. Not for two whole days.

But Daddy John had told me about... other things. No, he hadn't even really told me. He had made me imagine them for myself, and I had the feeling he had done that very purposefully, to increase my dread of the unknown. I wanted to sneer, inwardly at least, at the obvious tactic.

I couldn't, though. It had worked: the pain in my bottom and thighs made me think of the terrible pictures Daddy John had put in my head without using any specificity at all. With another sob, I found myself raising and spreading my knees, eyes jammed shut so I wouldn't have to see what the two men in the exam room could see now.

A shudder went through my whole body as I felt the doctor's left hand guide first one knee and then the other into the hard plastic stirrups. I had to suppress a whimper just at the slight feeling of restraint caused by those standard medical devices, with which I had only become familiar at my first gynecological exam a few months before.

"That's it," Doctor Bradley said. I heard the clipper turn on, and I started at its sharp

buzzing. "We'll just get you nice and tidy down there first."

The buzzing touched me, a few inches below my belly button, and became a vibration as well as a noise. I bit the inside of my left cheek, hard, resolving furiously not to give the slightest audible indication of how it felt. Beside me on the paper-covered back of the exam chair I felt my hands clench instinctively into fists as I tensed as many muscles as I could, in resistance to the sensation.

As the clipper began to sweep downward toward my pussy I did my best to keep my face impassive, trying to relax my brow. It didn't work, and my abject failure forced my eyes open in a desperate hope that I would find the men weren't looking, didn't see the effect this horrible examination had on me.

But I found that Daddy John's intense blue eyes met mine immediately. He had a slight smile on his lips, and his gaze had become narrower, as if he meant to assess my every reaction to the humiliation he had visited on me. I looked away, toward the doctor, so I wouldn't have to meet the piercing gaze of the man in the suit, and drew a gasping little breath as I saw the uniformed man's intent concentration on his task, the baring of my pussy.

I had to follow his gaze, though to my mortification I instantly understood how much less I could see of my own private parts than the men who had spread me open to inspect me. I saw that much of my sparse thatch of pubic hair had fallen away already under the clipper, and I felt the buzzing move further down, to the place I least wanted it to go. My muscles tensed even further, and I tasted salty metal inside my cheek as I bit down harder, welcoming that pain as a distraction.

"Relax, Claudia, please," the doctor said. "You've got a very pretty vulva. We're just making sure your daddies can see it as clearly as daddies usually like to."

"I definitely do, sweetheart," said the asshole who wanted me to call him Daddy. My eyes went to his face again, though I would have given anything to look away—at the cabinets, the wall, anything other than his arrogant smile. "But you need to start learning a little more about what that means—a super smart girl like you. The doc is right that your daddies want to see all of you, and to get as good a view as we can, whenever we take a look, but..."

The clipper moved further down, swept over my hooded clit once, and then again. I made a humiliating little sound despite my best efforts, a puppy whine that started in my chest and emerged through my nose.

My whole body rebelled. I twisted my torso, jerking my left knee out of the stirrup so I could turn away from Daddy John. I had no thought at all of what I would do; I knew, even in the front of my mind, that I would only call down the consequences Daddy John had promised. I just couldn't bear to feel what the clipper and the men's shameful words had done to me when I had the slightest chance of getting away, or even of delaying

their terrible examination.

Daddy John let me get no further than that. To my dismay, I got the inescapable impression that he had been on the balls of his feet, ready to spring toward me to deal with the disobedience he felt completely certain would come as soon as the clipper came near my clit.

He dealt with it in what felt to me less than a second. I felt myself turned back into the chair and pinned there. The doctor put down the clipper so he could fasten the thick webbing straps with their heavy-duty Velcro just above my knees while Daddy John did the same to my waist, and then my wrists, and finally my neck.

"Sorry about that, Doc," the blond man said, as if he had somehow caused my escape attempt—as if my own agency in it, my own reaction to the horrible things they did to me didn't matter in the slightest. "Go ahead. I'll punish her after you're done with the exam, if that's alright."

"Actually," the doctor said, "if you don't mind, I'll spank her vulva for you once I'm done shaving her. It should actually help her relax for the speculum."

CHAPTER 5

Claudia

The doctor's words, and Daddy John's answering chuckle, seemed to come from a mile away. The feeling of the straps tightening around my body had sent me somewhere else, and behind my tightly shut eyes I seemed to spin upward, to some vantage point where I could look down on the scene from above—but somehow at the same time everything outside my skin grew muted, and only the world inside me felt present and real.

There, both above myself and deep inside my chest, I understood what the doctor had said, and one part of me—the detached, hovering part—said, He's going to give the bad girl what she deserves, a spanking right on her naughty pussy. That will teach her.

"Sounds good, Doc," said the man in the suit. "Do you have a pussy paddle here, or are you going to use your hand?"

"My hand," the doctor said. "I'm guessing she'll get the pussy paddle pretty often when you get her where she's going, though, right?"

Daddy John chuckled. "Seems likely."

Doctor Bradley picked up the clipper and turned it on again. I hadn't even realized that he had turned it off to help Daddy John restrain me. The hovering part watched him move it up and down the bad girl's private parts, watched the golden curls fall away.

I knew that I couldn't really see the scene that way, especially with my eyes so tightly closed, but my detachment had gotten so complete that I constructed it as a mental picture down to the minutest detail of the buzzing clipper moving back and forth, up and down my labia, clearing away the hair and leaving only stubble.

I heard the doctor cluck his tongue. "Look at her vagina contract. Claudia, honey, I know you're embarrassed about that, but it's going to make your training and your new life easier if you admit to your daddies how much you need this."

The detached part of me had tried for a few seconds to pretend that the other, inside part of me didn't exist. But although for a tiny moment I told myself that the doctor had lied, the sensation from the clipper's buzzing, its teasing vibration over my clit, my private lips, my virgin sheath came crashing in. The pure physicality of the shameful clench inside my vagina and the aching need that had driven it took control of my limbs. My hips jerked against the restraint of the webbing belt around my waist, and I had to bite my lip hard to keep from crying out.

"Claudia," I heard Daddy John say, "the doctor's right. You'll have a choice, every day, whether to obey me and your other daddies and get the rewards a good girl gets, or to disobey and learn your lessons a much harder way. When the doc spansks your pussy in a few moments, it won't feel as nice as the clipper does down there, will it? I want you to make up your mind right now to learn from this experience."

A sob burst from between my tightly closed lips. I felt the clipper move lower, and I squirmed as it pressed between the sore cheeks Daddy John had spanked so hard. The detached part of me observed from above that the awful pain had faded. To my dismay, that heat seemed now to add to the humiliating arousal forced on me by the clipper, by these men and their mortifying words.

"Oh, God," my voice said without me consciously willing it. "Not there."

"Of course there, Claudia," the doctor said as he sheared away the wayward downy hairs between my butt cheeks.

"We want you completely smooth and bare, sweetheart," Daddy John added. "I was going to tell you, before you decided to disobey, that the most important reason we take away your grownup hair is that you need to learn that those places don't belong to you anymore. They belong to your daddies, and we're going to train them to please us. Being smooth there will remind you about that every day, as well as giving your daddies a good view when we take your panties down."

I understood from the moment he began this little speech, while the doctor ignored my squirming and cleared away the last of the longer hairs from the valley between the punished globes of my bottom, that Daddy John meant to heighten the conflict inside me. I tried to live in the air, in the detached part of me that somehow looked down from a position near the ceiling.

I realized, though, that despite that view feeling separate from my body it remained terribly connected to it; when Daddy John said that my pussy and my bottom belonged to my daddies, it sent an unwelcome tremor of need through all of me, body and mind, so that I had to push down a whimper. That humiliating sound, though, emerged nevertheless when the blond man said, when we take your panties down. My pussy clenched, hard, at the same time.

"There's another one," the doctor said. "She's just as responsive as the report indicated."

"What the fuck?" I whispered, opening my eyes and looking at Daddy John, who stood with his eyes fixed between my spread thighs from a few feet away. "What is going on? What is this... program?" I didn't want to sound desperate, but when my voice came out that way I wondered if maybe I could move them to pity; as he raised his gaze to meet mine, I could see in Daddy John's face—to my astonishment—a kind of caring I had never expected.

My tummy flipped over, and the problem lower down became even worse.

From somewhere on the other side, I heard the doctor say, "Now the razor. The shaving gel is going to feel a little cool, Claudia."

My own attention had become absorbed by the expression on Daddy John's face, the incongruous—as it seemed to me—concern in his eyes. For a moment I wondered if I had a completely incorrect understanding of what this humiliating examination meant.

Self-doubt had never represented a problem for me. When I realized that I understood enough about Selecta's CP shell to hack it, or at any rate when I persuaded myself I could do it without getting caught, I hadn't hesitated. I had stopped going to class and I had devoted myself to doing whatever I could to right the wrongs being perpetrated in the Northern Europe energy war.

My classmates at the educational facility would probably have differed in their interpretation of our EF's motto: Dare to dream. I had not the slightest doubt that my interpretation was correct, however. Dare to dream, as my favorite teacher had told us, meant dreaming of a better future for the world, and doing something about it.

It meant deciding on your own dream, and carrying it out, based on your own understanding of the world's challenges.

For a moment, looking into the eyes of the man who had called himself my daddy, I wondered if I had made a mistake. Or maybe a few of them.

One possible error in particular came to the forefront of my mind, though my reason turned away in disgust and refused to see the relevance. Daddy John's blue eyes and his broad shoulders, however, pressed this question past all the others that rose in me at that moment, Maybe the things that come into your head when you think about boys—about men, about sex—are part of who you are. Maybe they have to be part of your dreams.

I had to close my eyes, to block out the sight of Daddy John and the terrible ambiguity of his concerned, caring look... the way it conflicted and yet, somehow, also harmonized with the lewd, humiliating things he did and said. The way those things made my heart race and my tummy flip, and, further down, made my pussy betray me so visibly to the doctor's gaze.

A little whimper escaped my tightly pursed lips as the doctor's fingers, covered now I

realized in a rubber glove, began to spread something cool over the whole area he had trimmed with the clipper. Daddy John's voice came from a few feet away, adding to the terribly distracting effect of the rubbing down there, making me whimper again as I remembered what the doctor had promised to do after he had shaved me.

"Claudia, I think this is a good time to tell you a little bit about your new life," he said, his voice matter-of-fact, as if young women learned every day that they had fallen into a twisted, sexual wormhole in the fabric of civilization.

Between my legs, I felt the doctor start to use the disposable razor, sweeping down precisely along the crease between my thigh and my pussy, leaving me smooth and pink and mortifyingly bare.

"What new life?" I demanded through clenched teeth as I tried to resist the conflicting feelings the razor brought. I opened my eyes, unable to resist the need to see what Daddy John's expression held, and where he had turned his own gaze. Blood rushed to my cheeks as I saw him looking right back at me, even as the doctor started to shave the virgin slit between my legs.

"The program we've put you in falls under the broad heading of Special Rehabilitation for Non-Violent Offenders."

I bit my lip. That general category, I could imagine, might hold a lot of different kinds of program. They probably didn't all involve girls getting nude spankings and having their pussies shaved. For a moment I considered objecting to his clear implication that I fell into the group Non-Violent Offenders.

What would the use be, though? I had no intention of blurting out my guilt or anything—say nothing except to your lawyer represented the one ironclad piece of advice the net gave. But I knew they had me dead to rights. Even if I had decided to lie, I didn't think what they had arrested me in the middle of doing left any doubt as to whether I had committed a very serious crime.

"Your own version of special is a kind of program we usually just call Bad Girls. Like I told you before, it's designed for girls like you."

My fists balled at my sides, and I did everything I could to stop it, but the more I tightened my abs against what I felt happening between my legs, it happened anyway. I clenched, and the doctor made a little hmm sound, as if he had stifled the impulse to chuckle. I felt the moisture start at the corners of my eyes as the warmth of my flesh under the razor made the shaving gel seem even cooler. I kept my gaze locked on Daddy John's, though, daring him to look down at the humiliation he and his doctor friend had inflicted on me.

To my horror, he smiled and then, worse, he did look down, and spent a long moment watching the doctor move the razor between my bottom-cheeks.

“Oh, my fucking God,” I said through gritted teeth. “How...”

But I had nothing else, because my mind wavered between what I had meant to say, How can you do this? and what I truly wanted to say, despite how much of a self-betrayal it seemed, How did you know? My hips bucked against the belt around my waist, and for the first time I experienced—with enough clarity to observe my own reaction—a dismaying feedback loop: I resisted because of how being strapped down made me feel, and that only increased the sensation, and the embarrassing need for... for more.

Daddy John raised his eyes.

“You’re a super smart girl, Claudia,” he said. “But you have a great deal to learn about yourself and about your needs. And that’s in addition to everything we’re going to teach you about what’s actually going on in the world right now.”

CHAPTER 6

Claudia

Doctor Bradley said, "I'm done here. Claudia, honey, I'm going to get you cleaned up with a washcloth, and then I'm going to punish you just like I said I would. I'm going to spank your vulva with my hand, to teach you to obey your daddies."

Again I tried to keep my body still, as my heart raced in fear, and again I failed: my lower back jerked, and it made my bottom move against the papered surface of the chair's seat. I managed to keep from letting out the sob that ballooned in my chest, at the renewal of the soreness left by Daddy John's hand, biting down hard on my lip until I wanted to yelp in pain rather than sob with mortifying, unwelcome arousal.

At least this time neither the doctor nor Daddy John commented on my body's traitorous movement. Doctor Bradley applied the washcloth he had run under warm water from the sink, and I had to keep biting my lip to prevent myself from showing on my face how shamefully good it felt, or even moaning as he wiped away the remnants of the shaving gel. Daddy John had lowered his eyes again to watch, as if in anticipation of seeing my pussy smooth and bare and...

Ready.

The word floated up into my mind, forcing my teeth down even harder into my lip in a vain effort to push it away.

Ready for my daddy. My daddies. Ready for them to punish me there, to teach me my lessons there.

Oh, God.

"Please," I whispered. "Please. I'll... I'll do what you tell me to do."

Daddy John's eyes rose to meet mine.

"I mean," I said lamely, raising my voice and hearing how it came croaking weakly out, but still desperate to keep the horrible thing from happening. "I... I won't like it, but..."

Why had I said that?

"That's the surprising thing," Daddy John said very calmly and in a voice clearly intended to reassure me, "for you anyway. Not surprising for me, of course. You will like it, Claudia. And you will obey us. But neither of those things would happen if I asked Doctor Bradley not to give you what you've earned. Now look down at your pretty pussy for me."

I heard the doctor say, "Six spansks, Mr. Pemming?"

I heard Daddy John (last name Pemming, I found my brain noting, absurdly, as if it might give me some leverage over him) say, "Sounds about right to me, Doc."

I wasn't looking at either of them, because to my distress I had obeyed Daddy John's instruction without even thinking about it. I had lifted my head the very little allowed me by the webbing strap around my neck, so that I could see just a little bit of the cleft between my thighs, shamefully sheared of the blonde curls that had been there this morning when my hand had found its way under the waistband of my sweats.

My face went hot when I realized that I could see, in the cream-and-pink notch that crowned my private lips, a hint of the wrinkly hood of my clit. My hands clenched into fists at my sides, trying to drive away from my fingers the sense memory of how I had played with myself, how I had spread the wetness up from the warm tunnel of my untried vagina to make my fingertips slide deliciously around and over the complicated folds at the top of my pussy.

A movement of the doctor's right hand, in its blue latex glove, made me gasp in fear. Seated on his rolling stool, he raised the long rubber-covered fingers, the blue palm, to the height of his head.

"No!" I cried out. "Please!"

Out of sheer panic, I struggled desperately against the restraints. In the frozen moment before the punishing hand came down to discipline me for precisely that kind of struggle, I felt the feedback loop of arousal much more powerfully than I had yet experienced it. A surge of need electrified my whole body even as the doctor brought his hand down squarely and firmly on my pussy, immobilized as it was despite my squirming.

I heard the slap, and then I felt the agony. I froze completely, except for a yelp of pain. For a moment, all the sexual need seemed to vanish from my body, replaced with the fiery, tyrannical justice of the doctor, of this horrible 'program.' Then, even as I watched him raise his gloved hand again, that changed completely. Arousal flooded back into my pussy, and the sob that burst from my chest contained as much helpless desire as it did pitiful begging.

"No," I choked out, but the doctor's hand had already begun to descend for a second

time, and my no became a cry of fear and pain to accompany the sharp smack of the latex-covered fingers against my mons, my poor little clit, my sensitive inner lips, the hidden entrance of my aching vagina.

I screamed, and now I couldn't stop struggling. I closed my eyes as I felt the cycle of pain and need happen again, and then the doctor's hand brought it back a third time. To my horror, the arousal after that spank grew so great that I could feel myself actually gush down there in a way I had never known before.

"Look at that," the doctor said. "Alpha minus for sure. She's getting the glove wet."

"Oh, no," I wailed. "Please."

But the next spank sounded wet, and I screamed even louder and more ambiguously.

From somewhere far away I heard Daddy John sniff the air and say, "She's got a nice fragrance down there, too, doesn't she?"

"I'd have to agree with that," Doctor Bradley answered.

He had paused after the fourth spank, and my mind became caught in the question, suddenly so very important, of whether I wanted him to get it over with or whether it helped to have the break between the horrible spanks.

"Open your eyes, sweetheart," Daddy John said. "I want you to watch Doc give you your last two."

My face scrunched up so tightly at his words that it hurt. The feeling came as a welcome distraction from my pussy's somehow simultaneous agony and burning need.

"Why?" I whispered.

"Because I say so," Daddy John replied. The stern words drew a new sob from my throat. "And if you do, I'm going to reward you once the doc has finished disciplining you."

"Oh, no," I whispered, but I found his voice had somehow worked its way into my nervous system, and even my muscles. I opened my eyes, feeling my body's hope for the reward rise inside me, as if to the surface of my skin. I thought I knew what kind of reward he meant, and that shameful knowledge seemed to emerge in the warmth his voice had evoked inside me.

I looked into the doctor's brown eyes, for he had raised them to make certain I followed my daddy's command. When he saw that I had obeyed, he looked down again, and raised his hand again.

I whispered, "No... no, please..." but the hand came down with another smack, and the tears sprang from my eyes like a faucet. I bit my lip and whimpered, and kept looking, and out of the corner of my eye I saw Daddy John's huge hand come into view and reach across my helpless body. As the doctor raised his hand for the final time, I felt my daddy

take my left nipple between his thumb and his forefinger, and squeeze it sharply.

My body bucked against the restraints. The final pussy spank came down, and then Daddy John's other hand seemed instantly to be between my legs. He put two fingers in my virgin sheath, pressed his thumb firmly on my clit, I screamed, and came harder than I had ever come in my life.

"That's it," his deep voice said softly, from right next to my ear. I realized in a strange jumble of thoughts and impressions that I had closed my eyes again, and my new daddy must have leaned in very close to me. I felt a strange, dismaying surge of gratitude that he hadn't spanked me for closing my eyes, and it added somehow to the climax that made me strain harder and harder against the webbing straps around my knees, my waist, my wrists, my neck. "Good girl."

I let out a sobbing scream at the demeaning words, the demeaning fingers on my nipples, which Daddy John had moved to the other side as if condescending to give my little breasts equal treatment. Startlingly, I came again. I had never even tried to give myself more than one orgasm; even a single climax made me blush so hard, alone in bed, that I always turned over and went to sleep, or got right out of bed.

"There you go," Doctor Bradley said from down between my legs. "Multi-orgasm from a spanked pussy. That's what we like to see."

I felt the humiliation in his voice begin to push me up the slope of another climax, and I squeezed my eyes closed even more tightly, not wanting the pleasure—or rather not wanting to want it—but yielding to it, telling myself that I would surely be spanked again if I didn't let my daddy do as he pleased to my pussy.

But Daddy John's hands left me, suddenly, though I still felt his warm breath on my cheek.

"No, sweetheart," his deep voice said. "No more for right now. You were a reasonably good girl for your pussy spanking, but you need to learn a good deal more before you earn the privilege of coming three times in a row."

I felt my face crumple, as if Daddy John's arbitrary decision carried some huge ethical weight—as if earning three orgasms already represented some lofty goal for me, as if I had enlisted myself as an eager trainee in whatever perverted 'program' this asshole had inducted me into.

I opened my eyes as I sensed him stepping away from me, and I looked into his face, trying as hard as I could to make my expression defiant. I had the slight satisfaction of watching his evident surprise at my reaction.

"I suppose you're expecting me to ask what I need to do?" I asked through clenched teeth.

Daddy John's eyebrows went up, and my tiny moment of triumph vanished into the ether.

"No," he said mildly. "I'm expecting you to fight me as hard as you can. I'll admit that it would have been nice to see a little gratitude after your daddy gave you so much pleasure."

Oh, my God. He had been mocking me. The surprise I had thought I had seen had been a trap, and I had fallen right into it.

"The next thing we're going to work on," he continued in the same didactic tone, "is you calling me Daddy. I just want you to think about that for now, Claudia."

"You can forget that, asshole," I said, fury rising into my chest.

Down between my legs, the doctor clucked his tongue.

"Should I go ahead with the exam?" he asked.

"Sure, Doc," Daddy John said. "Claudia, sweetheart, like I said I just want you to think about it right now. I want you to think about what I'm likely to do when I do ask you to address me with the proper respect, and you refuse."

Tears welled up yet again at the corners of my eyes. I looked from Daddy John to the doctor, and saw that he had put on a strange headband with lights, and picked up a clear plastic thing that I recognized, after a moment of panicked denial, as a speculum.

"No," I whispered. "Please."

CHAPTER 7

John

"Don't be silly, honey," Doctor Bradley said. "Just relax so I can take a quick look."

I watched Claudia's face closely to judge her reaction to the doctor's words. Her resistance had become a good deal more ambiguous since her spanking over my knee, and the two orgasms I had given her in the exam chair after her punishment from Doctor Bradley had moved that process even further along. Now I could see the effect of my telling her—promising her, really—that she would soon call me Daddy in the way her mobile features moved from arousal to defiance and back again, as the doctor squeezed lube onto the speculum.

"I..." Claudia started, then hesitated, clearly having too many different reasons why she didn't want her pussy examined crowding together in her mind. "I don't need it," she finally continued, just as the doctor turned back to confront her bare, spread vulva, slightly swollen now from the stimulation I had bestowed. "I just had a pelvic exam a month ago."

"We know, Claudia," I told her. "We have all your records."

She had focused her attention on the doctor and his speculum, but now she returned it to my face.

"What?" she said. Claudia obviously wanted the word to sound angry, but it came out as a plea—an understandable plea—for information. "You... you can't. You can't do that."

I smiled patiently. "I think you're learning that your suppositions about privacy don't apply. They don't apply to you anymore, at any rate. You chose to throw that all away when you hacked into the Confidelia CP shell."

She closed her eyes, and a shudder went through her. I watched the doctor reach forward

with the clear plastic speculum. When its beak touched Claudia's shaved pussy lips, she let out a little cry, and tensed her muscles.

"It's going to be less uncomfortable for you," said the doc, "if you relax, honey. Remember how good your daddy made you feel just a few moments ago, with his fingers in the same place."

A whimpering, kittenish sound came from her throat, and then a gasp. The speculum had gone further into her virgin sheath. I thought I could nearly see her mind, behind her closed eyelids, turning the word over and over: daddy.

She hadn't had one, growing up. Claudia Danforth represented a sterling example of the well-educated orphan turned out these days by the corporate-sponsored educational facilities. Male role models remained distant figures for girls like her, in the small family units into which the EFs were structured. Not all of them would have responded the way Claudia did, but young women of the alpha minus submissive variety simply couldn't help themselves: a daddy thing came with their basic erotic composition, despite—really, in some sense, because of—not having had a daddy of their own before.

The doctor sighed. "I'm not going to put the speculum in very far, Claudia. You're being a little foolish. If you can't relax I'm going to have to do this anyway, to make certain you're ready for your special training, and it's going to be quite uncomfortable, on top of the punishment you just received."

With a sob, the girl went limp in the webbing restraints, her muscles discovering the memory of the orgasms.

"That's it. Good girl," the doctor said. I watched him squeeze the handle to open the device's beak and spread Claudia's vagina open so he could peer inside. "Would you like to take a look at the hymen, Mr. Pemming? It's intact, just as reported. She'll be nice and tight for you."

Claudia

I pretended I couldn't hear them at all, that they spoke a different language that I hadn't learned. What choice did I have?

Daddy. No. Please.

No pretending could force the words away entirely, though.

Nice and tight. Nice and tight for my daddy.

"Oh, my God," I whispered, pressing my eyes closed even more tightly. "How... how can you?"

Daddy John's voice replied, "The boring answer, sweetheart, is that the law gives us the power, and in fact the obligation, to turn you into a productive member of society. Because of who you are, that means you're going to a place where you can receive rehabilitative training under a protocol called Advanced Guidance."

Down below, where he held me open on his horrible plastic device, the doctor said, "She's got a nice, healthy vagina. I'm happy to clear her for first intercourse when you decide the time is right, Mr. Pemming."

A shiver went through my body. I wanted it to be a reaction of pure fear, but to my dismay all the lingering sensations—the soreness of my bottom and my pussy from the punishment these assholes had seen fit to bestow, the ghostly memory of Daddy John's fingers on my nipples and between my legs—turned the tremor into a terrible, treasonous expression of physical desire.

With my voice, I did what lay in my power to contradict it.

"No," I said. And then, to show the power of my mind's rejection of the man in the suit's exploitation, I opened my eyes to look straight into his face, and said, "No, Daddy."

To my horror, Daddy John laughed.

"No?" he said, smiling gently. "Well, that's a place to start, sweetheart. I promise you that one thing I'm not allowed to do is to take you by force."

I blinked several times, rapidly, my lips parting in surprise.

Daddy John nodded, one side of his mouth rising in a new kind of smile that seemed to me more genuine than the broader one I had seen before.

From his stool, the doctor said, "Now your anus, Claudia."

"What?" I demanded, turning my attention to the uniformed man, who had pulled the speculum out of my pussy and now lowered it a little to threaten my narrowest orifice.

Daddy John answered me. "You heard the doctor, sweetheart. He's going to take a quick look in your bottom now. I know you've seen some porn, so I think you can guess why."

Oh, my God. This time I managed not to say it, but only to think it. He couldn't fucking know what I had watched.

Yes, he could. Can.

Does.

I pushed it away; pushed away the realization the shameful memories of watching those few videos had caused. Asshole Daddy John had so obviously known precisely how that dawning understanding and the overcoming of my denial would affect me, just as the beak of the horrid speculum touched my bottom-hole and began to push inside me there.

"Now you really have to relax, Claudia," the doctor admonished me. "Or this is going to hurt quite a bit—both now and when your daddies have anal intercourse with you."

I bit my lip hard, but I refused to close my eyes. Instead I moved them to the ceiling, trying to defy Daddy John by not looking at him. The speculum started to open inside my most private place, and I cried out, tensing even further, making it hurt even more.

"Try to remember how it felt to relax these muscles a few moments ago," said Doctor Bradley. "Try to be a good girl for your daddy here."

To my intense humiliation I let out a sob, and I did let those muscles go. I remembered the dirty, dirty videos I had watched, that one time, and how the girls had looked. How their bottoms had looked, when the guy did that terrible thing to show how open he had rendered the tiny flower.

How it had made my whole body go cold, and then hot. How it had made me come.

"There we go," Daddy John said. "Good girl."

The doctor's voice came from a mile away.

"Nice. Yes, she'll be very tight of course, but I know you'll train her properly. Once you break her in, be sure to penetrate her anally every couple of days, and keep a plug in her an hour or so a day for at least two weeks. Claudia, that will help you get used to serving your daddies that way. Pretty soon you'll wonder what you made such a fuss about."

I kept my eyes open. It felt somehow like a gesture of defiance, though I had no illusion that Daddy John would see it that way. I felt my cheeks burn as I looked at the acoustic tiles, while the doctor pulled the speculum out of me and wiped me again with the washcloth, and I couldn't look at either of them. But I kept my eyes open.

I felt them start to unfasten the webbing straps, and then I did muster the willpower to look at Daddy John. The blond man's own attention was on the task of freeing me from my restraints, and for a moment I had the chance to look at his chiseled features and his broad shoulders, trying with all my mental might to burn down the part of me that kept thinking, He's so fucking handsome.

He glanced up at me, and only in that instant did I realize that I could move again—could try again to run away, if I wanted to show how very hard I meant to resist this fucking 'program.'

His blue eyes told me that Daddy John understood perfectly well exactly what I was thinking, and also—infuriatingly—exactly what he had already done to me. I knew he would punish me again, and I didn't think I could bear either the pain or my reaction to it afterward.

"Go ahead and get down from the chair," Daddy John said. "It's time for us to go."

"Where?" I asked, trying to make it seem like I didn't care in the slightest.

"A long way," Daddy John replied. "But once we get there, your new life will begin."

"Are you going to give me something to wear?" I demanded.

The real smile lifted the side of his mouth again. "No, Claudia. From now on, you'll be wearing clothes only when you need them to keep you warm. Most of the time, that won't be the case."

* * *

I had no access to a clock, or to any other way to tell time. Neither the van in which I rode from an underground parking garage to an airbase in the middle of nowhere, nor the enormous plane that took off ten minutes later, had windows. Naked, with Daddy John next to me and the enormous airmen never more than ten feet away, I spent something like the next sixteen hours in transit.

I slept fitfully at some point during the flight, so my estimate of the time elapsed was probably off by at least an hour—possibly much more. When we finally landed, I felt exhausted despite the dozing.

Daddy John unbuckled his harness and rose. From under his seat he produced a suitcase, and he took a fleecy robe and furry moccasins out of it.

"You'll need these for the walk to your quarters," he said.

"Quarters?" I asked. I suppose I had expected him to say cell or detention facility.

"Don't get any ideas, hacker girl," he replied. "There's a lock on the door, and hundreds of miles of frozen tundra around this base."

I blinked. Base. I hadn't really caught that before, though I had a feeling he had mentioned it. I mean, it stood to reason that the transport plane would land at a base, but clearly I would be staying here, for...

Training.

Daddy John had put the robe in my lap and the moccasins on the floor.

"Put them on, Claudia. It's time to get going."

I thought for a moment about resisting here, in this seat with my butt safely on the bench where I had spent the last many hours. What would I do? Demand that they take me back to America? And then what?

You'll get spanked, that's what. And much worse. They made that crystal clear.

I unbuckled my safety harness and stood up, putting the robe around my shoulders. It felt

soft and comforting, but it made me bite my lip, too, as I remembered that Daddy John would take it away again as soon as we got inside.

CHAPTER 8

Claudia

The walk across the tarmac in the illumination of bright airfield lights, the world outside of their pooled brightness a total blackout, took ten seconds. That was enough time for me to feel just how fucking cold a place my 'daddy' had brought me to. He and the airmen didn't have anything on that looked particularly warm, but at least their calves were covered. Mine felt like Popsicles when the door of the bunker to which they led me closed behind us.

Inside, however, they kept it toasty, even in the little elevator lobby that represented everything built above ground. Once we had taken the elevator down one story—the only floor to which it traveled, judging from the two buttons on the controls—the doors slid open on a climate that felt positively balmy.

I had planned to object strenuously to the nudity thing, on the basis of it being inhumane in a cold climate. I hadn't bargained for an underground facility in which the first people I saw in the enormous room looked like they were dressed for a tropical resort.

A military resort, anyway. A little more than half of them seemed to have on short-sleeved blue uniforms. Another third of them or so had on polo shirts and khakis. The rest—three young women who stood out, of course, like a sore thumb—had nothing on at all.

I felt Daddy John's hands on my shoulders, 'helping' me shrug off the fleecy robe. As I took in the complexity of the scene onto which the elevator had opened, I let my body comply, just so I could study everything without the distraction of trying to resist something that would so clearly happen whether I liked it or not.

I felt his hand on my bottom, urging me forward out of the elevator. My mouth twisted to the side and my face got hot, but I stepped into the room, still studying it.

On one level, that of first appearances, it looked quite literally like the set from a video show about spies and soldiers 'protecting freedom' in some remote location halfway

around the world from America, that bastion of liberty. I tended to prefer the shows where that mission came with ambiguity—the greater the nuance, the better, for me—but I watched them same as everyone else.

I hadn't expected to be in one. I hadn't expected to have the big screen with the map twenty feet in front of me, across a sunken control room, or the two rows of monitors with tense, industrious people concentrating intently on smaller maps of their own even closer.

I suppose I had kind of thought that if I ever did wind up in a control bunker for a clandestine corporate-governmental war, I would recognize the landmass on the big map. But clearly, and very understandably, the scale of whatever operation these people were responsible was smaller. The view I saw, with the numbers and the yellow topographical lines and the green lines that meant one thing and the red lines that meant another, might—I thought—cover a few hundred square kilometers.

None of that, however, really held a candle to the part I had expected least, as far as preconceptions of a how a real control bunker would look, if I happened to find myself in the middle of a secret war. The three naked girls, seated at their own monitors, a little row of three bare backs among the uniforms and the polo shirts, drew my eye so forcefully that I couldn't really pay much attention to anything else.

Daddy John urged me into the big room, where a walkway went to the right and left at the sunken room's back. To the left, guessing from what I could see standing on the walkway, lay offices. To the right I thought I could see a corridor with a few doors that looked more like they matched the description of quarters.

I saw one of the girls turn her head and look at me with dark eyes in a very pretty face. She had her light brown hair up, like the other two, and she turned quickly to say something to the girl next to her. That one, a redhead, turned to look. The two of them leaned their heads together, and the third young woman, whose jet-black hair set off her porcelain complexion strikingly, leaned over as well. I felt my cheeks burn, though for all I knew they might be talking about how nice they meant to be to me.

"As you can see," said Daddy John, "this is the control room. You've also noticed I'm sure that you're joining a program that's already established here at this base."

He had come up beside me. I turned to look at him, and noticed that the two airmen had vanished from behind me. Then I saw their backs headed down the walkway toward the corridor on the right. My heart fell another notch—as if having the airmen there had meant I still had some actual chance of escape, if I could just elude them.

Idiot, I told myself as I looked into Daddy John's face. You need to find a better way to resist. Escape isn't happening.

"What are they... doing?" I asked him, putting a hint of scorn into doing. It seemed entirely clear to me that the answer couldn't involve anything more complex than data

entry.

He had turned his attention to the big map for a moment. Now he looked at me with a stern expression that made my heart jump.

"Those girls are just as smart as you are, Claudia," he said, "and you're going to work with them smoothly on the projects you're given or suffer the consequences."

I swallowed hard, and found to my dismay that my right hand had crept behind me as if to ward off those consequences from my bare backside. In front of me, the three girls had remained in rapid conversation. I wanted to believe it had to do with how warmly they would welcome me, but I thought I knew a catty conversation about a new girl when I saw it.

To my surprise, I became aware that a uniformed woman who sat at a detached desk toward the back of the room had also noticed the young women's little chat. My heart came into my throat when she rose, because I saw what she had in her hand: a pink paddle that looked like it was fashioned from several thicknesses of stiff, stitched leather.

Next to me, Daddy John sighed. "Looks like we're going to have a little detour before we get you to your quarters, sweetheart."

My lips parted. I had no idea what I wanted to say, but at that moment I didn't think my feelings had been this mixed even when I first began to understand what I had let myself in for, over Daddy John's knee in the interrogation room.

The uniformed woman, tall and shapely, her dark brown hair in a very tight bun, stepped around in front of the little row of workstations where the naked girls sat. I watched them become aware of her presence, one by one: first the brunette, who seemed the most nervous and maybe the least catty of them. She put her hand out to the redhead, deep in whispered conversation with the one who had started it, the girl with blue eyes and light brown hair. At the touch of the brunette's hand on her arm, the redhead started and turned to see the officer looming over them.

Then the blue-eyed girl looked up. I had a sudden wish to see their faces, to make certain I had read their mean-girl body language correctly, but my imagination filled in the blanks: the blue-eyed girl must, I thought, have a slightly sullen look on her face, despite the paddle that the officer now tapped on her palm.

Around them, I saw some of the clothed people, both the civilians and the service members, look away from their duties toward the little spectacle. Either that sort of scene represented too customary a thing in the control room for them to take much notice of it, though, or their work on blowing enemy shit up real good carried too much importance. They seemed uninterested, openly at any rate, by the quiet words the female officer seemed to be saying to the naked girls.

The brunette girl rose from her seat. I felt my forehead crease when I saw how very

pretty she was; petite like me, with perfect breasts a size larger than mine. She turned to the side a little to look at the other girls, and a surge of heat in my face added to my body's terribly ambiguous reaction. The brunette had a pleading expression on her face, as if begging her nude colleagues to rise, because...

"Philippa," Daddy John said next to me, "is the sweetest of our three current SRDs. She knows they'll all get more paddling if Heather and Brenda make a fuss."

Oh, God. Too much of what he said caused too many different feelings, in my heart and in my body. I had thousands, millions of questions, and I didn't want to give voice to any of them. How could I let this... infuriating man in his infuriating suit... know how desperate I felt for more information?

"SRD?" I croaked, though, my mouth feeling terribly dry.

"Sexual Relief Device, Claudia," he answered. "That's your rank in the armed forces, now."

I bit down hard on the inside of my cheek. It sounded so much like a joke that a part of me wanted to laugh. But I could feel the evidence of its truth in the lingering soreness of my butt and I could see it in the little drama unfolding fifteen feet away.

Brenda got up—if I had identified the redhead correctly by that name. Something in the way Daddy John had said Heather had given me a nearly unshakable idea that that name must apply to the apparently meanest of the girls.

Heather looked up at Brenda with a poisonous glare, wordlessly accusing her friend of betrayal. The officer, her face stony, delivered some stern advice to the still-seated girl. She tapped the pink paddle on her left palm again.

"It's as good a time as any to show you the punishment room, hacker girl," Daddy John said. "You'll meet Colonel Bronson and your fellow SRDs there, and get a sense for how things work."

I felt his hand on my elbow guiding me to the right and turning me toward the corridor at the end of the walkway. I cast a glance over my shoulder to see that Heather had risen from her chair, a sullen look on her face almost exactly like the one I had pictured. Just before I turned back to face front, I saw her turn to look at me. Our eyes met, and her upper lip curled into a sneer. In a moment of supreme collectedness such as I never would have thought I had in me, I narrowed my eyes and shook my head, perfectly conveying—I thought anyway—Girl, what the actual fuck? You don't even know me.

The look on Heather's face turned into one of puzzlement for just a moment, and then I thought maybe I saw the tiniest hint of embarrassment before the sneer returned, but directed at the woman with the paddle, who presumably bore the impressive title and name of Colonel Bronson.

We reached the corridor, which branched off to left and right a long way in either

direction. Right in front of us, however, was a door that had, on a placard next to the jamb, by the handle, SRD Special Administrative. I had to twist my mouth to the side to keep from letting out a tiny sob at the way this impersonal jargon sent a jolt of fear and unwelcome arousal through my system.

Daddy John's guiding left hand went from my elbow to my backside as he reached around to open the door. I heard footsteps behind me on the walkway, and I turned to see the three other naked girls preceding Colonel Bronson toward me, having just come up the stairs to exit the control room.

I probably didn't actually hear the snigger. I probably imagined it, from Heather or Brenda, at the sight of Daddy John's hand on my bottom. That didn't change the blush it caused, or stop me from hesitating in my tracks, so that he had to propel me with that huge hand, even more humiliatingly, into the awful room I now saw, and entered.

"You can stand over there," Daddy John said, pointing to a corner. My face very red, I obeyed, turning to watch the entrance of the girls who shared my fate.

CHAPTER 9

Claudia

Philippa came through the door first. Her dark eyes met mine for a moment, before she reddened and looked down. At the same time, as soon as she entered the Special Administrative room, she put her hands on her head. She had full, C-cup breasts, topped by big nipples. The sight of them rising with the movement of her arms made me bite my lip as a rush of heat came to my own cheeks.

She went to stand against the mirrored wall opposite me, putting her nose close to the reflective surface. I didn't mean to, but I met her eyes in the mirror, and saw an expression of distress that made my heart beat faster as I realized it must look practically identical to the one I had worn when the doctor had told me he would spank my pussy. Colonel Bronson had promised my 'colleagues' a harsh lesson, I guessed, as I saw Brenda come in with a very similar expression in the green eyes that set off her lightly freckled face.

Brenda too put her hands on her head as soon as she came through the door. The redhead's tiny breasts, with their little raspberry nipples, brought another surge of sympathetic embarrassment to my face and, worse, to my pussy. I had the absurd urge to cover myself, as if I could keep the other girls from seeing that like them I had had my clothes taken away and my pussy shaved.

As Brenda picked her way around the unusual furniture of the Special Administrative room, I focused for the first time on its nature and configuration, reflected endlessly in the two wall-length mirrors that had made me think at first of a ballet studio. Two benches dominated the center of the sizable floor space, twenty feet by twenty feet at a guess. They had seemed simple to me at first—they didn't even have backs—but now with a crawling in my tummy I noticed more.

The benches, upholstered all over in padded black imitation leather, had webbing straps that made me think immediately of the exam chair in the doctor's office, back in

whatever part of the Midwest they had taken me to after arresting me. Their legs also seemed to have complications, with some sort of crank that I guessed immediately must raise and lower the top, and what looked like small shelves.

It took a moment, but only a moment: I imagined girls straddling the benches on all fours, and it all made a horrible kind of sense. Their waists, wrists, knees strapped down. Their backsides raised and offered, while the spreading of their knees rendered their pussies and anuses fully available.

“Oh, my God,” I whispered. “Oh, no.”

“Hush, Claudia,” Daddy John said, putting his hand on my bottom as he stood next to me. I bit my lip harder and exhaled through my nose. As Brenda took her place next to Philippa, I turned to watch Heather come in, and the look she gave me as she raised her hands to place them on her head made my face light up like the sun.

It wasn't my fucking fault, bitch, I thought to myself as I saw her take in the position of Daddy John's hand. I felt sure she read it as some kind of show of affection, when I knew he had meant it as a reminder of my spanking over his knee. The soreness from the huge hand that now squeezed my bottom casually and ultra-possessively had gone away sometime on the long flight, but I still trembled at the thought of how much agony he had administered. I shivered to remember that the break between spankings prescribed by the doctor must have fully passed.

I turned to look at the tall blond man who called himself my daddy—without any justification I could see, other than the forceful application of some idiotic idea of old-fashioned discipline. Partly it took my eyes off the distressing sight of the other three girls, especially Heather, and of Colonel Bronson, who herself had just entered the room with an expression that could freeze a bonfire. Partly, to my dismay, I wanted to see in his face some assurance that I hadn't done anything wrong—that he had brought me to this 'Special Administrative' room to meet the other naked girls with whom it seemed I had no choice but to serve.

To meet them, and...

To watch them get punished. My heart didn't want to go there, but my brain pursued the path of reasoning with a relentless curiosity that I had begun to realize tended to get me into trouble. Daddy John clearly meant this first trip to the punishment room to show me what happened to naughty girls in the program whose newest recruit I seemed to represent.

Really, I wanted to say, what happened back at the interrogation facility made your fucking point.

My brain thought it had figured out the meaning, but my body...

The impassive look on Daddy John's face didn't reassure me very much, and the renewed

fondling movement of his fingers on my backside didn't help, either. It made me wonder whether I had some role here other than as a passive observer. I swallowed hard and looked away, and found Heather's eyes in the mirror.

The petulant expression on the light-brown-haired girl's face didn't bother me for its own sake. I could take a million such dirty looks. What made me furrow my brow and clench my fists at my sides as Daddy John kept caressing my bottom, his middle finger pressing inward between my thighs, was the sudden need I felt, deep in my heart, to watch Heather get paddled very, very hard.

"John," said Colonel Bronson in a rich alto voice, the vowel lengthened by a pleasant Southern accent. "Welcome back." She extended her hand toward him.

Daddy John let go of my butt and stepped forward to accept the colonel's handshake.

"Girls," the uniformed woman said, "say hello."

"Hi, Daddy John," the three nude girls with their faces to the mirror said. Philippa smiled. Brenda's mouth twisted a bit to the side as if she wanted to smile. Those expressions, which told me clearly that those 'colleagues' liked the asshole in the suit, made my tummy flip. The sullen expression on Heather's face didn't help either; I could see in her eyes as she looked at Daddy John in the glass that she knew she should be happy to see him, but her pouty little game prevented it.

"Hi, girls," he replied. "Nice to see you, even if we have a little problem to deal with right now."

"Who is this?" asked Colonel Bronson, looking over at me and freezing my blood with her calm blue eyes. "The college girl? Claudia, isn't it?"

I shrank back. Daddy John turned to me, the smile on his lips fading as he saw my reaction.

"Come here, hacker girl," he said. I felt my eyebrows crease as he extended his hand to gesture me forward, a little impatiently. On wobbly knees, cursing my anxiety and hesitation in front of the other girls, I made myself move forward.

For a moment I thought Daddy John meant to put his enormous hand on my bottom again, but instead he took my own hand in his. I had started to blush at the idea of his fingers holding me anew in the same place he had spanked me, in front of the other girls, but somehow having him so sweetly grasp my hand to draw me forward made my face flush even hotter. A glance at my own reflection in the mirror showed me bright crimson cheeks framed by my purple hair. For the first time since I had dyed it, the week after arriving at college, I wanted my natural blonde color back.

"This is Claudia Danforth," Daddy John said, the smile returning to his lips just a little before he looked back first at Colonel Bronson and then at the other girls. "Yes, that's right. She's just come from college."

"Nice to meet you, Claudia," said the colonel. The contrast between the circumstances—our clothing or lack thereof, our presence in the Special Administrative room with the benches—and the pleasantness of the conventional greeting made me bite my lip.

"You too..." I mumbled, and then, with an unhelpful glance at Daddy John—as if he could tell me what I had to add in order to avoid the fate so clearly in store for the other girls, "sir?"

Heather made a sound that could have been a cough, but could also have been a snigger at my uncertainty.

"Heather?" the colonel asked in a severe voice. "Do you have something to say?"

"No, ma'am," the brown-haired girl said. In the mirror her face now looked prim and proper.

Ma'am. Dammit.

Then I felt my insides twist as another part—the rebellious part—of my mind demanded to know why I even fucking cared.

"You had better not have anything to say right now, Heather Ferber, except yes, ma'am and no, ma'am, or this is going to get a good deal worse for you. Say hello to Claudia now, please. All of you."

I met Heather's blue eyes in the mirror. Somehow she managed to keep a relatively pleasant expression on her face while still throwing daggers at me, reflected at the precise angle to penetrate my throat.

"Hello, Claudia," she said. Brenda and Philippa echoed the words. A glance at their faces in the glass told me that even Brenda wished she hadn't gotten caught up in whatever game of dominance Heather had clearly decided to play.

"Claudia," said Daddy John, "Colonel Bronson is in charge of the Advanced Guidance program as a whole, which means that on a day to day basis she'll be your supervisor. You'll address her as ma'am or Colonel Bronson most of the time."

I felt my brow furrow as I looked at him. Again, the part of my mind tied to the young woman I had sincerely believed myself to be only thirty-six hours before demanded to know why I should care. The new part of me—the part that I felt this man had somehow spanked into me, the very thought of which made blood rush to my cheeks and, worse, to my shaved pussy—paid such close attention that Daddy John might have been telling me how to build a bot to hack the Pentagon.

"Most of the time," Colonel Bronson repeated. "That's right. But not always. Heather, hon, what do you call me when I ride your sullen little face with my hot, wet, furry cunt?"

My lips opened and I took a tiny, gasping breath. My chest felt tight and my hips, despite

my standing position, gave a tiny jerk. In Daddy John's hand, my fingers clenched as if I needed to cling to him for support, or for... some satisfaction of the terrible, wayward need that had just gathered between my naked thighs.

I didn't really want to look at Heather's face in the mirror, because although I had just arrived in this fucked-up place and I had no experience that told me anything at all about what the brown-haired girl must have gone through, I felt a sudden kinship with her. I didn't want to revel in the crushing shame the colonel—it seemed to me, because of course I could only take it all in through my own understanding—had just dropped on the catty girl who had looked at me with such scorn when I stepped into her domain.

I did, though. I looked straight at the reflection of the pretty, petulant features, the face that the colonel apparently liked to use as her pussy's plaything. I pictured it, and my tummy flipped over as I pictured it happening here, on one of the benches. I saw it happening to Heather, and I saw it happening to me.

Heather had her eyes focused downward at first. I thought I could see tears sparkle at their corners. Then for an instant she raised them, straight into mine, with such resentment that I bit my lip, and made my own expression a helpless apology.

I didn't do anything to get you in trouble! You did it to yourself!

"Look at me, girl," the colonel thundered, her deep voice sounding every bit the commander's.

Heather did, the tears now very obvious.

"What do you call me when I use your face for my pleasure, to relieve my stress?"

Heather's brow furrowed and she chewed on the inside of her cheek for a moment. Then she spoke.

"Mommy Georgia, ma'am," she whispered.

CHAPTER 10

John

Claudia's response to learning of the Lesbian pleasures that would constitute an important part of her training fell well within normal parameters. Her profile told of a young woman whose submissive sexuality would eventually respond well when a dominant ordered her to engage in bisexual behavior. Even now I could see arousal mixed with her panic as she began to understand Colonel Georgia Bronson's duties and privileges in Airbase Zeta's Advanced Guidance program.

It would probably take her longer to reach any real comfort level with Lesbian play than it had taken any of the other three girls in our little SRD corps, however. Heather, Brenda, and Philippa hadn't by any means had an easy time of it, to be sure; Colonel Bronson had needed to paddle them to secure the sort of submission she always demanded. The assessors' report on Claudia indicated, though, that she would have a special level of resistance both to serving a dominant woman and to playing with her fellow SRDs when told to do so. The independent spirit that appeared so vividly in her choice of hair color meant, the assessors theorized, a strong attachment to her—in truth incomplete—self-image as a vanilla straight girl who had no time for dating.

Her fingers in my hand clutched tighter, and a little to my surprise I felt a warmth and a protectiveness rise in my heart. It certainly wouldn't help her to spare her now—especially in front of her new colleagues—but something in me wanted to, nonetheless.

For her sake and for that of Heather, who clearly suffered right now from a lack of dominant attention and had bratted accordingly, I needed to get on with this disciplinary scene.

"Girls, your daddies expect better from you when they're on CAP hold." I looked at each of their pretty faces in the mirror. Even Heather bit her lip, her eyes becoming apologetic.

I turned to Claudia to see the mystified expression I had expected.

“That’s combat air patrol,” I told her. “The pilots who share Heather, Brenda, and Philippa—and the two who will share you with me—have all been called onto high alert for the past five days. That means that according to our program protocol, they can’t fuck their SRDs, in case they have to fly a sortie on a moment’s notice.”

I watched Claudia’s lips part, and I thought I could see her pulse jump at the base of her throat. I had to suppress a smile, for at least the tenth time since I had met her, at how very quickly she blushed at the suggestion of submissive sex, despite the punk appearance she tried to put on.

The assessors had pointed out in her profile, quite astutely I thought, that the girl had adopted that style as a way to conceal her submissive needs from herself, as well as other people. Upon leaving her educational facility to enter college, Claudia had for the very first had the opportunity to define her own look and her own idea about what that look meant.

Purple hair and vintage punk concert t-shirts had proven effective, for a few months at least, in concealing from view the little girl seeking guidance who lived at the core of her identity. Now, combined with her burgeoning virginal sexuality, that naughty little girl had begun to emerge to trouble her thoughts and feelings, even as her still essential intelligence and independence had gotten her into the terrible legal situation that allowed the government and Selecta to make constructive use of her talents—talents destined almost certainly to go to waste otherwise.

At best, they would go to waste, I thought sardonically. At worst, those talents would endanger lives like those of the pilots here at Airbase Zeta, currently on high alert to fly the fighter-bomber missions that just might save civilization. The terrorist warlords who threatened the energy supply without which the modern way of life couldn’t survive didn’t respond to diplomacy, as far as I could tell, unless words were backed up by air power. Hackers like Claudia posed an enormous threat to that effort.

But here, in Advanced Guidance, she would have the chance to help instead. Claudia Danforth would certainly take a few days at the very least to appreciate her true position. When she did, she would see that she had become a very valuable commodity, both as a skilled programmer with a specialization in nano-security and as a submissive fuck toy, and she could write her own ticket.

Provided she could learn to be a good girl for her daddies and for Colonel Bronson.

* * *

Claudia

Well, at least I felt like I fully understood the nature of the program and its protocol, now. I kind of wished I could look at the other girls, to see whether they had softened toward me now that they had seen me blush so very hard as I learned what I, too, clearly had in store. My eyes had gone down to the gray-carpeted floor, however, because of that same blush.

Share. Fuck. Daddies.

Waves of fear, and shame, and helpless arousal swept me from head to foot every time Daddy John's words came back into my mind. They kept coming back, too, like the reverberations of some mortifying gong he had struck with an enormous mallet.

Daddies. Share.

Fuck.

It couldn't be true, could it? Could Heather really have acted cattily toward me because her... her daddies... her fighter pilot daddies... hadn't been available to fuck her?

I mustered the courage to raise my eyes to look at her in the mirror. The renewed sight of the three naked backs, bare bottoms, hands raised to rest on heads, struck me so forcefully that I had to bite my lip. Heather had her eyes on Daddy John, and to my dismay I saw that the tears ran down her cheeks now. Her facial expression had such anger, or at least frustration, in it that my heart went out to her despite my mind's lingering resentment.

"They'll be okay, Daddy John, won't they?" Philippa asked.

Wide-eyed, I looked over at her. She had tears in her eyes too. So did Brenda.

Had they gone crazy? Why would you get so worked up over asshole fighter pilot 'daddies' assigned to you by the government?

"Yes, girls," replied Colonel Bronson. "They'll be okay. In fact, I heard a few minutes before Claudia arrived that they'll be standing down in two hours. The battery factories they were guarding are secure and we'll be able to change our stance to standard flyovers for the foreseeable future, if things go well."

I had focused my attention on Heather's face as the colonel delivered this news, so I got to see the instant of relief—of joy, even—that passed over her features. I also got to see the nearly immediate return of her petulant little pout. I almost giggled, but a squeeze of Daddy John's hand, as if he could read my thoughts and wanted to save me from myself, stopped the mirth in my throat.

Brenda and Philippa had real smiles on their faces, though, I saw as I turned to them. Again I wondered what was wrong with these girls. Helsinki syndrome, wasn't it called?

The realization that dawned on me then, that the news meant that my promised fighter

pilot daddies would be arriving soon, didn't help me understand. Neither did Colonel Bronson's next words.

"In the meantime," she said in the Southern drawl that seemed somehow both to enchant and to terrify me, "we have a disciplinary situation to deal with. First of all, Heather, you are going to apologize to Claudia for your inhospitable conduct when she arrived. Brenda and Philippa, you are going to do the same, for not discouraging Heather's cattiness. Then the three of you will apologize to me for your dereliction of duty. After that, consequences will be imposed. Heather, turn around, if you please."

Sluggishly, the light-brown-haired girl with the perfect breasts and the pussy shaved just like mine obeyed the colonel. I felt my lips twitch a little, but I resisted the impulse to bite them, and I resisted the impulse to look away. I even managed to keep from blushing, by concentrating on the need to establish some kind of high ground in what I had to think might turn into an extended conflict with this sullen 'colleague.'

Heather's blue eyes seemed to tell me of a similar struggle on her part. I felt grateful—though also a little guilty over the feeling—that having her hands on her head put the other girl at a disadvantage. I couldn't help noticing how the humiliating posture offered Heather's perky breasts with their erect nipples to me, as if I might fondle them, or pinch the little pink buds, the way Daddy John had done to me in the doctor's exam chair.

The other girl's pouty little mouth worked to the side, as if she were trying to keep herself from speaking the embarrassing apology. She glanced over at Colonel Bronson, whose face had grown very stern, and then back at me.

"I'm sorry, Claudia," she said. She turned to the colonel. "I'm sorry, ma'am. It won't happen again."

"It had better not," said the honey blonde officer. "Brenda and Philippa, if you please."

Daddy John squeezed my hand, and I turned to look up at him quizzically.

"You need to accept Heather's apology, sweetheart," he said.

I felt the heat flare in my face at the very sound of his deep voice, but I turned back swiftly to Heather and said, "Thank you." My chest got warm, too, with a little surge of anger, when I saw that despite her position Heather's eyes registered a hint of superiority at my having to be told by my daddy how to behave myself.

"I'm sorry, Claudia," said Philippa, and then Brenda repeated the words.

"That's alright," I told them, trying to make clear in my different words that I truly accepted their apologies in a way I didn't actually feel about Heather's. They each rewarded me with a small smile that helped assuage my anger, and even my anxiety about how we would get along. Even if they had a bad case of Helsinki syndrome, I could see we would be living and working together for that foreseeable future the colonel had just mentioned. Heather and I would probably never get along, but Brenda and Philippa

seemed nice.

They apologized to Colonel Bronson in the same simple way. For a moment, everything seemed like a normal sort of mediated conflict-resolution scene, the sort of thing that happened at my educational facility all the time in the vice principal's office. Then I heard a rhythmic noise, down below my field of vision. I lowered my eyes to see that the colonel had begun tapping the pink paddle in her right hand against the palm of her left.

Daddy John said, "Alright, girls. Over the benches, now. Show Claudia what happens when an SRD commits an infraction of the rules."

"Heather," said Colonel Bronson, "bench one, if you please. Brenda, bench two. John, will you help me strap them down and impose punishment? If you could paddle Heather, I'd be grateful. She'll benefit from a man's firm hand, I'm sure, and it was your bad girl she insulted."

"Of course," Daddy John said, letting go of my hand. He turned to me. "Claudia, go stand in front of the benches, please, and turn to face them."

I looked up at him. I wanted to say, Fuck, no, I won't be complicit in your regime of terror. But then I heard a little sob from Heather's direction. My body filled with a terrible need to see what happened to a young woman here, when she acted like a mean girl. More, I needed to see that young woman, the one who had looked at me so superciliously, receive whatever terrible justice she had earned.

Chewing hard on the inside of my cheek, I walked to the back of the room.

CHAPTER 11

Claudia

When I turned around to face the two benches, I saw that Heather and Brenda had moved to stand behind their three-foot-long black upholstered surfaces. Brenda's knees had started to shake as she contemplated the bench in front of her with downcast eyes. Heather looked straight at me, her nose twitching a little with evident contempt.

I wondered suddenly what these girls had done to earn their trip here to wherever the hell we were, close to the Arctic Circle and presumably in a good deal of danger from retaliatory strikes by our nation's enemies. Daddy John had described them to me as my equals in intelligence, but I supposed that didn't have to mean that they had also come from college computer science departments—and what Colonel Bronson had said seemed to indicate that I represented the only one to arrive here by that path.

I looked closely at the two naked girls with their hands on their heads, feeling my brow furrow as I took in their nubile beauty. The colonel clearly wanted to keep them waiting, while Daddy John went to a cabinet in the corner to my right. The blonde woman in the severe blue uniform stood behind Heather and Brenda, still tapping the blade of the leather paddle on her palm but doing nothing else besides examining the nude rear view of her two misbehaving subordinates—with the clear intent of increasing their dread.

They must both have done something criminal, just as I had. That seemed certain. I couldn't help picturing myself in their place, after I had broken some bullshit rule of which I felt sure a great many existed at this secret airbase. I would look just like them, wouldn't I? Especially the petulant Heather, and especially when my hair had grown out blonde and whatever excuse for a hairdresser they had here had cut the purple away.

It took every bit of my willpower to keep my face impassive as Heather and I locked gazes. We all must be bad girls, in one way or another, or we wouldn't be here. If I meant to survive with my sanity intact, I needed to act like one.

I heard a little whimper to my left, and turned to see Philippa's face, in the mirror, scrunched up and in tears.

"Hush, Philippa," Colonel Bronson said severely. "It's not even your turn yet."

"Please," the brunette said. "Please. I can't. It hurts so much."

I heard the cabinet open on the other side of where I stood, and I turned in that direction to see Daddy John reach into it. My lips parted at the sight of the cabinet's contents, and I felt my breathing speed up. The things that hung there made my heart jump in my chest and my cheeks burn at the very fact of how quickly I recognized them. Paddles, straps, and—their length and thickness making my blood run cold despite my blush—rattan canes.

"It does hurt, Philippa, honey," I heard the colonel reply to the crying girl. "It has to. Now be quiet or you're going to get six extra swats for this display, and I'll ask your daddies to use your bottom roughly and then plug you back there as well."

That made me chew my lip, and the realization that I had shown emotion on my face forced my gaze back to Heather's face to see that she had noticed. A gleam of triumph came into her blue eyes, as if to say, You have no idea what you're in for, bitch. I may be about to get paddled in front of you, but your turn is going to come, and you don't even know what to expect.

"Yes, Philippa," Daddy John said, as he closed the cabinet and turned back holding a black paddle that looked identical to the pink one in the colonel's hand. I remembered with a thrill of alarm what he had said in the doctor's exam room about a special paddle for disciplining a girl in front, and I wondered if I had just seen one in the cabinet without realizing it. "Your daddies are already going to see that you got punished today. Let's make sure they comfort you rather than having to teach you another lesson."

He walked around to the back of the benches, taking a stand next to Colonel Bronson. The sight of them, the tall blond man in his dark suit and the uniformed blonde woman holding their frightening paddles as they surveyed the four naked girls over whom they claimed the power to impose any punishment they please, took my breath away for a moment. A wave of hot shame coursed through my body at the contrast with my nudity and the nakedness of my new 'colleagues.'

My fellow fuck toys.

"Alright, girls," said the colonel. "Assume the position."

Heather and Brenda bent over until the upper body of each girl lay atop her bench, her breasts just hanging over the front edge. My tummy tied itself into a knot at the helpless appearance of the bare, creamy little globes that way, just as much as at the way the bending of the girls' waists offered their backsides to Colonel Bronson and Daddy John.

I didn't want to look at Heather anymore, and I definitely didn't want to look at Daddy

John or the colonel, so I turned my attention to Brenda, whose eyes were bright with tears now as they looked at the carpet. She had her lower lip between her teeth and she worried it a little as the colonel, to my dismay, laid the paddle atop her back and reached down to pull Brenda's knees to either side of the bench's legs.

A muffled grunt from Heather made me turn my attention despite myself to Daddy John, to see that he had begun to do the same thing to her. His black paddle sat atop the girl's back, and her knees in his huge hands had just been made to part. Now Daddy John fastened the thick webbing strap across Heather's waist and the narrower ones just above her knees, immobilizing her backside so thoroughly that I had to suppress a little sob of arousal at the sight of it.

I realized that I had clenched my hands into tight little balls at some point, and I tried to relax them, but the distracting, embarrassing warmth between my thighs made it difficult to relax any part of me at all. Brenda, too, now had her bottom strapped down for her lesson, and the colonel, like Daddy John, had moved forward to secure the wrists of the girls with the paddles waiting atop their own bare backs.

My eyes wandered over to seek out Philippa, still with her hands on her head and her nose to the mirror. She had closed her eyes, and her cheeks glistened with tears. Sympathy? Fear? A mixture of the two, I felt certain—a mixture I couldn't help feeling myself. But... mortifying, inescapable need, too, maybe? Had Philippa gotten as warm down there as I had?

I looked over at Heather, then, and saw that she, too, had her eyes shut. I watched her nostrils flare, and I wondered, to my distress, about the state of her pussy—so humiliatingly exposed by her position over the bench.

With his infuriating ability to read my mind, apparently, or at least something very close to it, I heard Daddy John call my name.

"Claudia, sweetheart, come here for a moment, please. I'd like you to see."

I took a gasping breath as I looked up from Heather's face into his. At the same time I heard a little grunt from Heather and a tiny whimper from Brenda. A burning anger filled my chest despite the other, much less welcome emotions and physical sensations traveling through my body with every heartbeat of my accelerated pulse. Daddy John's handsome face looked nothing but didactic and even kind, but I knew—and I knew the other naked girls knew too—that his intentions had a great deal more to them than simple instruction. I felt my face curl into defiance, and I saw his brows knit with an outwardly puzzled response.

"Come here, Claudia, or you're going to end up over a bench yourself." He put out his hand, his features now very stern.

"Oh, God," I said, my eyes going to Colonel Bronson's face and seeing that she wore a satisfied smile.

"Honey," the officer said, "don't go to war with yourself. Bad girls like you have very strong needs. You young ladies are all here because of those needs, in one way or another. I know it seems unfair and unjust to you—just plain wrong, even—to be drafted as an SRD. Yes, we've turned you into a sexual relief device, a fuck toy for your country's brave warriors, but we've done that not only for your nation's good, but for yours. You are a bad girl now, and part of you will always be a bad girl, with a bad girl's strong, wayward needs. But you're also going to be a stronger, better woman because of it, both here at Airbase Zeta and afterward, when you're done serving your daddies."

My jaw hung slack when the colonel had finished speaking. I looked over at Daddy John, who still held his hand out to me.

"You girls all made big mistakes," he said, looking into my eyes with an unblinking gaze that seemed, again, to see into my heart, my mind, and my body more deeply than I wanted anyone to know me.

Strong needs. I didn't want to have 'strong needs.'

I don't have 'strong needs,' whatever the fuck that's supposed to mean.

But Daddy John's eyes made my tummy crawl and my hips twitch. I bit my lip as I felt my nipples get so hard they tingled.

"But luckily, for you and for us, they were the kind of mistakes that showed us how we can help you, and how you can help us. Heather figured out a way to steal money from a bank with her computer skills. Brenda cheated in a big videogame tournament run by the government to find drone pilots."

I frowned, looking down at Brenda, who had her eyes closed and had begun to breathe heavily through her nose. I hadn't figured her for a gamer, but who knows what she had looked like before this Advanced Guidance nonsense had gotten hold of her.

"Philippa over there," continued Daddy John, "tried to forge her transcript in her educational facility computer. So, Claudia, you're the only college-trained hacker here, but all of you have what I think Brenda might call skillz. And you all did bad things with them."

I bit my lip and looked away toward the opposite wall so I wouldn't have to see my nudity, and the nakedness of the other girls, in the mirrors.

"But that's not what makes you bad girls," Daddy John said. "Come here, Claudia. Last chance before you get your butt paddled too."

I swallowed hard and looked at him. My body seemed to move without me willing it, my feet stepping forward on shaky knees, my hand reaching out to take his.

When I got close to him, though, Daddy John didn't take my offered hand. He reached past it, and took hold of my bottom again, and squeezed it so hard I yelped. He gripped

my butt-cheeks, his middle two fingers going deep between my thighs, so forcefully that I knew he could feel the warmth and wetness there. My little cry became a sob of shame and need.

“What makes you bad girls,” he growled, “is why you did bad things.”

He used his hold on my backside to move me toward him, urging me to a position right beside his. He turned me toward the benches, so that I could see what he and the colonel could. The shaved pussies of two girls who had acted so cattily toward me, between spread thighs, peeped out at me. Their pert little bottoms were pushed out by the straps that secured their waists, raised for the paddles that sat atop the soft skin of their slender backs.

I whimpered, because as I looked I wanted to see those bottoms turned cherry red. Daddy John’s thick fingers moved in and out of me, and I pressed backward against his hand, because I couldn’t help it.

Because he understood my strong needs.

My badness.

CHAPTER 12

Claudia

Heather turned her head back over her shoulder, to see why I had made my little sounds.

"Eyes forward, Heather Ferber," the colonel commanded. The sharpness in her voice and the fingers in my pussy made me whimper anew. So did the troubled look in the mean girl's eyes just before she turned her face back toward the wall.

"That's it," said Colonel Bronson. "Trust your daddy, honey. And trust your smarts."

My smarts.

Oh, God.

I remembered my favorite teacher in high school, talking comfortingly to me after a test I had failed. I had bombed the test because I spent too much time on the one question out of ten that had actually interested me. The others had looked so easy I had skipped them to get to the long one at the end: the extra credit question that had multiple solutions.

"Claudia, you're going to go a really long way, if you can stop yourself from trying to think rings around everyone else—and yourself—to avoid dealing with the obvious."

I had known Mrs. Brown meant it with every good intention, but I had gotten angry. I had blamed her for not warning me, on the test, that I should do the stupid easy questions. She had sighed and smiled, and said, "I hope you'll remember this conversation someday, and it will help you. When you're ready."

I had gone on raging at Mrs. Brown. I had yelled at her, despite how kindly she had always treated me. I had called her names.

"Claudia," she had said calmly from behind her desk. "I know you need to act out this way. It's part of who you are—you've got the kind of bad-girl streak that helps smart women get things done in this world. I just hope it doesn't go to waste."

Standing in the horrible punishment room, facing the naked girls on the benches, tears sprang to my eyes, and a sob burst from my chest as Daddy John worked my pussy from behind.

Trust my smarts.

Deal with the obvious.

The wetness between my legs, when my new daddy took hold of my bottom and thrust his fingers into me without asking. The way I shuddered when I looked at the two girls strapped to the benches with their bottoms raised and their knees spread, paddles atop their backs ready to punish them as they deserved.

I'm a bad girl. I did a bad thing, but I was a bad girl before I did the bad thing, because...

Because I needed guidance. Real guidance.

Firm-handed guidance.

Now I had an enormous, firm hand on my bottom, in my pussy.

I hate it, my mind yelled at the rest of me. I fucking hate it. It has to stop.

The thought drew another racking sob from my chest. My body's helpless pleasure and the way I kept riding my daddy's hand, knees bouncing as I tried to get his fingers deeper into the hot recesses of my vagina, fought back, wordlessly, against my brain's anger. Another voice, a serene voice, floated up in my thoughts.

Rings. You're thinking rings around yourself, to keep from seeing the obvious. You need to be the rebellious, independent bad girl—so you won't believe Daddy John and Colonel Bronson, even though you know they're telling you the truth.

I could feel the strong needs inside me. Daddy John's fingers withdrew, and moved forward, to caress my clit, and I moaned, looking from one restrained bottom to the other, from one paddle to the other.

"Daddy," I whispered. Now Brenda turned her face back over her shoulder, and I could see in her green eyes that she knew she might get extra punishment for it, but she couldn't keep herself from the arousing sight she knew must lie behind her.

Me. An arousing sight for another girl: a bad girl learning about her body with her daddy's strong hand between her legs. I moaned again, and found Philippa's eyes in the mirror. The dark-haired girl had her lower lip between her teeth.

Daddy John's fingertips danced on my clit, and I cried out.

"Eyes forward, Brenda Dougherty," the colonel commanded. With a furrowed brow, the redhead obeyed.

"Oh, Daddy," I whimpered. "Oh, I'm so... so..."

He pulled his hand away, put it back on my bottom so that I could feel my slick need on his fingers where they touched my little cheeks low down at the curve that joined my butt to my thighs. A sob of frustration emerged from my throat though I tried to keep it down.

Chewing hard on the inside of my cheek, I hung my head and looked at the carpet, not even wanting to straighten my spine. To stand up would remind me of how my daddy had so easily gotten me to bend, just by putting his fingers in my pussy. How I had moved over his hand, like a little girl on a shameful pony ride.

"Go back to where you were, sweetheart," Daddy John said. "Face the benches and watch these girls learn their lesson."

I couldn't see any way to avoid obeying him, though my mind kept screaming at me that I had to find some shred of defiance to cling to. If I did something stupid, like running for the door, just for the sake of showing him and the colonel that I didn't intend to do as I was told, wouldn't I just end up proving how bad a girl I was? How much I needed advanced guidance, given with a firm hand?

How thoroughly I deserved to be strapped down with my knees spread and a leather paddle on my back?

I kept my eyes down as I moved forward, feeling like I could sense the exact moment Heather and Brenda could see me again. When I got within two feet of the wall I turned, and I looked past them, straight ahead at the door. I wanted to make sure I remembered correctly what color it was. That's what I told myself, anyway; I'm good at making shit up for myself like that.

Gray. It's a gray door. I'm pretty sure it was gray before, but maybe it was a darker shade a few minutes ago? You can't always trust the fabric of reality to stay the same, after all. Superheroes and shit: sometimes they change things on you, and then there's the possibility of the universe actually being a simulation, in which you can sometimes notice glitches...

"Claudia," Daddy John said sharply, his voice sounding a little exasperated. "Look at me."

Glitches happen in the best code. But, yeah, the door is pretty definitely the same shade of gray, and it doesn't matter that two clothed people are holding leather paddles behind two bound, naked girls, because the door is...

I felt my hands clench and unclench, my fingers trembling. Instead of the gray door, the visual memory of what Heather and Brenda had looked like from the rear, from Daddy John's and Colonel Bronson's current point of view seemed to obscure my vision. I closed my eyes, but that only made me see their little round bottoms and their smooth, shaved pussies even more clearly in the darkness behind my eyelids.

"Look at me, bad girl," Daddy John repeated. "We're not going to get started until you do."

I heard, from outside the darkness of my closed eyes, a whimper that must have come from Brenda. I opened my eyes and met her tearful gaze.

"Please," she whispered. "It's okay. I... we all understand."

"Silence, girl," said Colonel Bronson behind her, and then, because I couldn't help it, because it happened so suddenly, I watched the officer raise the pink paddle to the height of her shoulder and bring it down so hard in the middle of Brenda's poor little bottom that the walls rang with the crack of the leather blade against the creamy flesh.

I cried out before Brenda did, in sympathetic panic. My whole body shuddered as Brenda's much louder yelp emerged from her throat, and I clenched, down there, when I watched her struggle against the webbing straps that bound her to the bench. Her bottom squirmed under the stout belt and her thighs quivered in the knee cuffs, but Brenda's backside remained right there in place, helpless to avoid the next stroke.

It came, to my shock. The colonel took her time, but she had already raised the paddle to the same precise height, and now she brought it down with equal force. I thought I could see that Brenda's bottom had started to turn pink already, but from where I was I didn't have a clear view, and suddenly I wanted one.

Brenda gave a full-throated scream, her body writhing in its restraints, her head rearing back and her face a mask of woe. The colonel raised the paddle again.

"No!" I cried out, and I did look at Daddy John, as if my obedience to his command might stop the paddling. "I thought..."

I meant to say that I had thought it wouldn't get started until I had looked at him, and the colonel stopped paddling Brenda. But out of the corner of my eye I saw the paddle come down again, and Brenda had begun to sob, the way I remembered sobbing over Daddy John's knee. I felt my own face crumple. I bit my lip, and I tightened my hands into even smaller fists, because to my horror they had started to drift, the right one in front and the left one in back, in a lewd, instinctive response to the mortifying need between my legs.

Daddy John had raised his own paddle. My lips parted, but no sound emerged as he brought it to the height of his shoulder. My eyes went to Heather's face, and I saw that she was looking right back at me, with an angry expression. My whole body seemed to flush with fiery heat as I wondered if she had seen my hands move, had realized how badly I needed to touch myself at the sight of other girls getting paddled for being mean to me.

The black paddle came down with a sharp report. Heather grunted, a very different sort of sound from the screaming and sobbing coming from Brenda. I saw the brown-haired girl's hands clench, saw her head jerk back a little. Daddy John paddled her again. A wince contorted Heather's pretty features.

You're getting what you deserve, I thought, and I instantly felt my eyes widen at my brain's shocking betrayal. I couldn't stop it, though, and the next shameful idea rose into my mind: My daddy is going to make you scream, you little bitch. You're not going to sit down comfortably for a day or two, are you?

If Heather were getting what she deserved, if she should sob and scream, what about me? Daddy John had spanked me, too. I had sobbed over his knee.

And I will again. I'll be strapped to one of these benches, and Heather will probably be watching me learn the same terrible lesson.

"Oh, God," I whispered, and now my eyes wouldn't stop traveling from bottom to bottom, from face to face as Colonel Bronson and Daddy John kept paddling Brenda and Heather. The redhead cried out piteously with each swat. Heather's grunts had a keening element in them, and her body had tensed in the webbing straps.

It went on and on. I didn't even know if the colonel and the man in the suit had the count in their heads, or they simply wished to turn the naughty's girls' bottoms a satisfactory shade of red. Over to the side, I saw that Philippa, still standing with her face to the mirrored wall and her hands on her head, had tears running down her cheeks.

The paddling stopped at last. Heather's heavy breathing and Brenda's sobs continued. Daddy John and Colonel Bronson stepped back.

"Heather's going to make amends to Claudia, now," the officer said, "while I put Philippa on the bench and punish her." She started to unfasten the straps that bound the redhead as she continued, "Claudia, honey, go ahead and bend over in front of Heather with your hands on your knees. She's going to kiss your cunt and your little anus for you to say she's sorry."

CHAPTER 13

John

I had precisely the view of Heather and Brenda that a daddy like me enjoys the most. Two flaming red bottoms on two naughty girls, with their knees open to give the prospect of a good, hard, disciplinary ride in pussy and anus if their daddies chose to enjoy them that way. Usually in this situation, I had a hard time resisting the urge simply to open my fly and take my pleasure—with the girls' own daddies' permission, of course.

Now, though, with the bewitching, purple-haired Claudia present, my own bad girl, wearing an expression of such terrible ambivalence that my heart warmed with sympathy, I noticed a striking difference in my erotic response. I definitely wanted to fuck: the hardness that had grown so demanding along my thigh as I had paddled Heather ached to take a pretty young woman—roughly at first, and then at my leisure as she begged for release under me. Whereas before I had left Airbase Zeta on this last recruiting mission I wouldn't have cared much whose shaved pussy and puckered anus took my cock, however, now I wanted Claudia.

I wanted her any way I could have her. The thought made me smile, as I looked into her troubled eyes now, because of course I could have her any way I wanted. The choice belonged to me, just as she did. Well, to me, and to Pete and Alex—Lieutenant Peter Reuter and Major Alex Yount—the pilots who would share her with me. The only question at the moment, at least in regard to the defloration of Claudia Danforth, was precisely how and precisely when—and even those questions already had fairly accurate answers: in her quarters, very soon. Now that Pete and Alex had stood down from CAP hold, we would be breaking our bad girl as soon as she got a good night's sleep.

Claudia's blue eyes looked back into mine, and I got the same feeling I had had from the moment I had walked into the interrogation room back stateside. This girl had a special kind of intelligence, despite not knowing the first thing about herself in the fundamental

area of her submissive sexuality. Her gaze made me wonder if she could see in my own eyes just how thoroughly she had enchanted me—and how difficult she had made my job, for that reason.

I hadn't bargained for this, not at all. I had decided I wanted in on the fun, yes—in on the stress relief, really. Life at Airbase Zeta had a lot of challenges, and the pilots who had taken receipt of the first three bad girls—two flight officers to a girl, for Heather, Brenda, and Philippa—had experienced a marked improvement in morale.

After recruiting those three, I had decided to avail myself of a specific clause in the Air Force's experimental version of the Advanced Guidance protocol. The protocol said the program's intelligence service liaison could serve as a bad girl's daddy alongside Air Force personnel. For the final recruit of the four allotted to Airbase Zeta, I would take the lead—especially because the girl, Claudia Danforth, looked on paper like both the biggest challenge and the greatest asset for the program.

Now she stood in front of me, in her lovely, naked, blushing reality.

"Do as the colonel told you, hacker girl," I told her, lowering my chin and narrowing my eyes very slightly.

* * *

Claudia

My lips parted. I didn't understand how I knew what Daddy John's look meant, but I understood beyond a shadow of a doubt that he would do something terribly, terribly embarrassing—even more humiliating than what Colonel Bronson had ordered me to do—if I disobeyed.

That didn't represent the worst part, though. The worst part lay in the way my body responded to the nebulous, imprecise thought of what my new daddy might do that would prove more humiliating than...

Than being made to stick your ass in another girl's face.

But... but surely...

But it's more embarrassing for her, isn't it? Wouldn't you rather be the one making her do it, to 'make amends'?

My mind absolutely refused that question. I sensed that the colonel meant the humiliation to embrace all of us, and I didn't want to think about which position I would rather find myself in—I just didn't want to do it.

But Daddy John's blue eyes said I had better do as Colonel Bronson had said, or...

I saw the colonel look over at him, and in her own cornflower-blue gaze I saw that I had waited too long and pushed it too far. Daddy John nodded to the blonde officer, and he began to stride toward me with the black paddle in his hand. In his eyes now I saw something that made me frown in momentary puzzlement. I could see, clear as day, that Daddy John didn't want to have to punish me now.

"Wait!" I cried. Somehow the idea that I would get paddled even though my daddy didn't want to teach his lesson made the whole thing much worse. "I'll... I'll..."

I meant to say that I would do it, but if I had really meant to obey the colonel's shameful command, I would have moved toward the benches, wouldn't I? I didn't do that, though: instead I backed away from Daddy John, toward the wall, feeling for it with my hands, desperate to get my butt against the painted surface to defend myself.

He moved so swiftly, though, that my fingertips had only touched the wall by the time his left hand reached out and deftly grabbed me around my waist. At that point, I understood even more thoroughly than I had in the interrogation room that my new daddy didn't need two burly airmen to control me; his own masculine strength could overwhelm my slender limbs' resistance in an instant.

He turned me around, and he bent me over and forced me to my knees. Stooping, he pressed the back of my neck downward with his enormous hand until my cheek met the carpet. Then, without any further ceremony, he started to paddle my naked, up-raised backside hard and fast.

Something in me seemed to let go. I knew I couldn't do anything—anything at all—to keep myself from getting punished in this humiliating way, for as long as Daddy John wanted to spank me. He could hold me in place and bring the thick, stiff leather paddle down as many times as he decided I needed. But that very fact, the idea that I had no choice but to take the agony and the humiliation, made my body rebel in a way that felt new to me. I started to fight the pressure of his strong hand, weaving my shoulders and shuffling my knees, sobbing, "No... no... no."

Despite the pain in my bottom and thighs as Daddy John moved the swats side to side and up and down, and the wildness that had suddenly emerged, it seemed, in all my limbs, a little voice of observing reason remained in my mind. It had no power over the rest of me at all, but I could hear it in my head, way in the back, telling me how deceptively dangerous my fruitless, purely physical struggle looked, from a rational perspective.

Don't. Just give in... if you give in, with scorn, you'll preserve some shred of...

I heard Daddy John's voice, over the terrible, repeated crack of the paddle on my bottom, through the agony of my awful lesson. Surely he had decided to punish me even more than the other girls, even though I had done nothing wrong but hesitate at a lewd,

demeaning order.

"Let me know when you're ready to obey, sweetheart. Just tell me when you're ready to put this little butt in Heather's face like the colonel told you to do."

"No... no... oh, please... no... it hurts so much..."

The little voice said, Tell him you will. Save your dignity. If you don't control yourself and obey, he's going to...

Break me. I could feel it coming, the words I knew Daddy John really wanted to hear. To my horror and confusion, in the moment I realized I wanted to say them, too. I knew that if I broke, and gave in as my daddy wanted, it wouldn't mean the end of all defiance, all rebellion. But it would surely change the meaning of everything that happened afterward.

I heaved my shoulders. Daddy John pressed down on my neck and paddled me again, low down right in the middle. The crack echoed dully off the institutional walls, the mirrors, and I sobbed in agony. My bottom squirmed, and I realized with a hot blush what a shameful display I was making of my pussy between my thighs, for Heather and Brenda only a few feet away, and even for Philippa in the mirror. Another stroke of the paddle, another cry from my throat. I tried to move my backside to present a moving target, but Daddy John just kept punishing me as if accuracy didn't constitute an issue in the slightest; he could paddle me as long and as thoroughly as his justice required.

The words ripped themselves from my mouth.

"Please, Daddy... please... It hurts so much. Please... I'll do it!"

Yes, I had called him Daddy before—but I had done it in sarcasm and even in scorn. Now I understood how deeply I meant it, and the little voice stopped, because I had lost. I had struggled because deep down I had known I needed the paddle to make it feel... right.

Daddy John's hand lifted from the back of my neck.

"Stand up, Claudia," he said calmly. "Bend over in front of Heather like the colonel told you."

Biting my lip at the fiery pain in my bottom-cheeks and thighs as I rose, I obeyed him. I took comfort, for a moment, in the knowledge that I wouldn't have to look at Heather, but to my dismay that very thought made me steal a glance at her. I had hoped to see her eyes closed, or lowered, or even on Daddy John's muscular arms, but instead I found them locked on my face, so that a surge of heat rose to my cheeks.

The expression on the other girl's face made my heart race. I saw resentment there, but I also saw, confusingly, a mixture of sympathy for me and, worst of all, a need that mirrored my own. I understood that Heather had enjoyed seeing me get paddled, and it made my tummy lurch.

I turned away, chewing on my lower lip, to face the opposite wall. From behind me I heard Philippa weeping loudly as Colonel Bronson bound her to the bench in Brenda's place.

"Hush, honey," the colonel said. "Crying isn't going to make it better. You have a lesson to learn, and I'm going to teach it to you as I see fit."

I closed my eyes, and put my hands on my knees, trying not to picture what I looked like to Heather.

"Move backward, now, Claudia," Daddy John said. "And push that ass out. I want your anus right on Heather's mouth for a little kiss, first of all. Heather, sweetheart, keep your chin raised. Your nose is going right in her bottom crack."

I heard the crack of the paddle against Philippa's alabaster bottom. The dark-haired girl started to scream from the very beginning. The bench under her creaked with her desperate struggle against the webbing straps.

My hot, paddled backside seemed to obey my daddy without me even intending it. I felt my back arch and my feet shuffle back one inch, two, three... Philippa's punishment went on, the sharp strokes of the paddle punctuated by her agonized pleas for mercy as the colonel spanked her hard and steadily.

I gave a tiny cry at the feeling of Heather's face in my darkest, most hidden place. The pleasure it gave, and the need it evoked, sent a massive jolt through my whole body. Philippa screamed as she received her terrible lesson for being mean to me. I pressed my anus against Heather's mouth, and heard her muffled sob as she kissed me there. I ground my bottom against the other girl's face, and cried out in helpless pleasure.

"Would you like to touch yourself, Claudia?" Daddy John asked from somewhere that seemed both very close and very far away. "You may go head and play with your pussy, if you like, while Heather makes amends."

CHAPTER 14

Claudia

"Oh, no," I whispered. "Please."

But even as I spoke, I had my right hand between my thighs, fingertips rubbing my clit in a hard circle. I pushed with my hips, though that made the heat in my face grow even greater. I heard a little sob from the face down there, the face between my bottom-cheeks, between my thighs. The girl who had looked at me with her scornful eyes.

Well, now all you can see is my ass, Heather, you little...

The paddle came down, and Philippa cried out as the colonel punished her. I bit my lip, changing the pressure on my clit, easing up and caressing myself the way a tender, kind daddy would. I felt a balloon of pleasure expand in my tummy as I rode the pretty face of the naughty girl my daddy had told to make me feel good. With my hands on my knees, I twerked, and Heather licked, and with my eyes tightly shut I felt I would go over the edge, explode into orgasm, in a nanosecond... a picosecond... a femtosecond...

"Don't come, Claudia," Daddy John commanded.

"Oh, God..." I moaned. "Please, Daddy." I gasped, and, because Heather didn't stop licking—as if she wanted to get me in trouble by bringing on my climax—I jerked myself forward.

I couldn't have helped the fearful movement if I had tried; my daddy's voice had already taken possession of my body that way, and the purely physical idea that he would paddle me even more for letting myself orgasm drove my muscles. I pulled away from Heather's face, stumbled, and fell, ending up with my hands and knees on the carpet, sobbing with need.

A final crack sounded from the pink paddle on Philippa's upraised bottom, and a final wail came from her mouth.

"There," the colonel said. "Daddy John, you'll want to take Claudia to the SRD quarters, I guess. The rest of you girls are going back on duty until your daddies arrive, and I don't care how sore your butts are in your seats. We have data to analyze, more of it thanks to you needing this lesson."

* * *

The quarters were a reasonably spacious room with four cots in it, in a row with their heads against the wall and footlockers underneath. All were neatly made, but three of them showed signs of occupation: a few personal items on a small nightstand to the right of the cot.

The fourth nightstand had nothing on it. Daddy John pointed to that cot, the one on the far right.

"That one's yours, hacker girl," he told me. "The bathroom is right next door. You'll find toiletries in your footlocker. You may go ahead and wash up, and then hit the sack."

I turned to him, feeling my brow cloud as I remembered all his threats and promises, and the things I didn't understand about this horrible 'program.'

"How long?" I asked, and then, "And... when I wake up..."

"Don't worry about that," Daddy John said, a little smile quirking his lips. "I'll come back when it's time to break you in."

My heart jumped at the casual humiliation of his words, but the mortifying heat flared between my thighs, too. It didn't make any sense to deny it, it seemed to me, after what had happened in the punishment room. What mattered was how I dealt with it.

I couldn't let it rule me, no matter how 'Daddy' John made me feel when he said something like break you in.

I took a shallow breath through parted lips, and said softly, as if to myself, "Whatever, dude."

Daddy John grabbed my upper arm and turned me to face him. "Claudia, I'm going to let that go, because you're very tired, and you just went through a real discipline session and a serious test of your obedience. But I'm not going to let you slide back from what you're achieving."

I felt a sob rise into my throat, and tears prick the corners of my eyes. "Achieving?" I demanded. "What the fuck are you talking about? You're going to force me to participate in a secret, unjust, inhumane war. You're going to... to... use me as some kind of sex toy. What the fuck kind of achievement is that?"

To my astonishment, he pulled me closer and enfolded my stiffening limbs in his arms. I

felt not only his physical strength but suddenly also his emotional strength and his mental strength too. The realization broke over me that even if he hadn't meant to provoke this reaction in me—as he might well have intended, for all I knew, because he apparently understood me so well—he definitely meant everything he had said. He definitely meant achieving.

Daddy John really did intend to be my daddy. That meant sex, but it also meant...

I heaved a huge sob, and I let my body relax, let him hug me and hold me.

"This isn't easy, sweetheart," he said gently into my ear. "You've been a bad girl, and you've made some bad decisions. But we're going to change that." I felt his right hand move down my back to cup my paddled bottom, as if to remind me of what he had done, how he had taught me.

"I'm... I don't want... I'm not..." I babbled into his broad, muscular chest, just wanting him to hear my voice, really, protesting.

"Shh. I know how hard it is to admit that you're a bad girl. It's even harder to learn how to use it, and to turn yourself into a good girl without losing yourself."

"Oh, God," I whispered through my tears, feeling a kind of release, and relief, I hadn't even really imagined I could feel: body and mind and soul. My mind went back to the punishment room, the Special Administrative room. Since the door had closed behind us perhaps five minutes before I had managed to shut the whole humiliating, painful scene out of my mind. Now, in Daddy John's arms, with his firm hand on my bottom, the sense-memories coursed through my nervous system, and to my surprise they felt... good.

"Let's get you into bed," Daddy John said softly. "You can wash up later."

Gently he released me from the hug, took my hand, and walked me over to my new cot. He pulled back the covers, and I climbed in, naked, biting my lip at the sensation of the cool sheets on my bare limbs. I looked up at the tall man in the dark suit, who stooped and bent over me. My mouth opened as I thought he might kiss me there, but instead he planted the kiss on my forehead, then withdrew his face to look into my eyes, smiling gently.

"Sleep well, hacker girl," he said.

* * *

In the night—if it was the night, since I had no way of knowing—I woke up, gradually, to the sounds of fucking in the cot next to mine. I came out of sleep so slowly that Philippa's moans a few feet over seemed at first like they might be my own. My face got hot, in the shred of a dream that seemed to overtake my half-waking imagination, and in the real world of the SRD quarters, because Daddy John—in the dream—told me that he would

get me nice and ready for his penis. He spread my legs wide open, and he kissed me down there, to prepare my virgin pussy. His tongue went inside, and I moaned as he tasted me, opening my knees even further, desperate for more.

Really, in my cot, I did spread my thighs, and as I began to emerge fully from my dream I realized I had my hand there. I pressed my fingers inside, gently like a daddy's tongue, and I let out a whimper when I realized how very wet I had gotten.

Then I understood that the moans from the cot next to me belonged to Philippa, because my own little noise sounded different in my ears. My eyes opened, and then I shut them immediately when I saw, because of the surge of heat the sight sent to my cheeks. But the image, half-lit in the semi-darkness of the room, had burned itself into my mind's eye.

Philippa was getting an anal fucking from a big, strong man. Face down, bottom up, her daddy rode her backside hard, as she emitted little cries of discomfort with every thrust.

The dark-haired girl, however, wasn't the only bad girl with a penis inside her. On the other side of Philippa's cot I could see that one of Heather's daddies and one of Brenda's daddies had come to enjoy their fuck toys, too. I couldn't really tell, especially with my eyes closed after only a glimpse of the scene, how the other men had chosen to use Heather and Brenda, but listening to the sounds in the room as I lay there with my heart racing, I felt certain that each of the three daddies liked to thrust hard inside a young woman's body, and with great authority.

"Heather, baby," a deep voice said, "spread those cheeks. You were naughty, weren't you. I just wish I'd been the one to paddle you."

Heather—I thought it must be her—gave a little cry, audible over the softer noises of Philippa and Brenda, and the creaking of the cots as the daddies had their way.

"That's it," said the same voice. "There you go. Look down, baby. Look at my cock in your ass."

I couldn't help it: my hand between my legs moved quickly, and I emitted a whimpering little cry.

Next to me, another masculine voice, sounding slightly strained with its owner's exertions in Philippa's bottom, said, "I think the new one is awake. What's her name? She's playing with her cunt. That's not allowed, honey. Get your hand out of there—your cunt is for your daddies."

I scrunched my face up so tight in embarrassment that it hurt. I ripped my hand away. I had meant to try to pretend I was asleep, to turn over to face the wall as if I hadn't heard, but I knew the startled, violent motion the fighter pilot had somehow caused in me by using the c-word had given me away. I opened my eyes to see the chiseled, dark-eyed face of Philippa's daddy looking down at me. To my dismay, I couldn't keep my eyes from traveling downward, to take in his rock-hard abs and, further down, the lewd joining

of his body to the wrong part of Philippa's, the terrible stretching of her bottom on his huge cock.

"Claudia," said a third man's voice, now—the daddy fucking Brenda, I guessed.

The man in Philippa's anus spoke again, his voice stern. He had stopped thrusting in his bad girl's bottom, but with each phrase Philippa gave a little whimper, as if she could feel his deep voice inside her most private place. "Claudia, honey, I'm Daddy Jake. I'm guessing you know you're not allowed to masturbate without permission. Put your hands outside the covers where I can see them while I finish up in Philippa's butt-hole. You can watch if you want, but you need to wait for Daddy John to break your cunt in before you get to come. We're almost done fucking, so you'll all get back to sleep in a few minutes. Your daddies will come get you in the morning."

I closed my eyes, and swallowed a sob of utter humiliation. Defeated, I took my hands from beneath the covers and laid them atop the blanket. I heard Daddy Jake begin to move inside Philippa's bottom again, his rhythm faster now, her cries louder as she took the cock.

"Man," said Heather's daddy, "you've got a way with words, Jake." I could tell from the cadence of his speech that he had started to thrust in his fuck toy's anus, too. "I'm Daddy Brian, Claudia," he said, a chuckle audible in his voice, "nice to meet you. The daddy fucking Brenda's butt is Daddy Mike. He doesn't talk quite as much as we do."

The third man, Daddy Mike, gave a grunt as if to confirm that information.

All of them. All with penises in their bottoms. My lips parted and my breathing came raggedly between my lips. My hands curled into fists as I heard the daddies come with soft, satisfied grunts, their bad girls crying out beneath them.

CHAPTER 15

Claudia

When I woke up again, I couldn't help wondering if the shameful scene had only occurred in a dream. I looked over to the other cots and saw them empty and neatly made, as if my fellow SRDs hadn't even come to bed.

Either because of the lingering effects of what had happened in the night, or because I had slept for so long, so deeply, I had one of those rare waking things where you don't even remember who you are. For a few seconds, I felt like a completely different person from the young woman who had boarded the transport plane. I felt healthy, rested, and a little sore, as if I had started a new exercise program.

I felt good. I had awoken from a weird dream about my new colleagues, but now the time had come to get up and get dressed and start my new job. Above all, I wanted a shower. It didn't even occur to me that my new job involved shooting stuff down and blowing shit up; I had a place to go and co-workers to greet.

The door opened, and I saw Daddy John standing in the doorway, with two other men, just as tall as he, behind him. I felt my lips part as everything that I had managed to shove to the back of my mind came pouring back into consciousness. The strangest part was that the good feeling didn't evaporate—or not completely. The appearance of the men just seemed like a roadblock: past them lay the shower, breakfast, and the control room.

That idea lasted a moment, the few seconds it took the three of them, all smiling, to enter the SRD quarters fully, and to come stand over my cot. Feeling my eyes widen, I propped myself up on my elbows and looked at them, though the part of me that had managed to forget so much of what had happened yesterday kept urging me not to look at them—my daddies—but rather at the door, still open behind them.

Because when I looked from Daddy John's handsome face, with his close-cropped blond

hair looking a little like a halo, to the faces of the men in Air Force fatigues who stood to either side of him, they didn't look like a roadblock. Yes, they definitely blocked my way to the door. And yes, part of me wanted to dart through the tiny space they had left between their massive, muscular bodies.

But no, whatever new young woman I had become knew that part of the feeling of rest and health I had experienced upon waking came from Daddy John. I might still want to deny it, especially in front of Heather and Brenda, but at my slowly awakening core I knew it.

It came from my first daddy; he had changed into the same khakis and polo shirt quasi-uniform worn by the other civilians I had seen in the control room. He looked rested, too—I hadn't even realized until I saw the smoothness of his face and the brightness of his blue eyes that my new daddy's tiredness had made an impression on me the previous day.

The observer part of my brain realized then, with dismay, that I cared about him. I felt my face begin to heat up.

The first blush of the day, right on cue, my disgusted brain said.

But the good feeling, as embarrassing as the idea might be, came from the big man whose firm hand had punished me like a little girl in an old-fashioned story: over his knee, and then with a paddle. Naked.

Who had watched the doctor spank my pussy. Who had made me put my butt in a mean girl's face, and then forbidden me to come when the humiliation felt so terribly good.

Who had brought two Air Force officers to stand over me as I lay nude under the covers that Daddy John now stooped down to take hold of, and to draw back as I murmured a half-awake protest.

LT REUTER said the name strip of the redheaded pilot on the left. MAJ YOUNT read the one on the fatigues of the brown-haired man on the right. The white teeth in their smiling mouths shone down on me as Daddy John pulled away the thin blanket and the top sheet, so that they could see the naked bad girl he had brought them.

"Good morning, hacker girl," he said, sitting down at the foot of the cot and putting his right hand idly on my thigh. "How did you sleep?"

I bit my lip, my brow furrowing. Truthfully, even with the lewd interruption, which of course I now understood to have been completely real, I had slept better than I could remember having slept at least since coming to college. Already, though, as the various parts of my mind and body awoke, I felt the need to push back.

"Fine," I said, narrowing my eyes, twisting my mouth to the side, and making the syllable sound like it actually meant crappy.

Major Yount frowned so deeply that it drew my attention away from the more patient-seeming face of Daddy John.

"Fine what, Claudia?"

My eyes widened again as I heard his voice, even deeper than Daddy John's, and saw the sternness in his eyes. I opened my mouth, but had nothing to say because I didn't understand what he wanted and I suddenly felt a thrill of fear that the wrong thing would have swift consequences—even faster in arriving than I had experienced at the pretty-darn-quick hands of Daddy John.

Lieutenant Reuter spoke, his voice lighter than either of the others, though still in the baritone range.

"What do you call your daddies, honey?" he said helpfully. "I'm Daddy Pete, and this is Daddy Alex."

Now I thought I understood, but a little confusion lingered because of how Daddy Pete had phrased it, so I said, "Daddy?" in a questioning tone, my eyes moving from the redheaded pilot to the brown-haired one and then to Daddy John again.

"She's had a little trouble with that," said Daddy John, and only then did I remember how hard I had tried to foil his effort to make calling him Daddy a big moment for me—and how big a thing it had been, when I did, sincerely call him Daddy to beg him to stop paddling me.

"Now that's a pretty blush," Daddy Pete said. "It'll be prettier when we get your hair back to its natural color, Claudia."

Daddy Alex snorted. "I kind of like the purple."

I looked at him, frowning. The arrogant expression on his handsome face made the heat in my cheeks worse, even as it tied my stomach in a knot.

"It'll make me feel like I'm fucking a rebel. I like to fuck rebels."

My lips parted, but no sound came out. I looked at Daddy Pete, and then at Daddy John, and I saw smiles on their faces, as if Daddy Alex had made a joke they didn't really want me to see them laughing at.

"Let's get you into the shower, sweetheart," Daddy John said. "We want you nice and clean."

I felt my brow furrow. Suddenly desperate to delay the moment I had to stand naked not only in front of him but also these new, even scarier daddies, I looked over at the three empty cots.

"Where are they?" I blurted out.

"She really does have a problem with it," said Daddy Alex, his voice sounding annoyed. "Claudia, Daddy John's clearly been going easy on you so far, but I don't think that teaches you anything. You'll address us properly or you'll learn your lesson. Get out of bed, and make it tidily. Then I want you bending over the foot with your hands on the blanket. We're going to nip this as much in the bud as we can."

My jaw dropped all the way as I looked at Daddy John, who now had a resigned look in his eyes, and nodded his chin as if he had to acknowledge the rightness of Daddy Alex's firm response.

"To answer your question," he said, "the other SRDs are at work in the control room. You have the day off because you just arrived and because you're going to lose your virginity today, and start learning to please your daddies."

"In a few minutes, actually," Daddy Pete put in, clearly trying to help me set my expectations. "Right after your shower."

I felt my heart race and heard my breathing speed up through my open mouth.

"Now do as Daddy Alex said. He's absolutely right that I've let your manners slide a little, and that's going to stop now."

"Give us a yes, Daddy, bad girl," Daddy Alex said, his dark eyes narrowing as he looked down at me. "Your little butt has a date with my open hand, but it doesn't have to delay the nice parts of your morning too long."

I turned my eyes downward to look at my naked body, and felt helpless tears start to trickle. I realized I had a choice, but the choice didn't represent anything like freedom. Even more than Daddy John had, Daddy Alex clearly wanted me to understand that resistance had no point whatsoever.

"Yes, Daddy," I whispered.

"Louder, please," said Daddy Pete, his helpfulness seeming only to make things worse for me.

I looked up at him, and then turned to Daddy Alex—and then, trying to make a point, to Daddy John. When I spoke, I spoke to the man I had first called Daddy.

"Yes, Daddy," I said slowly and clearly, and started to get out of bed.

They watched me do my best to make up the cot. I could feel a little of the soreness from the paddle lingering in my bottom-cheeks and thighs, but to my dismay it didn't really hurt, but almost felt good—what didn't feel good was the tingle there, the electric trill that Daddy Alex had brought with his promise of the consequences for my lack of manners.

My hands felt weird and clumsy on the top sheet and the light blanket. My body had

started to tremble all over.

No, I told myself. It doesn't feel good. It's not making you warm. It's not making you...

I had bent over the cot to tuck the corners in as close to what I thought hospital corners should look like as I could manage. I felt a big hand take hold of my bottom—not violently, but not gently either. I turned, face blazing, to look over my shoulder and I saw that the hand whose two middle fingers pressed urgently between my thighs belonged to Daddy Alex. He smiled at my blush, and probed down there until I gasped and bit my lip, turning my face back down toward the bed.

"Is she wet?" asked Daddy John.

"She sure is," confirmed the dark-haired pilot. "It's time, hacker girl. Palms flat on the bed."

I felt his other arm come across the back of my waist and take hold of my hip. I knew Daddy John would have waited for me to obey him before he started in on the punishment, but Daddy Alex made it clear now that he would treat me differently: my hands were moving on the blanket, making fists, trying instinctively to push or pull away, but the huge hand on my hip tightened and the one behind me left my pussy and then he had started spanking me, right-left, right-left.

I cried out, and my automatic struggling got more strenuous, but Daddy Alex didn't seem to care in the slightest. He said, "The spanking doesn't start until your hands are where I told you."

A sob burst from my throat. This fighter pilot had the same meticulous ideas about obedience as Daddy John, but he also didn't mind using my confusion and hesitation against me.

"Ow... please, just..." I yelped. I needed to gather my wits, if only to obey him. I just wanted him to stop for a moment so I could obey him in the way I felt like obeying him.

Daddy Alex didn't allow that.

"You know what to do, hacker girl. Go ahead and do it."

He spanked me so hard that all the need I had felt a moment before vanished. The electric tingling had become real pain, and now my body obeyed out of self-preservation. I unclenched my hands and put them atop the cot.

"Push that bottom out," said Daddy Pete. "Show your daddy you can be a good girl."

Daddy Alex's abrupt, forceful style—in combination with the presence of Daddy John, who stood off to my other side with his arms folded across his chest in a satisfied posture—seemed to draw submission from my very limbs. I cried out, and arched my back, bending my knees so I could do as Daddy Pete had said, even though I felt instantly how much it

exposed my bottom to Daddy Alex's punishment.

He slowed the spanking, though, when I had done as my other pilot daddy had instructed. He gave me one hard spank in the middle of my bottom, and then his hand returned to my pussy. I gave a different kind of cry as I felt myself suddenly on the brink of orgasm, and my whole body jerked with the instant return of the humiliating ache down there.

"Let's get her to the shower," said Daddy John. "I need to fuck her as bad as she needs a cock inside her."

CHAPTER 16

John

I enjoyed watching alongside Pete and Alex as Claudia got herself clean in the shower. My fighter pilot colleagues had a more straightforward interpretation than I did of how to take care of the Sexual Relief Device assigned to them, for all that their individual approaches differed according to their personalities.

"Make sure you get that pussy nice and clean," Alex said, peering into the steamy shower stall. "Your bottom, too."

Claudia looked out at him with wide eyes, and then over to me. My heart got two degrees warmer, it felt like: the sheer size of Alex and the hyper-masculine way he carried himself had very clearly exerted its effect on her, but I had laid the groundwork leading up to the expression on her face. Claudia understood me to be the daddy in charge of her, the ultimate authority in her new life.

I spoke gently, nodding to confirm Alex's instruction. "Go ahead and get your finger nice and soapy, sweetheart," I told her, "and then I want you to bend over and clean out your anus for us."

She responded with a pout that looked so theatrical that I had a hard time not laughing. Pete admonished her for it, letting the firmer side of his generally easygoing nature come to the fore.

"Now honey," he said, his resonant baritone ringing off the metal surfaces of the shower, "you already got spanked this morning, didn't you? Your daddies have a right to have your bottom-hole nice and clean for us. Do as Daddy John said."

Claudia looked at him, swallowing visibly. For a moment the sound of the shower's rushing water was all the noise in the bathroom. Claudia had already washed her hair and now it lay flat for the first time since I had laid eyes on her back in the interrogation

room, the water darkening the purple color so that it looked almost black. She looked adorably vulnerable as her eyes darted among the faces of her three daddies, all of us looking into her shower stall—which had of course been designed with an especially wide entrance to allow multiple men to watch a young woman get herself clean, or to take their own clothes off and use her in the shower.

I promised myself I would do that with my hacker girl before too long, but I'm enough of a traditionalist that I thought Claudia's first time should be in bed.

"You can turn around, sweetheart," I told her, "so you don't have to see us while you do it. Put your arm up against the wall and bend over."

Claudia chewed the inside of her cheek for one second longer, and then she obeyed. I thought I could see a hint of gratitude for my suggestion that she could avoid our eyes. My cock leaped at the sight of her naked body bent over against the wall, her delicious little bottom offered to her daddies, glistening wet.

"Get that finger covered with soap," I told her.

She put her hand to the soap dish and worked her fingers over it for a moment. I pictured the sweet frown on her turned-away face, and felt the warm affection swell inside me again, even as my erection swelled further down. Claudia Danforth had a definite hold on me, I realized.

I spoke again. "Now reach between your legs and put that finger up your bottom."

Claudia made a little sobbing sound that seemed to mingle shame and need. We could hear her breathing hard but for a moment she did nothing.

"Hacker girl," Alex growled.

Her hand moved, then, and descended sluggishly.

"Bend your knees," Pete told her. "Push out that butt and show us your little hole."

"Oh, no," she whispered, as her hand moved back, and then up, between her thighs. Then, as her fingertip found the soapy little bud of her anus, she just said, "Oh."

"That's it," I told her. "Push it in, now."

She must have bitten her lip, then, because a muffled noise came from her throat, as she obeyed me, and I watched her middle fingertip enter the tiny hole I meant to stretch open on my cock so very soon.

"Nice and clean, sweetheart," I said. "That's it. Good girl."

* * *

Claudia

I couldn't keep the little sobs from emerging, as I moved the finger gently in and out. I had my eyes firmly shut; even the sight of the shiny metal shower wall would have reminded me that three huge men stood behind me, watching me clean my anus for them.

Part of my mind kept trying to reassure me, foolishly, over and over, He won't. They won't. Daddy John won't let them.

But I knew they would. The doctor had said so, and Daddy John had said so. A thrill of fear went through me. The finger in my bottom felt shamefully good, but even its small width had an edge of discomfort, too. How could a hard penis go in there?

The doctor's words came back to me: Pretty soon you'll wonder what you made such a fuss about. I felt my cheeks go much hotter than the shower's water as I thought of Daddy John while I got my bottom clean for him, and for Daddy Alex and Daddy Pete. Heat began to spread forward, between my legs, too, and I couldn't help using my other fingers to assuage some of it, pressing against my clit so that my knees trembled.

"Is she playing with herself?" Daddy Pete asked. "Jake said he saw her doing that, right?"

I gave a cry of shame, and pulled my hand away, turning around to look at my daddies with a denial on my lips.

"Sweetheart," Daddy John said, "if you're a good girl, you can ask permission when you're feeling needy, and your daddies will almost always give it. It's very important to us, though, that you remember who your pussy belongs to now."

I looked into his serious blue eyes, my lower lip between my teeth. Something about the arrival of the other daddies, with their different ways and their similar hungry focus on my body, had made me feel closer to Daddy John, the one who had put me over his knee at the very beginning. The words came to my lips unbidden by my mind.

"Yes, Daddy," I said.

He turned off the water in the shower, and Daddy Pete handed me a big fluffy towel that seemed out of place at Airbase Zeta, but was very welcome anyway. To my surprise, he also took another towel and dried my hair with it, playfully covering my face. I couldn't help giggling at the way he tickled my ears, although my face stayed hot since I knew all three of them must still be looking at me.

"Yeah, the purple's kind of growing on me," Daddy John said when the towel left my head. "Not Air Force regulation, though."

I had the towel around me, now, and I started to fold it down at the front to fasten it, the

way I would at school to keep covered, but Daddy John reached out and stopped me, and Daddy Alex took the towels away. I stood naked in front of them, with Daddy John only a few inches away, and I swallowed hard as I looked up into his face.

Suddenly, so quickly that it took my breath away, he put his left hand behind my head, and thrust his right between my legs. I cried out, but at the same moment Daddy John also bent his head and kissed me hard. Then he drew his face back, just an inch or two. Out of the corners of my eyes I could see my other two daddies standing a foot away, watching Daddy John work my shaved pussy on his fingers, watching my body buck against his grasp as he took possession of my body that way.

"Come, Claudia," he said in a low growl. "Come for your daddies, now."

I cried out as his two middle fingers entered me, his thumb on my clit. I felt my own lewd wetness add itself to the last drops of the warm shower water. The shameful lingering sensation of my own finger in my bottom-hole added heat, down there. My nipples stiffened and tingled.

Then it all got much worse, but much better too, because Daddy Pete and Daddy Alex suddenly had their warm hands on me as well. I felt Daddy Pete reach in between Daddy John and me, to take firm hold of my left breast, kneading it and pinching the nipple. Just as Daddy John kissed me again, this time keeping his mouth on mine, I whimpered into his mouth with the sensation of my red-haired daddy's fingers on the little pink berry he had seized.

Then I felt Daddy Alex put his huge right hand on my bottom, and my whimper into Daddy John's mouth became a startled, humiliated, needy cry. Daddy Alex's middle finger went boldly between my little butt-cheeks, to press against my anus and push in his fingertip, so much bigger than my own.

It seemed to me all to happen at once, and the beginning of my orgasm took hold of me like the sudden closing of a vise. Almost instantly I started to come, my whole body jerking in my daddies' grasp. Daddy John kept kissing me, and I kept crying out, sobbing, moaning into his open mouth as my climax went on and on like no orgasm I had ever thought possible.

I lost track of time, I'm pretty sure, because suddenly I realized Daddy John had lifted me up and started to carry me out of the bathroom. We were in the corridor, and then we were in what I realized must be his quarters. The bed he laid me on was very big. He had taken all the covers off except the fitted sheet.

I understood why he must have such a big bed, even in his otherwise spartan quarters on this airbase. I realized it must be because a daddy needs a big bed so that he can enjoy himself completely with his bad girl, and so that other daddies can enjoy themselves with her at the same time. Distantly, I felt that understanding make me blush, because three daddies were here with me, and—I saw now—they had started to take their clothes off.

At the end of the bed, they took off their shirts, and I saw their rock-hard abs. Three six-packs that made me swallow hard, and made my jaw drop a little, my mouth watering when I wasn't swallowing. As they put their hands to their belts I felt my breathing speed up and my heart race. I wanted to beg them not to drop their pants almost as much as I needed to see.

I had never seen a penis at all, not in real life. Not a soft one, let alone three enormous, hard ones, jutting at me from the sinewy loins of two fighter pilots and a drop-dead handsome spy.

"Come here," Daddy John said, gesturing to me with his right hand as his left stroked the rigid length of his manhood.

My eyes widened. I didn't know what he meant.

"Come meet your daddies," said Daddy Alex, his eyes amused. He had his cock in his right hand, and with the index finger of his left he indicated precisely what he meant.

I bit my lip. My instinctive Educational Facility-taught modesty made the heat rush to my face as I looked at the huge, hard penises in their hands.

"We'll be gentle this time," Daddy Pete assured me. "But you need to learn. Your mouth is a very important place for your daddies to enjoy themselves."

"After all," said Daddy Alex, "you have three holes, and now you have three daddies."

My jaw dropped, and now I could hear the raggedness of my breath. I looked at Daddy John, realizing yet again how thoroughly he had made his way into my mind and even—I realized with a little sob—my heart.

He reached for me, taking me firmly by my upper arm with one hand while the other seized the back of my head. To my dismay the roughness only made my clit ache more with shameful desire. He pulled me onto hands and knees, and he drew me forward toward him. Then, with one hand on the back of my neck, he took his hardness in the other and moved my face so close that I could see how his cock throbbed with the beating of his heart.

"Open your mouth, hacker girl," he said, his voice a low murmur.

CHAPTER 17

Claudia

I took a gasping breath, my lips parted, fearing that Daddy John would shove his rigid penis between them but unable to keep from panting with both need and alarm. He didn't, though: he wanted me to obey him, to begin to suck my first penis in compliance with my daddy's command, rather than because he had forced it on me.

"Wider, honey," Daddy Pete said. My brow furrowing hard, I turned my head to look up at him, standing to Daddy John's left. Daddy John's hand on the back of my neck kept a tension there, but allowed the movement. Daddy Pete's patient face, his green eyes, gazed down at me even as I could sense in my peripheral vision how he, like the others, pumped his hard penis all the while.

I couldn't help it: I looked over at Daddy Alex, too, on the other side of Daddy John. My dark-haired daddy had a smile on his face, too, but his eyes had a hunger and an arrogance that made me bite my lip. I couldn't bear to keep my eyes on that expression: I had to look further down, and I saw his hairy, muscular chest, and then I had to compare all three of them; the range of their skin colors took my breath away almost as much as their rock-hard abs.

Daddy Alex's dark skin, Daddy John's tanned skin, Daddy Pete's pale, freckled skin. The black, curly hair on Daddy Alex's chest. Daddy John's golden fur. Daddy Pete's crinkly red hair all over his taut belly.

Then, further down... I felt my face flame, and my pussy flame, at the sight of their penises. My lips parted again as I realized how different they were: all so long and all so hard, but Daddy Alex's cock so very dark in color, and curving so sharply upward, while Daddy John's jutted straight out, thicker than Daddy Alex's, it seemed to me, while Daddy Pete's hardness seemed the thickest of all. I had to close my mouth to swallow one more time, because I had really started to salivate, though it brought even more heat to my cheeks.

I didn't know how my mouth could water like that, at the thought that I would have to please all three of them, from now on—take their enormous cocks wherever they wanted to put them in the three holes Daddy Alex had mentioned. I didn't want to think about it; I didn't want to give in to my body's betrayal by giving it the slightest bit of attention.

I felt Daddy John's hand on the back of my neck, turning me more firmly toward his own rigid penis. I whimpered deep in my throat as the strength of his fingers reminded me of what would happen if I didn't obey my daddies. My bottom tingled with the deep heat left over from Daddy Alex spanking me over my bed.

I opened my mouth, feeling my forehead crease so deeply it hurt. I curled my tongue over my teeth, instinctively trying to soften the place my daddy's penis would go. I looked at the hard penis two inches in front of my nose, the strangely fluted head of it.

I leaned forward, uncertain whether I was supposed to put my mouth on my daddy's cock or wait for him to thrust it between my lips.

"Eyes up, hacker girl," Daddy John said. "Look at me."

I closed my eyes, at first. I didn't mean to disobey, but the wave of shameful arousal that thrilled through my body at my daddy's naughty command seemed to force my lids down, though I kept my mouth open. If I thought I had been blushing before, I hadn't even known what the word meant.

"Look at how red her face got," Daddy Alex said. "It's okay, babygirl. You'll learn to beg for cock pretty soon."

My hips jerked at the sound of that word—those two words, put together. I had never imagined that kind of word might be applied to me; much worse, I had never imagined that my body would respond the way it did. I closed my eyes even more tightly, and a sob rose from my chest, but I kept my mouth open, stuck my tongue out even farther.

But Daddy John didn't just shove his hardness between my lips, the way I felt certain he wanted me to—and the way I wanted him to, so that it wouldn't have to happen while I looked him in his striking blue eyes. For a moment I thought he would; the tension in the huge hand at the back of my head increased, and I felt him tug my face toward his body.

He turned my face though, and he brought my burning cheek up against his belly, so that I gasped at the feel of the muscles rippling there. I took a sharp breath through my nose, and I could smell his rich, masculine fragrance as he held me in place—and I realized just a moment before it happened why he had done it and what he meant to do now.

"No!" I cried out, but his other hand came down hard on my bottom, giving a sharp spank to my right cheek. I yelped, "Daddy! Please!" but he spanked me again on the other side just as hard.

"That's it," Daddy Alex said, from somewhere outside the darkness of Daddy John's taut abdomen.

"See what you get, honey?" Daddy Pete asked.

Daddy John brought his hand down again, the crack of the spank echoing off the walls of his quarters, and I felt tears prickle my eyes. Wasn't he going to say something? Give me a chance to plead, or compromise, or even say Yes?

He spanked me again, and my body started to struggle against his grip of its own accord, my hands scrabbling on the fitted sheet of his enormous bed.

"Ow! I'll... I'll..."

Another spank, and still he said nothing.

"I'll do it!" I yelled. "I'll look at you! Daddy... Daddy... please... it hurts."

Instantly he pulled my face away, and shifted his hand so he could cradle my head lightly around the back of my neck, titling my chin up so that I looked at him through the unshed tears his discipline had brought to my eyes.

"It's supposed to hurt, Claudia," he said simply and slowly. "That's how you learn."

His left hand departed from my chin, and I bit my lip as I understood that he would do it now, that he had taken hold of his long, hard manhood, and I would have to receive it in my mouth. I opened my lips wide, suddenly desperate to show I could be his good girl, because his eyes looked so patient and so knowing.

Yes, it was shameful to have to suck a penis, but I was a bad girl, wasn't I? I had to learn, or I would get spanked over and over, wouldn't I?

He held it straight out and he held my head in place, his fingers twining in my still-wet hair. I heard a whimpery little sound come from the back of my throat as Daddy John started to thrust his hips forward, and then I had his hardness between my lips. His blue eyes narrowed a little, as a smile appeared on his lips, and I felt my hips jerk at the filthy thought of the pleasure he clearly took in deflowering the first of my holes.

He pressed his cock in slowly, the knob and the thick shaft huge and uncomfortable over my tongue, until I felt like my mouth was much too full. For a moment, my senses seemed to whirl with the combination of shameful thought and new sensation that came with my utterly submissive position: naked, on my hands and knees on a huge bed, with three enormous hard cocks in front of me, one of them already enjoying my mouth.

I looked up into my daddy's eyes, the hungry gaze of a dominant man who likes to possess his little girl in every way her body can make his cock feel good. His smile broadened as he began to move his hips in an easy rhythm, gently fucking my face as he held it firmly in place for his steady thrusting.

"Good girl," I heard Daddy Pete say from over to my left. "That's it."

The long, hard penis felt so big between my lips, and Daddy John seemed to push in a

little further with every movement. I tried to concentrate on breathing through my nose, but I began to feel like my gag reflex might kick in. The terrible thought came to me that my daddy didn't care—that he would enjoy himself anyway, maybe even more because he knew he had pushed his rigid manhood in too far. I clenched, and I let out a little moan around the thrusting cock, to my dismay, and I saw his smile get even wider.

"How is she?" asked Daddy Alex, and his demeaning words made my nipples tingle, but not as much as Daddy John's humiliating response.

"She'll learn," he said. "She's doing fine for her first time."

He had taken his hand from his cock, and now I felt his taut upper body shift a little as he reached that hand out to seize my backside. I cried out around the thick, thrusting shaft as I felt his two middle fingers find my virgin sheath and enter me, beginning to match the rhythm of the surging penis in my mouth.

I closed my eyes, moaning as I suddenly, without even thinking about it, tried to soften my mouth, to yield it more fully. If Daddy John liked my mouth, maybe he would make my pussy feel good.

It already felt good, the way his fingers moved, the way they left me to rub my clit with their tips covered in my helpless arousal. Eyes closed, ever more aroused by the shameless display I made of myself in front of my three daddies, I rode the firm hand between my thighs.

"Open your eyes, hacker girl," said Daddy John. But I couldn't. I couldn't look up and see my daddy—see all my daddies. I whimpered, and tried to keep my tongue over my teeth, and moved my hips to his demanding rhythm.

Suddenly the hand left me. My eyes opened, to look up at him and see that the width of his smile had grown much less. He held himself deep in my mouth, so that my breaths came as desperate puffs, and I felt his weight shift again, in a way that had become too familiar. I yelped in fear, gagged though I was on my daddy's penis, just before his big hand came down on my bottom.

The spank rang out, and my body bucked in his grasp, my backside weaving side to side in a feeble attempt at escape.

"Do as you're told, Claudia," Daddy John said, as he spanked me again, and then again. The sting felt strangely muted, I realized, as if the need he had awakened between my thighs had changed it into something other than sheer pain. Looking up into his eyes as he punished me, I had the sense that every part of my first oral service had happened according to his plan. Another bit of my resistance seemed to go out of me.

As if he could see that victory, and meant to build upon it, Daddy John pulled his cock from my mouth, and at the same time returned his hand to my pussy. With the hand in my hair he turned my head toward the right, where Daddy Alex's manhood waited. Its

head and shaft disappeared and reappeared over and over from his fist as he pleased himself in anticipation of using me to get greater satisfaction.

“Have some,” Daddy John said simply, making me clench again on his thick, mobile fingers.

CHAPTER 18

Claudia

Daddy Alex reached out his hand to take firm hold of my chin. I looked up into his dark eyes and felt my brow furl; for a moment his arrogant expression called up resistance in my body, and I tensed against his hand, and Daddy John's hand, controlling my bottom and my pussy.

I expected my mean daddy—I realized now that I had started to think of him that way—to shove his cock in my mouth, but instead he spoke, his voice commanding.

"Look at it, babygirl," he said. "Look at what you're going to take now."

At the same time, Daddy John did something fluttery with his fingers in my aching pussy, and as if the slight tension in my limbs had only added to my need, I felt my hips jerk so hard I had to cry out. My eyes lowered of their own accord, and I saw the huge, dark penis with its upward curve, an inch from my mouth.

I sobbed, and I pushed forward, because I wanted it in my mouth, though I couldn't have told my daddies why. I just had to... I had to, because of Daddy John's hand down there, and because it looked so shameful, and it would feel so shameful inside my mouth when Daddy Alex started to fuck my face.

And because it would please him, and if I pleased him...

Something clicked into place in my mind, as Daddy Alex took my head in both his huge hands, one on my chin and one on the back of my skull, and did shove his hard penis between my lips.

If I please them, I have the power.

Not the same kind of power they did, obviously. But a kind of power nonetheless. What did it mean? What would it mean? I thought of Heather and Brenda and Philippa for an

instant—had they figured this out? Maybe it didn't even need figuring out; maybe it just made this twisted program possible.

I opened my mouth wider, feeling my jaw begin to ache, and I yielded my mouth, my face-hole, to the hardness that thrust inside it. Daddy Alex thrust hard and fast—deeper even than Daddy John had done. I closed my eyes and breathed through my nose, and gave my body over to the sensations, realizing that somehow the movements of the cock in my mouth had connected themselves to the movements of the fingers in my pussy, knowing that another orgasm waited for me, if I could keep being a good girl.

"Oh, that's nice," Daddy Alex growled. "She's learning fast, John. Pete, your turn."

He pulled me off his hard shaft and propelled my upper body to the left, across Daddy John's waist so that I felt my blond daddy's rigid cock brush my cheek. Daddy John took his hand from my pussy, and I heard myself emit a sob of desperation to have it back, but he had only done it so that he could reach his other hand there, to allow my face to travel all the way to Daddy Pete's thick red penis.

From the slow-seeming way I felt it all happen, I realized that I must have entered the altered state I had started to know pretty well, from the punishments my daddies had bestowed and the submissive rewards they had meted out. I floated somewhere above myself, in a corner of the room where the things they did and made me do applied to a different girl who happened to be me. I don't know how to describe it better, but it felt like the opposite of escape, really: I hovered over myself to give my body the chance to enjoy what it really needed, what I really needed but could never, ever ask for.

Now I opened my mouth wide for Daddy Pete's thick shaft, but he lifted it, and with his hand in my wet hair he pulled my face further down, toward the tight little sack, wrinkly and covered with red-gold fur. A shudder went through my whole body as I smelled the dark fragrance of a man's balls, and my red-haired daddy rubbed my face against his scrotum so that I couldn't escape.

"Lick them, honey," he said, his voice somehow both gentle and terribly dominant. "Be a good girl for me."

"Oh, no," I whispered, suddenly desperate to have his penis in my mouth rather than to be made to do this. I didn't want to be able to say anything, I understood; I wanted him to gag me, force me.

"Is she licking?" asked Daddy John.

"Nope," said Daddy Pete. "Don't spank her, though."

He had a chuckle in his voice that sent a thrill of shame through me.

"I get you," said Daddy John, chuckling himself, and then his fingers did leave me, and instead of having them soothe the need in my pussy I felt them resting possessively on my ass, squeezing gently as if to remind me of what he could do.

I gave a tiny sob, and I put out my tongue. I started to lick, even though Daddy Pete's balls tasted so salty and wicked. Daddy Pete groaned from deep in his chest.

"Oh, good girl," he said as I felt him pump his cock hard in his hand and again I had the odd but, I felt more and more, true idea: I have the power.

Daddy John put his hand back. His fingers entered me again, working up to the place where my vagina was still closed, where I would have to take him so soon because he was my daddy.

I started to come, and Daddy Pete pulled my face from his wrinkly sack, opened my mouth, and fed me the thick, throbbing shaft that filled my mouth too full. He held me on his hardness while the shudders of orgasm traveled through my limbs, thrusting an inch or so back and forth and grunting low in his chest.

"Oh, you're getting so good, honey," he said, his voice rumbling through his hard abs and even the warm shaft in my mouth. "Daddy's going to come in here now. Are you ready to taste my cum, honey? Get ready now. Daddy wants you to swallow all of it for him."

I sobbed at this new way to feel dirty, a way I hadn't thought of. Daddy Pete definitely seemed nicer than either of my other two daddies, but his niceness came with a level of patronizing humiliation that took me completely by surprise. If I could have uttered words, I would have whimpered, Oh, God, or maybe, Please, Daddy, don't make me, but my red-haired daddy had his hard, thick penis in my mouth, and I couldn't say anything.

I felt his hips jerk, his cock driving deeper into my mouth, pressing my tongue down as the aftershocks of my own climax sent shivers through my body. I felt his hardness pulse, and then I felt the warm essence of my daddy shoot against the back of my throat as he held my head completely still, locking my mouth into place. It tasted odd, and a little bitter, but I swallowed the hot semen and somewhere in my mind I heard words that sounded like someone else was saying them, degrading me to turn me on, She's a real cocksucker now.

It carried both pride and shame, somehow. I had never wanted to conform with the lessons in modesty my educational facility had wanted to teach me, though they had left their mark in my helpless blushes. Part of me had always known I had to be a bad girl, to turn myself into the kind of woman I needed to be.

I hadn't understood the things I feared to think about because I wanted them too much. Above all, I hadn't understood that they could give me a kind of power, in yielding.

As Daddy Pete pulled gently back from me, his hand still in my hair but his grip much looser, I licked my numb-feeling lips and though I had hot cheeks I looked up into his green eyes, seeking something. I didn't know what I wanted to see, but the happy expression on my daddy's face made me smile too. He stroked my blushing cheek gently with the back of his knuckles.

"Good girl," my daddy said in his kind, pleasant voice. "You made Daddy feel very good. It's time for you to make Daddy John feel good inside your pussy now. Are you ready?"

My brow creased, and my cheeks blazed as I looked from Daddy Pete's face to Daddy John's, so much sterner than my nice daddy's. My heart, which had begun to calm down after the orgasm my first daddy had given me while I sucked Daddy Pete's cock, sped up again. I chewed on my lower lip. Did I have to answer?

"She's ready," said Daddy Alex in his deep voice. "Let me feel her cunt, John."

My lips parted, and I wanted to protest, but I didn't know what I could say—doubtless because nothing in the world would have stopped my daddies from doing exactly as they pleased with me. Daddy John's hand, which had been moving in soothing little motions since the orgasm it had forced on me, went away. I watched Daddy Alex's big hand reach out, toward my bottom, and I turned my face over my shoulder to follow it, suddenly terribly reluctant to have my mean daddy touch me there.

Because he's right, my mind whispered.

But I didn't want him to know it, as absurd as that seemed to the rational part of my brain. I wanted to have the power; I didn't want Daddy Alex to have it.

I moved my backside, tried to get away from his hand, though I knew precisely what would happen, and panic rose into my chest at knowing.

I knew what would happen, but I didn't know how, and the how turned out so much worse than I could have imagined. Daddy John growled low in his chest, and I felt his hand grab my left hip and hold me in place as I tried feebly to lean away from Daddy Alex's hand.

"Hold her," said Daddy Alex simply, and then his hand came down on my bottom, so hard that I cried out, and it kept coming down as I looked from his stern face, his eyes focused on my backside, to Daddy John's, concentrating on the same humiliating spectacle, to Daddy Pete's, who had a frown on his face as he gazed back into my eyes.

"Never... move... this ass... away," Daddy Alex said grimly, delivering a sharp spank with each word, left-right, left-right, as I struggled helplessly against my first daddy's restraining hand.

"Please! No!" I yelled, my bottom on fire, squirming, clenching, but then the worst part happened, and Daddy Alex stopped spanking me. He thrust that huge hand between my thighs, and I felt myself gush onto his probing fingers. I closed my eyes tightly, face burning to match my spanked butt.

"This cunt is ready, babygirl," my mean daddy said. "You're going to lose your cherry now."

I bit my lower lip hard, and a sob of mingled need and shame came from my chest. I felt

Daddy John move, felt him lift me from the bed like I weighed nothing at all, and flip me over.

"That's it," Daddy Pete said. "Put her on her back. Let's see her pretty face when she becomes a woman."

I opened my eyes for a moment, my breath coming in ragged pants, and I saw the world of Daddy John's quarters rotating crazily around me, then closed them again. I felt weightless, and I felt the softness of the mattress come up against my back. I opened my eyes again and I was gazing up at acoustic tiles, and in front of them, looming over me, my three naked daddies.

Daddy John had put me at the very foot of the big bed. He moved his hands to the back of my knees and started to push firmly, up and back, his face stern and his eyes hungry. I gasped at the feeling of spreading and exposure. My face scrunched up into a pout, as if I might cry, but although my bottom hurt from the spanking I had gotten for trying to move it, no tears came: this pout, the rapid breathing, and the trembling of my knees in my daddy's hands all came from the mortifying need in the pussy he had laid so very bare.

"That's it," Daddy Alex said. "Put those knees right next to her ears. Look at that tight little cunt. That doesn't look like a bad girl pussy to me."

CHAPTER 19

John

I had to admit, to myself at least, that Alex had a point. Claudia's sweet little virgin pussy had a charmingly demure appearance, pink and girlish. The inner lips and the tiny clit seemed to hide, shyly, in the smooth outer folds and the adorable wrinkled hood at the top, despite how far I had spread her trim thighs open.

I raised my eyes from the delicious prospect between my bad girl's legs to look into her blue eyes. I could see from the flush in her cheeks that she had noticed how closely her daddy had studied the naughty private place down below her tummy, and the way she worried her lower lip between her teeth told me that her body had responded with at least as much arousal as embarrassment.

Yes, sweetheart. You are most definitely ready for your daddy to fuck you, aren't you?

I looked down again, to where my cock jutted straight out from my lap, and I leaned forward until it touched Claudia, the rounded head pressing just to the side of her clit's complicated little hiding place. A whimper from deep in her throat brought my eyes back to her breathtakingly pretty face, transformed by helpless lust.

Her troubled eyes had traveled downward, I saw, to where she could just get a glimpse of what her pussy looked like with a man's hard penis touching it. As I studied her face, feeling a smile curve my lips, the blue eyes rose to meet mine again, and Claudia's forehead creased deeply. Then she looked over at Alex, and I could see her instinctive response to the tall, handsome pilot—the way his gruff, no-nonsense manner inspired both fear and desire.

She looked over to my right side, to take in Pete, and her face softened. Clearly the different ways of taking care of our bad girl had begun to have the proper effect.

"Bad girls like you need the different things your different daddies can give you." I said,

hearing the roughness in my voice that came from the ache in my cock. Alex chuckled, and I looked over at him, and then at Pete, who had a broad smile on his freckled face. I returned my gaze to Claudia, and my cock leaped at the need in her eyes as she looked up at me.

I let go of her left knee for a moment so I could use my hand to reposition my rigid cock, rubbing it up and down the tender coral lips that Alex had done such a good job of anointing with Claudia's own abundant wetness. I moved it even lower, and pushed my hips forward with a growl as the tightness of the girl's velvet sheath started to enclose me.

My bad girl responded with a shudder and a buck of her hips. Her lip still between her teeth, she emitted a whimper whose sheer submissiveness sent another jolt through my erection. Back and forth a millimeter or two I moved the tip of my hardness inside her, pressing against the place I would tear through to open her. Claudia met these first tiny thrusts with trembling and a very slight movement, as she began to learn how to behave herself when her daddy's cock was inside her.

I looked down, enjoying the thrilling sight of possessing her virgin pussy with my manhood, of preparing to claim her completely. I raised my eyes once again to hers, and the even more arousing sight of the need in her face brought a firmer thrust, so that Claudia cried out in alarm at the pressure against the barrier her daddy would rupture to make a woman of her.

"It's time, sweetheart," I said, as gently as my own need allowed, and then I gripped her thighs tightly and thrust hard and deep into her virgin pussy.

* * *

Claudia

I cried out, my back arching. I felt the huge penis surge up through the place where my vagina had been closed and virginal, taking my girlhood away forever. The pain, sharp but fading even more quickly than I had thought it might, sent a shock out from my pussy through my thighs to meet the more persistent ache from Daddy John's strong hands, still holding me wide as he began to fuck me. My whole body felt utterly possessed, claimed completely by the hard shaft that joined it to my daddy's much bigger, much more powerful body.

My eyes didn't want to focus on any one thing. They kept moving. From down there where Daddy John's cock took its pleasure in ever deeper, ever harder thrusts, to his stern face as he gazed down at me as if to ensure I received my first fucking respectfully, to the faces of my other daddies as their own eyes took in all the same lewd elements of

the sight of a daddy deflowering his bad girl.

I scrunched my eyelids closed, concentrating on the feeling, although the feeling was so intense that it made me want to look again, and see whether the shameful scene could really be happening around me. Between the thighs that my daddy held open so wide, his hardness moved in and out relentlessly. The lingering pain from his conquering my virginity made me whimper, but the very feeling of those whimpers in my chest seemed to make the pleasure his enormous penis brought all the greater.

Every whimper seemed to cause a tremor, and a timid little thrust from my own hips, or maybe it actually happened the other way around: my daddy drove his cock into me, and I tried desperately to please him by moving my vagina on his rigid shaft, and that made me whimper.

In the darkness behind my eyelids I saw him, looming over me in my mind's eye, his face stern but also kind, because he wanted to use his penis to make me feel good. How could he not, because it felt so very good, and he hadn't given me a choice in the matter, had he? Daddy John meant to train me to please my daddies, and he would spank me when I misbehaved, but he would also fuck me when I showed I could obey him and Daddy Alex and Daddy Pete.

I had sucked their cocks. It had been hard, for they had been so hard—their penises and their taut strong bodies. But Daddy Pete had come in my mouth and I had swallowed it all, just like he had told me. Just like a good girl did.

Now Daddy John had his cock inside me, and I could hear in the growly noises that came from his chest that he liked fucking my pussy. I couldn't keep my eyes closed, then: I had to see. I felt heat flame in my face as I realized that I wanted to see all of it, especially my daddies' hard penises—the one in me now and the ones I would have to have in me when Daddy Alex and Daddy Pete took their turns with me.

"Pinch your nipples, babygirl," Daddy Alex said, and I looked up at him, from the sight of his upcurving penis, the head seeming to flash at me in his pumping hand. I blushed as I saw in his dark eyes that he knew I needed to see his cock. My hands clenched at my sides, as I suddenly felt like being a bad girl, like refusing his command although my nipples seemed to tingle at the very sound of the words.

He laughed and he reached out with the hand not on his cock, and he pinched my right nipple hard, so that I cried out, my back arching, and I felt my first orgasm with a man's hardness inside me start to build below my tummy. I threw my head back and pressed myself against Daddy John's thrusting lap. My first daddy gave a grunt of surprised pleasure that made my face even hotter.

I had closed my eyes again, but they flew open when I felt another hand on me, on my left breast. I saw the smile on Daddy Pete's face as he, too, pinched a nipple, and then I came, my body bucking under Daddy John as he drove into me. He let out a shout, and I

felt his manhood pulse in my pussy with his orgasm. The wicked thought that my daddy had just come in my vagina seemed to make my own climax go on and on, as Daddy John thrust in a jerky rhythm, the aftershocks of his pleasure making his cock throb with each movement.

"Turn her over," Daddy Alex suggested in a voice so full of dark hunger that it drew a submissive whimper from my chest. "I want to fuck the pussy, and then you should open the ass and come there. The doc cleared her for anal, right?"

"Sure did," said Daddy John, his voice still thick with the pleasure of his climax.

I had lowered my eyes, unable to look my daddies in the face, but now I looked up at Daddy John again, and saw in his expression a tenderness that made my heart jump. Looking over at Daddy Alex, the hard set of the face of the only daddy who hadn't yet come inside me made my tummy flip.

Suddenly I felt Daddy John lifting me off the bed, my pussy still full of his cock. I turned my attention back to him—to his muscular chest and his handsome face, and without even thinking about it I threw my arms around his back and buried my face against his shoulder and neck.

"Please," I whispered. "Please... later, Daddy?"

I felt his hand come up to stroke the back of my head.

"No, sweetheart," he said, his voice rumbling and grave. "It's time to break you in completely. We'll put a little plug in you later today to help you get used to it, but I'm going to fuck your bottom now. It will hurt, but that's what bad girls need, and here it's what bad girls get."

He drew his head back, and shifted mine a little, so that he could kiss me. Despite the thrill of fear that went through me at his stern, humiliating words, I wanted to kiss him, too. I didn't understand, and I wasn't sure I ever would, but all the things he and the doctor and the colonel had said about my strong needs came back to me. I closed my eyes as I felt my pussy get warm, to my confusion, even at the thought of how his huge penis would hurt me when he put it in my virgin bottom.

Then Daddy John was gently disengaging my arms and turning me around and over, and putting me on my front, with my face in the sheet. He bent my knees under me, spreading them to teach me how to present my backside. I felt Daddy Alex's hand, too, on my back, keeping me down and ensuring my bottom remained fully displayed, my pussy tilted up toward him.

Daddy John's hands departed, and Daddy Alex's hand pressed harder, moved further up to keep my chest flat on the mattress. I felt the head of his enormous cock against the entrance to the place my first daddy had opened, so that all my daddies could fuck me. I cried out softly as to my surprise Daddy Alex entered me slowly, as if he wanted to savor

the feeling of penetrating his bad girl.

"Oh, God," I whispered, and then again and again as each inch of his huge shaft filled me even further. "Oh, God... oh, God... Daddy... Daddy."

CHAPTER 20

Claudia

"Shh, babygirl," Daddy Alex growled. "Be quiet and let Daddy fuck."

I hid my face in the mattress. Daddy John had splayed my arms to either side, elbows spread. Now I felt Daddy Alex take hold of my wrists and start to pull them back, his hard cock still pushing even further into me as he leaned over to control me that way, too.

I cried out, and struggled just out of sheer instinct. My upper body writhed across the bed for a moment, but my dark-skinned daddy didn't allow it; with his strong hands he taught me to obey him. Without using so much force that I feared he might harm me, he held me still at first. Then, when my resistance had given way to alarmed stillness, he bent my arms back carefully, my wrists behind my back.

"That's it," he growled, and he thrust his hips as if to reward me for my compliance.

I cried out, because his cock seemed to come all the way up to my breastbone. Daddy Alex bent my arms further, folding my forearms behind my back so that it hurt, just a little. I had the breathtaking feeling that he knew exactly how much pain he wanted to cause me, and he intended to make it hurt just enough to teach me obedience to his will and his pleasure.

He pulled me closer even as he held me down atop the mattress, so that my sore bottom came up against his powerful lap. I sobbed as I felt his hardness drive even deeper, and seemed somehow to reach my throat and steal the breath away.

"That's it," Daddy Alex said again. "There you go."

"Oh, God," I whispered. "Oh, Daddy... please... please."

"Look at that," I heard Daddy Pete say, his voice seeming to come from a very long way away, behind me.

"Our bad girl really needs it," said Daddy John.

"Yes, she does," Daddy Alex said, from high above me, and then he started to fuck, and I started to come. He held me in place despite my efforts to ride the enormous cock that filled me up and slammed into my newly opened pussy so hard and fast. My face got hot as his hips communicated the clear message: his pleasure mattered, and it felt better to his cock when he kept my backside motionless, a place to thrust his rigid shaft over and over.

I climaxed over and over, all the same. Some remaining shred of rational thought told me I was coming because my daddy didn't seem to care about how my pussy felt, and the idea made me come all the harder. Each shudder of orgasm, quelled by Daddy Alex's strength, seemed only to grow in intensity.

He pulled his penis from my pussy after some length of time I could never have measured, and held me in place. I dimly sensed him stepping to the side.

"Look at her cunt," Daddy Alex said. "She's still coming, isn't she."

I felt my face scrunch into a mask of shame and need as he let go of my wrists at last, and my arms fell back to the mattress.

"I'll open that ass now," I heard Daddy John say. "Pete, go ahead and lube her up for me."

I heard a snapping sound, and then a squirting one. A part of me, somewhere off to the side of my mind, seemed to be trying to tell me that I shouldn't do this, but I wasn't doing anything.

I felt Daddy Pete's thick fingers, cool and slick. I felt Daddy John's hands moving my legs closer together.

"Reach back and show me your little asshole, sweetheart," my first daddy said. "Pull those cheeks apart for Daddy."

Now I had to do something, and the voice said, Don't, but with a sob I did, because they had already spanked my poor bottom so often that I couldn't bear to have them spank it again: no, I had to open it now, because that meant I could put my hands over the punished cheeks and pull them apart for this new kind of discipline.

A moan burst from my chest at the feeling of the fingers on the tiny hole, of them pushing inside, first one and then, as I cried out, two.

"Just going to get you nice and ready for Daddy John, honey," said Daddy Pete. "Relax and learn to open up, and anal will feel good in no time."

My face blazed into sudden heat as I thought I knew what my nice daddy meant: his two thick fingers stretched me, and they hurt a little, but something about the discomfort

seemed to send tendrils of pleasure forward to my clit, and suddenly I wanted to touch myself more than I ever had before.

I whimpered as the fingers went in and out, and I remembered something Daddy John had said. I breathed, "Daddy?"

"Yes, sweetheart?" Daddy John said.

"May I... you know?" My little fingers clutched nervously at my spread bottom-cheeks. Daddy Pete still moved his in and out of my smallest hole, making it bigger with each motion.

"May you play with yourself, Claudia?" Daddy John replied, his voice sounding so stern that my cheeks burned.

"Yes, Daddy," I answered very softly, glad that only the mattress could see my embarrassed expression.

"In a few moments, if you take my cock like a good girl," he said, "I'll give you permission."

"You did the right thing to ask, honey," said Daddy Pete, taking his slick fingers from my bottom at last.

"You'll still pay the price, though, babygirl," said Daddy Alex. "When I'm riding that ass, anyway."

I didn't know what he meant, really, and Daddy Alex didn't say any more. His words made my back arch, though, and I bit my lip, spreading my bottom even wider, as if I could win my mean daddy's mercy by showing him the ass he meant to ride after Daddy John had opened me there.

So many strange thoughts and feelings went through me, then: my undeniably, paradoxically growing affection for Daddy John seemed somehow to have become a feeling about Daddy Pete and Daddy Alex, and about all three of them as a group—a wish to please that I never could have imagined feeling even twenty-four hours before.

Why did a part of me want to pay the price for self-pleasure?

I felt Daddy John climb onto the bed, straddling me with his feet to either side of my knees. With one enormous hand on my waist and the other on the back of my thigh he lifted me from the bed without warning and manhandled me forward. I gave a little cry as I felt him move me up the bed, the sensation of weightlessness somehow feeding into my thoughts about my power and my lack of it. The sheer ease with which my daddy could simply put me into the position, the posture he wanted, brought a sob of need to my chest. I could feel his newly hard cock press against my back as he placed me back down, my face again in the mattress, my hands still clutching at the warm halves of my spanked bottom, opening it for him and showing the asshole my nice daddy had prepared for his

fellow daddies' pleasure.

First things first. First daddies first. I felt my forehead crease and I let out a little whimper as the hardness moved down, as my daddy pushed its round head against the tiny hole that had closed again so tightly after Daddy Pete had finished lubing me and stretching me on two fingers.

My first daddy... and then my mean daddy. I bit my lip, and the whimper lengthened into a moan. Daddy John's cock pressed firmly on my virgin anus.

How could they? asked some outraged prim and proper voice that sounded like one of my educational facility teachers... like the principal when I had been summoned to the office for hacking into the school website.

How could you, Claudia Danforth? How could you put that dirty word on the school website?

I closed my eyes so tightly as the memory came back at the strangest time.

No, not the strangest. You put 'School is for assholes' on the website.

The long, hard penis made me cry out. It hurt. It hurt a lot, and that made my bottom clench even harder. My face burning with humiliation, I tried instinctively to cover my bottom with my fingers as if I could even now keep some shred of my modesty, when my daddy had decided to put his hardness in my most shameful place.

"Shh, sweetheart," Daddy John said in a low, growly voice. His cock moved back a little, and I whined with relief. "Time to let me in. Concentrate. You know how."

I felt my hips jerk as my daddy renewed the pressure, the assault on my last virginity... the invasion of my most private place. I cried out, and I concentrated. I did know how: I had figured it out in the doctor's exam chair, and then when Daddy Pete had used his fingers. The problem was that it just felt so very embarrassing. The idea of doing it, of opening that way... it made my tummy flip with how very naughty, how very submissive it felt.

Daddy John put his hands on my hips, over my wrists, holding them in place. I cried out as he used that grip to drive even harder into my poor little bottom, until he had the head of his cock inside me there, and a sob burst from my chest at the feeling of stretching, of spreading, of being opened on my daddy's hard penis.

"Play with yourself now, hacker girl," he growled, and he used his grip on my wrists to bend my arms, putting my left hand under me and bringing my right between my legs, as if to teach me how to masturbate.

My cheeks burned with shame, and for a moment my fingers resisted his: not permission, then, but an order. I would be spanked if I didn't pleasure my own pussy, because my daddy wanted my pussy pleased, and he didn't want to have to do it himself.

"Make that cunt feel good," Daddy Alex said. "You've got a lot of ass to give."

"Oh, God," I moaned, and now my fingertips went down into my neglected vagina and gathered wetness there, spread it upward to my clit. I rubbed frantically, and the feeling of having a daddy's manhood in my bottom changed, subtly.

"That's it, honey," Daddy Pete said, as if he could hear a change in the tone of my submissive noises. "That's it."

It didn't feel good. I wanted to yell that at my daddies, then: It doesn't feel good.

But...

Daddy John took his hand from between my thighs, and now he had both hands on my waist, and he used the entry he had gained to thrust slowly into my anus, filling me much too full of my daddy's hardness.

It doesn't feel good, but it feels...

I cried out, and realized with astonishment so great it frightened me that I would come soon... soon... now.

"Oh, no... please..." I moaned.

"Yeah, babygirl," Daddy Alex said. "Tap that ass, John. She's coming, isn't she?"

Words came from me, from my throat it felt like, a moan of forced pleasure that almost felt like a punishment, "Oh, God, no... please... don't make me, Daddy. Don't make me."

But my fingers rubbed frantically at my clit, up and down my inner lips, back to the bud of aching pleasure that turned the terrible fullness of my ass into something bearable and ecstatic and...

Necessary.

"Oh, Daddy..." I didn't want to say it, but I knew I would. I would have to, if Daddy John kept fucking my bottom.

"Good girl," he murmured. "Come for your daddy. Come with your daddy in your little bottom."

CHAPTER 21

Claudia

Daddy John's cock thrust in even further, until I could feel his taut lap come up against my spanked cheeks. His right hand moved up my back, rubbing there as if to soothe me as my body shuddered with the bursts of pleasure that felt so different from every other climax I'd known. They felt submissive, somehow, and they made me keep caressing my pussy—because my daddy had told me I must, and because I wanted to.

I did want to, because it made it feel better to have to receive Daddy John's cock there, in my smallest place. He started to move steadily in and out of my bottom, and I heard a forlorn whimper come from my chest at each thrust.

"Shh, sweetheart," he growled. "Shh. Daddy's going to pull out and let Daddy Alex have his turn now. We know you're learning."

He drove his cock all the way in a final time, so that I sobbed at the fullness of my punished backside, and then he took his hardness all the way out. My anus closed, feeling strange and somehow not really mine anymore. The feeling there, with the discomfort fading fast, made the pleasure in my pussy seem to explode, and I moved my hips desperately with the frantic rubbing of my fingers, shamelessly riding my own wicked hand.

I felt Daddy Alex's hand on my wrist, then, though. He pulled my hand away from my pussy and moved it in front of me.

"That's enough, babygirl," he said. "Show me you can give good ass, and I'll reward you."

He pulled my left cheek over, and I felt the head of his huge cock against the place Daddy John had opened, pushing hard.

"Oh, please," I whispered, "oh, Daddy... please... it hurts... "

But it seemed like my ass had learned its lesson better than I knew. I felt the pushing and the opening begin, and I realized that Daddy Alex must have meant that—that submissive opening to my daddy's big, hard penis—when he had said give good ass. My face burned at the thought that I had become the kind of bad girl who gives good ass, and I cried out as my mean daddy filled my anus and began to fuck me there.

"Oh, that's nice, babygirl. Yeah, you give good ass. Take it now," his deep voice rumbled. He put his left hand flat on my back and held me down as he drove his cock in and out. I moaned in discomfort, much too full of my daddy's manhood, and then, just as he had promised, my mean daddy reached his right hand down between my legs and took my pussy on his strong fingers.

I cried out, the stretching of my anus and the soothing of my pussy too great a contrast, it seemed, for my body to bear. I came again, another of those new submissive climaxes, a starburst that radiated from my bottom to my clit.

Daddy Alex grunted, and I felt him stiffen even further. I let out a cry of need and pain, and that sound seemed to bring on his orgasm. His huge hands picked my torso up from the bed and his arms wrapped around me, holding my back to his tautly muscled chest as his penis pulsed in my smallest hole.

My daddies took me back to the shower, but this time they got into it with me. I blushed much more than I thought at all reasonable to be naked in the shower with three enormous naked men, their cocks all right there, still big after fucking me for the first time.

They rinsed me off in the hot water, and they rinsed themselves off. They put a towel on the tile floor and made me get down on all fours, and then Daddy Pete had his first turn in my pussy.

His thick cock, with the feeling of the lovely hot water raining down, made me come almost as soon as he entered me, crouching behind me in the shower. In front of me, I could see my other daddies' huge, hairy feet, and when I lifted my head to look up I could see that they had their cocks in their hands, hard again for me.

"Daddy's cock is too wide for you to take in your little bottom today, honey," my kind daddy said.

I bit my lip and whimpered in gratitude as he fucked my pussy, but though Daddy Pete had spared my anus he had no compunction about making the shame even greater: with his hands on my breasts he lifted me up so that the other daddies could use my mouth with their penises as he enjoyed my vagina.

Daddy John and Daddy Alex took turns fucking my face, and I did my best to please their big, thrusting cocks.

"Good girl," Daddy Pete said behind me, his voice very thick and sterner than I had yet

heard it. A thrill of arousal and anxiety went through me as I felt his thick cock get even more rigid, and he drove into my sheath ferociously. My kind daddy wasn't always kind, it seemed, and to my confusion I liked knowing it. "Daddy's going to come now, honey."

They all came at the same time: Daddy John's cum spurted out onto my face, as if the sight of Daddy Pete's hard fucking had brought on his climax, and then Daddy Alex's seed did the same, even as I felt my kind daddy's hardness jerk deep in my pussy in the way I—a virgin only an hour before—now understood meant a man had climaxed inside my body. I had never really felt like a bad girl until then.

* * *

Half an hour later, Daddy John walked me into the control room. Colonel Bronson stood up from her desk in the corner and came to meet us. To my dismay, despite everything that had already happened, my cheeks burned at the way the colonel looked my naked body up and down.

"Was she good?" the officer asked, her lips twitching into a superior smile.

I bit my lip. I couldn't help looking over at my first daddy.

"Oh, yes, Colonel. Very good. All three of her daddies came twice. Pete didn't fuck her bottom, because he wanted to go easy on her, but we all had her pussy and her mouth. I opened her anus, and Daddy Alex climaxed there. Let's get her started at her workstation, if you don't mind."

I had shifted my gaze from Daddy John's face to the floor as my daddy gave this humiliating report on my progress as a fuck toy.

"Would you like me to plug her before we get started on her other duties?" Colonel Bronson asked matter-of-factly. "The sooner we widen her, the more comfortable she'll be when Lieutenant Reuter does use her anally."

I raised my eyes enough to glance over to where Heather, Brenda, and Philippa sat in a row, in the second bank of workstations back from the big map. I saw each of them steal a glance back at me, but otherwise they focused on the screens in front of them. The big map seemed to show a coastline, and green and red dots with incomprehensible alphanumeric labels like GHW321 or GJW982 moved ceaselessly back and forth. I wondered if Daddy Pete and Daddy Alex piloted two of those green dots.

Even my curiosity about what really happened in this control room, from a technical or a geopolitical perspective, couldn't keep me from hearing what Daddy John said, though.

"That's a good idea, Colonel. We should make sure she builds on her progress this morning."

"And," the colonel added, "it will keep the girl focused on her duties, if I'm any judge."

Claudia, honey, why don't you go ahead and lay yourself over my desk here, then put your hands back and spread your cheeks for me."

I whipped my head around, feeling my forehead crease. Colonel Bronson had opened the top right drawer of her desk. As I looked from her smiling face to the wood-grained veneer surface to which she pointed with her other hand, she brought out a pink device whose shape I recognized instantly.

My right hand went back behind my bottom, fingers across the valley that concealed the little hole where Daddy John and Daddy Alex had opened me and used me only a little while before. In the shower, I had felt Daddy Alex's seed leaking out of me, my cheeks burning at the shameful feeling. As my fingers grasped the parting of my bottom-cheeks gently and defensively, I could feel how my first bottom-fucking had left an embarrassing lingering effect—a feeling of looseness, as if from now on it would indeed be easier for my daddies to enjoy themselves in my most private place.

The colonel balanced the pink plug, perhaps three inches long and two inches wide at the biggest part, atop the desk, on its flaring base. She took a tube of lube from the same drawer.

"Hurry up, honey," the blonde officer said in her relaxed Southern drawl. "We need to get you set up at your workstation. I'd like you ready to start doing some coding after lunch today."

At the thought of normal things like coding and lunch, and how sharply it contrasted with the pink toy and Colonel Bronson's order to bend over her desk, my mouth twisted to the side.

"Well," I said without really thinking about, "couldn't we skip the..." I glanced at the plug, "...that thing, for right now, so I can..."

I felt Daddy John's hand take hold of my upper arm, and I gave a little cry. A glance over at my three fellow naked girls told me they had noticed, for they all seemed to be in the act of turning studiously back to their screens.

My daddy pulled me over to the colonel's desk and bent me down.

"You seem to be under the impression that we're collaborating in the matter of your training, Claudia. You need to get over that. You are a sexual relief device, now. You did very well in bed this morning, and in the shower, but that doesn't mean you won't get disciplined as necessary, and trained as I see fit."

I had rested my weight on my palms atop the desk as Daddy John bent me over. The thought of spreading my hind cheeks for the colonel made my whole body go tense, but my daddy put his hand on my backside now and seized me there, two fingers pressing into my pussy and the ball of his thumb up against my no-longer-virgin anus.

"All the way over," he growled. "Hands back like the colonel told you. Show me where

Daddy Alex and I fucked you. Or I'll have to ask the colonel to paddle you right here in the control room."

With a sob that I tried to keep as quiet as I possibly could, I obeyed. I didn't want the paddle, not ever and especially not here in front of the other naked girls and all the busily working, fully clothed people here. And definitely not from Colonel Bronson.

To my dismay, a sudden doubt arose in my mind as I reached back to do the humiliating thing my daddy had commanded. I had the fleeting feeling that his thumb, pushing gently into that little hole, somehow made me want to do as he told me. I pushed the mortifying thought down in my mind, and I bit my lip as I spread the little cheeks and felt the air where it shouldn't be when Daddy John took his hand away.

"That looks very tight," the colonel commented. "We'll work on that."

"Not too much," warned Daddy John. "An hour a day for a week or two."

I closed my eyes, cheeks burning hot as the sun. I heard the sound of squirting liquid.

"This is going to be a little chilly," said Colonel Bronson, and then I felt the tip of the horrible thing, in the same place where my daddy had put his thumb to teach me to obey him.

"You know how to do this, Claudia," the colonel said a little sternly, when she felt me tense against it.

Daddy John put his hand on my back, rubbing gently. "Remember how good a girl you were for your daddies," he said.

With a sob, I remembered, and I did it. I felt the plug push in, and I had to bite my lip over a cry of discomfort so the other girls wouldn't hear.

"That's it," the colonel said. "Maybe not so tight after all, after her daddies used her this morning."

CHAPTER 22

John

Claudia looked adorable with the base of the plug just peeping out from between her bottom-cheeks, as she tried to walk normally over to the workstations. Colonel Bronson led her to the seat next to Philippa's, and I brought up the rear, unable to keep my eyes off my bad girl's sweet little bottom.

Philippa looked up, pretending surprise, as if she and the other two SRDs hadn't had their attention riveted by their new colleague's first plugging.

"Hi," the dark-haired girl said, a sympathetic look in her eyes.

"Hi," Claudia replied and then, very awkwardly, "how are you?"

"Hush, Claudia," the colonel said. "We don't have time for chitchat. Take your seat."

My purple-haired hacker girl turned her face over her shoulder to seek out my eyes, her cheeks red with embarrassment.

"Go ahead and sit down, sweetheart," I told her. "You'll get used to it."

Claudia looked at the chair, a standard armless task chair with a minimum of padding on the seat. I saw Heather glance over from two seats away, and then look back at her screen. At last, hesitantly, the new girl sat. In profile, as she faced her screen, where Colonel Bronson had just pulled up the login prompt, I saw her bite her lip at the feeling of the toy in her bottom, in this new posture.

I couldn't stop myself from putting my hand on her shoulder and rubbing gently. Claudia looked up at me.

"This is a very important moment for you, hacker girl," I said, balancing my tone between authority and kindness. "From now on, when you use your coding skills, you'll do it with

the knowledge that you're getting what you need, and serving people who know how to take care of you."

"But..." she started, her brow furrowing. Her cute little mouth twisted to the side.

"Go ahead," I said, lifting my eyebrows a little. "If you can ask your question the right way."

That made her chew on her lower lip for a moment, the color coming and going in her cheeks. Then her desire to have her question answered seemed to overcome her resistance to framing it the way a bad girl should, when she's addressing the man who's introduced her to old-fashioned discipline and undertaken to train her sexually.

"But, Daddy," she said, and her forehead worked up and down as she heard the little-girl words emerge from her throat, before she went on. "How do I know that you... that these people, all of you... are doing the right thing?"

The three naked girls seated to Claudia's left did not turn, for fear of the colonel's paddle, but I saw their backs stiffen: they were taking in every word.

"Claudia," the colonel began, in a reproving tone, but I interrupted.

"I think that's a fair question, Colonel. For now, you have to trust us, sweetheart. I know Daddy Alex and Daddy Pete were pretty hard on you this morning, and so was I. But I bet you could tell that we're your daddies for a reason—and even though I'm sure you don't like Colonel Bronson, you're a smart enough girl to see that she's trying to help you, even if you still disagree with the methods we use in the SRD program. We're all here to fight for the values—the civilization, really—that gave you your education and your skills. In the beginning, you trust us, but as you learn to do your job, you'll see that you're on the right side now."

Claudia's lips had parted halfway through this little sermon, as if she would have liked to stop me and object, but I thought I could see in her eyes that the mention of Alex and Pete had put things together in her mind in a new way. Yes, we had fucked our bad girl hard, especially for her first time, but we knew she needed it—and so did she.

When I had finished answering her question, I could see in her expression, if only for a moment, that the plug had started to do its psychological work. Though Claudia would certainly not admit it yet, to have that silicone reminder in her anus gave her a paradoxical kind of comfort that her daddies, and her first daddy in particular, intended to keep guiding her with a firm hand.

I saw something else, too, that made my heart give a little jump: Claudia had started to like me, despite herself. My earnest, if also embarrassing, answer to her question had stirred her affections, and a big part of her felt happy, and even proud, to have a daddy who could take care of her properly.

Claudia

“Well said, John,” the colonel declared. “I know you other girls heard it, too. You haven’t been here so long that what Mr. Pemming said isn’t equally true for you.”

I kept my eyes on Daddy John’s face for an instant more. I could see in his expression that he had noted my response to his words very carefully. I felt yet another surge of heat in my cheeks—a small one this time, thank goodness, and maybe not visible in the darkened control room. I had to be honest with myself, I realized: I couldn’t deny how it had made me feel to start my question with But, Daddy.

Nor could I deny that as infuriating as his answer had seemed from one point of view, it had also made me think about Daddy Alex and Daddy Pete. And it had made me think about the horrid plug in my bottom—how it seemed intended as a reminder to me of my anal opening on my daddy’s cock.

It was infuriating, too, I thought as I squirmed a little in my chair. Sitting on the plug didn’t hurt, really—nor did it even cause that much discomfort. But every time I shifted a little, I remembered how full my bottom was, and why.

Trust him. Because he wanted my anus widened for his pleasure, and the pleasure of my fighter pilot daddies? It seemed a less than compelling reason.

The colonel put a laminated card in front of me with login credentials on it.

“Go ahead and log in, Claudia,” the colonel said, and I gladly turned to face the screen so I wouldn’t have to think about trusting Daddy John. The problem, I realized, lay in the way I somehow did trust him, even after everything he had done to me.

No, because of everything he’s done to you.

That seemed extremely fucked up.

Airbase Zeta

Selecta International Systems CP 72.903

API 56.R.349

>

My eyes widened as the prompt came up on my screen.

"You recognize the API designation, I'm guessing," said Daddy John.

I nodded, because even if I had had some reason to deny it, I wouldn't have had the presence of mind. My surprise at having just logged into a node on the system I had been hacking unsuccessfully for months occupied my whole brain at that moment.

"Go ahead and look," he instructed.

I turned to him again, frowning. Daddy John couldn't really mean what it seemed like he meant. He nodded, though, and then Colonel Bronson spoke from my other side.

"That's right," she said. "You're the one who posted about the Omislava strike, aren't you, honey? Yes, go ahead and look."

I felt a different kind of blush creep across my face, because I suddenly knew exactly what I would find, when I looked at the records of a certain drone strike. Online, they had said the drone had hit a hospital. I had posted on SeenIt, outraged, and I had promised to hack Selecta's fucked-up API and get the evidence.

I started typing. It took me thirty seconds to pull up the records, with video and photos. I started to chew on my lower lip.

"Obviously," Daddy John said, "we could have faked all of that, for the sole purpose of making Claudia Danforth think better of us."

I heard a snort from three seats down. My cheeks burned in earnest at Heather knowing how wrong I had been. I knew it was irrational, because what the fuck did that girl even know about me? But on the screen in front of me seemed to sit the hard evidence that the Omislavan 'hospital' had actually housed a particularly sadistic warlord's munitions facility.

I had familiarized myself thoroughly enough with the geopolitics to know that unless the government and Selecta had decided to fool me by putting these records on their internal system, the drone strike had benefited the people of Omislava. That warlord, a man named Harsky, had terrorized both Omislava and its neighbors with his armed gangs.

I shifted in my seat, and felt my brow knit at the fullness down there. Another wave of heat crashed through my face.

"Now," said Daddy John, "you're going to start fighting Harsky yourself. He's got hackers trying to get into this API. You're going to trace them and figure out our vulnerabilities."

My jaw had dropped. I looked back up at him, a question in my eyes. My eyes widened at the smile on my daddy's face.

"I know what you're thinking, hacker girl," he said. "Yes, you have permission to try to hack Harsky. But our vulnerabilities come first, do you understand?"

An hour went by, and I noticed Philippa getting up, before I really perceived any passage of time. I even forgot the plug in my bottom—most of the time, anyway. Every so often, when I paused to think about how a hacker like me might approach the parts of the API that I now could look at from the inside, I shifted in my chair slightly and remembered. My butt clenched, and I had to close my eyes as I remembered Daddy Alex fucking me there, how it had hurt and how the pain hadn't really felt like pain.

"Lunch time," Philippa said, snapping me out of a reverie in which I had typed out a hundred lines of code to fix a flaw in a digital handshake protocol. The Selecta API communicated very closely, I had learned, with the flight systems of the airbase's fighter jets. A little shiver went through me when I thought about Daddy Pete and Daddy Alex flying in those jets, and how a cyber-attack on their systems could endanger them.

"Lunch?" I asked, as if the word didn't mean anything to me. Really, it didn't: I had stopped eating traditional meals pretty much right after arriving at college.

Philippa giggled. "You know. Food?"

I saw that the other naked girls had risen from their seats, too. I did the same, strangely happy to be part of a group of four. We might all have no clothes on, and we might all have come to this secret airbase to serve the rough sexual needs of our nation's warriors, but at least we had each other.

As I followed the other girls to the mess hall, though, every step reminded me of my status as the new girl. I alone had a pink plastic plug in my bottom. Even among the SRDs, I was the one walking funny, and the one whose backside showed her to be in shameful training for her daddies' penises.

When we had sat down at a mess table, though, in a big room that looked like any corporate cafeteria I could have imagined, with airmen and intelligence agents mingled at other tables around us, I felt more comfortable.

"So, you're like, a real hacker?" Brenda asked, with a glance over at Heather. The redhead's tone came across as a challenge—as if maybe I had just pretended to hack Selecta's top-secret drone-war system, as a way to get inducted into sexual service.

I snorted, a little more theatrically than I meant to. "I guess," I said. "What does that make you?"

Heather answered, "Well, we're not like you, anyway."

Philippa looked over at me, and then shot back, "What's that supposed to mean, Heather?"

The side of my mouth twisted into a smile of thanks. Maybe Philippa would really be a

friend? I hadn't had an actual friend since leaving my Educational Facility.

"Oh, just that we're petty criminals, I guess—and Claudia is a traitor."

My eyes went wide.

"I mean," Brenda added, "you are, right?"

I shook my head in disbelief. "Okay," I said, taking a bit of my egg salad sandwich and chewing it thoughtfully as I relished the bit of suspense I had created. "But I'm really good at treason."

And now, I thought, I'm going to get really good at stopping traitors—and anyone who wants to fuck with my daddies' mission.

CHAPTER 23

Claudia

Before I sat back down at my workstation, the colonel called me over to her desk while the other girls returned to their screens.

"Time to take out your plug, honey," she said, her face a little stern. "Bend back over and spread your cheeks for me."

For a blissful moment, I didn't understand why she would be stern about it. My initial reaction came in the form of relief: even if I had to undergo the humiliation of bending over, and the still greater embarrassment of reaching back to show the colonel where the pink plastic had remained so firmly and uncomfortably ensconced for more than an hour now, at least I would be free of the thing for the rest of the day.

Then I understood, and my face blazed with heat. I stood looking at her, my right hand drifting back almost unconsciously to touch the smooth base of the awful thing.

"Let's get it over with," the colonel said, opening the same drawer the plug had emerged from and taking out a little plastic bin. "Then you can take it to the bathroom and wash it for me, and bring it back and get to work again."

I felt my forehead furrow. For a moment I considered some kind of resistance, but an involuntary glance over at my fellow naked girls showed me they were watching surreptitiously—especially Heather. To defy the colonel and then have the extra mortification of having my defiance overcome and my butt paddled for my trouble—it seemed less than worth the effort.

And she'll tell my daddies. Daddy Alex will... I swallowed hard, thinking of his big hand. I turned toward the desk and bent over, reaching my hands back. I managed to keep the whimper down in my throat as I felt the colonel start to tug at the base of the pink plug almost immediately.

"You know what to do, Claudia," she said, her voice impatient, when she found it didn't come out of my bottom easily.

I bit back the pathetic please that almost rose to my lips. I clenched my jaw. I did know, but... it felt so shameful. Again I had to overcome that Educational Facility modesty.

"I'll paddle you if I have to, honey," Colonel Bronson said, still pulling at the horrible device. "That helps some girls learn to let go of their reluctance."

Not you, I begged in my mind. Daddy John. I'd do it for Daddy John. I thought of him, and of the black paddle, and I pushed the way I knew I had to, as humiliating as it felt—and as it sounded.

"There we go. Good girl," the colonel said. I felt the toy rush out of me, and then I felt strangely empty. My brow creased at the sensation of looseness there, and the way it made me think of what my daddies liked to do with me, between my bottom-cheeks.

A moment went by when I had to use every ounce of my will not to open my eyes and look over at the other SRDs, to see if they had heard the mortifying sound. I didn't have to look: I knew their backs had stiffened with their attention, but they hadn't turned around—they didn't want to be punished any more than I did.

"Let's see," Colonel Bronson said from behind me. For a moment I didn't understand, and then—as before—I did. She was looking at the plug. My face became an inferno. "That's not so bad. Go ahead and get up, Claudia. Bring the plug back when it's nice and clean."

Walking without the awful thing inside me felt almost as strange now as it had with it there. As I made my way to the bathroom, cheeks bright pink, I chewed my lower lip and kept my eyes on the linoleum of the corridor. The urge to put my hand behind me and feel what the plug had done nearly overwhelmed me; I had to keep both hands firmly on the little bin, while avoiding looking at the toy.

When I reached the sink, and no one else was in the bathroom, I gave in. Still carefully not looking in the bin, I put it on the counter and I reached my right hand between my thighs so I could touch my smallest hole.

A sob burst from my chest at the mingled arousal and embarrassment that flowed through me. I didn't even know if my bottom-hole felt looser, but the knowledge that I had just worn the plug for my daddies' future pleasure in my anus made me feel lightheaded. Worse, it made my pussy warm, and I found myself pressing the heel of my hand against my clit as I couldn't help rubbing the newly trained place where I would soon have to take Daddy Pete's thick cock.

The bathroom door started to open, and I ripped my hand from between my legs. My fingers trembling, I started the hot water.

The three hours of work after lunch went by almost as quickly as the first had done. When Colonel Bronson walked over to check on the SRDs, she told the other three girls that I had already gotten noticed at the Pentagon.

"Claudia here found a possible way into Harsky's digital communications," she told Heather, Brenda, and Philippa. "Nice work, honey."

I could see a little skepticism and a little envy on their faces, but they all congratulated me.

"You girls are doing very well, too," the colonel added, sounding a little condescending. "Why don't we take a moment so you can tell Claudia what you're up to? She does have a different job, but your duties overlap. Heather, you can fill her in."

The brown-haired girl's mouth twitched.

"Yes, ma'am. We're tracking signals from the warlords' fighters and support. They're all coded, so..."

She looked up at the colonel, standing over us.

"So that's where you come in, Claudia," the officer said. "Keep going, Heather."

"We're trained to look for certain signs in the metadata."

I nodded, getting it now. "So you're watching the feed from every device in the area, and picking out the ones that might be the warlords' people."

They nodded.

"But you must have algorithms, right?"

"Yeah, but they miss stuff," Philippa replied. "It's our job to see things they might have missed."

"Okay," I said. "So if I figure out how to get into the encryption, the messages I crack could be ones you identified. Nice."

I glanced up at Colonel Bronson to see her nod approvingly. I felt something I hadn't felt before—well, ever: actual pride, unmixed with any creeping sense of guilt, in my work.

* * *

After dinner that night, the daddies returned. Daddy John, who seemed to work in his own office rather than in the control room, arrived first. We had just settled down in the special common room for SRDs and their daddies, to watch a rom com, when he arrived and said, from behind the sofa where Philippa and I were sitting, "How was your day, hacker girl?"

My body's three reactions all happened simultaneously: the undeniable rush of happiness at hearing my first daddy's voice, the twinge in my nipples at the deepness of his voice, and the blush at the feelings Daddy John could awaken just with words. My brain expressed its unhappiness, too, a moment later. What is wrong with you? You are this man's fuck toy—and he shares you with two other men.

Even my mind, though, could hear in Daddy John's voice, and see in his face when I turned around to look at him, that he meant to take care of me, bad girl though I might be. He stood two feet behind the couch, so that I had to crane my neck a little. I knew he could see my blush, and I knew it had caused the widening of his smile. That made me a little shy when I answered, but my affection only increased when I saw that my shyness softened his face further.

"It was good, Daddy," I said softly.

Daddy John took a step forward, and put his hands on my bare shoulders. I shivered a little, though his hands were warm. He rubbed gently, and I had to bite my lip because suddenly I wanted him to touch my tingling nipples.

"Sit on my lap and tell me about it," he said.

My blush didn't go away as he came around the couch and helped me up, then sat down next to Philippa. He pulled me onto his knees, his big left hand going casually between my naked thighs as if that were an ordinary thing to do in front of three other naked girls. Philippa kept her attention on the movie, but I could tell from the tension in her neck that her focus had really gone to me and my daddy. I didn't want to look over at the other couch, where Heather and Brenda sat.

"How did you do with your bottom training?" Daddy John asked matter-of-factly, using his grip to spread my legs and splay them over his lap. His middle finger found the place where I had worn the plug, pushing at it so that I gave a startled little cry. "Daddy Alex has CAP hold tonight, but Daddy Pete will be here in a few minutes, with the other daddies who can get away. Feels like you're ready to take him in here."

"Daddy," I whispered. "Please?" I couldn't say anything else because of the thoughts and sensations racing through my head.

Daddy John just kept fondling me, though, right there in the common room with a silly movie playing all the while. It was pretty dark in the room, so I could almost imagine that the other girls couldn't really tell what my daddy had decided to do between my legs. I bit my lip to keep from moaning as his strong, skillful fingers moved up and down, possessively playing with my private parts, teaching me how thoroughly they belonged to him.

"And the coding?" he asked. "How did it go? I heard from Colonel Bronson that you made a breakthrough."

Now I flushed with pride even as the heat built between my legs.

"Um... I... Daddy..." I couldn't really think straight, but I realized that Daddy John wanted to play a shameful little game with me when he chuckled.

"Yes, sweetheart?" he asked.

"I... yes... good, Daddy," I managed. I heard Heather snicker from the other couch.

"Hush, Heather," my daddy said. "Claudia is getting a reward for good work. She's going to come now, and the rest of you are going to be quiet while she does."

I couldn't think, then; I could only feel. It was better that way, anyhow. My daddy's fingertips rubbed firmly at my clit, and then they moved down to the pussy he had opened. I tried not to cry out, but when his middle two digits penetrated the sheath where his cock had fucked me for the very first time just that morning, I let out a little sob.

My little bottom moved over his khaki-covered thighs, trying greedily to get more of his fingers inside me in imitation of the sexual rhythm my daddy had taught me with his driving hardness.

"That's it," Daddy John murmured, moving his other hand around my ribs so he could take hold of my breast and pinch my nipple. "Come for Daddy, bad girl."

The word bad. I was bad, and I was good, and... I was coming, so hard, crying out even though the other girls could hear—because the other girls could hear.

"Look at that," I heard another man's voice say, from the door of the common room. My eyes flew open and saw one of the other fighter pilot daddies there, with Daddy Pete right behind him. "John, you lucky civilian dog. Pete, let's get you in on that action. I want to see you in the hacker girl's ass."

CHAPTER 24

Claudia

Our daddies fucked us right there in the common room. I was the only SRD who had two daddies present right then; Heather, Brenda, and Philippa each had one daddy on CAP hold, Daddy Pete told me when he had circled around in front of the couch where Daddy John still held me on his lap.

I watched my red-haired daddy strip off his uniform, just as the other pilots, all of them it seemed to me equally hard-bodied, disrobed in front of their own naked girls.

"Is she ready, John?" my kind daddy asked, suddenly not sounding quite as nice as he usually did. I saw his eyes travel from my face down between my legs, to where Daddy John had spread my thighs very wide for his fellow daddy to get a good look at my bottom-hole.

"She did pretty well with the plug," Daddy John replied, his hand still working my pussy gently. "Claudia, sweetheart, it won't be comfortable, but Daddy Pete just flew a tough patrol. He deserves to unwind a little."

I whimpered under Daddy John's caressing fingers. I looked up into Daddy Pete's face; he had returned his attention to my own eyes, and now I could see the kindness there again—alongside the hunger. He did have a certain tiredness in his face, but his smile said that fucking his bad girl's bottom would ease the tension of the kind of hard day only a fighter pilot can have.

"Let's get you over the back of the couch, honey. I bet Daddy John's got some lube in his pocket."

"Of course," my first daddy said.

As they set me on my feet, and Daddy Pete took my hand to lead me around to the other side of the couch, I got a look at what the other daddies had started to do with my fellow

naked girls. While the rom com still played on the big screen, and I could see airmen passing in the corridor outside, the pilots had their cocks in their SRDs' mouths. They had taken Heather, Brenda, and Philippa to the open space between the couches and the ping-pong table and made the girls kneel before them. Each man held his bad girl's head and thrust with abandon, fucking the little face hard and deep.

Daddy Pete turned me away from that sight toward the back of the couch. He put his hand on my back and started to bend me over. My forehead creased, and I looked back apprehensively for Daddy John, but I found that he had come to the front of the couch, between me and the TV. He had stripped off his polo shirt, and as I tensed instinctively against Daddy Pete's urging my upper body forward, my first daddy's hands went to his belt and started to unfasten it.

I couldn't suppress the little whimper that came from my throat at the sight. Again I wondered what the fuck this man had done to my body and even to my brain, but Daddy Pete's hand on my back made that kind of thought impossible to follow; all I could do was to look from Daddy John's huge hands to his stern face.

As he opened his fly to show me his long, hard cock again his eyes confirmed that, yes, I had to bend over for the other daddy with whom my first daddy had shared me.

I didn't do it in time, though. I felt Daddy Pete push more firmly, and then I felt his other hand on my bottom. I cried out as he took hold of my pussy and my bottom together, and toppled me toward Daddy John. My hands reached out, flailing, and for a moment I felt like Daddy Pete might simply throw me past the seat of the couch and onto the floor.

But my daddies knew precisely how to control a bad girl they meant to fuck, I realized with a flare of heat to my cheeks. As Daddy Pete propelled me forward, raising my ass over the fake-leather upholstered couch back, so that my feet dangled, Daddy John caught my shoulders and positioned me with my hands on the cushion.

I realized too that these couches must have been designed with sex in mind; the height of the back and the angle of it against my hips made me feel secure despite the extremely submissive posture my daddies had put me in. That didn't keep me from letting out a humiliated sob as I felt Daddy Pete pull apart the halves of my bottom, though, to inspect the tiny hole that my daddies had opened just this morning, and the colonel had loosened further with her plug.

"Here," said Daddy John from in front of me. "I'll hold her ass-cheeks open while you lube her up."

I bit my lip so I wouldn't cry out with shame. For a few moments, the common room got quiet: the movie had gotten to some happy conclusion, and even the credits had ended. From behind me I heard the wet sounds of hard penises enjoying little mouths. I heard the squirt of lube.

A daddy said, "Philippa, baby, stand up and bend over the ping-pong table for me."

Daddy John's hands spread my bottom open. Daddy Pete's slick fingers pressed between the cheeks. I let out a sob, my face against the upholstery of the cushion. With my eyes open, I could see Daddy John's muscular thighs. I fought the urge to kiss them, taste them. With my eyes closed, I saw the shameful scene in the common room, the airmen passing by and stealing glimpses of the daddies' pleasures.

"Shh, honey," said Daddy Pete. "Here, I'll fuck your pussy to get you ready."

I moaned at the feeling of the big, round head, at the soreness there and the ache inside as he filled me up, all the while working my anus with his fingers. Daddy John kept my bottom spread, and the embarrassment of that, the way my first daddy held me open and ready for my kind daddy, seemed to send an extra, almost unbearable, thrill of arousal with each thrust of Daddy Pete's thick, hard penis.

Daddy John's hands left my backside and moved to my neck and my shoulder, his fingers in my hair as he raised my face and turned it slightly. I felt the warmth of the dark place between the furry tree trunks of his legs and I caught the rich, earthy scent there. It made me cry out louder with each hard thrust of Daddy Pete's hardness in my vagina, with each of my kind daddy's forceful grunts as he took his pleasure in my pussy.

For my kind daddy didn't feel kind right now; I thought I could sense the tension in his limbs from a day of duty and perhaps even of violent combat. Somewhere in the haze of need and discomfort, of the shame and soreness from the fingers in my anus and the cock in my pussy, I imagined the man using my private places not as a nice father figure but as a warrior. In the way he fucked me, I could tell that this man's kindness toward those who deserved it and his willingness to take his time with a bad girl concealed a steely will and the ability to wreak vengeance when the time for vengeance arrived.

I cried out as if he were taking revenge on me, now, though I somehow knew Daddy Pete would never show me the full extent of his aggression even if I did something very, very naughty. I cried out because I could feel him taking it out on me, and I wanted him to take it out on me.

He spoke in a low growl that sounded as if he meant to speak gently, but his sexual need overcame his niceness. "Lick Daddy John's balls, honey. Lick them nice and clean."

"Oh, God," I moaned. I felt the hand on my shoulder leave, and then I understood that Daddy John had put it on his cock so that he could pump his fist up and down as he guided my mouth to the humiliating duty Daddy Pete had demanded of me. With a little sob I started to lick, tasting salt and musk and shame.

Daddy John growled low in his throat, an echo to Daddy Pete behind me. I could hear Philippa and, I thought, Brenda, emitting sharp cries that could only mean their daddies were fucking them, too. Over the chairs or over the couches, the hard penises flashing in and out. I heard a moan that I thought probably came from Heather, and I felt sure it must mean she had a cock in her little bottom.

Daddy Pete pulled his fingers from mine. He thrust deep into my vagina, his hands on my hips to hold me firmly against his lap so that I moaned into Daddy John's warm, wrinkly sack and kissed the soft little eggs of his balls and licked them tenderly.

Then the thick cock withdrew, and its head pressed against my smallest place, my most private, my darkest hole. Daddy Pete pushed hard with his thick, rigid manhood, as if I had done something wrong to one of his comrades, or to his country.

You did, I thought, a thrill of fear going through me. You tried to hack the system that protects your daddies.

I felt my face crumple, and the tears that formed in the corners of my eyes didn't come from the discomfort of Daddy Pete's relentless invasion of my bottom alone. My backside surged, and I did as my daddies had taught me: I pushed in that mortifying way, and I opened, because I had done a bad thing, and I was a bad girl, and my daddy should use my bottom as he chose.

My back arched, and I whimpered in discomfort. Behind and above me, my kind daddy grunted deep in his chest, an animal sound of pure pleasure that sent an electric jolt of arousal to my clit despite all the shame and pain my daddies had bestowed.

"Put your cock in her mouth, John," Daddy Pete said, his voice gruff. Then, as if he had heard himself, he said to me, "Honey, your ass feels so good. I want you full of your daddies, now."

Daddy John bent his knees so that his long, hard penis came level with my mouth. He turned my face and put his hand under my chin to open my lips. With a whimpering cry I took in as much of him as I could, trying to make my mouth soft and ready for my first daddy's enjoyment.

Behind me, his hands firmly around my waist, Daddy Pete started to fuck my bottom. With each thrust he stretched me further open, trained me to receive him more fully. I cried out around Daddy John's hardness as he matched my kind daddy's rhythm stroke for stroke.

I was full of cock, now, the way a bad girl like me deserved. I had betrayed my country and her warriors, and now they had the right to punish me as they liked. To discipline me for their pleasure. To teach me, as hard as my lessons would be.

It hurt so much, but suddenly Daddy Pete moved his right hand from my hip down underneath between my thighs to rub my neglected pussy. His hardness pounded my bottom like a vengeful warrior, but to my clit and my tender inner lips he gave the reward a kind daddy gives.

I didn't think I would come; I just felt grateful that my daddy hoped he could make me feel better about the harsh training he had chosen to bestow on my little bottom. Then I felt Daddy John get even stiffer in my mouth, and heard him growl as his climax

approached. Daddy Pete's cock, too, seemed to grow more rigid, and I realized that both my daddies might shoot their cum into me at the same time.

That thought made my whole body jerk as they fucked me in front and behind, their penises surging in and out, and I started to climax even as it happened; they did come, at the same time, and I made the link between them, all of us in a simultaneous orgasm, their hot seed spurting into my mouth and my bottom.

CHAPTER 25

John

During the next week Claudia's daddies used her every night, one daddy at a time according to the rotation set up in the rules of the Advanced Guidance program. On my nights I continued my hacker girl's training with good hard fucking in her mouth, pussy, and bottom, to which Claudia responded well the first two times I brought her to my bed.

I also visited the control room once or twice a day to check in with Colonel Bronson and say hello to the SRDs. Most of the time Claudia would seem highly focused even during the hour a day the colonel made her wear the training plug. When I asked her about her work, Claudia's confident little smile usually made my heart glow with what my brain called an unreasonable degree of warmth—but which I had no inclination to resist.

My hacker girl liked the coding we had given her, and she had started to make real progress. Her bottom had made progress, too, and her blushes when I made her bend over her workstation to show me the plug always warmed me down below and got me very hard—so hard that I often led her straight to my quarters for a nice, vigorous nooner in her pussy with the plug still firmly in place.

As the civilian daddy I had the privilege of closer contact with my bad girl than her other daddies had. Sure, the pilots could drop in when they weren't on duty and take them down the hall for relief sessions. Alex did that one day, with Claudia, right after the colonel had taken her plug out and she had washed and returned it. That afternoon shift I noticed through the glass wall of my office that Claudia didn't walk quite comfortably back to her workstation from her daddy's quarters.

In short, Claudia's first week at Airbase Zeta proved that Advanced Guidance worked just as well on a borderline genius like my hacker girl as it did on girls of more average intelligence. The other three SRDs at Zeta wouldn't have ended up there if they didn't have serious smarts, of course, but Claudia Danforth belonged to a different class, and

the assessment team who had evaluated her had expressed some hesitation as to her intellect's possibly getting in the way of her sexual training.

She was making clear progress, but I could also definitely see her overthinking things, from time to time. It happened both in the control room and in bed.

On a couple of occasions on my visits to the SRDs' workstation, I noticed a kind of hesitant shiftiness in Claudia's eyes, as if she had done something, or seen something, that made her question her otherwise highly satisfactory compliance with the Advanced Guidance program.

"How's your shift going?" I asked her one of those times, five days after her arrival.

She gave her usual reply, "Good, Daddy," but I could tell she had something on her mind, and it made me remember the assessors' report.

Subject is likely to show some loss of progress as she meta-processes her growing comfort with her submission. This overthinking reflex will possibly seek justification in her perception of her work, and may manifest also in her bedroom behavior.

That night I had her to myself in my quarters; all the pilots had been called back to CAP hold. I could see something smoldering in her blue eyes as I sat on the edge of my bed and told her to kneel in front of me. She complied, but a twitch of her mouth to the side told me that overthinking had definitely taken hold inside her.

"Unzip Daddy's fly and take his cock out, sweetheart," I said, ratcheting up the authority in my tone so as to press the matter and provoke her resistance. If I could, I wanted to bring the difficulty to a head—literally, even. "I want a good blowjob before I fuck your pussy and your little bottom."

* * *

Claudia

I frowned, looking down at the lap of Daddy John's khakis. He hadn't made me do that before, and though I had done so many other shameful things in the past few days—and had even more shameful things done to me—suddenly this one command, to serve my daddy's lust on my knees, having to free his big penis from his clothing to pleasure it with my little mouth, seemed like too much.

I didn't know why, really, but I decided I wouldn't do it—I had done enough. If my first

daddy wanted to fuck me, then he should fuck me. He had done it before, and I knew he and my other daddies would do it again. I didn't have a say, any more than Heather or Brenda or Philippa did when their pilot daddies decided to fuck them. None of us had gotten paddled, or even spanked as far as I knew, since that first day, but I had gotten quite used to the idea that I had to do as my daddies told me or I would have my butt whipped until I did.

Even on my nights with Daddy Alex, and the morning when he had taken me from the control room just to have a quicky in my bottom because—he told me as he pounded me—he couldn't stop thinking about 'that tiny ass,' I had found myself strangely untroubled. Something about the way Daddy John had explained it all to me, maybe, had taken hold.

Or, more likely, the work itself had exerted its own influence. Now, today, as I looked down at my daddy's bulging lap, that influence seemed to work in the opposite direction. I didn't want to do the humiliating thing. I didn't want to take my daddy's penis out of his pants to serve his pleasure, yield my mouth for his use.

Except that I did—but I didn't want to want it. I had started to do pretty cool things with my coding. I was the shit, in the control room. Even Colonel Bronson had said I had kept a lot of civilians safe.

Something inside me said that someone who had done that for her country, her warriors, and her world shouldn't also be a fuck toy. Maybe even more important, she absolutely shouldn't want to be a fuck toy.

I looked up, trying to make my eyes playful.

"You do it, Daddy," I said, putting a sort of giggly, girly lightness in my tone. I saw instantly in his stern eyes that Daddy John had understood, somehow, that he was on to me. I felt my forehead crease. "Please?" I added, still trying to make it all a little game, even though I could tell we both understood it wasn't.

"No, hacker girl," my daddy said. "Last chance."

My lips parted, but I didn't have a single thing to say. I had my hands on his knees, kneeling up in front of him, and I felt my fingers tense nervously as I waited for the next thing to happen. Daddy John's eyes narrowed just a tiny bit, and then he spoke simply and matter-of-factly.

"I think you'd better lay yourself over my knee, sweetheart."

My jaw dropped further, and I started to push away from him, trying to scramble to my feet. Daddy John didn't allow that: his right hand flashed out to grab me around the waist and haul me expertly up and toward him. I cried out as I felt how much expertise my daddy had in the art of punishing girls.

His left arm took over the task of positioning my upper body, and the arm around my waist shifted to my backside, taking firm hold as I yelped in dismay. He moved my

bottom over his thick left thigh and to my distress I could feel myself getting warm between my thighs at the sensation of his muscles under the fabric of his pants. He clamped his right leg over the backs of my knees, making the unwelcome arousal grow in intensity, and then he started to spank me.

"You need to understand, Claudia," he lectured as he brought his open hand down hard, over and over, and I began to sob with the pain of his discipline, "that being a Sexual Relief Device means you don't get to choose how you serve your daddy. You wouldn't be here if you didn't need men who know how to keep you in line."

All through this little speech, which Daddy John delivered in a level voice as the sharp slaps of his hand rang out and my increasingly agonized cries followed them, he kept punishing me.

"Daddy... please... please... no... don't," I wailed, because when he had finished the lecture he kept on spanking me. My arousal went away and I sobbed over his knee. I hadn't really struggled, but my body had tensed against his manhandling; now I went limp, my backside a blaze of awful fire.

Suddenly, as if sensing my yielding, Daddy John took me off his knee and put me back on my knees between his legs.

"Take out Daddy's cock and suck it," he said, his voice now very stern. "Thank your daddy for disciplining you."

My breath came in little pants between parted lips as I gazed down at his lap, at the placket that ran down the front of his khakis. I had never thought of khakis as really masculine until I saw the way Daddy John wore them, the way they could bulge when he got hard for his bad girl. I felt my chin quiver and my forehead crease in shame—but also, suddenly, in a wave of arousal so great my pussy clenched and my hips bucked.

I looked up through tearstained eyes into his implacable face.

"Please, Daddy," I sobbed, knowing how very thoroughly I didn't mean it, but how urgently I had to say it. "Please don't make me suck it."

Daddy John reached out his left hand and twined its fingers in my hair, keeping my eyes on his.

"Do... as... you're... told," he growled, elongating his words so that every one of them seemed to press into my mind like a hard spank from his hand, "or I'm going to put you... right... back... over... my... knee."

My face crumpled and I gave a little sob. My hands came up from my sides and with trembling fingers I started to unzip his fly. My cheeks burned as I did the humiliating thing, parting the fabric and reaching inside to find the hardness straining against the y-front of my daddy's cotton briefs.

"That's it, good girl," Daddy John said. I could hear in his voice just how much pleasure it gave him even to have my hand there fumbling at his command, after spanking me. I could feel in the hardness of his still-hidden cock how aroused it made him to punish me, and that sent another jolt of need to my clit.

Everything seemed to turn around, and I found again the strange power that I realized suddenly I had almost forgotten. I didn't get to choose when I served my daddies' lust, but in pleasing them I learned how valuable I had become in their eyes.

And if they were good men, as I knew them to be—handsome, fit warriors for their country and mine... The whimper that came from my throat as I freed Daddy John's huge, hard penis so that it sprang out at me from his fly had real submission in it. My mouth watered, which made me blush even more fiercely as on the spur of the moment I decided I had to kiss the manhood that had taken my virginity. I kissed the top, the soft, rounded knob. I kissed down the shaft, and I licked up and down, and I felt it leap with pleasure.

I giggled and pulled away.

"Open your mouth, sweetheart," my daddy said, his grip on my hair tightening. "I'm going to fuck your face."

 laudia

The airbase got attacked the next day. Not from the air or even across the tundra—both of which would, from my perspective, have been preferable. No, Harsky's hackers attacked the systems that kept our drones and our pilots in coordination as they flew patrols and struck targets the algorithms had identified.

Really, though, they attacked me. Obviously they didn't know who I was, or even where. But they knew someone new had started working on the airbase's cryptoviral security. Indeed, with a stunning lack of professionalism (okay, so I had only recently become acquainted with even the concept of professionalism, but still) they decided to send me an actual message.

They put it in a comment line they had written into the worm they had planted in an Air Force contractor's navigation system. That system of course had to have access to the navigation databases that ran the drones and the fighters. So it ended up in my system, too. My system: I realized somewhere around the time the siren woke me up that I had started to think of Zeta's firewalled API as mine.

At first of course I thought it must be some kind of armed assault. I looked around sleepily to see the other SRDs sitting up in bed with looks of confusion on their faces that seemed to indicate this had never happened before. Then the intercom squawked, and as scary and bad as the siren already had made my morning, it got worse.

"SRD Danforth to the control room stat. SRD Danforth to the control room stat," it said.

I couldn't help looking at Heather. Her expression accused me of precisely what my stomach felt: I had fucked up, and we were all going to die.

Thankfully it didn't turn out that way. I hadn't even fucked up.

Yet.

I got to the control room at the equivalent of three a.m. local time. The clock basically had no meaning in this world where we didn't see the sun, and its above-the-Arctic-circle weirdness would have fucked with both our heads and our circadian rhythms if we had. The equivalent of three a.m. still definitely felt like three a.m., though. My head felt like someone had packed it with cotton—not nice, real cotton, either, but the imitation shit you get in drugstores for making crafts, so cheap that they practically throw it at you.

Colonel Bronson stood at my workstation. Her uniform and even her hair looked impeccable, though her eyes betrayed the fact that she, too, must have been in bed five minutes ago. Those tired eyes had an accusatory expression, a what did you do? look that only reinforced the similar look in Heather's eyes, and the corresponding feeling in the pit of my stomach.

"Everything's grounded," she told me. "Pilots and drones. Navigation is completely down. And..." For a moment her angry eyes colored with a bit of what looked like sympathy. "There's a message for you."

My jaw dropped and I felt lightheaded with shame, fear, and anxiety. "A what?"

It took two mouse clicks at my workstation to see the message. Like I said, extremely unprofessional. But definitely effective. They had programmed their worm to display the message, in English, on every system it had brought down.

Hahahaha LMAO American Hacker Do You Like Our Help For Imperialist Drones

Someone said from the front of the control room, "Radar is tracking inbound bogies."

I looked at Colonel Bronson with wide eyes and slack jaw. My face blazed like the sun.

"They don't know where we are," she said grimly. "Hopefully they won't notice anything. Get to work on the worm."

I bit back the words that rose to my mouth—it's not my fault. Partly because I hadn't yet made absolutely certain they were true, and partly because I knew it wouldn't help anyone the slightest bit to argue about whose fault it might be that all our assets were grounded with Harsky's drones overhead looking for Airbase Zeta. I sat down and started to hunt the worm.

It took about five seconds to find it, since the file had propagated pretty much uncontrollably. I needed twenty minutes, in which the radar controller at the front of the room kept us all helpfully informed of the drone activity overhead, to trace it to the contractor's servers.

"Got it," I told the colonel without looking up. "It got in over the DFNV handshake."

"How long to get rid of it?" Daddy John said from my left. I hadn't even realized he had come into the control room. I turned to look up at him over my shoulder, suddenly desperate to see the expression on his face. I felt a flood of relief as I saw that he didn't look angry, just grim. He must know, as I did now, that it didn't really have anything to do with me, except that I had clearly annoyed Harsky's own hackers—which should be a good thing, right?

I tried to tell myself that as I answered my first daddy. "Two hours?"

His face became even more grim as he nodded. "Okay, sweetheart. Get going on that."

A thought flashed into my mind. "Or..." I started.

Daddy John's eyes seemed to flash, as if the stress of the moment made it difficult for him to keep his temper in check. My heart quailed a little, but at the same time a mixture of thoughts and feelings—my need to assert my independence despite everything, my wish to please him even when my work had attracted this dangerous attack from Harsky—made me persist.

"Or what?" he asked.

"Or I could hack the drones over their transponders' cryptoviral sec." I bit my lip, as I shifted my attention from Daddy John to Colonel Bronson, who looked just as grim as my first daddy did.

"Directly overhead, six bogies," the radar controller said.

"No," Daddy John told me firmly. "Getting our assets in the air is priority one. Get going."

My mouth twisted to the side. I knew I could do it. No one had done it, to my knowledge, because no one had had tight beam access from a hidden facility to an enemy drone—no one with cryptoviral expertise, anyway. But it shouldn't be hard, and I had the code ready to send. It would render Harsky defenseless for days.

I gave Daddy John one last pleading look, but he pointed to my screen, and I turned around, with my mouth tight, and started cleaning the worm out. I heard him and Colonel Bronson move away, to talk at her desk.

My heart pounded in my chest as I opened another console, the one that controlled the tight beam transmitter. It would take literally a minute. Less. I pulled up the code I had written just to see if I could. I used my workstation's access to gain access to the transmitter. The dangerous part came now, but it would quickly be followed by the success part.

I thought of my warrior daddies, of how Harsky's goons had grounded them—and if the drones found this base, missiles would follow. I knew Daddy John had made the wrong decision. I knew it.

I typed, Execute.

"Someone just pinged a drone," the radar controller said.

"What?" demanded Colonel Bronson.

It took only a second. Really, it had taken less than a second, for the drones. The drone I had pinged had relayed the spoofed API to all its fellows. They would relay it to all Harsky's ultra-expensive weapons systems within another second.

The problem was that if I had gotten it wrong, Harsky would know the location of Airbase Zeta. I guess I kind of left that part out until now.

"Bogies are leaving," the controller said. "Bugging out south."

In as casual a voice as I could manage, I said, "Do you want me to order them to attack Harsky's house?"

For a moment I didn't dare look over at Daddy John, because I knew from the silence that greeted my words that despite doing what I knew was right I was undoubtedly in enormous trouble. When the defiant part of me finally took over and turned my eyes that way, the anger in his face made me bite my lip so hard I drew blood.

"I could," I said weakly, as he strode toward me. "It'll take them at least a day to figure out what I did, and then another day to fix it."

"What did you do, Claudia?" Daddy John demanded.

I told him. They didn't blow up Harsky's house, but within half an hour, a team of intelligence analysts had rolled up his systems and even his ground forces using the access I had gotten through the drones.

It didn't change my daddy's reaction to my having disobeyed his direct order.

"When you've finished cleaning up the worm," he told me, once I had explained and he had told his colleagues to get to work on exploiting my spoofed API, "you're headed to the punishment room for a caning."

I actually heard Heather gasp. Philippa let out a little cry of compassionate fear. I hadn't even known my fellow SRDs were in the room.

Daddy John's face looked like thunder would look, if it had human features. I thought for a moment lightning might actually come out of his eyes. Trouble barely began to describe what I was in. Tears welled up at the corners of my eyes and blinded me: abject fear, but also relief at having saved my daddies and sheer disbelief that I had done something so very stupid.

Chewing the inside of my cheek, with dread crawling in the pit of my stomach, I turned back to my screen and spent the two hours I had promised it would take to clean our

servers. I actually could have done it faster, and part of me just wanted to get whatever horrible whipping I had coming over with, but the fear proved greater. I dawdled, pretending to check file directories I knew I had cleaned.

Daddy John could tell, though. He had followed my progress, and two hours after I had saved the world, with the exception of my own ass, he said, "Finish up, Claudia. It's time."

He had come to stand behind me again, in the very same place where he had stood when I had drawn strength and comfort from his sympathetic expression, only two hours before. With my lower lip between my teeth, I turned to look back at him, trying with all my might to put an apology, the deepest, sorriest apology in the history of the world, on my face.

Daddy John didn't look angry anymore. That made it so much worse. He didn't even look disappointed, really. He just looked utterly in control, and devastatingly handsome.

So handsome that at first I didn't notice that Daddy Alex and Daddy Pete were standing right behind him. My lips parted, but instead of giving voice to the Hi, Daddy that instantly rose to my lips just through force of habit and even in gladness to see my fighter pilot daddies, only ragged breathing emerged. They had stern looks on their faces—even Daddy Pete. They had come to help cane me.

Now the tears sprang to my eyes.

"I did it to... to help... to... to save you," I babbled, looking from Daddy John to Daddy Alex to Daddy Pete. "Please... just..."

I saw the cabinet in the Special Administrative room in my mind's eye. I saw the horrible-looking length of rattan half-an-inch thick. My bottom squirmed in my chair in terror at the thought of feeling it there.

"Please, just a... a paddling?"

My eyes traveled again from daddy to daddy. Maybe I saw a hint of mercy in Daddy Pete's eyes, but there was none in Daddy Alex's. Daddy John's expression didn't change in the slightest.

"Claudia," he said, "get up or we're going to have to carry you to the punishment room."

CHAPTER 27

Claudia

For a moment I did try to get up, but my knees wouldn't work. I sat back down. I don't think it really looked like I had intentionally disobeyed my daddy's orders, but something in me—something very, very foolish—decided I had to seize some kind of control. I put an expression on my face that said despite appearances that I wasn't scared and I didn't think they had any right to punish me.

Daddy John looked at Daddy Pete, and then at Daddy Alex. Their eyes made me regret instantly the look on my face. I opened my mouth to beg for mercy again, and I put my hands out to fend them off as they moved toward me, seeming to act as one man.

One enormous, triple-strong, disappointed daddy.

I cried out, right there in the control room. I screamed, really, and I started to cry, flailing in my daddies' arms. Daddy John got me around the waist and with a little help from the other daddies, he slung me over his shoulder as I kicked and hit at him with my fists.

"Please... please, Daddy," I yelled, like a tiny girl having a tantrum. "Please not the cane. Please not the cane."

I could hardly bear to look at the rest of the people in the control room. When I couldn't help it, because my eyes stayed open out of sheer panic, I saw them looking pointedly at their computer screens, obviously embarrassed for me. The other SRDs were the exception, because they looked at each other with compassionate sorrow, while Colonel Bronson shepherded them in my daddies' wake toward the punishment room.

That gave me something more to wail about, as I tried to twist over Daddy John's shoulder.

"Don't let them..." I sobbed. "Please, Daddy. Don't let them watch. Please!"

I had completely lost control of my thoughts, my feelings, and my limbs. All of me seemed to spin around the horrible little procession as I looked backwards. Daddy Pete and Daddy Alex were right behind me, and I looked up into my kind daddy's face. He had a stolid expression in his eyes now, and I could tell that really he didn't want to cane me.

"Daddy Pete," I begged, just as Daddy Alex opened the door for Daddy John to carry me through into the Special Administrative room. "Please... don't let them."

Daddy Pete shook his head. "Honey," he said. "I'm going to be caning you too. And I'm going to cane you just as hard as your other daddies do. You put all our lives at risk, and you disobeyed a direct order, and now you have to learn."

That seemed to bring me back into my body. Something about the steady way he had expressed himself, and how it contrasted with his still sympathetic expression, made everything in me seem to go limp for a moment, and I could only sob in shame and fear.

Daddy John put me on top of the right bench. Daddy Alex and Daddy Pete started to strap me down.

"Nice and tight," said Daddy John grimly. "She might hurt herself otherwise."

I shook with terror as the stout belt went across my back and the cuffs imprisoned my knees and my wrists. I twisted my head from side to side, trying to get a glimpse of my daddies, not sure whether I wanted to curse at them or plead for mercy.

In front of me, Daddy John had gone to the cabinet and opened it. He brought out three identical canes. The sight of them made me cry out, losing my wits once again at the menace of the long, thick, supple rattan.

"No," I whispered. "Oh, no. Please."

Daddy John gave a cane to Daddy Pete and another to Daddy Alex.

"Girls," I heard Colonel Bronson say. "Stand over by the mirror."

I turned my head in that direction and saw my fellow bad girls take up their position. My forehead creased and I bit my lip. Even Heather had only a sympathetic look on her face, but that didn't help the mortification I felt to have them there watching me learn this terrible lesson.

Daddy John said, "Look at us, Claudia."

He and his fellow daddies stood in front of the bench, and when I turned back to face forward I saw each of them in an identical stance: cane in his right hand, laid across his left.

"SRD Danforth," my first daddy said. "You will now be caned for dereliction of duty. I award twelve strokes..."

I heard Philippa and Brenda gasp. I felt my face crumple and tears spring from my eyes.

"Four strokes from each of your daddies. Major Yount, please begin."

In my panic, I had completely forgotten my daddies' ranks and last names, so when Daddy Alex began to move, and I knew my mean daddy would start my punishment, I lost it again. I started to scream and struggle against the stout webbing. The feeling of resistance, of barely being able to move a centimeter only reinforced the fear.

I followed Daddy Alex's slow progress around the bench, saw the stern look on his face, watched him stop almost out of my view, just behind my offered bottom, my spread knees.

"Four lashes, SRD Danforth," Daddy Alex said, and raised his cane to shoulder height as at the same time he stretched out his left hand to take hold of the belt around my waist.

The word terror hardly described the emotion I felt. My insides seemed to shrivel, and I sobbed before my mean daddy moved a muscle.

"Face forward, SRD," said Daddy John from in front of me. "Look at me."

I obeyed, somehow hoping, irrationally, that by obeying him now I might get him to lessen my sentence. But I saw him with his own cane in his hand, looking back into my woeful face like a vision of justice, eyes blazing and mouth set hard.

At the same time, just as my eyes met Daddy John's, I heard the whistling behind me.

The cry of Wait, please that sprang to my throat became a yelp of startled pain that seemed to sound at the same time as the thwack of the rattan across both cheeks of my bottom, right in the middle. My body had tensed as I heard the swish of the cane through the air and for a moment I thought maybe I had overreacted, and the cane wasn't actually even as severe as the paddle.

Then the real agony began. The fire of the terrible line across my backside grew and just kept growing even as I heard the second lash coming down.

"No... please..." I sobbed, but Daddy Alex struck again, his hand still holding firmly to the belt to make sure he could deliver the stroke with all the force he wanted to; all the force necessary to teach a bad girl her lesson.

"Oh, God... oh, God..." I wailed, as I writhed in the restraints, just trying to distract myself. Daddy Alex caned me again. In front of me, through my tears, I saw my other daddies, just standing there, watching me take my punishment and clearly approving of it.

I heard the girls by the mirror say "Three," and I realized they must have been counting from the beginning and I hadn't even noticed because it just hurt so fucking much.

"Daddy," I screamed, "please!"

But my mean daddy brought the cane down again, and the pain built even higher. I twisted my head around, even though I felt sure it was against the rules. I saw Daddy Alex lower his cane and felt him take his hand from my back. I saw in the mirror what he had done to my bottom: the four red lines across my little cheeks. A sob burst from my chest at the pain and the shame, and then—so much worse—something else happened, between my spread thighs.

I didn't understand. I'm not sure anyone really understands, about us bad girls—even our daddies. I mean I know now that they have the Institute, and they can describe what happens, and even predict it, with incredible accuracy. That doesn't mean they understand it though.

I definitely had no idea what was going on, although of course it had happened to me before. I just had never expected it could happen when my daddies really punished me. And of course, the sudden need between my thighs, so great I had to use all my willpower to keep from moving my hips, only made the shame greater.

"Lieutenant Reuter," said Daddy John, and Daddy Pete went to switch places with Daddy Alex.

I heard my kind daddy say, "Four lashes, SRD Danforth," and I closed my eyes and hung my head.

The cane made the arousal go away, when it struck. While Daddy Pete caned me all I could do was scream and cry, the need in my pussy departing for the moment. Thankfully my kind daddy decided to be kind in one way, since he punished me at a quicker pace than Daddy Alex, even if he fulfilled his promise by whipping me just as hard.

Daddy John, though, clearly felt the need to make absolutely certain I understood I had done a very bad thing. He waited until Daddy Pete had come to stand in front of me before he moved to take his place behind me, and he laid the cane across my backside so that I cried out at the light touch of it on the welts his fellow daddies had already made.

"Look at me, hacker girl," he said.

Eyes wide, I turned my face over my shoulder to obey. I bit my lip and choked back a sob at the sight of my bottom in the mirror, the earliest crisscrossing lines across cheeks and upper thighs already starting to turn purple. Then I bit my lip hard at the expression on Daddy John's face.

He tapped the cane against my bottom, and I whimpered. A humiliating surge of sexual need thrilled through me, and I could see in his eyes—even more to my distress—that Daddy John knew it. His face said that my arousal represented part of my punishment, my terrible lesson. Every time I looked in the mirror or touched my bottom—in the shower, in bed—and felt that shamefully ambiguous mixture of pain and need, I would remember that I had done a very bad thing, and paid the price for it. I would remember that my daddies had whipped me as I deserved, and needed.

"Four strokes, SRD Danforth," Daddy John said. "Face forward."

I did, with a choking sob. I looked into Daddy Pete's eyes, and found them as pitiless now as Daddy Alex's. They knew, too. They knew I needed it.

Daddy John's hand took hold of the belt, and he started to cane me.

He struck the hardest of all, or at least it felt that way, and he whipped me more slowly even than Daddy Alex had. All I could do was scream and cry, my backside squirming uncontrollably, clenching in a vain attempt to soothe the pain.

"Ten," I heard the other SRDs say. Daddy John paused. He let the sensation change to the very beginning of arousal, and then he struck again. I sobbed in agony, and I went limp.

"Eleven," came the chorus.

"Daddy... Daddy," I whispered. "Please... Daddy."

I needed it all: I needed their canes and their cocks. My eyes had closed again, and when I opened them I saw that Daddy Alex and Daddy Pete had put their canes back in the cabinet and started to take off their fatigues.

"Oh, no," I breathed, as their huge, hard penises came into view. Whipping me had stiffened their cocks, and now I understood I would have to relieve that stiffness, too, as part of my lesson.

"The last stroke," said Daddy John, "will be given with Daddy Alex's penis in your mouth, to teach you the special kind of obedience a bad girl needs to learn."

CHAPTER 28

John

I looked down at Claudia's well-punished backside. No SRD at Airbase Zeta had ever gotten twelve strokes from the cane before, but I had not the slightest doubt I had given the correct sentence, despite the sympathy my bad girl's sobs, her wailing pleas for mercy, had stirred in my chest as I watched her whipped and then took my turn whipping her.

Claudia had almost cost her country hundreds of lives and trillions of dollars, not to mention the fact that she herself, her colleagues, and her daddies belonged to the group who would have perished first. If she had made a mistake, the ping that reprogrammed the drones would instead instantly have revealed the location of Zeta. Harsky would have blown us off the map within minutes if not seconds. Twelve cuts of the cane seemed to me extremely judicious.

Indeed, I had a strong feeling that Claudia might even thank me some time in the not too distant future, for making her punishment so severe. Soon enough she would understand what the consequences of her recklessness might have been. Knowing that I had whipped her without mercy would almost certainly help assuage her guilt.

The harshest part of the girl's lesson had almost ended now, though, and the time for a more ambiguous sort of discipline had arrived. I could see that Alex and Pete had gotten just as hard as I had caning the hacker girl who had instead of killing us utterly destroyed one of our most dangerous enemies, all with a few taps of her keyboard.

I tightened my grip on the belt around Claudia's waist, and tapped the cane against her bottom, where eleven crisscrossing welts stood out in livid red, some of them already purpling along the edges. She let out a whimpering sob. Glancing over at the other naked girls along the mirrored wall, I saw tears and clenched fists.

During her whipping, Claudia's fellow SRDs had clearly experienced the bad girl's troubling mixture of compassion and arousal at the sight of another girl's severe punishment. It would assist in their own training, and of course when their own daddies came to use them an hour or two from now Heather, Brenda, and Philippa would show themselves very obedient and very needy.

Alex stood in front of our bad girl, pumping his cock in his right hand at a leisurely pace. As Claudia looked up at him, her strict daddy put the forefinger of his other hand under her chin and gazed down at her with stern eyes. The girl's punishment hadn't ended, but it was about to change.

"Colonel," I said, turning to look at the steady officer. "I think we can send the other SRDs back to work. Their daddies will get back from their sorties soon."

I saw Brenda and Philippa exchange looks, as Heather, blushing, lowered her eyes. Their wicked arousal—and even their naughty wish to see what happened to Claudia now—seemed to radiate from their faces.

"Certainly," the colonel replied. "Girls, you'll see Claudia soon and comfort her, I'm sure. Let's get you back to work."

I turned back to the bench, my hand still gripping the belt that restrained my bad girl at the waist. My cock leaped as I looked again at the pretty marks her daddies had made across her backside, to teach her the lesson she so desperately needed. Again I tapped the cane across her little bottom, and again Claudia whimpered, looking up into Alex's implacable dark eyes.

"Open your mouth, sweetheart," I said sternly. "You have one more stroke coming, and then we'll start to discipline you a different way."

* * *

Claudia

I felt my brow crease as I looked up at my mean daddy, his enormous, rigid cock hovering only an inch from my face, his face set like a mask of justice. I couldn't understand it, but despite the terrible pain in my bottom, and the fear that Daddy John provoked with every tap of the cane, my mouth started to water.

Only one more stroke, I told myself, but still my body and my mind wailed, I can't. I can't bear it. It hurts too much.

I heard the door close behind the colonel and my fellow naked girls, and I felt grateful that at least they wouldn't see the next part of my punishment. That scared me too, though. How terribly, how shamefully, did Daddy John mean my daddies would whip me

now, would spank me, would use me for their pleasure alone as I cried out in agony?

Daddy Alex's broad chest rose and fell. His hand went up and down the dark, hard shaft of his manhood.

"Open that little mouth, babygirl," he growled. "I'm going to face-fuck you to teach you to do as you're told."

A sob burst from my chest.

"This stroke doesn't count, Claudia," I heard Daddy John say from behind me, and then the cane left my bottom, and then I heard its swish.

"No!" I screamed, but it came crashing down, and I screamed because it hurt so much, and the pain just kept building. "Please, Daddy," I sobbed. "Please no more."

Daddy Alex could have thrust his hardness into my mouth, I realized, when I had opened it. He hadn't, though. His hand had gripped my chin, but not very tightly—only enough to keep my face in place as the rest of my body bucked over the bench at the agony of the cane stroke.

"Ask Daddy Alex to face-fuck you," Daddy John said from behind me. "Then, when his penis is in your mouth, I'll give you your final lash."

"Oh, no," I whispered. "Oh, God. Please... no."

Daddy John spoke again, as I felt the slight shift in his grip on the webbing belt that meant he had started to raise his other arm. "This stroke doesn't—"

I cried out, interrupting him. The pain in my backside, the thought of how my bottom and thighs looked, the shame of what I had done and how I had already paid for it—they all went into that cry.

"Please, Daddy! Please... please..."

For a moment I thought I wouldn't be able to say it, that the word was simply too shameful. I sensed the tension in Daddy John's hand, and the word burst out.

"Please face-fuck me," I sobbed. "Please."

Only then, with a spine-tingling, confusing mixture of mortification, sexual need, and fear, did I realize that I meant it. I really did want my mean daddy to put his huge, hard penis in my mouth and fuck me there, as hard as he could. My mouth watered as if my daddy had offered me the most delicious candy in the world, and I opened wide.

In one swift thrust, Daddy Alex buried his cock between my lips, his hands coming around the back of my head to hold me firmly in place for his pleasure. I cried out around his throbbing erection as I felt Daddy John tense again, for the final time, and heard the swish, and received the last stroke.

Thirteen, my mind said, somewhere. But if I thought I had experienced the floaty feeling that came from utter domination by my daddies before, the first morning with them, that had only served to help me recognize what happened to my consciousness now. Otherwise, I know I would have felt terribly frightened I had lost my mind.

My bottom hurt so much, and the penis in my mouth thrust to the back of my throat over and over. I felt Daddy John's hands on my hips, and then I felt his cock drive into my pussy, and I only realized then how very, very wet I had gotten.

I felt my body take over, as if my mind didn't matter—as if my brain had gotten me into too much trouble, and really shouldn't my body have a turn? Daddy John's naked, muscular lap pressed hard against the bottom he had whipped, and I bucked over the horrid bench, against the stout restraints, all the tension and pain in my limbs suddenly seeming to make me into a wild animal, controlled only by agony and lust.

My eyes closed and I just felt... felt my daddies using me, my first daddy and my mean daddy. A hard penis in my mouth thrust in and out. Strong hands, their fingers twined in my hair, held that mouth in place for the cock's deep pleasure. Daddy Alex made low, growling noises of satisfaction above me, and they seemed to override the feeling that I might gag, that I might not be able to breathe. Strangest of all, my trust in him, and in Daddy John, took away the fear, and left me needing it all, needing more.

Daddy John gave me more, behind me, his hands on the belt that kept my pussy in place for his thrusting hardness.

"Oh, that's nice," I heard him say from somewhere in the darkness above me. "Oh, that's a tight little pussy. This is what a bad girl gets, sweetheart. A good, hard punishment fucking."

I moaned around the surging penis in my mouth, felt its bigness there over and over, the shame of my face-fucking. My punishment face-fucking.

I had done a very bad thing. It had worked out, but I had made the wrong choice—wrong by a long shot. I felt the tears prickle my eyes, in addition to the moisture Daddy Alex's cock had brought there with the rough way he used me.

Yes, you did the wrong thing, my brain's little voice said off in the corner to which it had retreated, but...

One of Daddy John's hands moved from the belt, to stroke my whipped bottom as he fucked me. His other hand moved to the other cheek, and he spread them open, as if he wanted to look at my little asshole, and wanted me to know he was looking at it... that he meant it to play a role in my punishment fucking.

But you've paid for it, haven't you?

I felt a climax build inside my pussy as Daddy John's cock pounded into me. My back arched and my abs tightened.

"She's starting to come," my first daddy said. "I'll fuck the bottom now, so she doesn't. Pete, why don't you use the mouth?"

Daddy Alex thrust one last time, deeply into my mouth, and then pulled his cock from between my lips.

"Oh, God," I moaned. "Please, Daddy..."

But Daddy John had already taken his wonderful penis from the place I needed it most. He was already pressing its head, lubricated with my overwhelming need, against the tight, dark whorl of my anus. The effect of his brutal words still thrilled in my clit, but as Daddy Pete thrust his thick cock into my mouth and began to fuck my face even more rapidly than Daddy Alex had, Daddy John's invasion of my bottom began, and the discomfort took away the keenness of the pleasure and left me on the frustrating brink.

"That's what you get, honey," murmured my kind red-haired daddy. "This is what happens to naughty girls, isn't it?"

Yes, my body and my mind screamed.

Daddy John's cock drove deep into my littlest hole, using me at full length from the start. I cried out around Daddy Pete's cock as my first daddy's hips came up against my punished cheeks again, this time with my anus full of his manhood.

"There we go," Daddy John said, as he fucked my bottom with swift, steady strokes, his hands on the belt to help him thrust more deeply. "Just one last thing."

Distantly, confusion registered in my mind, but my body understood I needn't worry; my daddies knew what to do with a bad girl. I felt them unfastening the restraints, and I felt them changing the bench, lowering it and lifting me up, and then I realized Daddy Alex had moved to slide underneath me, and with a sudden heat in my face I understood.

"Be a good girl for your daddies," Daddy John said, "and we'll let you come."

I opened my eyes, but all I could see was the red fur on Daddy Pete's flat abs as he took his pleasure in my mouth. I felt Daddy John lowering me, and I felt Daddy Alex's strong fingers on my pussy, opening it for his huge cock. I almost came at the first touch of the warm knob, just grazing my clit, but then he found the opening, the tunnel, the sheath where he belonged.

Daddy Pete pulled his cock out so I had only two inches of his shaft between my lips, and I could moan and sob as I suckled at my kind daddy's thick manhood. I felt so full. I had three cocks in me.

Such a bad thing, my mind whispered.

"Such a good girl," Daddy John said. "She saved the world, even if she made a poor choice. Let's make her come."

They used me then, as their naughty fuck toy, and I did come. Over and over. My mind had long since departed my body, floating in a place of ecstasy and bliss. Now my body, punished, pleased, and forgiven, writhed over my mean daddy, in the hands of my first daddy, pleasing my kind daddy.

I knew how sore I would be: I didn't think I'd be able to sit comfortably, or walk without wincing, for a week, so thoroughly did my daddies take their pleasure. But I came, and came, and came, and I knew it wouldn't take long before I craved another lesson like this one.

The End

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