



EMILY TILTON

*Shamefully*  
MASTERED

SHAMEFULLY MASTERED



EMILY TILTON

# CONTENTS

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Afterword](#)

[Bound for Service Series](#)

[The Institute Series](#)

[The Institute: Bad Girls Series](#)

[The Institute: Shameful Arrangements Series](#)

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

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

[Corporate Correction Series](#)

[Shamefully Courted Series](#)

[Galactic Discipline Series](#)

[Victorian Correction Series](#)

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

[Emily Tilton Links](#)

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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



*H*eather

Some theoretical outside observer might well have called my sale to Ivan Antonov a black-market transaction. That phrase—*black market*—could hardly have begun, however, to describe the darkness that surrounded his acquisition of my body for his exclusive sexual use.

Exclusive, except of course when he shared me with friends and colleagues.

The way he did the night my contact in the Pretorian Guard finally activated me and gave me my mission.

One of the five men to whom Antonov had sent me in his Mercedes limo with its dark tinted windows put his hand on my thoroughly whipped ass and squeezed hard as he bent over me where I lay atop a punishment bench, unbound but helpless to disobey their every obscene, degrading command. I cried out, my whole body shuddering in pain and helpless, humiliating need for the hard fucking they undoubtedly planned to give me.

I felt his warm breath on my ear. I felt his two middle fingers press roughly into my aching vagina, hot and surely terribly wet. To my dismay, I clenched hard on those invading digits, a sob bursting from my chest at the wanton, uncontrollable sensation.

I had no idea which one it was, of the five associates of Antonov who had just closed some sort of deal with the warlord who owned me, selling him some of the increasingly scarce power-plant machine parts he needed to maintain his grip on his little empire. The man with his brutal hand on my backside could have been any of them, and I wouldn't have been able to tell him apart from the others even if I could see his face.

Like a good fucking piece, or at least like one who knows her bare bottom will be caned mercilessly for any disobedience, I had kept my eyes on their exposed cocks and away from their bearded faces. This one, whichever of the five he happened to be, probed into my pussy with an arrogant, practiced, casually cruel expertise that made me moan despite my desperate effort to hold onto some shred of dignity. He pressed his moist lips against my ear and he spoke.

“Mission is go. Seven alpha six.”

I had expected the man's voice to say something in Russian—something very lewd and horribly degrading. Antonov had by then made certain I had learned enough of his language that he could degrade me in it in any fashion he liked, though he generally preferred to make his obscene threats and lewd promises in English.

Most of his friends, colleagues, and associates, though, didn't have the same facility in dirty English Antonov did. When they wanted to let me know I would soon receive their rigid manhoods in my most private places, they tended to state their intentions in the Russian equivalent of phrases like, *This whore cunt is going to get stuffed full of my big tool whether you want it or not, slut.*

Which is pretty much what I expected the nearly anonymous man with his hand painfully gripping my whipped ass and his fingers in my treasonously wet pussy to say.

Instead, he activated me, Heather Foster, the sleeper agent of the Order of Ostia whom Ivan Antonov hopefully would never see coming.



If the horrible metal oblong that one of these five men had received from my owner, the device Antonov called his *good-girl wand*, hadn't kept me immobilized, I would have startled violently. That probably wouldn't have given away what had just happened and blown my cover and that of the man who had just spoken into my ear. Of course, Antonov's fucking piece would shudder when one of her temporary masters promised, say, to ride her little bottom until it would take her a week before she felt right when she sat on the toilet.

The good-girl wand's power over me, however—the way it prevented any intentional movement whatsoever, once its wielder had instructed me to keep still—provided a paradoxical reassurance, though. I let out a moan, but I didn't move in any sort of unexpected way that might have alerted one of the other four, who were presumably not agents of the Pretorian Guard, that I had just received the order to turn Ivan Antonov, or to kill him.

“What are you telling her, Grigoriy?” shouted another of the men, his voice slurred with the vodka I had heard them consuming as they whipped me over the bench. “Get your fingers out of her cunt. Ivan told us not to make her feel good. And it's my turn to whip that ass.”

The lips left my ear, and the fingers left my pussy. I let out a wrenching sob, which I knew they would take for a sound of wanton, submissive need for the fleeting stimulation the agent's fingers had provided. The one who had touched my back with Antonov's horrible wand once they had thrown me over the bench had said very specifically, in heavily accented English, “Make all the noise you want, whore. We want to hear you, and it will teach the other girls a lesson.”

They couldn't tell, just from that sob, though, how deeply another slew of emotions mingled with the arousal that brutal hand on my ass and in my pussy had brought. Fear, of what I would have to do and of what would befall me because of it. Longing, simply to go home after these long months as Ivan Antonov's fuck toy.

Pride, that the Guard had placed so much confidence in me.

“*Da, da,*” I heard the man who had just activated me say as he stood up. He continued, in Russian that sounded perfect to my anglophone ears. “But we fuck her after that, yes? In all the holes?”

I couldn’t keep another sob back, at the casual cruelty and degradation in his tone.

“*Da,*” replied the voice who had told ‘Grigoriy’ to take his fingers away. “Of course. But no coming for her.”

I tried to hold back the whimper that rose into my throat, but the command *We want to hear you* had terrible power over me even in its simplicity. I let out the kittenish sound, and worse, one of the involuntary bodily movements that even the good-girl wand couldn’t suppress made me push my bottom, poised over the end of the bench, out toward them, as if desperately offering my most private places to my owner’s business associates.

*Ivan told us not to make her feel good.*

I felt my face twist into a mask of woe at the terrible wrongness of it—and at the way that very thing, the brutality and the cruelty of the man who had bought me on the black market, made my body arch with desperate need for the pleasure denied and the pain imposed instead.

I heard two or three of them chuckle behind me.

“Look at that,” one of them said in broken English. “The little whore *likes* it, doesn’t she? Where does Antonov get them?”

The man who went by Grigoriy—though of course that stood very little chance of being his actual name—had stood up and moved away. They had put a mirror in front of me, a little round one on a stand, so that they could watch my face as they whipped me and used me. In it, I could see them, or at least the ones right behind me. I caught a glimpse of Grigoriy’s dark suit, but he turned and went to the side, out of the mirror’s field of view. I felt sure he wanted to make certain I couldn’t identify him, and it sent a chill of fear up my spine.

*If Ivan figures out that I’m a mole, he will torture me, and I will talk... and I won’t be able to describe the man who*

*activated me.*

Presumably these five men represented a loose organization of Antonov's business associates. 'Grigoriy' wouldn't have had to do much to get himself included in the little party organized to enjoy the warlord's largesse, in the form of this gangbang—a night of strict discipline and dominant pleasure with a trillionaire's ultra-expensive fucking piece. Indeed, Ivan liked to loan his girls to men he scarcely knew, though without the extra benefit of the good-girl wand.

He saved that, his ultimate tool of degradation and dominance, for friends like the one who spoke next: Feodorov Devushkin, the only man of the five whom I had met previously. Ivan had shared me with him before, at the dacha where he kept me most of the time. The friends had enjoyed me together on their enormous cocks during a long night of rough fucking. It had left me so sore between my legs and my bottom-cheeks that I couldn't walk without discomfort for three days.

"Take your turn with the birch, then, Boris," Devushkin said in Russian, his voice sounding impatient. "I'm hard and I want to make her take me in that little ass."

With the help of the wand's control—its enforcement of the command Devushkin himself had issued to keep still—I suppressed the shudder that threatened to travel through my body at the thought of taking that huge, hard penis in my bottom. I had to maintain the lie that my Russian comprehension was at a very low level. As far as Ivan Antonov knew, the only bits of that difficult language I could understand were the filthy, degrading words he himself had taught me.

So I should, according to my owner's knowledge, be able to say *Please fuck me in the ass, Master* and *I want your beautiful cock inside me*, but I shouldn't be able to understand *I'm hard* or *I want to make her take me*. As far as I could tell Ivan still felt very confident that when he spoke Russian within earshot of me I had not the slightest idea what he said. I needed to keep it that way, despite the truth being the opposite: my Russian, thanks to my maternal grandmother with whom I had grown up, was better than my English.

The Pretorian Guard, I had always presumed—though without actual clarification from any Guard contact—had ‘recruited’ me for that reason, as much as for the submissive sexuality I had managed to hide even from myself until that night. And, of course, for my complete virginity, which they then sold to Ivan, along with the rest of me, for 5.6 million dollars.

Despite my best mental efforts, my mind went back to the night the unnamed Guard agent had silently entered my little apartment. ‘Grigoriy’ activating me, of course, naturally stirred those memories, but I desperately wanted to keep them at bay at the moment. I needed to pay as much attention to the other men, especially Devushkin, as I could. If I were to have a chance at completing this mission without losing my own life, I needed to know everything about Ivan Antonov.

A little table stood a few feet directly behind me, the most prominent thing in the view I had in the little mirror. On it sat the birch with which they had already turned my backside into an agony, punishing me for no reason at all except that Ivan had told them I was a naughty girl who needed strict discipline to give the pleasure he had bought me for.

Again, my mind traveled back to the first time I had seen a birch rod. How my first impression had left me wondering why all the girls in the old stories seemed so scared of it. A bundle of twigs, gathered with string at one end into a sort of handle.

“I’m going to whip you with this now,” the man in the black hood had said, after he had shown it to me. He had touched my back with the compliance wand, and he had told me to take off my clothes. He had told me to put my pillows in the middle of the bed and to lie over them. I had obeyed, my heart pounding in terror, but already aware of the terrible truth of the horrid wand.

*It couldn't make me do anything I didn't, deep down in the darkest, most shameful places of my heart, already want to do.*

## CHAPTER 2



*H*eather

*“Heather,” the man in the hood said as he woke me, one hand gently rubbing my shoulder and the other holding the rounded tip of the metal wand to my back. “This is for your own good. Get out of bed and take off your clothes.”*

*I felt a slight tingle, where the thing pressed between my shoulder blades. For a moment, despite the sleepy confusion in my mind, the suspicion that this was all just a very vivid dream, I blushed hotter than I could ever remember blushing before. To my astonishment but also somehow without any surprise—the way things happen in dreams, in fact—I started to obey the bizarre command.*

*I had on an oversize concert t-shirt and pink cotton bikini panties. I got out of bed despite the way my entire body trembled. I could observe as if from a long way away how a girl who looked and even felt exactly like me had just started to do as the hooded man who had invaded her home had told her.*

*“What...?” I asked, as my hands reached down as if they had a mind of their own and took hold of the hem of the black t-shirt. “What’s going...?”*

*He had stepped back from the bed a little to let me carry out his order. Now he moved forward again, his right hand reaching around my back. For the first time I saw the*

*compliance wand, a little silver device whose shiny end protruded from his fist an inch or so.*

*I couldn't tell if the man simply moved very quickly, or if something he had done—the wand thing, maybe—had slowed down time for me. I learned soon enough that part of the thing's operation indeed involved that ongoing effect on the submissive girl's mind. It let the wand's user easily do what the man in the hood did then, and touch my back with it again, so that he could issue another command.*

*“Quiet, Heather,” he said very simply. My brow furrowed. I could imagine finishing my question—saying “What's going on?” and following it up with “Who the fuck are you?” and then screaming for help. I couldn't do it. This man, a part of my mind that seemed both completely new and like it had been there unnoticed forever, had told me to hold my tongue.*

*“Go ahead and take off your shirt and your panties,” he said. “I'm going to birch you.”*

*My body didn't stop trembling as, to my horror, I simply obeyed him. I whimpered as I pulled the t-shirt over my head and dropped it to the floor, my face burning as I exposed my little breasts to the unseen eyes behind what I guessed must be the high-tech black cloth of his mask.*

*It seemed that the power of the wand to enforce the Quiet command allowed little noises like that whimper, and the one that came from my throat as I put my thumbs inside the waistband of my panties and tugged them down. I looked up into the blank, black surface of the mask, my face a pitiful pout, beseeching him for mercy, though I had no idea even why he intended to punish me, let alone why he would show me mercy.*

*I felt my pussy, with its sparse golden curls, come into his view. I wondered with another flush of blood in my cheeks whether his hidden eyes had fixed themselves there, between my legs. To my dismay, I felt a surge of heat down there, too, to match the one in my face. The question “Why?” became the one I most wanted to ask, and I found myself trying to beam it into the hooded, masked man's mind with my pleading eyes.*

*At that point I seemed to hear the word birch for the first time. He had said he was going to birch me. My eyes went to something on the end of my bed—something that shouldn't be there. A black bag, to match his hood, his pants, and his shirt. I watched him reach into it in a leisurely way, his head turning and bending to look down into its depths and find what he sought.*

*I felt a moment's surprise at the slow pace of his movements as he started to pull from the bag something long and thin... something apparently made of several lengths of... of twigs, bound together by stout cords at one end to make a handle.*

*Couldn't I, like, scramble over the bed and out the bedroom door? Naked though I was, I would still fare better if I could get outside my apartment, wouldn't I? His attention had turned to the birch thing and he didn't seem to be keeping watch on me.*

*I started to do it. Really, I started to try to do it, though that doesn't even really describe what happened between my brain and my body. The part of my mind that had realized I might have a chance to get away told my body to turn and get up onto the bed as fast as I could. My body refused. I couldn't even swing my head in that direction, because all my focus had gone to the birch thing.*

*I felt my face crumple, my forehead creasing deeply. I heard another of those whimpers come from my throat, the only sounds that the horrible device the man had pressed into my back apparently permitted.*

*"This is my birch, Heather," said the man, turning the blank face of the mask to me again. "I'm going to punish you with it because it's a traditional punishment in Russia."*

*My mouth opened, my jaw going slack. The man had just spoken in nearly flawless Russian—though not quite as flawless, part of me realized, as my own.*

*I had thought maybe he meant something else about birching me. Or maybe one part of my brain had at least managed to persuade another that he couldn't mean by it the horrible thing toward which my mind had leapt... the mortifying image in the*

*dark, forbidden place where I shoved things not worth thinking about.*

*Of course I had never seen one before. Even the concept had been vague, probably because it didn't make sense to me on reading about it that a singular word, birch, could refer to something made of a lot of separate pieces of the thing to which it referred—twigs that would traditionally, I supposed, come from a birch tree.*

*Russia. My grandmother's old books, some of them about young women's experiences in school.*

*I almost managed to form my lips into a W shape. I mean, I had the impression I had almost started the movement of my face muscles that would round my lips that way. It took a moment to understand that the impression had no truth to it, that the man's command Quiet simply prevented me from doing anything even related to speaking aloud.*

*My furrowed brow and my pleading eyes tried to ask the question without words, though I couldn't even tell if he was looking at my face or my exposed pussy. Cheeks blazing, I thrust my hands in front of the little nest of curls and the untried cleft it concealed badly enough that I blushed every time I got a glimpse of myself nude in the mirror.*

*"Nyet," said the man, simply and calmly, then kept speaking in Russian. "It's forbidden to cover yourself. Use those naughty hands to strip down the comforter and the top sheet. Put the pillow in the middle of the bed, then get over it. I want your bottom nice and high for your first punishment."*

*Punishment. Why? What had I done? It didn't make any sense, for of course he couldn't be intending to whip me for covering myself, could he? That had only happened because he had already broken into my home, already meaning to do it.*

*Feeling completely foolish for even buying into this home-invader's idea a little, I nevertheless couldn't stop racking my brain for some misdeed. I had graduated from my educational facility with perfect marks just after my eighteenth birthday, three months ago. I had to my surprise earned employee of the month at my shitty job in the laundromat.*



First. *What did that mean? Yes, of course, I'd never received corporal punishment even in a world where it seemed to be making some sort of horrid comeback, at least for women. I worked, at the tippy-top level, for Selecta, the megacorp that seemed largely responsible for urging the return of such 'traditional values.'* But I had put all that—even the paddle that hung symbolically on the wall of my supervisor's office—into that same dark region of things not worth considering.

*My first punishment. To my horror, my body had already started to obey. I watched myself pull the comforter and the top sheet off the bed. I felt my hands taking the pillow into them as if some other girl were telling me about the sensation of softness.*

*Whimpering, I got onto my bed. I tried not to. I tried to stop my muscles from moving my limbs as he had commanded, but despite the shouting in my mind I lay down over the pillow. A tiny whining sound emerged from my nose at the feeling of having my bottom raised that way, presented for a man's attention with the frightening rod in his hand.*

*At last he spoke again, though the words confused me even further.*

*"I'm going to punish you for your own good, Heather," he said. "To introduce you to your new life and to teach you obedience."*

*I twisted my head to the side—apparently the influence of the wand allowed that. I saw his mask turned toward my backside. I saw the birch raised high above my bare, offered bottom.*

*He started to whip me. The sound of it, and the feeling of the impact on my bare rear end, deceived me terribly, at least at first. The twigs, traveling through the air, made only a soft whooshing sort of noise—not at all like any of the whistling, whipping sort of sound effects I had heard in shows or movies—and when it hit me it only sounded like a sort of crackling.*

*The sensation took me by surprise dreadfully as well. The man—my trainer, whom I would soon learn to call six, though he would never give me any other name by which to refer to him—struck me three times in a slow rhythm, before he spoke*

*again. The first stroke of the birch forced a sharp puff of breath out through my nostrils, and made my body tense up, though that mostly happened out of simple fear that it would hurt.*

*It didn't really hurt though, at first. For half a second I even wondered why girls in old books seemed to fear the birch so much—maybe, I thought, it just had to do with the way their teachers raised their skirts and took down their drawers to give them their awful lessons for misbehavior or bad grades.*

*I yelped at the second cut of the rod. My hands, at either side of my face, curled into fists, taking some of the sheet into their grasp. The man had struck harder with that stroke, but the increased force wasn't responsible for the little cry anywhere near as much as the way the discomfort had built into pain with horrible rapidity.*

*At the third stroke, I whined pitifully, prevented by my trainer's command from making the much louder shriek I wanted to let out at the pain. My head came up from the mattress and my back arched. The warmth in my bottom and my upper thighs became a blazing agony. It seemed like the half-dozen twigs that constituted the terrible device could reach my whole rear end with each awful cut.*

## CHAPTER 3



*H*eather

*“Heather,” he said, “listen carefully. I am your trainer. You will call me sir.”*

*The birch came down again. I felt the puff of air from its downward flight toward my burning bottom and my muscles tensed. I realized immediately that the tightness made the pain worse. A sob burst from my chest and I found myself squirming to try to soothe some of the awful sensation away, my bottom and thighs clenching and unclenching in what I felt certain must appear to my trainer a lewd display.*

*“Do you understand me?”*

*For a millisecond my mind traveled in a circle: he had told me to be quiet, hadn't he? And that command, thanks to the wand thing, seemed one that I couldn't disobey. How could I answer? Then, without any premeditation I could grasp, I answered the question.*

*“Yes, sir,” I whimpered.*

*“As you've just found out, my compliance wand ensures your obedience to me even when my commands conflict with one another. Your body, and the part of your mind most closely linked with your basic urges, simply obeys my latest command.”*

*I felt the tiny breeze again. I let out another little whine of fear even before the birch struck, and then a sob of agony. My tears*

*flowed freely onto the sheet beneath me; I could feel their dampness under the cheek I had turned to the mattress.*

*My trainer. My basic urges. I felt my face go hot.*

*He brought the rod down and I felt my hips buck over the pillow. My poor bottom, a fiery torment, surged shamefully.*

*“Just six strokes for now, Heather,” my trainer said. “Put your hands behind you and rub those pretty little cheeks for me.”*

*I couldn't figure out how to marshal the welter of sensation and emotion in my head, my chest, my belly, and—worst of all—further down. My hands, thanks to the wand, simply obeyed this latest command despite the mortification it brought. As my fingers took gentle hold of the hot globes of my rear end, though, and I felt for the first time the strange, almost lacy, pattern of the welts left by a birch rod on a girl's backside, I had a very different impression of my body's response.*

*Deep down, I understood to my distress, I had actually started to rub my whipped bottom because I desperately wanted to. I wanted to know what a birched backside felt like. I wanted to soothe away the smart while the man who had punished me for no apparent reason watched me rub my bare hind-cheeks.*

*That unwelcome realization gave way almost instantly to another one—even more unwelcome in one way but, in another, dismayingly gratifying... and, worse, terribly seductive.*

*I bit my lip as a whimpering moan emerged from my throat. It felt good. Much, much too good. I wanted to stop gently kneading my smarting, overheated ass, to take away my hands. I believed I would have stopped, without the influence of the wand, but the worst part of this revelatory moment lay in how very unsure I was of that—how strong a suspicion I had that in fact I would have kept cherishing my poor little bottom-cheeks on my fingertips even if my trainer had simply birched me and then told me he would permit me to rub the tender place he had just punished.*

*“That's it, Heather,” he said. “Good girl.”*

*Another whining sound made its way out of my mouth. The words had an effect on me that seemed to shake the foundations of the person I had thought myself. The wand... I told myself the wand had done that, even as I moved my hips to work my bottom in my hands and move myself rhythmically against the pillow in search of release from some dreadfully delicious need that the birching had awakened in me.*

*Good girl. My forehead creased hard. How could those words have made me thrust my hips this way? To... well, to behave myself like the opposite of a good girl. To move my virgin pussy that shameful way in search of forbidden pleasure, in a manner I had always refused even to try because of the dark thoughts that rose when I did so much as consider it.*

Basic urges. Oh, no.

*“Take your hands away, now,” said my trainer very sternly.*

*I gasped, and let out a tiny, sighing cry, all the Quiet command would allow me. My hands released my whipped bottom-cheeks and lay to the sides of the pillow, clenching and unclenching into fists of frustration.*

*The birch touched my back, but without force. I emitted a questioning whine through my nose, unsure for a moment what he meant to do, and then I understood as I felt the full length of it laid along my bare back.*

*“A reminder,” my trainer said. “Of your punishment. Spread your knees.”*

Oh, no. My body did it, and the feeling that I might have obeyed him even without the influence of the compliance wand grew distressingly strong. I felt the air moving against my pussy, and I bit my lip.

*Then my head arched back, and I moaned quietly, though part of me wanted to cry out with the greatest force. The man who had invaded my home had thrust his hand between my thighs and taken hold of me... all of me, it felt like... two fingers on my clit and his thumb up against the tiny ring between the rear cheeks he had birched. The rod, my reminder, rolled back and forth on my back with the tensing of my muscles.*

*“I’m recruiting you as a concubine to be sold on the black market,” he said, bending over me to place his lips against my ear. “You’re going to be a warlord’s little slut.”*

*His fingers worked me, down there. My whimpers came with each outward breath, one after the other. Part of me—I would have sworn it—tried to stop myself, but my hips moved now even more urgently than they had when I had rubbed my bottom-cheeks. I needed my trainer’s hand... I needed everything it could give me, everything he could give me.*

*I needed to hear more about this fate so terrible it seemed like he must merely have decided to spin a filthy, degrading lie to exercise his own dominance over me.*

*“That’s not the most important part, though,” said the man in the black hood. His fingers moved up and down my private lips, spreading the wanton wetness I could feel practically gushing from the untried sheath that opened at their base, so close to the wrinkled dimple of my anus, where his thumb pressed so firmly.*

*“The most important part,” he said as he brought me to my very first climax, “is that you’re going to be a spy.”*

He hadn’t revealed any more about the true nature of my kidnapping until an hour or so later. He had made me get dressed in my old sweats and led me downstairs, my bottom smarting with each step. A van had awaited us, in front of my building. My trainer had helped me into it, and he had sat down next to me.

Between the passenger compartment and the driver’s seat had risen an opaque divider; when I had felt the van begin to move I hadn’t even been able to tell whether a human driver sat up front or the van had some remote guidance system. The thought had occurred to me because the world of stunning technological marvels—wonders that at the same time also somehow seemed both ominous and crappy—the new fake-magical era that Selecta and the other megacorps had brought us all into had clearly reached much deeper into my individual existence than I had ever expected or desired. A little wand

that made me do whatever shameful thing my ‘trainer’ told me to do... why not a van that drove itself at the telepathic command of the same horrible, hooded man.

As he told me more about my mission, my brow furrowing more deeply with each word, I had squirmed almost uncontrollably on the faux-leather upholstery of the seat. My bottom had felt... well, it had stopped *hurting*, really, but my birched cheeks had been *sore*... but sore in a way that to my dismay had seemed terribly connected to the new, funny feeling in the pussy my trainer had toyed with... had *masturbated*... with such careless efficiency and made me feel things I hadn’t wanted to feel, and yet at the same time had known I *needed* so badly.

I had hardly been able to concentrate on his words, as strange and portentous as they had been.

Here and now, though, with the five thugs—*no, four thugs and one undercover agent of the Pretorian Guard*—to whom my owner had loaned me for the night, for discipline and pleasure, my trainer’s words the night of my ‘recruitment’ came back to me clearly. In the three days that had followed that night, my crash course in the unique methods of the Order of Ostia, I had after all been made—with the help of the compliance wand—to repeat them over and over.

*“You need this, Heather.*

*“You need this for two reasons. First, the organization you’re going to infiltrate, the one currently headed by Ivan Antonov, destroyed your family.”*

*Despite the soreness in my backside and the highly unwelcome consequences of that sensation in nearby regions of my body, I suddenly sat still. I knew this story, though I hadn’t thought of it for years. How my grandmother and her brother, both of them still in their teens, had been driven from their homes when the warlord had come to the lawless border region. How their father had tried to stand up to the warlord’s thugs. How the warlord himself had shot my great-grandfather in front of*

*his children, and told them to remember, always, and never to come back.*

*I remembered my grandmother saying, in her musical voice, in her wonderfully expressive native tongue, “We will go back, my dear. Maybe not me, and maybe not even you. But our family. They are still there, and they must pay.”*

*They. I hadn't thought of them for years, but it seemed like the passage of time had only made my childish longing to help my grandmother recover some of what she had lost on that terrible day stronger. I had fantasized in those days, aged maybe ten or eleven, about arriving back in a ruined village with a strike team out of one of my own brother's video games. I didn't like guns, but I imagined myself with one of them in my hand, finding an old man, an evil sneer on his face, and telling him in my own perfect Russian that I was Vladimir Hasonov's great-granddaughter, and mine would be the last face he saw.*

*In the van my face went hot with anger and with a strange kind of embarrassment—that I had neglected to carry out the duty of vengeance my grandmother had laid upon me and that this man... the man who had just whipped me, then touched me so very intimately against my will... had brought unguessed-at, humiliating pleasure... that this ‘trainer’ had reminded me of that duty.*

*He had continued to speak, while I had fallen into my brief reverie of remembering my grandmother and her retellings of the awful story of her flight to the West. As my mind caught up with his flow of speech, the blush that suffused my cheeks became more intense, its nature changing as to my dismay I felt heat gather between my thighs as well.*

*“Second, Heather, you need this because you are the kind of girl who can't be happy unless you are serving a dominant man with your gorgeous body, receiving his discipline and his training—and taking his cock however and whenever he sees fit to give it to you.”*



## CHAPTER 4



*J* van

I watched them whip Heather on the video feed from my friend Feodorov's discipline room. I usually enjoyed watching friends use one of my girls. Since the one man Feodorov had invited whom I didn't know—the one named Grigoriy—had leaned over Heather in that intimate way, his hand between her thighs, though, a largely unfamiliar emotion had crept into my chest.

*Alpha rage.* I'd heard other dominant men describe it—sometimes in a positive way and sometimes in a negative one. Positive, because if you owned the girl in question you would of course reclaim her from whoever currently had temporary possession—whipping or fucking or degrading her, it didn't much matter. Negative, because if the slut didn't belong to you, the alpha rage could definitely get you into trouble.

Positive, because—according to more than one acquaintance who shared my passion for exercising mastery over beautiful young women—alpha rage represented a very solid indication you had started to develop feelings for one of your little whores. Negative, by the same token, because really, who wanted to develop that kind of feeling?

One of these acquaintances had said that whenever he had begun to sense alpha rage building in his mind—he had clearly and purposefully refrained, I had thought, from saying *heart*—he had given the girl away to a low level subordinate to use as

roughly and shamefully as possible. Seeing his former prized concubine degraded that way, he claimed, did the trick and left him free to buy another slut, one he could take unalloyed pleasure in loaning out after he had deflowered her and broken her in for a week or two.

Feodorov himself held the birch, in the image on my screen. I zoomed the camera in so I could see only Heather's adorable bare bottom, the perfect little twin globes made into a tracery of lovely red lines by the whipping my friends had bestowed. As I watched, Feodorov delivered a hard cut with the rod, its half-dozen twigs crashing across Heather's lower hind-cheeks and upper thighs.

She let out a scream of agony, her bottom writhing as she moved her hips in desperation. Despite the alpha rage, or maybe in fact because of it, my cock had gotten as hard as iron against my thigh—harder maybe than I usually got when I watched a little whore punished for her wantonness.

Did it have to do with the good-girl wand that had come with Heather as part of her enormous purchase price? Something about the way its operation restrained the girl's limbs without any visible means of binding her always seemed to arouse me more than practically anything I had ever experienced. It really did appear almost as if they had bound Heather to the whipping bench with invisible straps—she moved her body under the awful ministrations of the birch only with her obviously involuntary reactions to the pain and no further. Somehow commands issued under the wand's operation found their way into Heather's unconscious, so that the lovely naked girl restrained *herself* atop the bench, presenting her bottom for chastisement as if she knew she had earned this terrible lesson.

The wand must, I reflected, have something to do with it, at least insofar as it made Heather so very pleasurable both to discipline and to use on my cock. The simple variety provided by the unique experience had a role here—the delight of sampling a forbidden world of pleasure with a so-recently-innocent girl who had no choice but to serve my lust in the most humiliating ways possible.

Maybe more important, the depth of submission Heather displayed... the way that—as now, on the screen, at Feodorov’s brutal command—she put her trembling hands behind her and spread her little bottom cheeks to reveal the tiny ring into which I couldn’t seem to get enough of plunging my hardness... the way that she cried out as a man entered her there, the way Feodorov’s closest colleague Viktor did now as I watched in close-up... the way she sobbed as the glistening shaft invaded her most private place...

I shut the video feed off.

I had never done that before, while watching friends use one of my concubines.

I thought about calling my chauffeur. He and my best limo currently waited, engine idling as a show of sheer contemptuous superiority to the rest of the energy-starved world, outside Feodorov’s city palace. He would send Heather down when they had finished with her, which could lie hours in the future, once they had inundated her thoroughly punished body with their seed.

I thought about taking one of my other limos over to Feodorov’s myself, of going up to have a share of Heather with them.

*I could hardly imagine a more obvious show of weakness, could I?* My eyes widened in shock that my mind had even entertained the feeble notion.

Should I give Heather to a lowly lieutenant? Ask to watch her whipped within an inch of her life and then brutally gangbanged by her new master and his friends?

I wouldn’t give away the wand, of course. They had told me it would only work on the right kind of girl, and I had verified the information with a few attempts on other concubines and even a henchman. I could probably find another slut like Heather, one who needed domination so much that her cunt visibly wet her panties at the news she would be shared that night, as Heather’s had that afternoon when I had told her of the night to come.

I would find another little whore, and she and I would watch Heather taught a terrible lesson for her slightest misbehavior to her new master. Without the wand, he would have to strap her down, but her birching and her punishment fucking would proceed all the same, as she screamed out her penitence.

The recollection, to my dismay, didn't arouse me at all.

*Her penitence.*

Her penitence for what? For what crime?

*For making me fall in love with her.* I swallowed hard. I thought not of the many strict sessions with the birch or with my open hand I had bestowed on Heather's adorable bottom over the past four months since acquiring her, but of the dinners, candlelit, at my elegantly furnished table. The lovely gowns she had worn over lovelier lingerie, all of course with the purpose of having them ripped from her body later before I plunged my cock into her luscious cunt or fucked her face as she knelt before my chair.

I thought of her golden hair, her hazel eyes, the shy smile she had given me when I had put a diamond choker gently around her neck, fastening the clasp and, unable to help myself, kissing her forehead before I pulled back to look down into her lovely face.

Of the way she looked at me and asked her innocent questions about old Russia and my family's part in its storied history... how from serfs in the service of the family whose brutal scion would found the criminal empire I now ruled, my own family had risen in status over generations. Of how with her lively eyes and articulate speech, her patience with my broken English, she made me want to ask questions of her, too—and how her answers made me feel that despite age and distance Heather and I somehow belonged together.

I reached out, trying to break the fugue I had fallen into, thinking about Heather not as the owned bed girl she should be but as somehow worthy of more. I meant to turn the screen back on, but my hand fell again without touching the button.

*Fuck.*

\* \* \*

*Heather*

The man in my bottom rode me very hard. Ivan had gotten me used to taking his massive hardness in my smallest hole, and whoever this was—one of Feodorov's friends, I thought, though except for Feodorov and now 'Grigoriy' I didn't know any of their names—didn't possess Ivan's endowment, thank God.

Still I cried out, though, from the discomfort of the cock surging pitilessly in and out of my anus and even more from the humiliation of receiving a buttfucking from a man whose name I didn't know. I knew these aggressive, arrogant men who so obviously thought themselves dominants wanted to hear me acknowledge their mastery.

Making the sort of noises I knew would arouse them soothed away some of the pain; I had learned that early on in my service to Ivan Antonov. It gave me my own paradoxical feeling of submissive power over the men who punished and used me. Less comfortably for me, also, it aroused me, too, and made the whole degrading experience not just bearable but—more than half to my distress rather than my enjoyment—a source of shameful pride and humiliating pleasure.

I wouldn't have been able to come with this thug in my ass, even if they hadn't used the wand to forbid it. I did sometimes orgasm when Ivan fucked my ass. If I had behaved myself according to his standards that day, he would, as a reward, often instruct me to play with my clit and my pussy as he enjoyed me.

To my distress, my mind traveled there, to Ivan's house, to the many rooms, the many pieces of furniture both elegant and utilitarian in those rooms, where my owner had used me along the narrow path where the nameless criminal thrust his smaller manhood with such abandon. His hands firmly on my hips, Feodorov's friend thrust in at full length with every stroke,

making sure to press his lap against the welts all five of them had left with the birch on my naked bottom and thighs.

“Look at me in the mirror,” he grunted in English so heavily accented I could—ironically, given my perfect Russian—hardly understand him.

I had closed my eyes, letting out a submissive cry with every return of the uncomfortable fullness in the forbidden tunnel Ivan had trained for his use. My master had widened me with a series of plugs, each one bigger than the last, for the first month of his ownership. A twisted sense of gratitude filled my chest for the ‘care’ taken by the man who had bought me in helping me serve his humiliating lusts, and those of the others to whom he loaned me out.

Thinking of Ivan despite myself, I opened my eyes the instant my subspace-addled brain understood what Feodorov’s friend had said. I didn’t want them to realize that I hadn’t been under the influence of the wand for the last few minutes: it represented a deception I had cultivated with Ivan as well, one my Pretorian Guard trainer had taught me. In it, perhaps, would lie my salvation.

*Or Ivan’s*, my wayward brain said.

At a crucial moment, as here in Feodorov’s house at a much less important one, I could perhaps act unexpectedly, exercising my free will when those who thought themselves in control felt certain they had me completely under their command. It could save me. It could, if my trainer had his way, let me kill Ivan Antonov.

*Or...* began the little voice in my mind again. My open eyes focused on the petty criminal whose dark gaze looked back lustfully in the mirror at the face of the girl whose ass he had just started to spurt his seed into. So unlike Ivan’s ice-blue eyes. The unintelligent, sharp-bearded face so different from Ivan’s characteristic penetrating expression even when in the throes of passion, looking at me, his owned concubine, to see me overcome with the pleasure of submitting to his dominance.

I cried out over and over, giving them what they wanted, terrible need surging between my thighs at the abject degradation of receiving the unknown minion's hot essence in my most private place. I became vaguely aware of Feodorov, behind me, speaking into a phone that had just rung, in Russian.

"*Da*, Ivan. *Da*." Feodorov's voice sounded strangely sullen. "Da. I'll send her home right away."

*Or, with my one free action, I could save Ivan's life. I could save the life of the criminal warlord I love.*

## CHAPTER 5



*H*eather

The dismay I had felt when I had realized I was falling in love with Ivan Antonov had known no bounds. And it had happened at what seemed to me simultaneously the most humiliating and the most cliché possible moment: Ivan cradling me in his arms after using my ass more forcefully than ever before.

He had sat me painfully on a kitchen stool after a naked birching for speaking out of turn, asking to go to the bathroom when Ivan had been in the middle of an important phone call. He had tugged me backwards on its polished wood surface until my punished bottom cheeks protruded far enough over the edge that I, at his command, could spread them and present my anus for his huge, deep-thrusting cock.

He had bent me forward and held me there with his hands under my arms, gripping my ribcage, and his fingertips kneading my breasts firmly and ultra-possessively as he used me brutally, to assuage the monstrous erection he always got when he whipped me.

He had fucked my smallest hole until I sobbed in pain and shame from some uncharted locale deep in subspace... and then he had somehow fetched, and turned on, a wand vibrator I hadn't even known he possessed... and reached around to force it between my thighs... and held it against my clit...



Me, screaming and sobbing and coming, as my master put his other arm all the way around my upper body to hold me firmly against him even as I writhed in pleasure-pain and pain-pleasure.

Him, coming too, as if at the stimulation of my pleasure... his penis jerking long and urgently in my anus...

Ivan holding his still rigid cock inside me there while the delicious, tormenting wand brought me to another climax.

Then. The very next moment—the next nanosecond—in my memory, though hours might actually have elapsed between my final orgasm and the glowing, all-consuming freeze-frame that had distressed and frightened me just as much as it had made that shiny, joyful feeling leap up in my heart.

“Shh, sweet girl,” Ivan had said as he held me curled up in his arms, sitting in his enormous leather-covered armchair. “Shh, good girl.”

His musically accented English. It had seemed to me, at that moment anyway, like his Russian accent had made me fall in love with him. Something about the effort he clearly expended even to pronounce *sweet*, and *good*, and *girl*... how it so clearly meant he wanted to communicate with the bed girl he could just have used for his cruel sexual pleasure... it didn't of course constitute the entirety of his twisted—but clearly evident—affection for me, but perhaps it provided the symbol of that warmth that my mind always went to, when I thought of him.

“Master,” I had whispered. Just that. I had taken his hand, and I had kissed it on the palm. The hand that wielded the birch with such brutal ‘justice’ as to whip a young woman for asking if she might go to the bathroom. The hand that spanked me over its owner's knee when Ivan judged I hadn't shaved my pussy closely enough that day.

In the instant when my body had just, of its own accord, decided to kiss Ivan Antonov's cruel hand, my brain had tried to tell me that I was doing it because I meant to deceive him into *thinking* I had fallen in love with him. For the blink of an eye—I had in fact actually blinked, because the spontaneous

gesture arising in my muscles had taken me by surprise—I had believed the lie. Of course this hand-kissing, this utterly submissive moment of reverence for the evil warlord the Pretorian Guard had sent me to turn or to kill, represented a mere deception. How could it have been anything else?

“You make me feel so...” Ivan murmured, his lips against my hair. I had been able to tell that he sought an English word, one that he hadn’t had in his vocabulary. He had wanted to say something different, something more expressive. After a moment he had simply said, “Good.”

And I had loved him for it. Not pretended to love him.

Here in Feodorov’s house, with the unnamed friend in my ass looking at me in the little mirror with an air of clearly feigned contempt, my heart thrilled with joy that Ivan had sent for me. The man whose organization had destroyed my family those many years ago, who himself currently ran his region with an iron fist, killing his rivals without mercy... the man who had sent me home with his friend to serve five strangers in the most shameful, painful way possible... I wanted nothing more than to go back to him in hope that tonight he might hold me again.

When Ivan sent me to serve his friends and colleagues—tonight made the third time—he always dressed me the same classic way: lacy black lingerie complete with garter belt, nylons, and heels, covered in a snow-white overcoat, as if to emphasize the wanton slut who lurked beneath the innocent exterior. Feodorov and his friends had, as Ivan explicitly always invited his friends to do, literally ripped the tiny, expensive lacy panties off me before birching me. They had used a knife to cut the bra and the garter belt. They had used their rough fingers to tear the stockings into shreds.

In the limo, then, I wore only the black heels and the white coat. My nudity under the woolen coat with its silk lining never ceased to feel strange, nor did it allow me to do anything but think of the man who dressed me thus.

*Yes, he kills his rivals, my brain started in. But only after they give him no choice.*

Did I believe that? How could I not? I had seen him hesitate that very morning, before he gave the order while I listened, silent on my knees, clad only in the white lace panties that Ivan had specified as my everyday uniform the morning after he had brought me home and taken all my virginities in a single night.

I could imagine how another leader of what had been the Klimatov ‘family’ in those days and was now the Antonov family would have grinned as he gave the order for my great-grandfather’s death. Boris Klimatov, Ivan had readily told me when I had asked at dinner on my third night as an owned bed girl, had done a great many terrible things.

In his broken English, Ivan had told me—the girl he had purchased for nothing more than the right to plunge his massive cock into me whenever and however he chose—of his internal conflict.

“Klimatov built this little empire,” my master had told me, a wry half-smile turning up the left corner of his mouth and suffusing his distressingly handsome face with a thoughtful air that had taken me very much by surprise, “with a little intelligence and a lot of violence.”

In the limo on my way back to Ivan’s city house, I bit my lip as I remembered it: the way his shoulder-length golden hair had framed those ice-blue eyes as he looked at me. The sudden impression I had had that my new owner hadn’t intended to speak so candidly to me. The sensation that seemed as much physical as emotional, welling up inside my chest, of danger.

Not from Ivan, but from my own needs and how frighteningly well my gorgeous, brutal, thoughtful master fulfilled them.

“I would never do,” Ivan had continued, “half of what Klimatov did—even to maintain my position. Sometimes...”

His voice had trailed off, and then the smile had turned for a moment into a look of sarcastic scorn, as if he had no choice but to scoff at the thought he had just had.

*Sometimes what?* the voice inside my head had shouted. I hadn’t seen it clearly then, but I could grasp the moment fully,

looking back as I sat nude beneath my white overcoat, being driven back to the man I loved—the man who had sent me to another man’s house to have my bare backside whipped and my bottom filled with cock. I had desperately wanted confirmation of what I had suspected—no... *hoped*, really, to my dismay—might be true the moment I met my new master. That Ivan Antonov didn’t deserve to die for what an unrelated man had done to my family eighty years ago.

I had swallowed hard, there at the dinner table, the first of the many elegant meals his chef had served us since my arrival as the warlord’s new concubine. I had asked my question very softly.

“Sometimes what, Master?”

I couldn’t suppress a little sob, even remembering it in the limo: the way Ivan’s eyes had lit up with that dominant glow when he had heard me call him *Master*. For a moment, a real smile had played upon his lips, only to give way to the ironic curl of dismissal.

“Nothing, Heather,” he said, obviously regretting—if only slightly—that he had said so much. “Finish your dessert and then go to my bedroom and get undressed. You should clean your anus on the bidet, too. I’ll be there in a few minutes.”

My face had blazed hot as I had obediently risen from the table. As I had walked to Ivan’s enormous master suite, the familiar screaming match had begun to unfold inside my head—between the independent, logical woman I had thought I was until the Pretorian Guard had ‘recruited’ me and the submissive, captive bed girl who meekly washed her sore little bottom-hole so that her master could have her again there.

At the same time, though, as if in counterpoint to that raging internal conflict, another idea had quietly taken hold. I had felt absolutely sure that I knew what Ivan had meant to say.

*Sometimes he wished he could let go of the criminal organization he had inherited from the Klimatov family.*

Ivan’s butler opened the door of the Antonov palace for me. *Palace* was the word the Russians always used for these

enormous city houses, though it had taken me a while to get beyond my anglophone notions of what a palace should look like. Not that Ivan's mansion lacked any luxury one might have found in Versailles or the tsars' great residences; for comfort it probably exceeded those houses greatly.

Still, my master's palace looked more like a big townhouse to me—but it seemed the modern warlords had decided to style themselves after the grand dukes and princes of old Russia. I often reflected that men like Ivan and Feodorov—even Boris Klimatov—probably only barely matched the cruel, violent aristocrats of old, at least as my grandmother had told of them in her thrilling, harrowing stories from the old country. Not the ones about how the Klimatov family had destroyed her family—those stories were only sad and scary. Nana had known better ones—more entertaining ones, anyway—about the tsars and their nobles, how they had lived and died, in constant feuding with one another.

*Not unlike Ivan's feud with the Traschkas*, I thought as I bowed my head in front of Pyotr, the butler, the way Ivan required me to do. As his owned concubine, I occupied a place simultaneously at the top and at the bottom of the pecking order among the servants of the palace.

They saw me—and Pyotr in particular saw me, because his station called for him to be in near-constant attendance on Ivan—bending naked over the punishment horse with the marks of the birch displayed on my bottom. They even saw me with Ivan's rigid cock thrust deep inside my mouth as I knelt before him in his study.

They also saw me clad in the most expensive couture, and served me the finest champagne and caviar. Pyotr, at Ivan's command, had drawn the bath in which I had soaked, whimpering, my first night in the palace, after my master had forcefully—though only after carefully obtaining my consent, before thrusting his massive hardness home in my virgin sheath—made a woman of me.

Ivan had solved the problem of this paradox by explicitly making me subservient to the rest of the servants. I could be

whipped by Pyotr for making eye contact with him, or with any other servant.

“Master Ivan,” the butler said, “is waiting for you in the study, slut. Give me your coat.”

## CHAPTER 6



*H*eather

I felt my brow furrow as I let Pyotr take the coat from my shoulders, so that I stood naked but for my heels in the foyer of the palace. The butler had decided on what represented my formal rank and title, more or less: *slut*. In Ivan's presence, of course, he called me *mademoiselle*.

A few times during the four months I had belonged to Ivan, I had raised my eyes to meet Pyotr's. I hadn't forgotten, on those occasions, that it could mean the birch for me—applied not by my unwillingly beloved master but by this horrible servant. Despite my mission and despite my reluctant affection for Ivan, however, I still had the intelligent, independent mind that I knew had in part attracted the Pretorian Guard's interest.

When I stood, or knelt, or lay prostrate, in the presence of the man who owned me, an electric current of submissive need made it easy to keep my eyes where they 'should' be. My nameless Guard trainer had forced me to acknowledge that shameful, dark part of me with his birch and his probing hand, the night he had kidnapped me. Accepting it, when my gorgeous master was nearby, merely required giving in to the bodily urges that my affection for him seemed to make simply undeniable.

My eyes seemed even to seek out Ivan's feet, rather than his face, when my master had clothes on—and his enormous penis, so often rigid with desire for me, when he didn't. When

he told me to look him in the face, the rush of elation that filled my chest at the sight of his handsomeness seemed like an ample—even an excessive—reward for my compliance with his dominant protocol.

But when the only people present to witness and to remind me of my degradation were Ivan's servants, I found that compliance much more difficult. Above all, the butler, an angular older Russian who seemed like a relic of the imperial days brought my rebelliousness to the fore. For an instant, here in the foyer, naked before his censorious eyes, I looked into his sharply featured face.

I saw in his implacable gray eyes the same contempt and the same warning I had found there before. I could probably—presumably, even—get him into trouble with Ivan for calling me slut and instructing—as I felt sure he had done—the other servants to do the same. He, on the other hand, had obtained from my owner the absolute right to birch me when and if he decided I had misbehaved.

Pyotr hadn't exercised that right, and I didn't feel certain that if he did it would meet with Ivan's approval. My master had awarded his butler the power to chastise his concubine on my first full day in the palace, four months ago. I had wondered more than once if things had changed since then; if Ivan had developed the same kind of feelings for me, his degraded bed girl, as I had for him—in which case the butler might find himself in hot water with a criminal warlord who even I had to admit had a deserved reputation for stern vengeance.

But I also knew full well that any report I could make to Ivan of Pyotr's overstepping his bounds would only arrive after the whipping he would administer. Worse, I knew from the housemaid that the butler had birched two of Ivan's previous concubines on very slight pretexts, and the warlord had applauded his head servant for maintaining discipline in the palace.

“You want I tell Master that you look me in eye, slut?” Pyotr said, his face hard and his accent thick. “You want I give you birch?”



I swallowed hard, working mentally to quell my defiance and trying not to let the conflict show on my face.

“No,” I said, lowering my eyes to the butler’s shoes. I forced myself to add the other word, whose absence would equally give Pyotr reason to punish me. “Sir.”

“Good slut,” Pyotr said. “Smart.”

He wouldn’t dare whip me, I felt certain, while Ivan was at home. He seemed to have sensed the possibility of his employer’s real affection for me, just as I had, though I also guessed that he didn’t feel any surer of it than I did. Whether that meant Pyotr thought he could birch me with impunity when Ivan went out, though, was a question that to my dismay made me feel even more rebellious in the butler’s presence.

My eyes seemed to quiver in my face, the urge to raise them again nearly uncontrollable. I wondered wildly for a moment whether something in me supposed I could find out whether my master loved me this way, at a terrible cost—by compelling this awful man to whip my bare backside within an inch of my life, as I had heard he had done to the previous two bed girls. Much, much worse I felt the need begin to build between my thighs at the picture of it, in my head: the butler standing over me with the birch in his hand as Ivan looked on, weighing my fate, poised between protecting love and dominant lust, between sparing me and watching with pleasure as his butler turned my bottom into a fiery agony I couldn’t bear to sit on for days.

“You wait for something?” Pyotr asked, his voice mocking. “Master is waiting.”

I let out my breath forcefully through my nostrils, hoping and fearing at the same time that the butler would perceive it as the snort of defiance I meant. Once again in danger of raising my eyes, I made my feet turn and start to move toward the hall that led to Ivan’s study.

“Stop,” Pyotr said from behind me, just as I had almost reached the entrance to the corridor. I froze, closing my eyes as a wave of anxiety went through me. I knew why the man

had stopped me, because he had done it before. “I want good look at that bottom.”

I heard the butler’s shoes move across the foyer’s marble floor to stand behind me. I felt his hand take hold of my ass lightly, fingers tracing the welts from my birching at Feodorov Devushkin’s palace. This, too, Ivan had authorized Pyotr to do, to keep me in my place.

I bit my lip hard as the butler pressed his middle finger between the whipped globes, until it pushed against the terribly sore little ring where my master’s friend’s friend had used me so roughly.

“*Da*, slut,” the butler said in a soft, menacing voice, “you get it here tonight, *da*? This is place men like to fuck slut like you, *da*?”

I squeezed my eyes shut more tightly as the waves of heat seemed to travel all over my body. I grasped at the shreds of my scant memories from my all-too-brief training for this mission, seeking a way to keep some small piece of composure.

My trainer had informed me without any apparent regret that if the Guard gave me too much information or made me into too polished a sexual servant, not only would Ivan quite possibly suspect me of being a mole but—much more important from the Guard’s perspective—he wouldn’t find me as irresistible as my trainer intended me to be.

*Your innocence*, the man in the mask had told me, as I lay for all intents and purposes paralyzed over the whipping horse in the tiny cell to which he had walked me after getting out of the van, *represents the most important of the commodities we’re going to sell to the man whose family destroyed yours.*

I felt my brow working in distress as the butler’s finger pushed harder against the sore little ring between my whipped cheeks, and squeezed firmly, to make me whimper.

*Not his family*, I thought back furiously, at the hooded man in my memory from months ago. *And even if Boris Klimatov* had

*been Ivan's grandfather, Ivan would still be his own person. Ivan... I think maybe Ivan loves me.*

The trainer in my head, half actual memory and half my own imagination, responded, speaking words the real man had never said.

*But your master put you in his butler's power, didn't he? What a tender, loving thing to do!*

The awful finger pushed into my anus. My cheeks blazed as I felt how slippery the tip had become, with the semen the unnamed friend of Devushkin had left as a shameful reminder of his enjoyment.

"*Da, slut?*" Pyotr growled into my ear. "This is where you should be fucked?"

"Yes, sir," I managed to whisper, hating him and hating myself even more for the way this utter degradation could make me pulse in acquiescent need, deep inside where I suddenly wanted my master's hardness so much that I almost cried out.

I found it in my mind, the few sentences I clung to, that I had actually heard during my training, such as it was.

*You will struggle with the way they make you feel: not just Antonov, not even mostly Antonov, but the people around him. Accept that struggle. Live it. The struggle itself will seduce them, so do your best to feel grateful for it, because it's going to let you complete your mission.*

I let out a sob as the butler's finger penetrated me further.

"When Master gets tired of you," he said, his voice so contemptuous it made my heart jump, "he will give you to me, and I will fuck you here."

*Please, I thought, trying to find some tiny victory amid the struggle I felt I was always in the process of losing. Please don't make me speak again.*

"You will like that, *da, slut?*"

He sank the awful finger in and moved it back and forth a little, as if he meant to twist a knife he had stabbed me with, asking it as a humiliating question. To my horror, I couldn't

help moving my hips just a millimeter backwards, seeking despite myself the shameful, forbidden pleasure in which Ivan had educated me with such brutal but painstaking dominance.

It had happened that way, I knew from the housemaid. When Ivan had tired of his previous concubines they had found their way into the beds of his minions—not Pyotr, as far as I knew, but others of the criminal thugs who represented Ivan’s private army: bodyguards and drivers and the like.

*Not me*, I told myself, trying anew to live the struggle and to feel some tiny measure of gratitude for it. At least I could feel sure that if and when Ivan did tire of me I would also be of no use to the Pretorian Guard and they would extract me so that I couldn’t reveal even the little I knew.

But of course I really meant that at least a part of my mind couldn’t help believing, despite so much evidence to the contrary, that I was different. That Ivan might well love me in a way he hadn’t loved the others.

I took a deep breath, in through my nose and out through my mouth. Maybe the only other thing worth remembering from my ‘training.’

“Yes, sir,” I said. I did my best to keep my voice meek. “May I go to my master now?”

I could have said it as a threat, of course—implied that I would tell Ivan that Pyotr had detained me. No use in that, though: better to let Pyotr wonder whether I had meant it. Better to keep playing innocent and unintelligent and submissive even to the servants.

He gave my backside one final squeeze, and I didn’t have to feign the whimpering cry of pain that burst from my chest at the reminder of the birch’s awful work on my ass-cheeks.

“Go and give him the pleasure he paid so much for, slut,” the butler said scornfully. “But remember that my cock gets just as hard as the master’s does, and I can fuck your ass just as hard, too.”

## CHAPTER 7



*I*van

I watched Heather enter the study, her eyes properly cast down to the carpet. I had known they would rip her lingerie off—Feodorov considered it an indispensable part of enjoying a girl that way—but I still found that the sight of Heather’s nudity moved me more than I would have cared to admit.

I had listened to the clicking of the white heels that represented her only clothing on the bare wood of the hallway and my heart had quickened its beating in my chest. Her arrival, naked, in my study... the sweet, lovely pinkness of her bare, girlish body in such striking contrast to the civilization of the dark oak, the old books, the roaring fire on the hearth... the pang of jealousy in my chest at the thought of what I had sent her to undergo...

*You’re in love, Ivan,* said the voice in my head that seemed to know only those words lately.

“Come here and show me your bottom, girl,” I said, doing my best to make my voice sound casual and dismissive. “Mr. Devushkin whipped you?”

“Yes, sir,” Heather replied, her brow furrowing as she walked toward me.

“You were fucked as well?” I asked, trying to force even more casualness into my tone.

She arrived in front of me. I sat in my easy chair, a lavish leather-covered Chippendale reconstruction. I had my red dressing gown on, and as Heather took her familiar position in front of me I unfastened the belt and opened the front of the garment.

I had my eyes trained on the beautiful girl's face. My heart gave a little leap as I watched her hazel eyes travel upward from my feet to rest where I had trained her to put them, on my hardening cock. Red suffused Heather's cheeks just as it had the very first time she had stood here and seen how massive the manly hardness was that she would have to receive inside her virginal body.

The song of my dominant blood in my ears at her obedience held such familiarity for me by this time that a part of me sought to deny its power. A resistance had grown in me over the past few days, to the notion that I found Heather's service so very captivating.

*No, Ivan... not only her service... not just her service... her... Heather... the wonderful girl herself,* said the other voice, the voice of love.

I knew I should have ceased to find the girl so arousing. I had owned two previous concubines and I had begun to tire of each of them within three months. Heather Foster only aroused me more the longer her service went on.

*Not just aroused,* avowed the part of my mind that seemed to me equally elating and troubling.

She knew to wait, not to begin to turn around and display her birched backside until I put my right hand out to take firm hold of her left hip and to command her compliance in that wordless, physical way. My cock jumped at the touch of Heather's tender flesh against my fingers and my palm, and then again at the revelation of the cruel welts Feodorov and his friends had scored across her adorable little bottom.

"Bend over, girl," I instructed her, using my left hand on the small of her back to enforce my will. I couldn't suppress a smile at the memory of her first time in my study, and how I

had had to use the good-girl wand to teach my new fuck toy how to obey.

I felt Heather's little body tremble at my touch with what I knew represented both her irresistible submissive need and her deep inner conflict at feeling it. The quiver in her limbs had felt the same that first time, as Heather had seemed to fight the influence of the magic device provided by the shadowy dealer in high-end concubines.

*It can't make her do anything she doesn't really at some level want to do*, he had told me over the phone as I had taken it curiously out of the package that had arrived alongside Heather herself.

She knew it too. Just before I had turned her around and bent her over, that first night, with the wand on her back and her sweet little bottom so prettily presented, I had gotten a glimpse of the look in her eyes. I had seen the terrible conflict raging inside her and I had felt my heart go out to her as it never had to another girl.

\* \* \*

*Heather*

I let out a little sob of shame as I bent over to show Ivan my punished backside. No matter how many times he did this, inspecting my private places before he used me, or after he punished me, or when I had returned from some degrading service he had sent me to perform elsewhere, I always recalled my arrival in his palace. It always renewed the roiling emotions of that first night, and my knowledge, even then, that my already daunting mission would prove much more complicated than my trainer had made me think.

*"They shaved your cunt, I see," Ivan said. "Or did you shave it yourself, girl?"*

*“I did, sir,” I whispered. I had my eyes at his feet. I saw his hands move, in my peripheral vision, to unfasten the knot in the belt of the striking red dressing gown.*

*“Look at me,” he instructed. For the first time since he had opened the shipping crate in which I had been delivered to his home, with only a few breathing holes to keep me alive, I saw my new master’s face. I felt my features twist in distress at the sheer handsomeness of Ivan Antonov: the golden hair that framed a face that I couldn’t help thinking of immediately as ‘noble.’*

*My trainer had responded to my pleas for more information about Ivan—just to see an image of him, or to read a bio—with stony refusal. My ignorance of the man to whom I had been sold had to remain intact. I didn’t know if the Guard would be happy if they knew just how strongly the sight of him affected me, despite their always seeming to have the perfect analytic answer to everything about me, my emotions, and my shameful sexual needs.*

*When he spoke next, the words were so degrading that they made me bite my lip and whimper from my throat. But at the very same time I felt the terrible tug of my unwelcome arousal at that abject debasement, I saw in the eyes of the man I would have to call my master or receive agonizing bare-bottom discipline something different from the brutal sense of his command: the inescapable impression of my value in his eyes, and the idea that Ivan Antonov cherished the things he valued, even if he enjoyed degrading them to demonstrate his power.*

*“You’ll shave it every day. I like a fuck toy’s cunt smooth and dainty.”*

*My lips parted but no sound emerged. Had I only imagined it? That flash of... not merely value, I thought suddenly, but something more... the slight narrowing of the eyes and upward curving of the lips that meant... affection?*

*Had I seen it on Ivan’s face, as he gave me the humiliating order, or had I put it there to make some little thing about this dark moment bearable? I had never gotten to see even the eyes of my hooded trainer... did my troubling thoughts about Ivan*



*Antonov simply come from the newness of being able to see my master's face, when he told me to look at him?*

*"Well?" he said, the lilt of his accent striking my ears anew and sending another wave of heat to my face as I couldn't help liking it, and the deep voice in which my owner spoke his degrading words. "Did they not teach you to acknowledge your master's orders, in that brokerage?"*

*"No, Master," I said, my heart beating faster. "I mean... yes, Master." My brow furrowed and I looked down at his feet, clad in leather moccasins that showed the abundant golden fur there and up his naked calves. I shuddered, close to panic and was sure he would whip me.*

*"I told you to look at me," he said, his voice so cold that I shivered as if with a blast of icy air.*

*When I raised my eyes, though, expecting to find cruelty looking out from Ivan's suitably ice-blue gaze, I saw, alongside his intelligent, analytic mastery of the frightening little scene, the same sense of value... of care. My new owner wanted me to look at him because he found me precious and worth cherishing—caring for... nurturing even.*

*"Yes, Master," I said, the words almost entirely automatic, as if Ivan had drawn them from me as a natural tribute to his ownership.*

*For a long moment we simply looked at each other, and I sensed, with a thrill of arousal so strong that it made my hips twitch shamefully and my nose wrinkle in distress at my body's helpless response, that my owner wanted me to think about what would happen next. About the consequences of my failure to maintain eye contact.*

*To my dismay, the thought—the notion conceived in hope by the part of my mind that somehow remained innocent of my darker ideas—that Ivan might do nothing to discipline me sent a tremor of disappointment through my limbs. The deep, inescapable darkness my Guard trainer had forced me to face seemed to rise up like a shadowy version of myself, a sneer on her imagined lips. Could the man who had bought me truly*

*show himself so weak, when he had just literally uncrated me and unwrapped his expensive fuck toy?*

*As if he could read my mind—as if he had wanted me to feel that let-down before he crushed it under his heel—Ivan spoke words that made my already elevated heart rate soar to a wild new height.*

*“I’m going to spank you for that in a moment,” he said, his voice somehow both casual and terribly menacing. “But I have a lesson for you first. Lower your eyes.”*

*The abrupt command came like a slap to my cheek. I didn’t know why it should affect me that way, but suddenly the denial of the privilege my master had granted only a moment before, to behold his gorgeous face, brought a little sob from my throat. I felt my face twist into a mask of embarrassed sorrow, as if I had done something naughty even to steal a glance at Ivan’s eyes, though he had ordered me to do it—and would, I recalled with a jolt of mingled fear and arousal, soon punish me for letting my attention wander.*

*I returned my focus to his feet, but I saw his hands moving higher up, and I felt certain he was finishing the revelation he had begun with the untying of the knot in his dressing gown’s sash. A little whimper of fear that I couldn’t keep back rose in my throat.*

*“You’ve never seen a cock, have you, girl?” I heard Ivan’s voice say. “That’s what the broker told me.”*

*“I’ve... I’ve seen... you know... pictures?” I said. I wanted to pretend I felt the blushing innocence with which I spoke, my face burning and my eyes studiously fixed on Ivan’s leather moccasins. The innocence, however, thanks to my straitlaced upbringing and my Guard trainer’s methods, remained real. The hooded man had whipped me and brought me to helpless climax after helpless climax, but I had never even known if wringing that compliance from my body had made him hard, down there.*

*“But never an actual man’s hardness?”*

*“No, Master,” I whispered.*

*“When my penis is uncovered, from now on, girl,” my master said slowly, as if to make certain each word had its proper effect, “you must keep your eyes fixed on it, unless I tell you otherwise.”*

## CHAPTER 8



*H*eather

Ivan had had to use the compliance wand that first night. Remembering it, as I fixed my eyes on the enormous, rigid shaft of my master's manhood, I could somehow look from two perspectives, and feel the emotions of both as well: the girl of four months ago, whose first sight of a man's hard penis had raised a foolish but terribly necessary resistance in her... and the girl of this moment, the one whose mission had just been set in motion by the voice of a stranger in Devushkin's discipline room.

Both Heathers blushed at the sight of Ivan's massive cock. Both knew that it would soon thrust its way inside their most private places. Both understood, deep down, how much they needed it—needed its iron-hard length to enter them, use them, enjoy them as its owner chose, without regard for the girls' pleasure or even their comfort.

As Ivan turned me with his hands, though, and began to bend me over, the perspectives of the two Heathers diverged. I could nevertheless still see through both viewpoints, both lenses, it felt like. I remembered my resistance that first night, how the pressure of my master's hand on my back hadn't caused me to bend compliantly, reaching down for my ankles and shuffling my feet apart a little in order to give Ivan his favorite view of me—above all after a sound whipping when

he could run his fingertips gently over the welts he had made, or others had made with his consent and approval.

*I felt my muscles tighten, tensing against the pressure from this frightening man's big hand. I knew how terribly foolish I would be, to rebel here and now, when I had every reason simply to let the man who had bought me have his way. I had even seen in his eyes, only a few moments ago, that rather than the brutal ogre I had feared, Ivan Antonov possessed the capacity to cherish his bed girl even as he kept her firmly in line and used her regularly with his manhood.*

*Something about the sight of that enormous manhood had brought a sort of barrier into my mind. Nor did Ivan's menacing, up-thrusting cock raise that barrier all on its own. Ivan had followed my first, enforced glimpse of his aroused penis with the placement of his hand on my hip, turning me peremptorily around. He meant, it had come clear to me in a heated flash of lewd insight, to inspect the untried, virgin receptacles he had just acquired for his thrusting cock.*

*I knew I should simply obey my master, and that disobedience would only make for a harsher punishment when he decided to begin disciplining me—as he had already informed me he would soon do. That knowledge, in the moment, made no difference at all. I understood, even as I pushed back against Ivan's hand and refused to bend over in front of him, that I had made a terrible mistake. I even understood that some deep-seated need in me had perversely decided I must make that mistake. Only when I felt Ivan press the cool metal tip of the compliance wand into the small of my back, though, did I realize, with a little sob in my throat, that I wanted my master to punish me.*

*“Let's see,” Ivan said, rubbing the wand gently over the skin of my back so that I shivered. “I paid a great deal of money for this device, but I still don't believe it will actually work. And I'm not sure I wouldn't rather make you obedient the old-fashioned way.”*

*I bit my lip, feeling my brow furrow hard. At my sides, my hands clenched into tight fists. In front of my mind's eye, even though my real eyes stared at the bookshelves full of beautiful leather-bound volumes, that cozy, reassuring sight gave way to the indelible memory of Ivan's rigid cock: its redness... its length... its girth... the way it had so arrogantly and frighteningly throbbed a little with his heartbeat, and above all the leaping thrill of terror intertwined inescapably with wanton need between my legs.*

*He had said the old-fashioned way. No more than that, but my mind went on from the command he had given me to fix my eyes on his manhood, to visions filled with terribly, shamefully arousing visions of what the old-fashioned way could mean to a man with limitless power and limitless resources. How he could bend a young woman to his sexual will... how her consent would matter not at all to him... how he could enjoy himself as he chose, with the help of his physical strength and his iron will.*

*I heard the click of his finger on the activation button and I felt the faint tingle—so slight, both of those sensations, that I hadn't even noticed them the first time my trainer had applied the wand to my back.*

*"Bend over and grasp your ankles, girl," Ivan said.*

*I bent over. My hands, fists automatically opened, took hold of the knobby flesh and bone of my ankles. I heard a sob come from my chest, the helpless acknowledgment of the wand's awful effect, the way it drew consent and submission out from their secret hiding places in my mind.*

*Ivan made a little noise behind me, a soft grunt of surprise and satisfaction.*

*"They say it works best," he said speculatively, "when the trainer enforces the lesson with strict punishment."*

*I bit my lip hard, trying to keep back the words that wanted to emerge. I recognized the effect from my time in the Pretorian Guard's so-called care. The wand had generated a sort of haze of compliance around me, making me more likely to obey the*

*man giving commands even when he hadn't delivered a specific order.*

*The words came out anyway, with a whimper.*

*"Yes, Master."*

*"Did they whip you often, at the brokerage?" Ivan asked, his voice casual, conversational. Could I hear something else behind the even tone? Real interest, maybe: whether in the brokerage through which the Guard had delivered me to him or in me I couldn't tell.*

*"Yes, Master," I told him, feeling my forehead crease hard.*

*"Spread your feet wider," Ivan said. "I want to see your anus better."*

*I let out a little sob as I obeyed the lewd command. I had never gotten used to it, during my training: the terrible jolt of need, down there, that accompanied each act of degradation imposed through the wand's strange operation on my nervous system and my deep psychology.*

*The masked man who had so brutally introduced me to this world of unwelcome, shameful, and yet absolutely necessary pleasure had made certain I paid attention to this effect: the way that when I felt my master's hands on my ass, spreading the cheeks roughly with his thumbs to look closely at the tiny secret there, I couldn't keep my bare, virgin pussy from clenching hard, and warming so intensely that I felt certain Ivan would take notice right away.*

*"Oh, Heather," he said in a voice that humiliated me even with its gently mocking tone, and sent a new wave of arousal coursing through my body, out from the intimate places my new owner had his attention fixed on, "you are a naughty girl, aren't you?"*

*It was the first time he had said my name, and I thought no one had ever said it that way or could ever say it like that again; this warlord had purchased a virgin for his pleasure in deflowering her. Heather Foster would serve as a fuck toy, and the man who fucked her would forever have the shameful honor of mastering her that way for the first time.*

*Under the influence of the wand, I had no choice. My voice responded without a thought.*

*“Yes, Master.”*

*I felt a fingertip... a teasing friction... run down the length of my private lips. I could feel how easily it moved there, how slick I had become against my conscious will—but, I knew to my distress, in accord with my unconscious urges—the basic naughtiness that had made me resist Ivan’s order to bend over, after being made to look at his massive cock for the first time.*

*He took a deep, audible breath through his nostrils. I bit my lip and let out a tiny whimper because I thought I knew why. My master confirmed it, a moment later, speaking in a soft, slow voice that sent electricity running over my skin.*

*“What a lovely fragrance,” he said, moving the finger gently up and down. “And this cunt is so very wet already, just at seeing your first penis.”*

*Again I tried to force back the humiliating words of affirmation, and again I failed thanks to the wand.*

*“Yes, Master.”*

*The finger lingered at the top, where the ache always got the strongest—the place where he would... where he would enter me... fuck me... use me... when the time of his choosing came. I moaned very softly, deep in my throat, as Ivan slowly pressed that finger inside. My head, hanging down nearly between my thighs felt very light, and the feeling that it was all happening to someone else took hold.*

*My masked trainer had never done that. I had never done that myself, committed that terrible naughtiness, of putting a finger in my untried pussy, saved in a vague, theoretical way for a man who loved me.*

*This man, Ivan Antonov, didn’t love me... wouldn’t even love me someday, I felt certain. He put his finger inside my virgin sheath because he had bought it, to thrust his huge manhood into. I cried out in shame and discomfort as the tip of Ivan’s finger pushed against the tender barrier of my hymen.*



*“There we go,” I heard him murmur. “They sent a picture, but of course that could have been any girl’s virgin cunt.”*

*He pressed a little more firmly, so that I gasped in sudden fear that he would break through, that he would take it away in that casual, abrupt, meaningless way, with his finger... would rupture forever not just the trivial biological barrier but all the imaginary things my upbringing had taught me to connect to it... my precious innocence... my purity... my girlhood... no, more—my maidenhood.*

*My maidenhood... My cheeks burned as the old, benighted word floated inescapably into my mind, bringing all the old ideas about virginity that somehow still haunted the modern world in which I had grown up. Ivan Antonov had his finger up against my maidenhood.*

*He had seen a picture of it. I hadn’t known that the Pretorian Guard had taken such a picture. I supposed it would have been all too easy—whether the photo Ivan had seen actually showed my spread pussy and my intact virginity or they had generated the image using some computer trick. My blush got hotter, and seemed to blossom in my midsection too, and lower down. I whimpered and bit my lip because I could to my dismay feel how when Ivan eased the pressure on the fragile membrane I suddenly gushed with a wantonness that gave the lie to all those antiquated ideas of innocence, purity, and even of girlhood.*

*Girls didn’t feel that need—or so my ancient ideas told me. A girl who got wet, bent over in front of her master with a spanking coming and then, afterward, the terrible promise of her maidenhood’s end... she shouldn’t remain a girl... not if the man who bought her has anything to say about it.*

*The rational part of me tried to flee into the brutality... the atrocity of it. Somewhere, some sheer silliness in me whispered, of all things, advice from driver’s ed: “Steer into the skid.” This man had acquired me. He thought he owned me, and therefore he would force me to serve him, to receive him.*

*Into the skid: my arousal, it didn't mean anything... it came from my body, not my mind, not myself.*

*Behind me, Ivan took another deep breath through his nose. My cheeks blazed with heat.*

*"Naughty," he said softly. I heard in those two musical syllables that I could steer into the skid all I wanted, but the steeply descending icy road of my wanton urges would land me in the same place however I turned. Ivan Antonov's deep, flowing voice said that far from not caring about my desires, he would do everything in his power to make certain of them. This man would ensure that when he ripped through my maidenhead, took all my virginites, and turned me not just into a woman but into his little slut, I had begged him to use me precisely as he chose.*

## CHAPTER 9



*H*eather

When he had taken me over his knee to spank me that first night, his huge, firm hand had brought tears faster than the birch my trainer had wielded had ever done. Now, after the night of service to Devushkin and his friends, I felt the touch of Ivan's fingers so keenly it made me dizzy. He traced the marks on the ass-cheeks those strangers had whipped slowly and carefully, seeming to remind me without saying a word what that same mastering hand could do in chastisement all by itself.

The way Ivan not only possessed me with his firm hand but, after a night like this one, *repossessed* me brought a sob to my throat. Bending before him for the humiliating, lewd, delicious inspection of the places he had claimed that first night, I seemed suspended in time: half of me desperately pondered the command I had received to bring my mission to its conclusion, but the other half seemed anchored in those very first moments with my master.

His fingers here and now, running gently over the welts from the birch, sent a racking shiver of need from my bottom to my toes, to my fingertips, to the roots of my disheveled hair. I forgot all about the vile Pyotr; I could think only of the man who owned me, who knew the darkest regions of my body and my mind much too well for my peace of mind.

I could think only of Ivan, here in his study, unwittingly at my mercy despite the compliance wand that seemed to enforce my absolute obedience. Of my first moments there—the paradoxical time of my first spanking and my first fucking. The time when I had against all reason, and almost without noticing it, begun to fall in love with him.

*Ivan pulled me backwards and to the side, very suddenly, turning me to the left and straightening me, then refolding me over his knee, as if I were a rag doll. I gasped and gave a humiliatingly innocent, prudish even, little cry of alarm as his enormous manhood brushed against my naked thigh.*

*My face screwed up into a pout of girlish dismay. A man's penis had touched me for the first time, and the sensation didn't conform to any of the romantic fantasies a modern girl had to believe in... the soft touches, the equal frictions, the tender kisses... none of it.*

*Instead, a criminal had bought the girl, and the girl had as her mission either the turning or the murder of the criminal. On the way to that mission, the criminal would dispose of her exactly as he decided, whether that meant rubbing his hard, arrogant erection all over her soft skin or it meant disciplining her for her misconduct with the greatest possible severity.*

*His left arm clamped down, holding me motionless over his massive left thigh. I bit my lip as I felt the golden fur beneath my belly and the middle part, further down... the part that lay so close to the place that longed wantonly for my master's attention, tender or brutal just as he pleased.*

*That manly hair felt soft as down, it seemed to me. although I felt a surge of anger at myself for finding it the slightest bit pleasant. Ivan's right hand, which he brought down very, very hard on my upraised bottom from his first spank, had nothing pleasant about it.*

*My body's reaction instantly broke through the generalized obedience effect of the compliance wand. I started to writhe at the first shock of the fiery sensation of Ivan's huge, open hand on the exact center of my bottom, low down, on my sit-spot.*

*The pain of a strict punishment always did that—I had gotten used to it at whatever anonymous training facility the Pretorian Guard had brought me to after kidnapping me. More than anything else it proved to me, distressingly, that the wand couldn't make me do anything I didn't actually want to do, deep down.*

*When a man started to whip me—or, it seemed clear now, to spank me—my body's initial reaction came in the form of a Hell, no delivered by all my muscles. Weak as they were, they struggled against Ivan's restraining left hand, and then—for he immediately clamped his right leg across my kicking knees—the effortless strength of his thigh. I gasped in pain and then, as Ivan just kept spanking me, three swats at a time in the middle, on my right cheek, on my left cheek, my upper right thigh, my upper left thigh, I started to scream.*

*My trainer had only used the birch on me. I realized somewhere, vaguely, through the haze of agony emanating from my backside, that this awful area represented another element of the mission that the Guard had decided not to tell me about. I had supposed—so very naively, I understood now—that by whipping me with the birch my trainer had prepared me for the worst of what my owner would do.*

*According to some objective measurement of pain, if such a thing existed, the spanking didn't hurt more than the birch. I did have enough of my wits about me to grasp that. But the experience of being upended over my master's knee, of my body utterly dominated by his, of my limbs trying desperately to get away and unable to move my bottom more than a millimeter though I flailed my arms and kicked my feet... it seemed to make the actual pain so much worse that I could think of nothing but... but...*

*“Hold still,” Ivan said. “And stop screaming. You disobeyed me, girl, and now you must learn your lesson.”*

*I felt the influence of the wand take over. I had gotten familiar with this effect, too: a direct command, either before a whipping or during it, would override my body's automatic fight-or-flight response. It had something to do with communication, my trainer had said, and then told me that I*

*didn't need to know anything more than that—and I wouldn't understand it anyway.*

*My body obeyed my master's voice. A sob of anguish burst from my chest as I felt the inner conflict rage higher than it ever had before: my own limbs, at the command of another, and the inescapable feeling that something in me liked it... craved it... needed it the way my lungs needed to draw breath.*

*In that moment, always came the start of the other need, the dark, wanton lust, so closely bound to the craving to obey a rough, dominant man. In the tiny pause Ivan had given me in my punishment, simply to give me that brusque order—that I remain well positioned for his convenience in spanking me, and quiet down so that he could enjoy himself fully as he turned my backside into blazing agony—my wayward pussy had come to blazing, pulsing life over the warm solidity of my master's bare thigh.*

*He started to spank me again, just as hard but at a slightly slower pace. Through the searing pain and my racking sobs, my flowing tears and the humiliating, tiny, involuntary motions of my hips over Ivan's knee with each burning smack of his huge hand on my ass, I thought about communication. Ivan's words, his instructions, as dismissive and degrading as they had seemed on the strict level of their meaning, had communicated something even more important to me.*

*That was what had brought the wand's effect into operation—the silent part of his command: the way it had informed me that my master cared how I acted while he spanked my bare bottom over his knee. As much as I needed some release... some friction... some slight pressure, even, on the part of me that craved his dominant touch so strongly, the tiny, cringing bud that I couldn't seem to rub against anything as my new owner's hand came down so hard, over and over... as much as I craved that, I also needed to know this man found me worth spanking, worth degrading, worth...*

*Ivan stopped. His hand descended again, but not with force. He held me just as tightly with his left arm but he eased the pressure of his right leg and he shaped his fingers to the curve*

*of my blazing bottom-cheeks. The two middle fingertips pressed there, gently at first and then more firmly.*

*I knew, somewhere off where my logical mind still existed, that he expected me to part my thighs. In any ordinary situation, with me or with any other girl who shared my needs, my—or her—knees would have spread in a humiliating heartbeat, the clearest possible demonstration of how wanton my master's chastising hand had left me, or any other hypothetical submissive girl.*

*But Ivan had told me to hold still. I couldn't spread my legs.*

*I heard him grunt softly, as if in surprise, then chuckle in obvious understanding. The sound came from what seemed like miles above me, though his chest lay close enough that the rumbling laughter vibrated deliciously through my thoroughly dominated body.*

*"You may spread your knees, girl," he said.*

*He hadn't commanded it. He had merely given permission. This man, my new owner, wanted to see if, when given a choice in the matter, I would show my wanton nature and demonstrate how deep my shameful need for his mastery went. My anonymous Guard trainer had only ever given me flat instructions: clipped, precise orders.*

*For an instant I resisted. It was the sheer force of the intelligence I heard in Ivan's voice, the note of intellectual curiosity that finally seemed to bring out the fullness of my dark, irrational lust for a man's authority—for his aggression, and even for his cruelty. The masked man who had awakened that humiliating need hadn't had any such mental capacity as far as I could tell.*

*Ivan Antonov, though: his plans to enjoy me—all of me, body and mind and heart—didn't simply involve whipping me and fucking me. My new master wanted to learn about me... about my mortifying sexual needs and about the effect the horrible compliance wand had on me.*

*I let out a sobbing moan and I spread my knees, somehow keeping back the words of abject gratitude that threatened to*

*come to my lips. The impulse to whimper, “Thank you, Master,” seemed almost impossible to deny, but I managed it, and I took a degraded pride in having kept Ivan from learning the full extent of my humiliation.*

*His next words, and their physical accompaniment, ripped away every shred of that brief triumph. He took hold of my whole pussy, his thumb on my anus, and he squeezed so hard I cried out. At the same time, he said, “You’re going to beg to suck my cock, slut.”*

*My body bucked over his thigh, straining against his left arm with the massive, involuntary electrical force of pleasure and pain shooting through my nervous system. The wand couldn’t control that, and that made it an even worse insult to the independent, rational girl who still—always—lurked inside my mind. Those purely physical reflexes seemed to prove that my dark, wanton lust existed at a level so deep that words couldn’t even get there.*

*And again he hadn’t given an order. Ivan wanted to explore the terrifying gray area where the wand’s influence left off and my own bodily—and, to my distress, psychological—need for submission took over.*

*I resisted again, this time for a little longer. Ivan’s fingers relaxed a little between my legs. I whimpered in wordless, degraded gratitude. The fingers, already sopping with my helpless arousal, began to stroke gently. I moaned, but I kept resisting; I bit my lip hard to keep any possible word back, to hide it deep in my chest.*

*Then I felt my cheeks blaze with heat as I realized why I wasn’t complying. I knew I would have absolutely no choice in the end. I had thought, in the first moment after Ivan had made his shameful prediction—for it was actually only a prediction, “You’re going to beg,” and so I could in some possible universe fail to fulfill it, couldn’t I? ...*

*I had thought...*

*Ivan’s fingers went gently up and down. Their tips pressed at the top, at the place the throbbing bud of my clit lay hidden.*



*Sobbing whimpers emerged from my closed mouth, as I had to bite harder on my lower lip to keep from speaking...*

*I had thought that I would resist in order to win a tiny victory over my master. I would make him use the wand to get me to do the degrading thing... to render up to him the virginity of my mouth.*

*As the waves of aching pleasure, amplified unbearably by the terribly ambiguous soreness in my bottom-cheeks and thighs, coursed through me, I understood. I was resisting out of greed for that pleasure, for my master's skillful coaxing.*

*Ivan took his hand away.*

*I cried out with need, the impulse to squirm over his thigh and get some tiny stimulation that way thwarted by the wand's effect: Ivan's order to hold still remained in control. He didn't have to say anything at all; I knew I would receive no further pleasure until I had served my master's rigid, massive hardness as his new fuck toy must.*

*"Master..." I begged. "Master, please... please let me..."*

## CHAPTER 10



*J*van

*“Please let you what?” I asked.*

My adorable bed girl’s first time—her first sight of a man’s hardness, her first spanking, her first time over a man’s knee. The memory stirred my heart even as it made me just as hard, here and now after her interrupted visit to Devushkin’s palace.

I had the enchanting vision of Heather’s whipped bottom before my eyes, but I found my mind still dwelling on her very first visit to my study. I had the compliance wand in the pocket of my robe—my chauffeur Yuri had brought it to me a few moments before Heather arrived. With my left hand still caressing the naked girl’s taut, lovely backside, I slipped my right into the pocket and took out the little device.

I didn’t need it anymore; Heather obeyed me now without hesitation, even when I commanded the most degrading acts. That could mean playing with the sweetly complicated, blushingly pink folds of her adorable bare pussy, her eyes—according to my instructions—on my face as I gazed alternately into her beautiful hazel irises and at her wanton fingers slipping up and down along the length of her private lips... or holding herself still without any physical restraints as I birched her simply to remind her of her station as an owned fuck toy... or presenting her anus for fucking, prostrate on the

rug with her hands behind her to open her punished bottom-cheeks and show me the naughty spot where she had earned a long, vigorous session on my rigid cock. Whether I used the wand or not, my sweet girl's compliance had become instant, her need for my mastery clear despite the lovely blushes that still accompanied her submission to her owner's humiliating whims.

All those memories passed through my mind as I pushed the wand gently into the small of Heather's back. Each one brought a little leap of arousal to my iron-hard erection, along with a throb of affection at the knowledge that the gorgeous Heather Foster, raised an independent American young woman, belonged to me fully—to love and to care for as well as to play with in the dark, obscene-yet-ecstatic way we both needed.

Her obedience without the help of the wand told me that, and her eyes said the same thing when I looked into them even as I used her body with all the roughness my dominance demanded. So did the trembling of her hips as my left thumb traced the pretty marks the birch had made on her pert little hind-cheeks.

I didn't need the wand, but something about its effect on Heather made me want to have it near me. I had felt a good deal of reluctance this evening, lending it to Devushkin. Giving another man, and his friends, the ability to command Heather's sexual obedience didn't seem to have the same charm it had a few months ago—before...

*Before falling in love with her.*

She let out a little whimper, deep in her throat, as she felt the pressure of the wand's rounded tip.

“Were you a good girl tonight, Heather?” I asked. I pressed the button on the wand and Heather stiffened slightly, as she always did, at what the broker had described as the ‘tingle’ a girl felt when the device exercised its effect. She would have to answer my question with the truth, under the wand's influence.

“I tried, Master,” she said, her voice shaky, as if with fear of what I would do if I decided she hadn’t satisfied Devushkin and his friends properly.

She would have said the same thing without the wand, I knew. Again my mind went back to that very first night, the moment when I had used my soothing fingers between her thighs to make her beg—under the influence of the wand but without an explicit command—to have me in her mouth, desperately in need of an orgasm, of the reward she knew I would allow her if she served me well.

The good-girl wand gave me control of Heather, but I couldn’t help wondering whether it also gave Heather some small measure of control over me. Making her walk the delicate line between what she could admit she wanted and what she could only crave in the darkness of her shameful fantasies had endeared her to me just as much as her curiosity and her pretty smile—more, really.

“You may turn around and kneel down, girl,” I told her now. *You may*: not an order, but a permission.

With a little sob of submission that made my cock give another leap against my thigh, Heather straightened slightly and then turned, the soft, perfect skin of her hips brushing against my inner thighs. She knelt, just as she had knelt that first night, her face crimson and her eyes fixed on my rigid manhood.

*“Please let me suck your cock, Master,” she whispered.*

\* \* \*

*Heather*

*I felt my forehead crease deeply enough that I wondered for an instant if it would stay that way, a permanent furrow to mark the wanton need that seemed inextinguishable inside me. It rose up in front of me, hard and long, thick. It pulsed slightly,*

*and each little throb sent a thrill of fear and shame to my heart.*

*I knew I couldn't look away. The wand seemed to have some part to play in that, how my eyes couldn't seem to move from the obscene sight of Ivan's enormous cock, thrusting up from his lap, framed by his furry thighs and the luxurious silken fabric of his crimson robe that draped over his legs to either side.*

*But I also couldn't tell how much of a role my own shameful lewd desires had in the compulsion: the heat surged into my face again as I remembered that my master hadn't actually commanded me to look only there—he had simply informed me of the rule that I must have my eyes there when he chose to expose himself in front of me.*

*I knew from my experience with my anonymous trainer that rules like that one allowed a little leeway. I knew, that is, that if I really wanted to look away from the menacing, rigid penis I could. The central idea of the wand—that it only made me do the things I wanted to do but couldn't let myself confess to wanting—had a kind of special case, with rules. I felt a sort of tug toward following the rule, just strong enough to make my terrible inner conflict clear.*

*If my mind could have mustered just a bit more control over my wanton pussy and the dark needs it fostered, I would have had the ability to break the rule. Instead, I followed its obscene demand: I kept my eyes on my master's rock-hard manhood, and it made me mortifyingly aware of the truth.*

*Heather Foster, who liked to think of herself as both an independent young woman and an innocent virgin, liked to look at men's big cocks. Heather Foster, her bottom burning from her first spanking, wanted to suck her master's massive penis, in hopes that maybe he would reward her with the climax she so desperately craved.*

*Frightened as she was of what it would finally feel like, Heather Foster needed the enormous penis inside her body, everywhere its owner—her owner—chose to put it.*

*“You may hold it in your hands first,” Ivan said, his voice low in tone but also growly with what I thought must be the strength of his own sexual need.*

*His words had seemed to come from high above me when he had restrained me over his knee and spanked my bottom until I screamed in agony. This permission to touch his manhood, though, seemed to descend from the heavens. I was forbidden to look up at his face, to judge whether my degrading submission to his lust pleased him so that he would allow me pleasure, too, or only with its virginal clumsiness made him more likely to spank me again, to reprimand me for my faults in service.*

*My hands shook violently as I raised them. My breath came in ragged little pants and I could feel the rapid pulse jump in my throat. Down below, my hips gave a humiliating twitch, as if my aching, unopened sheath couldn't restrain its wanton need to move atop the rigid pole of my owner's manhood.*

*“Gently, girl,” Ivan warned, raising his voice just a little, as if concerned that the inexperience betrayed by my trembling hands might force him to punish me as an educational measure.*

*I knew a girl had to treat her master's cock with great care, though. I knew it from a biological standpoint—that despite its menace and its arrogance and its solidity, my owner's penis was one of the most sensitive parts of his body. I also knew it from a purely instinctive, psychological perspective, though. The enormous cock I took gingerly into my grasp represented the symbol of my master's power and authority over me. Surely I should be punished if I treated its warm throbbing shaft or its fluted head with anything less than the reverent respect Ivan obviously expected.*

*“Up and down, now,” his deep voice said. “It's time to learn to be a good girl for me. Nice and slowly, at first.”*

*I knew that part, too, just because it seemed like that back and forth repetitive motion was ingrained not just into things I had seen in videos, about that embarrassing idea called ‘jerking off,’ but also in the very craving for a similar caress that Ivan*

*had awakened only a few moments before. My masked kidnapper had exploited that need, and to my dismay provided that lewd friction until I had come for the first time, after my whipping on my own bed. Ivan, on the other hand, seemed to have brought the need to an urgency I hadn't dreamt it might attain. My breathing grew even quicker and more ragged as I started to move my hands lightly up and down the pulsing shaft that reminded me, with a hot blush, of a baseball bat in its hardness and girth.*

*"A little more firmly," he instructed. "Not too much."*

*The sheer arrogant authority in his voice brought a little whimper from my throat. A moment later he made me repeat the humiliating noise, as he reached out both his hands to hold my head gently around the back of my skull, twining his strong fingers in my hair.*

*I tried to obey him, tightening my grip a bit as I moved my little hands up and down. A rumbling grunt emerged from his chest, a surprised sound that I thought must indicate pleasure—surprised pleasure, even. I felt a hot surge of bashful pride, but the pressure of his hands on my head cut it off with a new thrill of anxiety. It seemed that the lewd delight my hands had provoked made him ready to demand more.*

*I stiffened a little, and Ivan's hands eased the downward force they had begun to exert.*

*"It's time," he said though, his voice stern. "Open your mouth, Heather, and put your tongue over your teeth."*

*I opened my mouth, because of the wand. I wanted to think that the wand made me relax my resistance to my master's hands, but he hadn't given me any such command, and I knew it. I wanted to think that the mission—the mission to destroy this criminal who had the gall to purchase me—made me do it.*

*But I knew. I knew I let him bring my open lips down to the head of his cock because I needed to be a girl who had to suck her owner's rigid penis or get a whipping.*

*"No hands, now," he told me, and I took them away. I thrust them down to my sides in little fists.*

*Ivan lowered my head, and put my mouth on the head of his cock. I whimpered at the shameful feeling of having it there, where it didn't belong—where it made an independent young woman into a naughty cocksucker.*

*He held my head in place and he began to move his hips, and I understood for the first time why foulmouthed people sometimes talked about face-fucking. My master meant to fuck me—not just my pussy, the place where a man was supposed to fuck a woman, but every part of me where his rigid penis could go.*

*“Oh, that's good,” he murmured, as he moved the massive shaft in and out gently and slowly, as if trying to conserve his pleasure. “So good, Heather, for a beginner. I would come here very soon if I didn't mean to come in your little cunt.”*



## CHAPTER 11



*H*eather

*Ivan told me to stand up and go over to the ottoman in front of the fire. To lay myself down over it, my spanked backside toward him. My mind and body blazed hot with the utter degradation of his previous words, that obscene promise to reach his climax inside me.*

*In my... my...*

*My little cunt.*

*Overwhelmed by the humiliation of the awful word, and the conflict my helpless arousal at it brought, I didn't even register the precise terms he had used for this latest command. He had spoken the order to get up and to place myself where he had decided he would fuck me for the first time in such a clear, direct way that—thanks to the wand's effect—my body simply did as my master had said. I found myself rising to my feet... turning toward the blazing hearth... seeing the piece of furniture Ivan had designated for my defloration.*

*I had the strongest feeling—though I couldn't for anything in the world tell whether my mind had just created the impression out of whole cloth—that Ivan had delivered this last instruction so simply and clearly for a precise reason. He meant, I felt certain, to give me the opportunity to reflect on how deeply I must need this, if my limbs simply arranged themselves according to his will.*

*The wand, he wanted me to see, only made it a little easier for me to experience the loss of my innocence in the manner a girl like me should lose that precious treasure: her thoroughly spanked backside presented over a dominant man's footstool, her warm, wet pussy offered for his cock's rough use.*

*Without thought I moved the meter or so that lay between me and the ottoman, on shaky knees. The fire's heat grew with each step, until I sank down over the well-padded, leather-upholstered surface. I grasped the far corners of the thing's top, my knees pressing into its sides three or four centimeters above the soft Persian rug that covered the floor of my master's study—his sanctuary, as I had already been able to discern, and his favorite place to discipline and enjoy his bed girls. My toes pushed into that carpet's softness, able to find a little traction but adding at the same time to the awkward feeling of the posture and the embarrassing impression of being upended for my owner's convenience in using me rather than for my own comfort.*

*Again the idea floated into my mind that Ivan had ordered me into this position so directly because he wanted to make it easier for me—because he had started to care for me, and he wanted to take care of me. I tried desperately to discover where the thought might have come from, because on a fundamental level it seemed so insane. In the conventional world, a place where naked girls didn't arrive in crates and get spanked for hesitating to show their anuses, a man doesn't show he cares by telling a young woman to lay herself down atop an ottoman for fucking.*

*But Ivan's next words, which burned themselves individually into my memory, seemed to confirm precisely that notion. My master spoke in a warm voice, accompanied by a creaking that I knew must come from his easy chair as he stood up and the soft whisper of fabric that had to come from his shrugging off his robe.*

*“When you are ready, Heather, you may put your hands behind you and show me where my cock belongs.”*

*Not an order, or even simply a granting of permission. Ivan had said, “When you are ready.” Those four words echoed in*

*my brain, my master's musical accent seeming to make them all the more indelible.*

*I felt my face go crimson as I absorbed his meaning and his clear intention. Ivan Antonov owned me. He had complete command of me.*

*He could simply and straightforwardly have taken me, used me with his hardness, enjoyed me as long and as forcefully as he pleased. He had countless minions at his beck and call to help him, if necessary, though he could undoubtedly have triumphed over my feeble strength with his powerful body without any assistance at all.*

*He could have whipped me with the birch until I had no choice but to offer every part of me for his most defiling, shameful touch and his deepest, most violent penetration—desperate not for pleasure but for the simple absence of the agony of my master's brutal lessons in obedience.*

*Even more easily, if perhaps less straightforwardly, he could have taken advantage of the operation of the compliance wand—as he had in fact just done in commanding me to lay myself over the ottoman in the precise posture a man like Ivan Antonov would require of a fuck toy, in order to use her at his leisure. He hadn't even had any need to make me spread open the helplessly wet lips of my untried cleft to show him the aching sheath where... where...*

*Where his huge, rigid cock belonged.*

*That part brought the most urgent wave of heat to my cheeks—and, dismayingly, down below too... right there... right where...*

*I gave a little sob as I heard soft sounds—little noises that could only be his footsteps, drawing near. I seemed to feel every inch of my skin so acutely I couldn't think straight. The fire warmed my right side, but my left felt scarcely less scalded by the mingled mortification and arousal Ivan's simple words had evoked in my heart, my mind... my soul, it suddenly seemed to me.*

*He would never have spoken those words if he didn't want to take care of me. I tried desperately to puzzle out why that notion had taken such a strong hold of me. Had my awful treatment at the hands of my anonymous trainer somehow set me up for this? Did the Pretorian Guard mean me to be so susceptible to any man who showed me the slightest mercy?*

*No: the Guard didn't even want me to think of Ivan Antonov as a person. They had prepared me to see him as a monster, a criminal just as responsible for my grandfather's death and my grandmother's unending grief as his predecessor. When they activated me, I was to use my position to get rid of my owner and then go immediately to my extraction point. After that, the Guard would reward me richly—they had already deposited the money in escrow, enough to keep me comfortable for the rest of my life.*

*All I had to do between now and then was endure the sexual servitude for which my shameful needs so mortifyingly qualified me.*

*But Ivan's voice, his words, the way he loomed over me in front of the fire, not touching me but certainly looking down at me, his owned fuck toy... surely it meant something else for me, something more?*

*When you're ready... the words sounded in my mind again, as if I spoke them to myself.*

*My little cunt. My master would come in my little cunt.*

*The Guard had given me a shot of the new annual contraceptive, so I didn't have to fear the old-fashioned consequences of a dominant man's lust. I had only my own reactions to his mastery to fear... the way my lewd needs betrayed all the values I thought my upbringing had instilled in me.*

*I had finally given into the training because I thought that even though I would have to surrender my virginity to a man I had never met, and serve his every humiliating desire, I wouldn't really have to yield to it. I would have the excuse that I had submitted for the sake of the world-saving mission on which the Pretorian Guard had sent me.*

*I let out a choking sob as I understood how much more complicated my mission had become, in light of Ivan Antonov's effect on me.*

*For the mission, I told myself. For the mission.*

*I felt my hands release the corners of the ottoman and, shaking violently, begin to move back, along my naked sides.*

*For the mission.*

*I closed my eyes as tightly as I could and I touched the warm cheeks my master had spanked so hard. I tried and failed to keep back the moan that rose to my lips at the terrible urgency of the sensation my fingers brought: soreness, but of a kind that sent tendrils of fire, hotter than the blazing logs on the hearth, shooting forward to the place that I knew I must now reveal to the man who meant to open me there.*

*Who had bought that privilege for millions of dollars.*

*My moan became a sob. I spread the little cheeks, the punished globes. I felt the air moving where a good girl keeps herself covered.*

*"More," Ivan said. "Show me everything."*

*I gasped and obeyed, the wand taking over again. Did my master know he had just made it easier for me? A strange, shameful gratitude, unwelcome and confusing, rose in my chest as I complied. My back arched, too, because I had to show him everything, and I pushed out my backside while my fingers spread open the entrance to my wantonly warm vagina.*

*I sensed Ivan's body shifting. His legs, massive and furry, straddled mine, their golden curls tickling my outer thighs. He spoke at the same moment I felt the head of his cock press gently into the slick tunnel I had displayed, offered for his use.*

*"Good girl," he said. "I'll come in here first, so I can last longer in your ass."*

*I let out another sob as to my horror my hips gave a tiny jerk, a lewd reflex in response to my new owner's coarse brutality.*

*When you're ready, he had said.*

I'll come in here so I can last longer in your ass, *he had said.*

*I whimpered as my hips did it again, as I couldn't help trying to impale my pussy on my master's manhood, and I realized how very ready Ivan's unexpected mixture of cruelty and care, of humiliation and apparent affection, had made me.*

*"Shh, girl," Ivan said, moving his cock slowly and gently up and down a little, in and out very shallowly. "You'll remember this for the rest of your life, so don't be so impatient. You'll have more cock than you can handle very soon."*

*How could he... just say that, some remaining rational part of my mind asked. That didn't even represent the most pressing and yet the most repellent question: how could those brutal words make me move my hips again, in a humiliating quest for my own defloration by the man who had purchased me?*

*Ivan chuckled, and the demeaning sound brought another sob, so violent that it shook the ottoman under me.*

*"You are a naughty girl, aren't you?" he asked softly. "And a good one, too."*

*"Yes, Master," I whispered, obscurely and dismayingly grateful yet again for the wand's making me speak the words I would otherwise have had a terrible time resisting—and would probably have failed to restrain.*

*"What do you want, naughty girl?"*

*Oh, no. The gratitude disappeared.*

*"Please..." I begged, "please, Master... don't make me... don't make me say it."*

*The words emerged of their own accord, and I knew they represented the deepest part of me, and I felt my face blaze with shame.*

*Ivan moved his cock again, up and down, in and out. Not merely my hips but my whole body jerked in abject need.*

*"Please," I whispered. "Please?"*

*To my astonishment and another embarrassing upwelling of gratitude, Ivan took pity on me. He chuckled again, and he*

*spoke words full of mingled consolation and degradation, even as he put his hands on my hips and gripped me firmly there.*

*“That’s all right, Heather,” he said. “I know what you need.”*

*I felt his fingers tighten around my waist. I gave a little cry of alarm, but at the same moment it rose to my lips Ivan Antonov drove his enormous manhood through the barrier of my virginity and deep into my pussy.*

## CHAPTER 12



*H*eather

*I felt his muscular lap come up against my hands, my bottom, pressing firmly and reawakening the painful memory of my first spanking. Then I felt the pain. I cried out, my head thrown back and my back arched. My body, of its own accord, the most basic fight-or-flight instinct overriding even the wand's control, tried to get away from what seemed like the red-hot iron poker my master had thrust into my most sensitive place.*

*Ivan's strong, firm hands didn't allow it. He held me against him as if he refused to part with the pleasure my no-longer-virgin sheath afforded his huge cock, rendering my most strenuous effort absolutely trivial. My punished bottom couldn't move more than a millimeter away from his unyielding lap. I cried out again as my own attempt to escape sent another searing stab of pain from my newly claimed pussy through my whole body.*

*I seemed to hear, in my head, the meaning of that unrelenting grip, as if Ivan had spoken the brutal words in my ear, "You're not going anywhere, you little slut. Your tight little cunt is going to stay right here on your master's cock, until he comes inside you."*

*My second cry became a moan at the simple idea of these degrading, unspoken words—the sort of words I already felt certain Ivan would in fact never say, though my inner conflict only grew at the thought that my owner would spare his fuck*



*toy's feelings. The pain of the cock's first cruel invasion of my untried pussy faded so rapidly it took me by surprise, transmuting itself and blending into the glowing soreness that still radiated from my bottom.*

*Ivan began to move inside me, holding my hips fast and simply withdrawing a little, no more than a centimeter, before pressing his rigid penis back inside, just as deep. I could feel the head of it against what I thought must be the entrance to my womb, and it made me whimper with each renewal of the pressure, the slight discomfort that something deep inside me knew only represented what a girl like me should experience when her master fucked her.*

*Like the coarsely dominant words I had imagined a moment before, the thought of Ivan giving my pussy—No, my mind whispered, not your pussy... a girl like you has a cunt, for her owner's pleasure—what I so richly deserved brought a terrible wave of shame and need. I cried out anew, and at the same time I felt Ivan pull his cock out a little further before he slammed it back into me. My whole body bucked, and without any warning or any real buildup I felt an enormous orgasm draw so close that it loomed over me like a tsunami suspended just before it crashed into the shore. My vagina clenched hard around the thrusting penis, and I staved off my climax only through my sheer, reflexive fear that it might actually rip me apart.*

*"Oh," Ivan grunted, his voice thick with pleasure, "that's such a nice little cunt. You may come, girl."*

*They weren't the brutal, humiliating words I had heard in my head, but they contained enough degradation to send me instantly over the edge, the tsunami descending and sweeping me out into a vast sea of pleasure. I lost all purchase over my thoughts, or I would have done everything in my power to resist the idea that rose in the sea like a life-belt buoying me to the surface: even as Ivan had degraded me, he had thought of my pleasure alongside his own.*

*More, he had thought of it—or so I believed I had heard in his voice—both from the dominant perspective of his own satisfaction, in forcing pleasure on his bed girl, and from the*

*perspective of wanting to take care of my needs... of me, the naked girl he had just unpacked from her shipping crate.*

*I lost track of the number of surges of ecstasy that climax sent shooting through every bit of my body. Only as they started to wane did I even wonder whether it had been one orgasm or an uncountable number of them. I had read, blushing, of women who came that way, and I had felt certain I couldn't be one of them—didn't want to be one of them.*

*Under the brutal pounding my master now started to give me, for my very first fucking, I realized how wrong and yet how right I had been. The heat that spread so far and fast, from the roots of my hair to my curling toes, told me that whether or not that first wave of helpless pleasure had represented more than one climax, the next one bestowed by my owner's enormous manhood unmistakably had its own separate build, its own discrete thrill of need that made me sob for the next punishing thrust of Ivan's hardness—followed by its own delicious-yet-frightening release.*

*Whether my master had made a wanton woman of me, or laid bare my shameful needs, I knew I had had it correct from a reasoning perspective—I had been right to hope my virgin pussy didn't have the capacity to climax over and over. Not the way Ivan's cock made me do, anyway.*

*Now that he had ripped through the barrier of my hymen with it, to claim me as his fuck toy... now that the first titanic orgasm had shaken my frame to its core and yet left me in one piece...*

*I didn't think I could ever have enough of it.*

*It had started to hurt again, but the pain didn't have the aspect of the kind of unpleasurable sensation that tells a human body to stop doing something dangerous, like holding the handle of a pan you didn't know was burning hot. Instead it seemed only to add to my feeling of submission to my new master's pleasure. It sharpened the shocks of terrible pleasure he forced on me.*

*I let out a long, whimpering moan as I felt the emotional consequences of a dominant warlord making me his sexual*

*servant, my mission to destroy him notwithstanding. His deflowering my virgin pussy, his making its newly opened sheath into a tight little cunt he clearly enjoyed fucking, above all his bringing me to helpless climax after helpless climax that way... it made me his at a level I could scarcely comprehend.*

*And, to my utter dismay, I wanted it to go on and on. Him, standing over me, straddling my legs, his knees bent to lower his manhood to the height necessary for fucking his new concubine. Him, gripping me around my waist, holding me motionless atop the ottoman so that he could seek all the pleasure he had bought inside the cunt he had acquired for the purpose. Him, thrusting his huge penis into me over and over, making me come again and again despite my inexperience... my precious innocence... my pretense of innocence... all the things I had always told myself about what sex meant to me.*

*I heard a catch in my master's breathing. His fingers tightened a little under my ribcage, and then his right hand moved from there to the back of my neck. I cried out in mingled fear and pleasure as the simple touch of Ivan's fingers there in that terribly vulnerable place brought another orgasm, another clench inside, on the hot iron bar of my owner's driving cock.*

*He grunted, the sound coming from what seemed deep inside him, from his very core. For the very first time, I felt the special throbbing pulse of a man coming inside me. For a moment he held himself in at full length, the head of his cock pressing my cervix so that I sobbed in passionate discomfort. Then, as I felt his seed spurt from him, he moved his hips with the irregular rhythm I would come to know and to long for despite my inner conflict, and the growling grunt came again, with words this time.*

*"There... there... good... good girl."*

*For what seemed like an endless amount of time Ivan crouched over me, his manhood still huge and hard inside me and his breathing deep and even. The waves of pleasure crested and fell, but even though my pussy, newly stretched on my master's rigid penis, had begun to feel very sore, I didn't want him to pull out.*

*His muscular body over mine, dominating me with his gripping hands and his straddling legs and the looming size of his very presence, seemed like proof that I had begun my mission well. Ivan wanted to keep the most important part of his body inside mine, to keep claiming me that way even as I became aware for the first time of its size growing smaller, its hardness decreasing. That told me my owner had enjoyed himself, that he found me pleasing.*

*That meant that I could indeed, perhaps, bring him down. I told myself it didn't mean any more than that—I didn't feel anything more than a professional satisfaction in having endured my defloration at the hands of a criminal warlord.*

*I definitely didn't feel like I wanted Ivan Antonov to treasure me because I found him...*

*What? I demanded of my wayward heart, my wanton pussy. Charming? Fascinating? What the fuck is wrong with you? He just finished fucking you exclusively for his own enjoyment, his own verification of your suitability for sexual servitude. He didn't give you permission to come in order for you to feel pleasure, but in order to dominate you that way, too.*

*The conflict inside me raged so high that it drew a sob from my lips.*

*"Shh," Ivan said. "I'll pull out when I feel like it, Heather. This little cunt belongs to me, now."*

*I made another noise, an even more submissive one, a moaning whimper. I felt my eyes go wide as the sound seemed to make Ivan's hardness begin to stiffen again inside me.*

*"See?" he said, his voice teasing. "That is because you gave me so much pleasure."*

*For a moment I thought he would simply begin fucking me again, and it sent my heart racing. To my dismay, I couldn't even tell why—pride in my master's praise and how evident the truth of it was, from the reawakening of his manhood? Fear for how sore he would leave me? Or anxiety that my strange feelings for him would get in the way of my mission?*

*But to my mingled relief and disappointment, Ivan pulled his cock from my pussy at last, and stepped back.*

*“You may go wash up,” he said. “There’s a bathroom through the door over there.”*

*I wondered, my heart pounding, whether he had forgotten about his stated intention, his menacing promise with regard to his next act of defloration. The mixing of my thoughts and feelings became even more confusing.*

*But my master put a quick end to that question, at least.*

*“I will wash up as well,” he informed me. “And I will get the lube.”*

The memory of standing in the little bathroom off Ivan’s study, shivering a bit after leaving the warmth of the fire, cleansing the evidence of my lost virginity from my thighs, took hold of my mind as, here and now, he controlled my head atop his enormous erection. I had become so skilled at letting him have his way in this fashion, upon my knees in front of him, that my mind could wander a little.

My jaw ached slightly, but even breathing kept the gag reflex well at bay. Ivan’s own shallow breaths told me how thoroughly he was enjoying himself, but I knew that just as on that first night, he would want to climax elsewhere—undoubtedly in the same place his associates had so gleefully used me at the Devushkin palace.

That thought made me wonder again why Ivan had brought me home early. The last time he had shared me, he had left me with his friends until the small hours of the morning, before bringing me back here to fuck me himself, as if he wanted to place a sort of exclamation point on his own absolute ownership.

Tonight seemed... well, an idle thought wondered, more of a comma? A semi-colon? Definitely more of an interruption in the flow of his mastery than a decisive, final point of punctuation.

## CHAPTER 13



*J*van

I pulled Heather's mouth off my raging erection. With both hands around the back of her skull, I tilted her head up toward me. Her eyes wide and a little wild as if at the suddenness of the movement, she gazed back into my face, mouth still wantonly open, lips shining with her saliva and my pre-cum, tongue stuck out just a little. My cock leapt and my hips twitched at the surge of arousal that swept through my loins, just at the sight of my precious bed girl's naked beauty, at the abandoned, submissive expression in her eyes.

"Do you remember when I fucked your ass for the first time, girl?" I asked, my voice emerging in a low growl, under the influence of the rampant sexual need and my will to dominate the lovely young woman who knelt so provokingly before me.

*Provokingly... Yes, my hardness seemed to say, as if a man's cock had a mind and a voice of its own, Heather Foster is the kind of girl who provokes the lust of the man who owns her, isn't she?*

My reason, my rationality, the part of me I used to make decisions in the daylight, protested. My American concubine hadn't asked to kneel and suck my cock, had she? When she did beg to serve me, she pled for my mastery because she had on the one hand the threat of a whipping and on the other the promise of her own pleasure only after she had satisfied my lust.

I had bought Heather at great expense, and I exercised my will over her because of my own passion to master the gorgeous girl; Heather didn't provoke me into using her body to its utmost opportunity for my cock's enjoyment through any intention of her own. To call it that... to punish her, for example, simply for the way her loveliness made me hard as iron every time I made her remove her clothing... it was monstrous, my reason told me.

Or... it would have been monstrous if I couldn't tell how much she needed it, too. I had hardly required the help of the good-girl wand's effect to tell me that, even at the beginning. Four months into my bed girl's servitude, with my manhood plunging into her night after night and her backside sternly birched or spanked or strapped over and over on the slightest pretext of misbehavior, I knew Heather Foster harbored—to her embarrassment—desires that mirrored mine.

She might well have wished to cease being the kind of girl who provoked degrading use and strict discipline, but she couldn't change that part of herself any more than I could change the hardness of my cock whenever the time came to take her again.

Or the troubling need I had to do the opposite, as well: to take care of the marvelous Heather Foster. To find a way to have her not merely as a lovely possession, a fuck toy to use and to share so that others could use her too as a coveted favor from the warlord who had earned their loyalty with such lavish generosity.

To have her as my own.

To love her, and to win her love for me, the man who had four months ago spanked her and then brutally deflowered her along every path her sweet young body afforded... who had sent her for fucking all around the city... who suddenly needed to make certain she remembered what I wanted her to remember about the first time I had taken her anally.

“Do you?” I demanded.

“Yes, Master,” Heather whispered. Her cheeks had gone very red, as if at the humiliation in the memory.

“What do you remember?” I asked, feeling my eyes narrow as I scanned her face, affection vying inside me with the sheer desire to subject her to my dominant will.

Her forehead furrowed deeply. Even before she spoke, I knew she would say exactly what I had hoped.

“You were gentle, at first, Master,” she whispered. “You wanted to see my face.”

A wave of tenderness swept through me, which my reason angrily rejected.

*Don't fool yourself, my better judgment said. This 'love' you think you're feeling is a weakness. You need to get rid of her.*

\* \* \*

*Heather*

Ivan *had* been gentle, at the start. He had told me to stand in front of the fire, with my hands behind my head, my face to the roaring hearth. I had trembled despite the heat from the burning logs as he had come up behind me, his hands and his hard cock seeming to touch my skin all at the same time, so that I felt like the entire outer surface of my body had become a newly, overwhelmingly erogenous zone.

Ivan's right hand in front, taking an easy, possessive hold of my left breast, pinching my tiny pink nipple to aching stiffness between thumb and middle finger.

Ivan's rigid penis pressed against my hip, making me bite my lip at the sheer naughty idea of a naked man simply touching me that way, his lewdest part exposed—jutting so arrogantly out from his lap that it brushed almost casually across my flank... so naturally and yet obscenely that it made terribly clear my subjection to my master's every degrading wish and cruel whim.

Worst of all, because it felt much too good, at first, Ivan's left hand. Behind me, two fingers abruptly pressed between my



spanked cheeks where only a little soreness lingered now from my punishment over his knee.

*I heard a tiny whimper come out of my throat. My hands, their fingers intertwined behind my head, shook with the tremors that traveled up and down all the muscles in my back and my arms. My knees moved, too, bouncing up and down so that, to my mortification, it seemed like I meant to rub that forbidden place between the little apples of my backside against the probing fingers.*

*My master's fingers, slick with a substance I knew about but had never before experienced. Lube... cool despite the warmth of Ivan's hands... slippery... useful for making a girl's tightest hole easier to enjoy...*

*The whimper became a sob, which seemed to reach my ears from a long way away.*

*Ivan brought another part of his body against mine: his mouth, soft against the back of my right ear. I could feel his golden hair brush my arm on that side.*

*"You are going to lie on the ottoman on your back," he told me. "You will raise your knees and hold them open for me. I want to see your face when I enter your bottom for the first time."*

I looked up into his face, kneeling before him now, with the knowledge that I would have to proceed with my mission very soon but overwhelmed by the feeling of his hands on my head, tilting my gaze up to his, stealing all my thoughts and turning them backward, to that first night.

*Our first night together.*

The idea—the way my brain put it, then, as if Ivan Antonov and I represented some conventional romantic couple, of the sort who could remember a *first night together*—brought a little sighing moan from my throat. His ice-blue eyes, slightly narrowed the way Ivan always did when he wanted to evaluate

and assess, seemed to reinforce that strange connection despite the memory's utter lack of any ordinary romance.

*My first night with Ivan... the leather top of the ottoman against my back... my knees held wide and high so that I felt utterly exposed, utterly available to my master.*

My hands hung at my sides, because Ivan allowed me to use them to pleasure him only with express instructions to do so. They began, to my dismay, to creep backwards, fingertips moving across my whipped bottom-cheeks, each welt from Devushkin's birch bringing a terrible, thrilling little stab of soreness that faded immediately into the humiliating arousal I knew so well.

I had the little globes in my grasp now. Without any order from Ivan, without a command except the shameful urging of my wanton nature, the awful need to show my master how thoroughly I belonged to him, I spread my bottom-cheeks. I touched my little anus, so sore from my degrading trip to the mansion of my owner's friend.

So thoroughly used, and yet still small, tight, and suited to the pleasure of a dominant man who knew how to use me properly.

I watched Ivan's eyes flick slightly downward, and I knew he had noticed my mortifying display.

"Yes, Heather," he said softly. "Right there. I fucked my little slut right there, did I not?"

"Yes, Master," I whispered, my lips closing over the *r* of *master* for the first time since my mouth had engulfed Ivan's enormous cock, and he had used his strong fingers to hold my face in place as he thrust the rock-hard shaft of his penis in and out so deeply. As always, my lips felt strange—different from the way they felt when my mouth belonged to me... when I could use my body to do what I chose, instead of putting it completely at my master's service.

"Put your finger inside, girl. All the way to the second knuckle."

I felt my face crumple, my cheeks blazing with heat even as the helpless arousal took hold anew between my thighs. A sob tore itself from my throat, and I obeyed the degrading command. My hips jerked with need at the forbidden feeling, the wicked finger going where it mustn't, inside the naughtiest place of all.

“Fuck yourself with that finger,” my master instructed, “and tell me how it felt to have your bottom opened on my cock for the first time.”

His fingers, twined in my hair, gripped my skull tighter and I realized that I had started to try to shake my head in a futile refusal of the dreadful, delicious command. My forehead had begun to ache from the depth of the furrow my need and shame had made there. I breathed raggedly through my nostrils for a moment.

“If I have to get the wand,” Ivan said, his eyes narrowing again, “I’m going to whip you, too, Heather. Do as you’re told.”

I sobbed, and started to move my middle finger in and out of the little hole. The memory came flooding back: Ivan’s ice-blue eyes, somehow warm despite the glacier they evoked, gazing down at me from what seemed impossibly high up, as he pushed the enormous bulk of his manhood into my virgin bottom.

Breathing through my mouth in desperate little pants, trying to relax the tightness, ease the painful, thrilling sensation of stretching far past what I ever thought I might have to bear.

“You...” I breathed. I bit my lip as I moved the naughty finger in and out, my hips thrusting of their own accord against it, as if I needed more in that forbidden place no matter how sore my owner’s friends had made me there. “You... you made me... you made me take it all.”

“You needed it all, girl,” Ivan said, his voice rough with passion and his huge manhood jutting menacingly between us. “Lick.”

I whimpered and obeyed, humiliatingly grateful for his sparing me more words for the moment. I licked Ivan's cock the way he liked, from the base—the so-sensitive spot, where the shaft met the tightly wrinkled sack that held his balls—to the head, with the reverent kiss at the end that always made his manhood give a tiny leap, as if in appreciation of his bed girl's talent. My eyes stayed locked on his, the shame of having to see him watch me pleasure him that way bringing more heat to my cheeks.

“I put it in gently, didn't I?” he asked softly.

I let out another whimpering moan, a sound so submissive it brought a new clench between my legs.

“Yes, Master,” I whispered. He had gone slowly, all the way in, until his lap had come up against my spanked bottom. I had sobbed with need and discomfort as I looked up into the face of the man who had claimed me completely.

“And then?” Ivan inquired, a slight, arrogant smile curling his lips.

I moved my finger in and out faster. My pussy ached with my need. For the first time since I had arrived back at Ivan's palace I wondered if my master would let me come, as he always had before after my return to him following a night of being shared with other men.

“Then you fucked my bottom very, very hard, Master.”

For a moment, I thought I saw Ivan's eyes change, a look of concern coming into them, as if a wayward thought had interfered with the purity of his dominant lust. I felt my own face respond, the wild expression of wanton desire changing to puzzlement.

Suddenly, though I couldn't tell whether it had anything to do with the strange moment—if the strange moment had even happened—my master thrust me away from him and stood up.

“You may go to bed in your own room,” Ivan said. “I'll be traveling tomorrow, so I'm going to leave Pyotr in charge of you.”

I gazed up at him with wide eyes, suddenly terrified that he had somehow seen into my soul and understood that I was in fact a spy come to destroy him. He didn't look at me, but walked toward the door, fastening his robe as he went.

"Good night, Heather," he said, still without turning back toward me.

## CHAPTER 14



*H*eather

My terror didn't leave me that nearly sleepless night, or for a moment the whole of the next day. Just the previous day, before the unknown Guard agent had activated me, I had felt so at ease in my master's house. Yes, I had been an owned fuck toy then, as I was today, but I had also clearly meant a great deal to the frighteningly powerful Ivan Antonov.

Today, I didn't think I could have felt that way, could have known the smallest part of the comfort I had felt just twenty-four hours before—even if Pyotr hadn't decided to make the most of Ivan's absence and the express power to command me that our master had clearly bestowed, just as he had told me in his study, in that cold voice, the night before.

No sooner had I awoken in the little bed that occupied most of 'my' room than it began. I had in fact never actually slept in that bedroom before, because Ivan had taken me to his own bed for fucking every night since my arrival. Even after sending me out to serve other men, he had wanted me for himself into the wee hours of the morning, first in the study and then in his enormous suite of rooms. There I had become accustomed to fall asleep, exhausted and humiliatingly happy, from the sheer fatigue that came with my master's body's demands on mine.

I couldn't help thinking that Pyotr must have watched me sleep over the video surveillance system I knew covered every

millimeter of Ivan's palace. The moment my eyes fluttered open after an hour or two of fitful sleep—as it seemed to me anyway—I heard a knock at the door. Then before I could react at all, the door opened enough to reveal the butler looking straight back at me with such scorn in his eyes that I felt blood scorch my cheeks in an instant.

Nor did Pyotr even wait for me to show any further sign of awareness. He simply spoke in his most imperious tone, despite the slight concession with which it seemed he had no choice but to begin.

“Your master requested that I not wake you, whore, but now that you are rising, the *pleasure* of your *company* is *invited* in the kitchen, to assist with the servants' breakfast.”

My heart beat wildly, my entire body seeming to go from zero to sixty—no, sixty million—in a microsecond. I did everything in my power to keep my face impassive, but I felt certain I failed miserably, because Pyotr smiled slightly, as if in pleasure at my confusion.

“Do you think you can join the kitchen staff, whore?” he inquired, his voice seeming to drip with saccharine syrup.

“Yes,” I said, trying to keep my breathing even and hearing myself succeed at least at making my tone of voice flat and unrevealing.

The opportunity to help in the kitchen would have seemed a godsend under other circumstances. Part of my brain—the logical, mission-following part—still looked forward to it with a little bit of hope despite the fear in which I had awoken. I would be able to overhear the servants talking, while they thought I understood nothing. Yesterday, it would have meant precious intelligence about how to go about turning Ivan, bringing him over—the terribly low percentage play my Pretorian Guard trainer had told me I should try, before simply killing him and escaping.

Today, it meant I might learn something much more immediate, about whether Ivan had suddenly begun to suspect me of being a mole.

“You will call me *sir*, whore,” Pyotr said with a sneer, “or you will be birched in front of the entire household. Do you understand?”

The heavily accented English words held such condescension that a thrill of shame traveled from my toes to my scalp. Much, much worse, I felt the unwelcome stirring between my legs that Pyotr—as Ivan’s butler, his most important servant—had the dismaying power to cause with his degrading treatment of his master’s bed girl.

“Yes, *sir*,” I replied, steeling myself as best I could for what would at least be an unpleasant battle of wills and, I supposed, might well become a good deal worse. I resolved not to back down: I had to at least test the limits of Pyotr’s power, because that would tell me a little more about Ivan’s state of mind. Besides, I might well need to provoke some kind of confrontation to complete my mission, however I decided to do it.

I narrowed my eyes at the odious man as he continued to peer at me through the half open door.

“May I please get dressed, *sir*?” I asked, finally.

To my dismay, a little smile lit up his face, at least to the extent that such a severe face *could* be illuminated.

“Actually, no, whore,” he said. “You will serve nude in the kitchen. Get out of bed this instant and come with me.”

I felt my fists clench under the covers. So Pyotr felt emboldened enough to add to my shame this way, at least. The other servants had seen me naked, but only when serving Ivan, if I happened to be without clothing at the time. The thought of challenging this mortifying indignity, of telling Pyotr that Ivan would fire him as soon as he got back, or even of saying that the butler would ‘pay,’ or... doing *anything* that might deny him total victory over my modesty, came into my mind.

Fear of finding out that Ivan had decided simply to give me over to his butler from this point on stopped me. If the only result of a challenge would be a naked birching in front of all



the servants, this definitely didn't represent the right moment to issue that challenge.

I put as dispassionate a look on my face as I could muster, and I got out of bed, as naked as I had been when I returned from Devushkin's palace. At least I didn't have to take anything *off* in front of Pyotr.

I did have to endure his eyes moving up and down my body, as I lowered my own to his polished shoes.

"You really are a lovely little whore," he said, his voice biting. "I do not blame the master for how long he took to tire of fucking you. I only wish he'd given me his little wand so that I'd have less trouble putting you in your place."

The palace's enormous kitchen already bustled at 5:30 a.m. Ivan led a veritable army of paramilitary thugs, all of them accustomed to a life of luxury at their warlord's expense. Three assistant cooks in kitchen whites, young women in their twenties, served the head cook, Anya, a middle-aged woman in her fifties who presided over her domain with a long, heavy wooden spoon. Three more girls stood by, wearing aprons over their black maids' uniforms: the servers who would bring out the food to the waiting minions.

None of them spoke a single word of English, but after a moment of stunned silence on my entry, they had plenty of Russian to share their thoughts on me with one another. The head cook began it herself, in a scornful voice.

"The master's whore graces us with her presence," Anya said, looking at me with a mixture of dismissive haughtiness and sheer animosity that sent a chill down my spine. I lowered my eyes to her feet before she could catch my gaze on her.

The other young women had started talking amongst themselves, and I strained to hear their words while trying to pay attention to Anya—and to look like I was only paying attention to her, waiting meekly for instructions.

"What is she doing here?" one of the servers asked another in a low voice that nevertheless carried far enough for me to hear it.

“The master...” the other started, but she did a better job of keeping her voice down, and I caught only, “... Pyotr wants...” before Anya’s malice demanded my attention again.

For the head cook had brought her spoon down on the counter, forcing my eyes up to hers, as she said at the same time in a voice that made clear that she thought me too stupid to understand even the most basic concepts.

“Look at me, you little cunt.”

I thanked God that at least my hot blushes at Anya’s demeaning words would fit perfectly well with a girl forced to serve naked in a kitchen full of hostile faces, whether she knew their language or not. As soon as the awful woman saw that she had my attention, she pointed an imperious finger toward one of the big sinks in the corner.

“Pots,” she said. “Do you think you can do that, cunt?”

I did my absolute best impression of confusion, a task made much easier by my apprehension that no, I probably couldn’t wash pots to the standard required in a kitchen like this one.

Anya moved toward me, covering the tiled floor in the huge strides of a commanding officer in absolute control of her war camp. I didn’t have to feign my shrinking back against the swinging door or the nervous energy in my legs, begging the rest of my body to run away.

Someone yanked the door open the rest of the way and grabbed my shoulders—someone tall. Pyotr growled in my ear, “Stay right where you are, whore.” Then he said, in Russian to Anya, “Don’t let her get away with anything.”

Anya’s eyes went from the butler to me and back, the scorn seeming to radiate in chilly waves from her hazel eyes.

“Don’t worry, old man,” she replied. “This little cunt won’t be able to sit down by the end of breakfast.”

Again she helped me conceal that I knew exactly what she had just said: my little whimper of fear at her words could very easily also have represented my response to her sheer physical presence looming over me and the way she reached out to take

me by the elbow and start to haul me toward the sink she had pointed to.

She turned me, and brought me past her, my bare feet breaking into a humiliating semi-run as I tried to satisfy her enough that she might loosen her painful grip on my arm. I bit down hard on the inside of my cheek as the surge of sensation there made its way through my body, and the terrible shame of the moment, the fear of what would happen next, the feeling of complete abjection, took their unwelcome effect between my thighs.

The distance to the sink, where I could see three pans already awaiting my clumsy services, seemed to extend itself forever, when I looked at the other girls and saw them regarding me with a mixture of horror, contempt, and—worst of all—embarrassment of their own. The blushing blonde woman, probably even younger than me, eighteen maybe, stirred the most complicated sensations and emotions: I thought I could see in her green eyes that she, too, had fought hard against the dark desires that the Pretorian Guard had exploited in me. The thought of how aroused she must have gotten, watching my ordeal, made my own involuntary, mortifying neediness down there even worse.

When I looked down at the floor, though, the distance seemed nothing at all. I knew after all, to my dismay, precisely what would happen there at the sink, before I even had the chance to show my inadequate dishwashing skill. The tiles went by, and Anya squeezed my elbow harder—so tightly that I cried out in pain—and then she had me in front of the deep sink, its dull metal showing murky reflections, white from Anya's cook's uniform and creamy pink from my bare skin.

She bent me over without ceremony, and without warning, and began to spank me with the flat of the long, heavy wooden spoon. I had been punished with the birch rod and with my master's hand—each of them so many times I had lost count by now. I had supposed that I had felt as much pain as it was possible for my ass to feel without serious injury befalling me. I had been completely wrong, it turned out.

## CHAPTER 15



*H*eather

Something about the leverage from the length of the spoon and the relatively small size of the surface that Anya whipped into my poor bottom-cheeks made even the first stroke from that fucking spoon feel like the worst punishment I had ever gotten. The already sore state of my ass from the birching at Devushkin's palace the night before undoubtedly had a part to play. I didn't feel certain, though, that the wooden spoon wouldn't have represented the most painful experience of my life to date even if my butt had been pristine.

I tried to think these stupid, pseudo-objective, evaluating thoughts, rather than letting my mind go to what I knew deep down had to be the true source of how agonizing this horrible 'lesson' felt. That lasted about two seconds, though. I could feel their eyes on me: all the women in that kitchen. Their gazes, from all sides, at my naked body—my weeping, sobbing face, my little breasts, my bottom with its tracery of red and purple from what Ivan's associates had given me the night before—bore into me with an emotional pain that seemed nearly as bad as what the terrible spoon could do.

Even that didn't really compare with having to listen to, and worse to understand, the horrid, humiliating things Anya said as she paddled me with her long, heavy spoon, alternating her attention between my right and left cheeks and my right and left thighs in rapid succession.

She thought I couldn't understand, of course, so though she addressed the degradation to me, Anya of course intended it for the ears of the cooks and the maids. I could already sense—it seemed, to me anyway—the way they all judged me as their master's favorite fuck toy. The girl he sent to serve his friends and to be whipped by them, not so much because as a nearly omnipotent warlord he could do such atrocious things as because I must be the kind of girl who enjoyed that shameful treatment. The head cook's horrible words, though, seemed to make it infinitely worse, and that in turn made the agony of this punishment so unbearable that I had begun to scream and to struggle under her impossibly strong restraining left arm by the third stroke of the spoon.

“Look at the little cunt, girls,” Anya said, her words delivered in a monotone equally full of fury and of scorn, loud enough to carry easily over both the sharp, ringing smacks from the spoon and my wails of agony and shame. “Look how the master makes her keep it bare and smooth for him, to help her learn submission, and yet she can't seem to obey the simplest commands, can she? Do you see how they whipped her last night, when she went out for fucking by the master's friends, and still she remains a shameless whore who doesn't see the slightest reason to learn our language so that she could help out in her master's house.”

As the terrible beating continued and the excruciating fire blazed higher and higher with every horrible spank from the tormenting spoon, I found myself reaching out to hold the opposite side of the sink, where a little metal lip met the tile of the wall—to pull on it with my scrabbling fingertips, as if I were trying to climb up on top of it, and I could somehow get away like that. I could hear one of the maids weeping nearby—surely the one who had blushed as she watched me go by on the way to this awful lesson in abject obedience.

“Do you see the little flower there, when I spank her bottom and she can't help showing us everything like the disgusting slut she is? The master likes that hole best—all powerful men do, but good girls know how to say no, don't they? This cunt can't deny her master her anus, though—not because she belongs to him like a two-ruble whore but because she likes it

in her little rear, good and hard. He doesn't need to use his silver wand to have her just the way he chooses, does he? You can see that just from a glance between these little cheeks, can't you? They've made her good and loose for their fucking, and she likes it that way. I've never spanked a bottom that needs a lesson in modesty as much as the master's little cunt's backside needs one."

Anya paused in her tirade and in her delivery of my undeserved punishment. For an instant I actually supposed—though I knew much better—that she had finished. I understood at the same moment as I heard the spoon raised, I felt certain all the way to the height of the horrid woman's shoulder, beginning what I hoped without much conviction would be its final descent.

No: Anya spanked me not one but three more times, without any further words of humiliation. Undoubtedly the head cook wanted to concentrate fully on making me scream louder than I had to that point. She succeeded all too well. I truly didn't think I had ever in my young life felt as much pain as that third stroke of the back of the wooden bowl delivered. I seemed to leave my body entirely. I could hear a girl screaming and I knew the girl was me, and I felt the pain, but it all also seemed to come apart, so that whatever I—Heather Foster, American spy who had become the submissive bed girl of a Slavic warlord—might represent, I couldn't put that idea together with the horrible agony in my bottom, or the helpless, wanton need between the fuck toy's thighs, or the terrible shame of how close the two things lay together.

Or the feeling that they all knew, Anya and the cooks and the maids—they all knew that Ivan had bought me because he liked to whip girls before he fucked them, and I was the kind of girl best suited to the pursuit of that particular form of dominant masculine pleasure.

She took her arm away and left me bent over the sink. She didn't even tell me to start washing the pots.

Part of me felt desperate to see what the other girls' faces looked like, as if maybe they wouldn't all be turned away in horror and embarrassment. I didn't. I told myself that if I

seemed completely crushed by Anya's horrible 'lesson' they would be more likely to forget I was there and to talk about what they knew of Ivan's movements. Really I couldn't bear to see their reactions.

Sobbing quietly, with my left hand behind me desperately and mortifyingly trying to rub away some of the pain from my butt and my thighs, I reached out my right and turned on the hot water. I filled the sink halfway, then turned it off and started on the pots. I made as much noise as I could, to convince any observers I had absorbed myself in the task, while I listened hard during the silences.

Two of the junior cooks, arriving with more pots for washing, rewarded my efforts almost immediately. I felt a thrill of anxious hope and then of sudden fear as I heard them discussing Ivan and me in rapid Russian, as if I hadn't even been standing there.

"He told Pyotr not to expect him back tonight. I heard him."

I kept my attention on the pots, not daring to look up for fear of alerting them that I understood. I felt sure that the other girl had looked at me, though—maybe was still looking—when she spoke in reply.

"Did he give her to Pyotr, then? Will he fuck her tonight? Does Pyotr have the wand thing?"

The first girl made a very Slavic sound with her lips, an exhalation that meant she had no idea and she didn't care. Then she spoke the dreadful words that I had in the back of my mind, trying to keep them from taking me over completely and sending me into a useless panic.

"He's tired of her, anyway. He didn't fuck her last night, did he?"

They all knew, of course. I hadn't really had any illusions on that score: in a house like this one, all the servants knew everything. Still, the fact of it, the way the girl had just casually said it as if it couldn't be more obvious, sent a blade of ice into my chest. I stared down at my hands, at the redness

of them in the hot water as I used the steel wool to try to get dried egg off a sauté pan.

The second girl didn't let it go. I could hear in her voice the kind of reluctant and embarrassing, but also inescapable, fascination I knew so well from my own involuntary thoughts and feelings. Every bit of compassion I might have had for her was driven away, though, by her words, as the two walked away toward the door to the dining room.

“I think Pyotr will whip her and fuck her tonight. You saw his face when he told Anya to be strict. Do you think he'll make us watch?”

\* \* \*

He did make them watch when, at the end of the day, he fulfilled the server's prediction.

I had managed to stay out of the butler's way for most of the day, sometimes hiding in my room, sometimes helping the maids tidy a room, conveying to them with gestures that despite my enforced nudity and my lack of Russian I could help with the dusting. One of the nicer ones even brought me two rolls to eat, sneaking them to me under her apron.

Before supper, though, Pyotr found me just as I was slipping out of my bedroom door to go to the kitchen in hope of quietly making my way to the sink again.

“Whore,” he said in his loathsome English, “Anya tells me you did a bad job. You will be whipped in the dining room after supper. You will be displayed during the meal.”

I wanted to remain stoic and to give him no satisfaction at all, but I knew my remaining hope of fulfilling my mission lay in appeasing Pyotr. I couldn't truly please him, I felt certain. At any rate, though, I had to give him the twisted enjoyment of dominating me in his loathsome way. If I could persuade him that his version of the true mastery Ivan knew how to exercise represented real control, I might have the chance to get close enough to my owner at least to take the slim hope of a way out, a last, too-risky resort—not killing Ivan, because I knew I



couldn't do that, but somehow kidnapping him and calling the Guard to come get us.

All of that involved giving Pyotr what he wanted, so that I had at least the possibility of seeing Ivan again. I told myself, as I let my face pucker into a sob, that I was pretending—acting the part of the terrified bed girl for the butler's benefit. Really, I felt precisely what the horrible man clearly hoped I would: fear, humiliation, and helpless need.

“Displayed?” I asked in a pitiful voice, genuinely mystified as to what the butler meant.

“You will see,” he replied coldly, and pointed down the hall toward the dining hall.

I hadn't ever noticed the bench in the corner of the big, high-ceilinged room where Ivan's henchmen usually had their meals, and where Ivan presided over a supper once a month. I had spent very little time there, because I usually ate alone in the kitchen or in Ivan's private dining room. As two men carried the thing to the center of the room, amidst the long tables that formed a large square, though, I understood just as Pyotr had said I would.

It had a padded leather top, and it was graced with straps that had the very clear purpose of binding a woman in place with legs spread and backside raised, restrained at wrists, knees, and waist. They placed the bench so that the men at the head table, where of course the butler himself sat, would have the most intimate possible view of me as they ate.

“There,” Pyotr said simply, pointing to the horrid thing. “You blush so prettily, whore, but you have no real shame, do you? Let us see if we can teach you some.”

## CHAPTER 16



*J*van

I had no intention of intervening in Pyotr's fun. I had come back from an extremely unpleasant meeting with Boris Belkonov, the head of my energy business. To my dismay and disgust, I had had to threaten the greedy asshole's life.

Putting a gun to Boris' temple had saddened me as much as angered me, but I hadn't seen another way. I detested the man despite the appearance to the world at large that he was a trusted lieutenant. I hadn't really *minded* scaring him to ensure he would keep the power on for the families in the Eastern district who needed help with their electric bills. Having to make that kind of threat, though, while my bodyguard did the usual and held Boris upside down by his ankles, had reminded me of everything I didn't want to think about.

Namely, the huge distance between what my life had become and what I had wanted it to be.

And, since she represented the most important and most urgent symbol of that distance, Heather Foster.

The fuck toy I had fallen in love with. Despite everything, including the wand that gave me such complete control over her that she couldn't possibly feel the same way I did.

I sat in my study, willing myself not to turn on the video feed from the dining room. That frankly seemed like the easy part. The hard part was not thinking about Heather—not the sex,

not the way her submission fed my dominant hunger to a fever pitch I had never experienced before. Rather her smile, and the way she looked when dressed in evening wear, and how her face lit up when she talked about helping the people in my district.

*Fuck, I thought, I wouldn't have held a gun to Belkonov's head if Heather hadn't made me realize how much I want to take care of the families whose lives I hold in my hand.*

*How much I want to take care of her, for trying to bring out something in me other than the iron-fisted warlord.*

I couldn't relax that iron fist, though. The men who 'helped' me run my little empire had none of the higher ideals Heather had so astonishingly uncovered in me. I had risen to this position because I had had no choice, really: Viktor Chemin, my predecessor, had given his minions two options—rise or die.

I had risen. Until Heather had come into my life, I hadn't even realized why. I had risen, it seemed entirely obvious to me now, because of my empathy. I had had the uncanny ability to know precisely what Chemin wanted, almost before he wanted it. Because, over and over, what Chemin wanted put me in situations where I had to kill or be killed, I gained the reputation for violence that had perversely endeared me to my boss.

I couldn't escape, and because I couldn't escape I couldn't fall in love with any girl, no matter how enchanting, submissive, or lovely she might be. Worse—much worse—in getting rid of her I had to deliver Heather visibly into the clutches of others. I had to show anyone looking that they couldn't get to me through the American girl I had seemed to find too bewitching.

Giving her to Pyotr, as much of an ordeal as it would be for her, would at least spare her the dangerous cruelty of one of my other henchmen. The butler liked to show his power in the palace, but he knew I wouldn't tolerate it if any actual harm should come to Heather.

That didn't help—indeed, it did the opposite—with the true problem: my heart.

\* \* \*

*Heather*

Strapped naked over the punishment bench with my spread backside on display for Ivan's men as they ate supper, I heard, at last, the intelligence that I knew could save me.

*Could...* as in, if I had the chance to act on it, which seemed terribly unlikely at the moment.

Two of Ivan's senior lieutenants had, it seemed, used their prestige relative to the rest of the henchmen to claim seats directly behind me. Misha had already made it very clear that if Pyotr fucked me, he would claim the next ride in my whipped bottom for himself. Grisha—the two had gotten their nicknames as a pair, given, Ivan had told me, by Viktor Chemin—had asserted that he intended to come on my face after face-fucking me, presumably at the same time as Misha's degrading ride in my anus.

At least my nights of service to Ivan's friends and colleagues had inured me, more or less, to that kind of casual obscenity. I hardly even started listening until, after laboriously translating into English his intention to use me like the misbehaving slut the fading bruises on my ass-cheeks showed me to be, Grisha shifted back into Russian.

“Ivan must have figured out that Boris was going to kidnap her. No wonder he gave her to Pyotr.”

*Boris.* It took a moment, because by that time I had so many Russian names floating around in my head, but I got there. Boris Belkonov, the boss of the power plant. I knew Ivan had had trouble with him, but regarded the man as a necessary evil. Knowing that Belkonov had actively plotted to cripple Ivan's authority by kidnapping *me*, though—that would... that *could* give Ivan an opportunity to make the kind of change

Belkonov's simple, everyday dereliction of duty wouldn't permit.

That change might end up being very violent, but here and now, displayed naked for my master's minions, I couldn't help feeling very violent. At the same time, the idea that Ivan had passed me to Pyotr out of anxiety for my safety, rather than from boredom with me, gave me hope.

I had fixed my eyes on the marble floor of the dining hall as I thought through the possibilities, trying desperately to figure out how I could get to Ivan and tell him about Belkonov, even if my master refused to see me—the thought of which made my face pucker into a sob and my blood run cold in my veins.

So I didn't notice that Pyotr had come to stand before me until I saw his shiny black shoes directly in my field of vision. I looked up, worry filling my belly, and immediately found that worry multiplied by a hundred: Pyotr held not a birch rod in his hand but something else—something I hadn't ever actually seen before, except in a terrible, fascinating picture in an old book, my grandmother's last remaining possession from the old country.

Pyotr had a knout in his right hand, its three long leather tails curled across his left.

“For an exceptional whore like you,” the butler said in a voice as cold as death, “we must go back to the old ways, I think. Master didn't see fit to give me the device that makes you obey, but stout straps are just as good for making sluts take their whippings, no?”

The handle, and a full foot of the whip itself, were of braided leather, reinforced I knew by wood inside the part Pyotr held so casually. The tails, which looked frighteningly stiff at their ends, stretched another six inches.

“When my great-great-grandfather disciplined his master's serfs,” the butler narrated in a cruel voice, obviously doing his best to articulate each English word as clearly as possible, in order to cause me as much fear as he could, “he used a knout like this one on the women. They knew very well how to punish a whore like you without damaging her and lessening

her value. If she couldn't walk afterwards, and it hurt when her master used her, that was only the best way to complete her lesson.”

He gave me no further warning. He stepped to the side, out of my field of vision. Terrified, I twisted in the stout restraints that bound me to the whipping bench, trying to look over my shoulder. I could just catch a glimpse of Pyotr, raising the horrible knout to shoulder height, his other hand behind him like some old engraving of ancient punishment.

“No... please!” I cried. Not since my anonymous Guard trainer had first punished me had I felt anything like this much fear. My whole body shook. My mind felt like I might mercifully pass out before the lash reached my naked backside.

I didn't, though a moment later I wished I had. The awful leather tails of the knout made a terrible sound as Pyotr laid them with full force across my bottom, and nearly instantly came the agony. It felt as if he had laid a burning brand across both my rear cheeks. I cried out, rearing my head back as my backside started to squirm, helplessly, my body desperate to try to ease some tiny part of the pain away.

The butler struck again, and though I had resolved not to give the brutal man the satisfaction, I heard myself scream as if I were listening to someone else. In some distant part of my mind, I hoped irrationally that my cries of agony might somehow reach Ivan's ears, wherever he was. I felt certain he had left his palace, though, so that he wouldn't have to watch or even to hear Pyotr's triumphant enjoyment of his master's fuck toy.

When the knout's lashes bit into my poor bottom, in what felt like exactly the same place Pyotr had just whipped, twice, my entire body convulsed, screaming and crying and writhing in my leather bonds. I knew I couldn't bear it. I knew that when the moment came, as it must—as I thought it would right this instant, because the butler had stopped and I felt certain he had started to unbutton his fly—I would beg. I would plead with Pyotr to fuck me anywhere he wanted, for as long as he

wanted, to keep him from bringing the knout down on my bare backside one more time.

I hung my head, eyes closed and hair falling all around my face. I sobbed quietly, my bottom-cheeks clenching and unclenching desperately. Behind me, Grisha said, “Look at that little cunt. She needs it so bad. What a dirty slut.” At least the shudder of shame that went through my whole body at the coarse words could easily be mistaken for the effect of my terrible whipping.

I waited for Pyotr to walk around in front of me. To make his lewd demand.

But instead of having the butler’s aged cock presented to my face, I felt a hand—a gentle hand that couldn’t be Pyotr’s, on my cheek.

“Look at me, girl,” Ivan’s voice said, from high above me.

I looked up, and saw my owner gazing down at me with an expression that made my blood run cold, as fiercely as my heart had been pumping it an instant before. Ivan’s face looked like some gifted artist had carved it from a block of ice. So handsome that my heart ached as I thought about the tenderness in him that lived alongside the cruelty. So hard-set and guarded that I feared not just for my backside but for my life.

*He’s putting it on for his henchmen, I tried desperately to persuade myself. He wouldn’t have come here if he didn’t actually care.*

“I was going to leave you to Pyotr and these loyal men,” he said, “but I need to return a favor, so I’m going to give you to Boris Belkonov tonight. He and I had a little problem today, and I had to go a little rough on him. I want to apologize the best way I know how, by giving him my used fuck toy.”

I watched him look over at Pyotr. He spoke in Russian.

“Bring the knout here, please. I want to make certain this slut understands her place in my household.”

He reached his hand out. My thoughts and feelings roiled with such fear and confusion that I could hardly remember what

had been said in Russian and what in English. I hoped fervently that the pleading that came out of my mouth wouldn't reveal any knowledge I shouldn't have.

“Please, Master... please... don't...”

But Ivan took the knout in his hand without looking at me, and went to stand in the same place Pyotr had stood. More strenuously than ever, I tried to twist myself around in the restraining leather. I could see his face, could see his gaze fixed on my already terribly punished bottom, my spread legs, the private parts where he had thrust his hardness and taken his pleasure so many times. He raised the horrible whip to the level of his shoulder.

“Ivan... please...” I begged, through my sobs of fear and shame and every kind of pain.

“Master,” he said in a voice like stone, still looking only at my backside and started to bring the knout down.



## CHAPTER 17



### *H*eather

Ivan whipped me six times. It hurt much more than the lashes from Pyotr, but all the resistance had fled from my body, and my mind had traveled far, far away. I clung to the punishment bench, shuddering with each terrible impact and crying out automatically as the agony coursed through my nervous system.

My hips jerked in time with my master's rhythm, and I rode the bench shamelessly in search of some relief from the fire in my rear end. I heard Misha and Grisha laughing at my lewd display. Another henchman yelled out, after the third lash, "That's it, boss. Whip that ass!"

Ivan brought the knout down slowly and steadily, and by the time he delivered the final one I had lost count of how many times the leather had cracked across my bottom and my thighs, seeking out even the tenderest place between my legs.

*The place that belongs to him, I thought, somewhere in the distance, so he gets to do whatever he wants with it.*

"Get her off the bench," I heard my master say to his horrible butler. "Give her her coat and shoes and bring her to the limo. I'll send her to Boris naked, so that he sees immediately how well disciplined she is."

So I wouldn't have any chance to talk to Ivan, to tell him that Belkonov had meant to kidnap me. The hope that had risen

when I had heard Misha and Grisha talking about that had faded; if Ivan intended to *give* me to Boris Belkonov, how much difference would it make that the head of the power plant had intended to *take* me for himself?

But Ivan Antonov, I knew, was a very complicated man. To an alpha male like him, I suspected a gift like a bed girl only worked as a preemptive gesture. As I whimpered with every step, following Pyotr from the dining hall to the foyer, I wondered if maybe I could find a way just to say one thing—*he meant to kidnap me!*—to my master before all was lost.

I didn't have any faith that the Pretorian Guard would find a way to get me out of Belkonov's house if I ended up there, either. If they did, I imagined, it wouldn't be unscathed. None of that mattered, including my mission, though, compared to the coldness in Ivan's face and the conflict and confusion inside me over whether that icy demeanor showed his real feelings or the hard facade he adopted to run a dangerous empire.

I heard Pyotr speaking, as if from a long way away, and for a moment I panicked, thinking I would have to respond though I hadn't really heard the words. Only after several seconds of terror did I realize that he had spoken in Russian, to a maid, telling her to fetch shoes for me from my room.

I felt my face twisted into a woeful mixture of emotions as I understood that only the sheer mind-stealing pain, sadness, and horror of my situation had saved me from giving myself away: so terrible was the agony in my bottom and thighs, and so great my fear, that I had almost said, in Russian, something like, "I'm so very sorry, sir, but what did you say?"

Pyotr had the coat, and the maid had the shoes: my gorgeous white pumps, the ones Ivan had given me the night he had dressed me like a princess and fucked me like a little whore, as I screamed out orgasm after orgasm over the table in his private dining room. The mere sight of them drew a racking sob from deep in my chest.

I slipped into the shoes, feeling as always—despite the pain from my backside at every movement of those muscles—the

extreme naughtiness of wearing heels and nothing else. Pyotr stood by the enormous oak door of the palace's grand entrance, holding the coat for me as if I were an honored guest departing for their own grand abode.

I didn't mean to look him in the face, because I felt sure he wore a look of triumph at my downfall. Something in me demanded to see that expression, though—something dark and perverse, seeking further abasement. I glanced upward from the coat to the butler, and I had the unexpected satisfaction of seeing not a sneer but a look of cold anger: Pyotr had counted on fucking me.

“Aww,” I said, locking eyes with the man in a way I had never dared, figuring that I might allow myself the indulgence since everything had already come apart. “Are you still hard, Pyotr? I'm sorry you'll have to go to your room and jerk off into a tissue. If it helps, let me tell you that your little old cock could never satisfy a girl like me.”

My reward came in the form of flared nostrils and eyes like death. I turned my back on him and started to extend my arms to don the big black coat, doing my best not to whimper or wince at the agony that accompanied every movement.

I stopped reaching backwards, and instead looked over my shoulder at the butler. “Poor Pyotr,” I said. “You didn't even get to finish whipping me.”

I turned away, and began to put on the coat. I took it as a sign of my little triumph when Pyotr put his mouth against my ear and said in his thick accent, “I hope Belkonov destroys your cunt and your ass for you, whore. Would that satisfy you?”

The maid had opened the door. Pyotr thrust me through it, toward the limo waiting in the thickly falling snow. I stumbled and nearly fell, but I caught myself on the railing of the steps, my attention focused on the car. The chauffeur climbed out of the driver's seat and stepped to the passenger door. He looked at me, at the top of the steps, expectantly.

What the fuck could I possibly do? Run? Try to find the Pretorian Guard agent who had activated me and get him to arrange an extraction for me? No chance—the man almost

certainly wouldn't even be at Devushkin's palace, halfway across town.

I clutched my coat tightly around me and descended the steps. The chauffeur opened the door of the limo.

I would go to Belkonov's house. I would try to see Ivan, somehow, get a message to him that I had vital information, something like that. The Guard would realize that I didn't represent an asset anymore, and get me out. I would survive, somehow. My thoughts churned in my head, not a single one fitting together with another to make a plan.

I walked toward the car.

Astonishingly, Ivan's voice came from inside the passenger compartment, speaking in Russian to the chauffeur, his tone annoyed.

“What's taking the whore so long? Get her into the limo.”

My heart thrilled with joy and dread at the same time. I froze, in the snow, trying to peer into the car, as if I still had any doubt that my master sat inside, waiting for me.

The chauffeur, Anatoly, took a step forward. Something in his eyes had always made me think he, of all Ivan's servants, might actually like me. His expression now had at least a hint of apology in it, but he grabbed my elbow nonetheless and marched me the remaining distance to the limo.

I could feel the warmth inside the car spilling out into the night air. I saw Ivan's face, set into a look of annoyance. I took a clumsy step and I cried out as the agony from the knout's terrible lashes flashed through my whole lower body, and I tried to pull away.

Anatoly's iron grip drew me forward, stumbling, and pushed me through, into the car's spacious rear compartment. I found myself sprawled across Ivan's lap, and the passenger door closed with a decisive thunk behind me. For a long moment, nothing happened but the rocking of the limo as Anatoly returned to the driver's seat, the closing of his door, and then a whirring that it took me a moment to recognize: Ivan had

closed the partition between Anatoly in the front and us in the back.

The limo started to pull away from the curb. I tried to push up from Ivan's lap, thinking a mile a minute about what I could say in this unexpected moment of privacy that might change my fate.

Ivan, to my astonishment, held me down. I had assumed he wouldn't even want me to touch him—especially if he were, as I had guessed, conflicted about his feelings for me. Instead I felt his left arm holding me across his thighs and his right hand coming up under my throat.

I gave a little cry, thinking for an instant that he meant to choke me—that the whole thing had gone much farther wrong than I had even suspected. I had, I thought, one second before Ivan's strong grip would make it impossible to speak.

“Master,” I gasped, trying desperately to find the words and not even realizing that I had started speaking in Russian, “Belkonov... he wanted...”

Ivan froze for a moment, and then he put his mouth to my ear and said, in a hushed voice that suggested he thought the limo might be bugged, “You speak Russian?”

I too froze, thinking furiously.

“A little,” I said in his language—but I did my best to make it sound hesitant and heavily accented, as if I were searching for the words. I prayed that Ivan's surprise at hearing any Russian at all come from my lips would keep him from realizing just how good my pronunciation of the few words I had spoken had been. I tried to reinforce the impression: I added, ‘*Gospodin*,’ which meant *lord*, but I pronounced the o's like American long o's, as if I had no skill in the language whatsoever.

At the same time, my heart lurched, because for months now I had longed to call my master by what seemed to me so obviously his proper title: *gospodin*—not just *master*, but *lord*. To finally have the chance to speak the word aloud, here at what seemed the terrible end of my service to him and in that

awful mangling of the true, musical sound of the word in Russian... it drew a sob from deep inside my chest.

“Listen,” Ivan said urgently into my ear, apparently having forgotten all about the sudden revelation of my Russian. “I’m not taking you to Belkonov. I’m sending you back to America. I’ll tell them I killed you. You’re going to do something disrespectful when I let you up, so that I have a reason.”

My heart beat wildly. My mouth open and shut, too many words crowding into my brain. The confirmation, for which I had hoped so fervently, that Ivan must have feelings for me—might even *love* me—seemed to take up all the available space in my head. I desperately needed that space for other things, though, right now: my mission, above all, and the way that Ivan sending me away would doom it even as an utterly unexpected chance opened to save both of us.

Should I tell him? *Could* I tell him without placing us in danger, given that Ivan clearly thought someone had bugged the car?

I had to remain cautious, even if it meant losing this opportunity. I genuinely didn’t care about my own life at that moment, but if one of Ivan’s dangerous rivals or, worse, scheming underlings—Belkonov himself, possibly—could hear me, the suggestion that Ivan might fall under an outside influence would mean death for him.

Worse, if the Pretorian Guard thought my mission had failed, they might well kill Ivan themselves. They had sent me to try to turn him, but having me kill him and leave him in a compromising position had represented their second choice: it would have allowed them an opportunity to strengthen another, more pliable warlord and have him either destroy or annex the empire Ivan had inherited from Klimatov. My trainer had told me, though, that simply killing Ivan and hoping for a similar result was their probable course of action if I couldn’t turn him or kill him.

For a moment—a moment of weakness, I knew, but one I couldn’t have lived without—I let myself feel Ivan’s strong grip around my waist and my throat. I let the warmth of

requited love between a dominant man and a submissive woman fill my chest, all too sure that it represented both the first and the last time I would feel it, safe within Ivan's arms despite that grip being so rough—no, *because* that grip was so rough and so masterful.

“Thank you, Master,” I whispered.

His next words were out loud, and they were sneering and scornful.

“Get the fuck off my lap, whore. I'm done with you. And take off that coat. You are to be naked in the presence of men from now on. That's the way Belkonov likes his sluts, I hear.”

## CHAPTER 18



*H*eather

Ivan pushed me down into a crouch on the floor of the limo, looking up at him. The car drove on in silence for a few seconds, in the direction, I felt sure, of Belkonov's house.

I tried to quiet the roiling thoughts in my head, the confused emotions in my chest and tummy, the tug of all the sensations that seemed to run across my skin like fire: the memory of Ivan's hands on me; the way they had possessed me at waist and throat and then pushed me dismissively away; how his touch and his casual manhandling had evoked the terrible whipping he had given me, on top of Pyotr's lashes, and on top of the soreness that Anya's horrible wooden spoon had left.

Slowly, looking directly into Ivan's face, I started to take off my coat. I needed to create the scene my master had specified—some moment of disrespect for the benefit of Anatoly in the front seat, and whoever else might be listening. My mind had gone completely blank, though; the expression on Ivan's face, though I knew its coldness must not represent his actual feelings, nevertheless sent panic surging through me.

I needed time; instinctively, I shrugged the coat from my shoulders as sluggishly as I could. I realized as I felt my nakedness revealed, and I saw the look in my master's eyes, that I must appear to Ivan as if I meant to do some kind of



seductive striptease for him, as if I were trying to win back his favor with the revelation of my pretty body.

I tried to lean into the idea, a plan beginning to form in my head. The part of the rejected concubine, desperate to avoid her casual transfer from one brutal warlord's bed to another's, like a role in some dark, suspenseful thriller, took hold inside me. I didn't have to imagine too much of her, either, because I had supposed that to be my real situation only a few minutes before. More, the terror that came from my realization that the Guard might simply kill him threatened to well up into sheer panic at any moment.

Ivan's cold eyes looked down on me as I dropped the coat to the floor of the limo and knelt up, my right arm shielding my breasts from view and my left hand over my pussy. Covering my private parts represented a serious infraction of my master's rules for me, and I watched him register the misconduct with a narrowing of his gaze.

"You don't want this anymore, Master?" I asked, making my voice husky, as if trying to persuade Ivan that he should reconsider—as if being denied the sight of my little tits and hairless pussy might drive him mad with possessive lust.

Ivan shook his head. "No, whore," he told me. "But that doesn't mean you may break the rules."

Could I see a struggle in the eyes of the man I loved? I didn't think I had imagined it: Ivan, despite the danger of the moment, had felt his dominant need—for power and for pleasure—aroused by my simply covering the parts of me where he had taken, and given, so much lewd delight.

*The parts of me that belong to him most of all.*

I looked steadily back at my master. I clutched with my fingers a little more tightly, on my right breast, and over my pussy. I paid a price in my own arousal, because the sensation made me bite my lip and furrow my brow. Nude but for my heels, kneeling before my fully clothed owner, my backside terribly sore from his stern discipline—it had become paradoxically the joy of my life, because it meant so much wild pleasure and then so much tenderness.

Not tonight.

Ivan's face turned suddenly wrathful. He got up from the long black-leather-covered seat and lunged toward me with the strength and grace of a panther. He had his right hand in my hair and his left on my ass before I could even understand what my master intended. The limo turned, and I felt myself sway a bit, but Ivan remained rock solid. He used the motion to propel me more easily forward, pushing my face into the passenger seat as his other hand grasped me in that most humiliating of ways, thumb between my sore bottom-cheeks and fingers in my pussy, keeping my backside raised.

"Oh, no," I sobbed. "Please... Master..."

But Ivan said, "Keep this ass right here, you little slut."

His right hand withdrew, and I cried out even before it came down again with a hard spank to my right cheek. Then I screamed because the agony simply overwhelmed me entirely. My body shook, and I disobeyed Ivan's command because my muscles simply couldn't help it: I bent my knees and lowered my bottom, trying to ease the awful pain and trying helplessly to keep my poor bottom shielded.

"I said, keep your ass up," my master said angrily. His hand returned to my pussy, his thumb pressing hard against my anus. I cried out as sudden, inescapable need flooded outward, filling my whole nervous system. "I'm not going to help you with your good-girl wand, either. I'll let Belkonov use that to make you behave—or he can punish you the way you really deserve, like this."

He lifted my bottom again, and he gave me another spank, so that another shriek of agony filled the passenger compartment. Somewhere, distantly, I understood that we were giving Anatoly and the listeners a hell of a show, but in that same still-rational corner of my mind I also knew that I had to do something quickly to stop Ivan's plan of sending me home.

I could see now what he meant to do: this scene would inevitably lead to some moment where my master would pretend to decide I had failed him one time too many, and he would pretend to lose his temper. He would tell Anatoly to

take us somewhere different, some secluded spot by the river, I felt certain. There Ivan probably had the broker who had sold me waiting, or someone else who could take me to the broker.

If it was the broker, that meant the Pretorian Guard knew, because they *were* the broker—or maybe the broker worked for them. Either way, the plan meant safety for me. Despite all the exquisite pain in my backside, my heart filled with warmth for Ivan.

The plan also could well mean death for him, though—even immediate death, right there, because the Guard might think the position ideally compromising: warlord Ivan Antonov killed in the act of trying to kill his fuck toy.

I couldn't let it happen. My bottom felt as if Ivan had literally poured gasoline over it and set my skin on fire, but I kept it raised. I sobbed and wailed into the leather upholstery of the elegant limo's seat. I tried desperately to think of something to say, some clue to give Ivan that instead of just handing me over he should wait and listen. That rather than a problem, I represented a solution.

He spanked me again, and my whole body jerked and shuddered, but I kept my backside raised.

“Master... please...” I sobbed. “Please.”

Ivan seemed to hesitate. I felt like I could read his mind: he had given me a precise direction, really, as to how I should play out this scene. All I had to do was lower my ass again, and he would give me back my life, in America. Instead, I had obeyed his command, in the one situation where I shouldn't have.

I could sense something else in him, too: dominant arousal—not faked at all. The sight of my thoroughly punished bottom, as always, had gotten my master so hard he could scarcely think straight. Despite everything I couldn't keep down the swelling of degraded pride that rushed into my chest as I heard his rough breathing, and then the sound I knew so very well—the unbuckling of Ivan's belt and the unfastening of his woolen trousers, the unzipping of his fly.

My beloved, brutal master needed to fuck. He needed to fuck *me*. I raised my ass, and I whimpered into the passenger seat, helpless to conceal how very badly I needed *him*: Ivan inside me, claiming me and using me.

But Ivan, I realized, hadn't succumbed entirely to his lust. I had expected him to thrust his hardness into me and ride me roughly, the way he usually did after a severe punishment. Instead he let go of my hair, and I felt him sit down next to where my upper body rested on the seat.

"You may suck my cock one last time, slut," he said, "before I give you away. It will be good for Boris to see my seed on your face."

His hand abruptly seized my head again, the fingers of his right hand intertwining tightly in my disheveled locks. I cried out in fear and helpless, degraded arousal at the sensation, and with the knowledge of what would come next.

"Ma—" I managed to say, though I still had no idea what I could say, once I had Ivan's attention. But he used the opening of my mouth on the *a* sound to lower my mouth onto his massive, rigid cock. He had his pants and boxer-briefs around his knees, so his naked lap, with his hardness jutting out of all the golden fur, rushed up at me as I reflexively opened my mouth wider and put out my tongue.

The instinctive impulse to make sure my master could thrust his manhood into the pleasurable kind of orifice he liked to fuck overwhelmed my will to preserve my mission and, above all, to keep Ivan himself safe. My cheeks burned as I understood yet again how deeply my body's dark, wayward needs operated inside my mind and my heart. I felt my hips jerk and my horribly punished bottom squirm with the jolt of arousal it brought to have Ivan inside me, even in this brutal, humiliating way.

And Ivan liked to fuck my face roughly; I had learned that very early on. He held my mouth in place for his use and he thrust up into it, over and over, filling me to the base of his enormous penis every time. I sobbed around the thrusting

shaft, still trying to come up with something to do, or to say, if I got the chance.

My mind fastened on the last thing Ivan had said: if he meant to carry this little scene through, and to make sure all the loose ends got tied up in the end, he would have to pull his erection from my lips, wouldn't he? So that he could come on my face the way he had just said, so emphatically, he intended to do?

What could I say then? Could I beg to say a final goodbye to him in private?

A plan started to take shape at the back of my mind, even as I let Ivan have his degrading way with my face. I heard him grunt, deep in his chest, the sound I had learned to take so much pride in, because I knew it meant my master was enjoying himself inside my body. I felt the shaft of his penis become even harder, even longer, as it moved in and out between my lips. That meant he would come soon, I knew from long experience, and I tried to ready myself.

Then Ivan threw my little plan into utter confusion. I could feel that he had almost lost control of his movements, as he always seemed to do when about to come, and he let out another grunt of pleasure, this one louder. My body tensed as I prepared myself to speak.

My master paused, his hardness still deep inside my mouth, the head pressing against the back of my throat and my nose buried in the golden nest of his soft, curly pubic hair. I thought I could sense him gathering himself—much as I just had—as if he had come close to losing control, but had regained it.

“Shit! Fucking bitch!” he said in Russian, his voice full of fury that I could hardly tell he didn't really mean. He ripped my face off his lap and twisted my head to the side. “This fucking whore just bit my dick! Anatoly, pull over. I can't give a crazy fucking slut to Belkonov.”

Terror filled my heart, I understood completely how good an actor Ivan had had to be to survive playing the part of the brutal warlord. Still, in that moment, despite knowing I hadn't bitten my master's cock, that I would never, ever bite the huge, gorgeous manhood of the man I loved, I felt certain that he

would kill me—maybe even in front of the broker standing ready to take me to safety.

## CHAPTER 19



*J*van

Over the twelve years of my rule atop Klimatov's criminal empire I had been forced to kill eleven men personally. I had had to give orders for the killing of at least a dozen more. Every one of them had richly deserved it through their wanton cruelty and their utter disregard for the basic human rights of other people.

Still, I had regretted it every time; not so much because any of them had a single redeeming quality as because it showed me just how hopeless my world was, and how fruitless all my attempts to make things better.

That was why Heather had to go, beyond the absolutely existential need to make sure of her safety. My love for her, for a young woman who clearly wanted to dedicate her life to the good of others, demonstrated—more painfully than anything else ever had—the sheer impossibility of my life ever being worthy of her.

When I had pressed her head down and begun fucking her face, I had had in mind precisely how it would go—the exact scene I wanted to play to deceive Anatoly and the rivals who I knew had bugged my car. I had found the listening device only a few days before, so I was still in the stage of feeding it disinformation to ferret out who had me under surveillance, but staging Heather's murder for their benefit could only help:

the more people in my dark world who thought she was dead, the better.

We were driving along the river, apparently on our way to Belkonov's palace. I looked out the window and saw the statue of some forgotten war criminal that told me the limo had almost reached the spot I'd agreed on with the broker. I got ready to rip Heather's mouth off my rock-hard manhood.

I nearly fucked it up. The little scene had just played out too perfectly. To have my gorgeous bed girl naked in front of me, with the terrible stripes of the knout across her perfect bottom, yielding her mouth so obediently and giving my cock the ecstasy I had become all too accustomed to... it stole my reason away. The thought of telling Anatoly to turn around and just take us back to my palace, where I would work out some way to keep Heather safe... some way to *marry* Heather despite the terrible danger... floated into my head.

Then I remembered, at the very last second, how it had felt to whip her with the knout. How she had screamed and sobbed as I brought the ancient instrument of degradation and chastisement down across that sweet backside. How I had wanted to hold her afterward, soothe her, love her, praise her for enduring the horrible lashes.

How I couldn't, because I had to show my brutal little empire that they followed a man immune to such things.

When I did pull Heather's lovely face back from my lap, and say to Anatoly in my cruelest tone the words I'd prepared, I wondered just how much Russian the girl had picked up. The surge of guilt that went through my chest at the idea that Heather might understand my absolutely unjust accusation of her biting me told me yet once more that I had chosen the right course of action.

The terror in her eyes merely confirmed it. I had loved scaring my wonderful concubine with erotic torment—even with the threat of the severe birchings she sometimes received merely for speaking out of turn. This fear, though, for her very life, rent my heart.



The limo stopped at the side of the road. I glanced out the window and saw that we had reached exactly the place I had set up for the meeting. Another statue, of another forgotten war criminal—this one on an enormous, rearing steed—loomed next to the river. In its shadow, on the far side, I knew the broker would be waiting.

“Say goodbye to Anatoly,” I said to Heather in English, making my voice as stern and harsh as I possibly could. “You’re not going to see him again.”

\* \* \*

*Heather*

I got control of myself. I persuaded my body that I wasn’t actually in mortal danger, but I needed to move as if I were.

“Wh-what are you going to do, Master?” I asked in what I thought was a convincingly tremulous voice.

“Say goodbye, slut,” Ivan said in a voice like death.

“No... please... Master...” I begged. I told myself I sounded so terrified for the benefit of Anatoly but in reality the actual stomach-churning fear of a moment before lay very close to the surface. My reason kept telling me that Ivan had no intention of killing me, but his voice and his face said otherwise much too convincingly.

Then his body did too, because he used his purchase on my hair to twist me painfully around to look through the glass partition at Anatoly. The chauffeur’s expression said very clearly that he had bought Ivan’s little scene completely: it took a great deal to horrify a member of Ivan’s staff, but Anatoly was visibly struggling with his emotions—trying to look impassive in the face of his warlord’s evident intention to murder an innocent girl for biting his cock.

“Master... I didn’t!” I wailed. “I didn’t... I didn’t bite you... I’d ne—”

Ivan pulled me forward and pushed my face against the glass, so hard I thought he might break my nose.

“Say. Goodbye. Whore,” he commanded.

The role that didn't feel like a role took me over. I tried to shake my head but the pressure of my master's hand kept my face from moving over the hard, transparent surface more than a millimeter or two.

Ivan pressed harder.

“Goodbye,” I sobbed, my voice nearly rendered mute by my difficulty in moving my mouth.

Then before I could really notice what was happening, Ivan had yanked me away and drawn me through the door of the limo, naked in the cold night air.

“Wait!” I yelled. “Please!”

My master didn't wait. He slammed the limo door shut and pulled me further, toward an enormous statue of a general or a king on a rearing horse.

All I could think was that one way or another the jig was truly up. I started to speak to Ivan in quiet, rapid Russian.

“*Gospodin*, Belkonov was going to kidnap me. Your men think you're giving me to him to show him that you don't care about me. I heard Misha and Grisha talking about it.”

Ivan broke his stride very slightly, as if he had started to make hurried calculations in his head: what did it mean that I actually could speak fluent Russian? Was I lying about what I had overheard Misha and Grisha saying?

Then he kept going, drawing me even further. My extremities began to go numb, and I hoped desperately that someone—Ivan or whoever awaited us—had made plans to cover me up, so that I didn't make all of this moot by dying of exposure. At the same time, I found myself admiring just how convincing that part would make the little scene for Anatoly and any other observer via a bug in the limo's passenger compartment.

*Antonov took his whore, whipped and naked, to the river in the freezing cold and just dumped her right into the water.*

I shivered violently: if Ivan had intended to get rid of me, he wouldn't even need a gun. A few minutes in the water at the bottom of the embankment, completely unable to climb up because of the steepness of the bank, and I would be another naked corpse in a city that sometimes seemed full of them.

We reached the corner of the statue's pedestal. I saw someone there, wearing a heavy coat and holding another open and ready. Despite everything I had seen and experienced in the last few months, and the love and joy I had unexpectedly and—I couldn't help thinking—perversely found in Ivan's masterful touch and careful mind, that coat seemed like the most wonderful thing I had ever felt against my skin, as the unknown man wrapped it around me. Lined with fur, it banished the chill almost immediately.

"Get her out of here," Ivan said to him. "Wait until the limo is gone."

"*Gospodin*," I begged, "wait." I turned to the dark-haired, bearded man who had just wrapped me in the coat. I wondered suddenly if he were the same man who had activated me at Devushkin's palace, just the night before—before everything had gone, it seemed, terribly wrong. My heart seemed literally to rise into my throat.

"Seven alpha six," I said to him. "You have to help me."

I had a moment of sheer terror as I waited to learn whether the man who had wrapped me in the lovely coat had the slightest idea what I meant. He frowned at me severely, an expression that I thought could have meant either utter confusion or furious calculation.

"What?" Ivan said from behind me in English, demonstrating in a way I found distractingly endearing that his mind hadn't quite kept up. "Heather, what's going on? Do I have to use the wand to make you go with him?"

The bearded man frowned for one second longer, and it felt like the longest second of my life. Then he nodded quickly.

I turned back to Ivan. I wanted to fall gracefully and submissively to my knees in front of him, but I had to keep the

coat around me with my self-hugging arms. I felt sure I would simply fall over if I tried to kneel that way. I had to settle for looking up into his gorgeous, puzzled-but-still-absolutely-dominant face, my arms clasped across my chest in an ancient attitude of prayer.

“*Gospodin*,” I said, speaking softly and rapidly, “I love you.”

I couldn’t help casting a tiny glance over at the man I felt certain must be a Pretorian Guardsman. I felt certain also that the hand he had in his pocket held a gun, and that he had just readied it somehow—releasing a safety catch, or cocking it, or whatever they did in the movies when you hear that ominous clicking sound.

I looked at the Guardsman right after I said *Gospodin*, though. My eyes had returned to Ivan when I said, in his own beautiful language—the tongue of my heritage—*I love you*.

For an instant, I saw disbelief in those cool blue eyes—even a suspicion that I had just lied to him. My heart felt like it would break. My *gospodin*’s love for me—I could see that in his face, too, just beginning to come out from the wall behind which he had hidden it—had come to pass in the certainty that it could never be requited... that a girl whose obedience he could secure with the touch of a silver wand could never feel for her criminal master the same affection he felt for her.

“I...” he started.

“We don’t have time for this,” the Guardsman interrupted. “Heather, do you have a plan? If not I have orders...”

My attention remained fixed on Ivan. His brow, open with love for me only for a moment, had closed again in confusion and the beginnings of hostility.

“I do,” I said.

I didn’t, but I kept talking, hoping beyond hope that something would come to me even as I spoke, or maybe that something or someone would come to my rescue if I just kept the Guard agent from killing Ivan for long enough.

“*Gospodin*, you have to listen to me. I can help you... *we* can help you make things better, for... for everybody.”

I glanced over at the agent again. His eyes narrowed. I thought furiously.

Ivan looked from me to the Guardsman.

“Who is *we*?” he asked, his own face set and almost angry. “How is your Russian so good?”

“You don’t need to know that,” I said, my voice pleading with him just to go along with me. “You... you need to send me to Belkonov and...”

Ivan looked at me as if I had lost my mind. That simple idea sparked something in my—yes, okay—half-crazed brain.

“And tell him to use me and then kill me. But we’ll... *I’ll* kill Belkonov instead.”

## CHAPTER 20



*H*eather

“No,” the Guardsman said. For a moment I thought he had decided my ghost of a plan had so little merit he would just go ahead and kill Ivan. Wild thoughts of putting myself between the bullet and my *gospodin* flooded my mind.

Then the bearded man spoke again.

“We’ll disappear Belkonov, and Ivan will tell his rivals that you killed him, Heather.”

I looked from him to Ivan, starting to work out what the Guard agent meant and wondering whether Ivan would understand and, if he did, would find this beginning of a plan workable. On my master’s face I saw a moment of assessment, and then to my joy a look of appreciation, as if he had figured out in an instant exactly what must be going on.

“You’re an agent,” he said to me, his mouth quirking up into a smile at the left corner. He turned to the Guardsman. “Working for whom?”

Ivan’s eyes narrowed a little.

“Wait. I know. You’re the Pretorian Guard. You’re not supposed to exist. You’re a figment of the Western weakness for conspiracy theories.”

“That,” the agent said, “is the point of view I hope you’ll make sure continues to prevail, Mr. Antonov. All you need to know

is that if you take Heather here as your trusted adviser as well as your concubine, you'll have all the support you need in keeping your territory safe—and gradually growing it into something that can protect its citizens for the foreseeable future.”

Ivan nodded, his brow a little cloudy as his mind very clearly began to calculate all the different options and outcomes. He looked at me, and the cloud vanished: a real smile broke out in his eyes and even on his usually severe mouth.

“Is this what you want, Heather?” he asked softly.

“With all my heart, *Gospodin*,” I replied.

“Alright,” the Guardsman said, his voice grim. “Let's make a plan.”

\* \* \*

If Anatoly was surprised to see me return, still naked and bearing on my cheeks the marks of two hard slaps Ivan had given me to make things convincing, he didn't show it.

“Belkonov's,” Ivan told the driver shortly. Then he spoke in English.

“You get on your knees, whore, with your face on the floor and your ass in the air. You'll learn to behave yourself with your new master. That starts with learning your place. I think I need to show Boris how to treat you if he wants to get the most pleasure from your holes before he kills you.”

My heart pounding, I pressed my cheek against the carpet of the limo's passenger compartment, feeling against my bruised skin some of the grit left by Ivan's shoes. They cleaned the car thoroughly every night, so the floor wasn't filthy, but the little bit of dirt was enough to make me feel utterly degraded. Ivan added to the humiliation, too: for the rest of the ten-minute journey to Belkonov's palace he toyed with my bottom and my pussy, his thumb and forefinger moving up and down the exposed cleft between my thighs and ass-cheeks.

The limo pulled into a portico. The door opened immediately—much faster than Anatoly could have gotten to it.

“Ivan,” I heard Belkonov’s voice boom, “what have you brought me? Look at that ass—what did you whip her with? I thought we were going to have a serious problem after this morning.”

“Eh,” my master said. “I took it out on this little slut. Then I decided to make it up to you. Let’s take her inside and I’ll tell you what we’re going to do. You have a nice little dungeon, I hear?”

“Of course, Ivan,” the horrible man said. “We’re going to have her together?”

I felt my cheeks blaze with shame. Bent over with my terribly marked bottom and my all-too-needy pussy offered to my master’s enemy, I felt like nothing but a piece of ass, literally a sexual object—valued, but only for the enjoyment to be had by thrusting hard cocks inside the most private places of my body.

“We are,” Ivan confirmed, as he started to get out of the limo. “Here, take this. It’s the device that controls the whore’s behavior. Just touch her back with it and press the button there, and give her an order.”

A gust of wind blowing through the portico swirled into the open door of the limo. I shivered violently at the feeling.

“Ah, I heard you had something like that!” Belkonov said delightedly.

I felt the tip of the wand, and the very slight jolt that came with the pressing of the button. Belkonov spoke in dismissive, heavily accented English.

“Come with us, little fuck toy.”

As I started to move, he yelled to a servant somewhere inside the door, “Bring a coat for this whore.”

“No,” Ivan said sharply. “It’s better to keep her naked. She’s used to it, and she needs to stay that way.”

I climbed out of the car. I had no desire to disobey; the dangerous plan on which Ivan and the Guardsman had agreed



in the last few seconds before my master had led me back to the limo called for my obedience to Belkonov for the moment, anyway.

With my arms instinctively around my body to try to keep me just that little bit warmer, I stood on the freezing landing at the bottom of a grand set of steps leading up to the even grander double doors of the mansion. I had never felt so naked; Ivan had never exposed me that way before.

Always when he had sent me to service his friends and colleagues before, he had made sure to cover my nudity in the big warm coat. Always my *gospodin* had given explicit instructions that those gifted with my shameful services must wait to uncover my degraded body until they had me in the room where they meant to use me.

Here in the portico of Belkonov's palace I stood naked but for my heels before my master and his treacherous lieutenant. I tried to remember that this represented a plan... a path to safety for Ivan and for me. The cold and the mortification refused to allow any positive thought to rise in my mind. I felt my face crumple into a pout of distress, and I shuddered violently even more with shame than with the chill.

My eyes, drawn by the anxiety roiling in the pit of my stomach, rose to Belkonov's face in the long moment of silence that had descended. I knew they were inspecting me, enjoying the pleasure of looking at a beautiful young woman, degraded and naked. I knew I mustn't look them in the eye and yet I had to.

The man didn't have the drop-dead good looks Ivan did, but to my dismay Belkonov wasn't really unattractive. Jet-black hair and coal-black eyes in a rugged face and a fit, muscular body. As elegantly dressed as my master in a dark suit and a crisp white shirt without a tie—and yet, in that European way, looking even more put together with his collar loose than a stuffy American would in a silk tie.

If I thought Ivan's face could look cruel when he chose, though, this man instantly struck me as brutal through and

through. I felt my heart rate rise. I heard my breathing become uneven and rough.

Belkonov proved immediately that the terrifying expression on his face represented no more than what he had in his mind and heart, too.

“She’s looking at me,” he said to Ivan in rapid Russian, clearly sure that I couldn’t understand—that he could speak about me as if I were a blowup sex doll. “You’re right that she needs to learn her place.”

The way he said it—just the word *place*—sent another shiver thrilling through my body. To my horror, something about the situation—above all the way Ivan stood there guaranteeing, I knew, my safety—made Belkonov’s casual, thoughtless dominance terribly arousing for me.

*That could ruin everything*, one voice in my brain whispered.

*It will make sure I’m convincing*, another whispered back.

Above all, I had to make certain not to give away my knowledge of Russian. I forced myself to keep looking at Belkonov as he returned his attention from Ivan to me.

He spoke in English.

“Eyes down, whore,” he said.

I felt the operation of the compliance wand, making me do the thing I wanted to do: obey. I lowered my gaze to his shiny shoes.

“And take your hands away from your body. Put them on your head.”

I could understand his English only with difficulty, but again the wand’s operation kicked in before conscious thought: I felt my hands go up, despite the cold that seemed to wrap around me instantly. I gave a sob of abject bodily distress. I thought I might simply fall down unconscious if this went on much longer, and yet my nervous system had become so aroused I also thought I might explode.

I heard a strange sound, a sort of metallic clicking, from Belkonov’s direction. Ivan chuckled. My brain worked

furiously, and I couldn't help feeling a little gratitude for the compliance wand, because I couldn't look up as much as I wanted to.

Then I felt the collar go around my neck, and Belkonov's hands there, buckling the stout leather behind my head.

"This will help you learn," he said in English.

"Answer your new master," Ivan said, his voice so hard that I could barely convince myself my master didn't feel the contempt that seemed to emanate from him.

"Yes, Master," I whispered.

"Yes, what?" Belkonov demanded. "Will it help a little whore like you learn, to have a collar and a leash?"

He fastened the long chain leash to a ring at the front of my new collar.

"Yes," I said, my voice coming out as a sob. "It will help me to... to have a leash."

Somehow I had forgotten the cold, so overwhelmingly did the emotions and sensations flood my body. Ivan had never fastened me with a leash, never even put a collar around my neck. Until that moment, when Belkonov did it, I hadn't even realized how desperate I had become for that ultimate degradation, that sign that Heather Foster, independent young woman, was really nothing but a special sort of pet, an owned fuck toy. To have this enemy of my *gospodin* collar me felt much worse than being kept naked in the freezing cold.

Thankfully, they didn't let me think about it. Belkonov clearly wanted to show Ivan that he could control me just as forcefully as my real master could. He started up the stairs, pulling me roughly after him.

I had to work very hard to suppress my impulse to yell in Russian, "You don't have to pull, you asshole—the fucking wand's making me follow you!"

The annoyance of not being able to express that thought cut through some of my mental and emotional turmoil at least. I felt like I could think again as the warmth of Belkonov's

beautiful home received me. He had clearly furnished it to make visitors think themselves in old Russia—the Russia of Peter the Great, even, with what must have been the house’s original chandeliers and gilt molding restored to a fine luster. I didn’t even want to think how much precious energy the man wasted heating the vast space under those high ceilings.

My breathing calmed as I followed my master and my pseudo-master, walking awkwardly with my hands still clasped at the top of my head. They walked a meter in front of me and talked about the price of vodka, Ivan seemingly at ease with the snake who held the leash attached to my collar. Simply being able to look at their faces, in the fleeting moments when they turned them slightly toward each other as they chatted, restored some of my confidence that the plan could work.

Belkonov clearly meant to appear casual, but he moved jerkily, unnaturally, as if calculating the effect of every action. I could tell he had a bad case of nerves underneath that easy front.

Ivan, on the other hand, seemed full of nervous energy and yet still his graceful, unhurried self, a big cat ready to spring. He turned suddenly around to me, just as we reached the top of a marble staircase that led down into darkness.

For a moment I saw in his eyes how he truly felt about me, the warmth he showed me when he held me in his lap with his arms around my trembling body. I didn’t know if he meant to wear that loving expression, but I hoped not—I hoped he simply couldn’t keep it off his face when he looked at me, as dangerous as it might prove to show his feelings.

An instant later, though, his face went hard and cruel. He spoke to Belkonov as he looked at me.

“I’m giving you this cunt on one condition, Boris. You keep her in your dungeon and she never comes out.”

## CHAPTER 21



*H*eather

Belkonov turned, and I managed to drop my eyes quickly enough that he couldn't tell I had had them anywhere else but on his shoes.

"Yes?" he asked. "Well... that's disappointing, but I suppose I understand."

My heart had started to race so frantically that I could feel the pressure of the air I took in through my nose, flaring my nostrils. Desperate to keep them from seeing that sign of my distress, I parted my lips a little so that I could take deeper breaths, trying to control the movement of my chest with each of them.

My face had become scalding hot, though, and I hoped fervently that Belkonov would attribute the blush to my having to stand there naked and leashed before the two well-dressed men, rather than my understanding of what my master had said.

"And how long," he asked Ivan, "am I permitted to keep her alive for whipping and fucking?"

I nearly cried out with the surge of terror and horrible, perverse need that went through me at the calmly brutal words. I felt my fingers, still twined together atop my head tense hard against each other—so hard that I nearly whimpered just at that sensation.

Ivan spoke in English, then. I felt certain he had seen my terrible difficulty. What he said didn't help in the slightest with the raging sea of emotion inside my chest, constantly threatening to overwhelm my will and my reason. At least it freed me from the worry that Belkonov would figure out that I understood Russian perfectly.

"A week," he said decisively. Then, "Look at me, whore."

My *gospodin's* words had the hard note in them that he always used with minions who had come into disfavor. My heart rate kicked up another notch, and I thought I might fall down in a faint merely at the way Ivan's voice could somehow get inside my body.

I looked up, into his eyes, and I saw death. I couldn't help it: I let out a wrenching sob. My mind simply couldn't keep up. The knowledge that the man I loved didn't actually feel how it seemed so obvious he felt, from the ice in the gaze he fixed on me, wouldn't take inside my brain.

*He loves you. He would never have survived this long, to be your master, if he couldn't keep his true self hidden so very well... if he couldn't act like a monster when he needed to.*

It didn't help: no matter how many times I told myself that Ivan's apparent cruelty didn't represent his true nature, the sheer, almost physical force of that dismissive expression made my heart quail. The fear swept through me, even as, to my horror, I felt myself respond in a very different way between my thighs.

"You're never going to leave your new master's dungeon," he told me. He turned to Belkonov, though he kept speaking in Russian. "Do you have a hood you can put over her head? When you share her with your men I don't want them saying they fucked Antonov's whore."

It had become nearly impossible to continue looking at Ivan's face. Only the operation of the compliance wand kept my eyes there as he turned back to me.

*Please, Ivan, I begged, inside my head. Please... Master, please show me you love me again... just for an instant.*

But he didn't, because he couldn't: to beam the warmth for which I felt so desperate into my eyes could cost both of us our lives. The Guardsman had made that very clear, on the embankment: the Guard had gathered enough intelligence to know that if Belkonov suspected Ivan meant to get rid of him, he would act early, and put into motion the plans he had already made to take Ivan down.

Belkonov chuckled and replied in Russian, "You deprive me of a great pleasure, Ivan, in not letting them see how greatly you esteem me, to have given me your fuck toy. But hooding her has its own pleasures, I suppose. Especially since I have a hood that will leave her mouth quite free to use as we please."

With my eyes downcast I could see my breath lifting my breasts in a rapid, terrified rhythm. I tried to concentrate on that movement instead of the terrible words the men spoke about their plans for me.

Then the tug of Belkonov's hand on my leash made me stumble forward toward the stairway. They led me down into the darkness. At the bottom, Belkonov turned on a light, and I could see a heavy metal door. Belkonov produced a key and unlocked it.

"Completely soundproof," he told Ivan, and then, as if realizing how much it would frighten a young woman who had just received the news she would never leave his dungeon, he spoke in English. "No one's going to hear your screams, whore, so we're going to enjoy ourselves fully tonight."

I hated how his brutal words and his sexual cruelty affected me. It crushed me to know that if Ivan hadn't stood there, guaranteeing with his presence that no true harm would come to me, if he could possibly prevent it, I wouldn't have reacted with such helpless need between my thighs. The dark fantasy of my master watching his enemy take me to the limits of the pleasure my naked body could afford his rigid cock, however, refused to yield.

Belkonov pulled me inside the big room, furnished in red and black, walls thickly padded except where mirrors reflected my nudity and my bondage alongside all a dominant's favorite

implements: a bench for whipping and fucking, a rocking horse with an enormous dildo jutting from its back, a rack of straps, paddles, and birch rods.

The door closed with a heavy thud, the sound's dullness verifying the room's noise-deadening qualities in a frightening way.

"How shall we start?" Belkonov asked, still speaking Russian.

"However you like," Ivan said carelessly.

"Hold her leash for a moment," Belkonov said. "I'll get the hood."

When I felt the handing of the leash's handle from my *gospodin's* enemy to my *gospodin*, I had to suppress a sob. I had craved, in my most shameful fantasies, that Ivan would keep me restrained this way. Instead another man, a hateful man, owned me now. Even if my reason told me it wasn't true, I couldn't seem to keep my body from believing it.

I watched Ivan's feet move around to stand behind me, shivering as the metal links of the leash brushed over my skin. I could see Belkonov rummaging in a box in the far corner. I gave a little cry as I felt my master's hand, the right one with the handle of the leash in it, come up against my bottom, urging me forward and reminding me of the terrible bruises he had left there.

"Go kneel in the center of the room, girl," he said. "You may lower your hands."

I obeyed with a little sob, sinking to my knees in the spot he pointed to. Belkonov, I realized, had covered the floor in padding that felt like a gym mat, the better to enjoy his fuck toys without harming them despite his most brutal inclinations.

Then, much too fast, I saw Belkonov's shoes coming toward me. I heard a soft rushing sound, fabric moving rapidly through the air, and an instant later the whole world went dark.

Strong hands went around my neck, tucking the bottom of the hood into the collar. The only opening in the thick silken fabric lay over my mouth. I shuddered with mortified arousal at the fulfillment of Belkonov's promise to leave that opening



available for the pleasure of any man who cared to avail himself of that soft, moist receptacle, rendered pliant and obedient by the good-girl wand as necessary.

The hands left me for a moment, and then I felt them again, drawing my wrists back behind me and fastening them into stout leather cuffs, then clipping the cuffs together.

“There,” Belkonov said. “Now let’s have some fun.”

I heard footsteps moving around me, then a fly being unzipped. I couldn’t keep down the tiny whimper that emerged from my throat at the sound I knew so terribly well.

“I’ll hold her head for you,” Ivan said.

“Open your mouth, slut.” said the voice of the other man, the enemy. “I’m going to fuck it the same way I’ll fuck your cunt and your ass.”

For a moment, to see what would happen, I tried not to obey.

*You don’t have to do it, I told my body. You don’t have to open your mouth for this asshole’s cock. You don’t actually want to have it anywhere near you, let alone inside your mouth, let alone fucking your face the way Ivan taught you to take his beautiful manhood so hard and deep. You don’t want to...*

But my mouth had opened, and I felt my *gospodin*’s hands on the back of my head, the sensation very strange through the closefitting fabric of the hood. His fingers held me firmly, stretching around my ears, gripping my cheeks. Then I felt what could only be Belkonov’s hand come down on the top of my skull, as if the rival warlords were forging some kind of arcane pact with my head as the unholy book on which they meant to swear allegiance.

The upper hand, the enemy hand, gripped my skull so tightly I let out a little cry of discomfort, and then Belkonov thrust his rigid erection at full length into my mouth.

Somewhere in my fervid mind I had space for gratitude to Ivan, of a paradoxical and obscene kind. I thanked my true master for having a penis so much bigger than this horrid man’s little cock, and I thanked him for making me receive his

hardness so often in that degrading way, so that I had learned to suppress my gag reflex and open my throat.

Two things came from that training in abject submission to my *gospodin*: I could think clearly, free from any panic, as my master's enemy fucked my face in long strokes, and Belkonov immediately groaned in pleasure at my skill.

The man's erection certainly wasn't by any means small, objectively speaking. To my shame and helpless arousal I had served the penises of many men over the four months I had belonged to Ivan, so I had a fairly good idea of the range of sizes they came in. My *gospodin*'s was the biggest I had been made to please.

Belkonov's fell somewhere in the middle, so my task in furnishing my mouth for his use involved enough challenge that the submissive noises I knew made a dominant man feel more dominant came easily enough. In the terrifying darkness of the hood, my face reduced to nothing but a hole for thrusting, at least I knew that one part of my task seemed successful: Belkonov's reason would definitely suffer thanks to the level of arousal I could evoke in him.

"Are you going to fuck her?" he asked in Russian, his voice thick with his delight in my skill, over the wet rhythmic sounds of his rigid penis pumping in and out, the head going all the way to the back of my throat with each stroke. My nose, through the cloth of the hood, pressed against his belt buckle every time. I could breathe through the fabric, but I had to time my breaths correctly, and a tiny mote of panic came into my belly every time I nearly ran out of oxygen.

"No," Ivan said flatly. "I'm done with her—I just want to see you use her properly."

I tried not to let my body react, but I simply couldn't help it. A sob broke free from my chest, and it upset the delicate balance of my breathing. I gagged on Belkonov's hardness when he thrust in. Behind me my hands struggled desperately to try to free themselves so I could push him away, or even make some sign of my distress.

“No, slut,” he said in his horrible English, holding himself in deep. “I’m in charge.”

## CHAPTER 22



*J*van

I could do nothing at all. Alpha rage seethed in my head and in my chest as I watched Heather, her lovely face covered in Belkonov's hood—the hood *I* had told him to put on her—struggle to please him. The knowledge that I had trained her to yield her mouth that way, and the memory of how she had gradually learned to control her panic and her gag reflex, crowded into my brain.

*She belongs to me, the dominant, animal instinct inside me said. Don't you dare, you fucking asshole.*

It hardly mattered that the man, it seemed, had planned to kidnap Heather as the first step in a coup of Klimatov's little empire—*my* little empire. I would have felt just as much anger if I had shared my beloved concubine with my best friend, and he had held his cock inside her mouth that way, when Heather had made her distress entirely clear.

I had no choice: I had to keep my hands around her head, my thumbs pressing against the back of her skull through the jet-black fabric of the hood.

“That's it,” Belkonov grunted, as Heather made distressed, desperate sounds around his cock, her body shaking and her arms trying fruitlessly to free themselves from the restraint of the cuffs on her wrists. “Just take it, you American whore.”

At the very moment I thought I would lose control and ruin the plan I had sworn to the agent from the Pretorian Guard I would carry out, Belkonov thrust Heather away from him. For a moment I held her suspended, on her knees but clearly disoriented and without any sense of balance.

It felt like a physical, bodily representation of the terrible tension in the moment. I wanted to keep the girl I loved upright; I wanted to move my arms to embrace her and raise her up and hold her until she felt better.

I couldn't. I let go, and I gave her a gentle push to ensure that she toppled onto the padded floor, on her right side, breathing raggedly through her still open mouth, the only part of her beautiful face perceptible in the enveloping hood.

Part of me wondered if I could hurry this part of the plan along; if I could just tell Belkonov to use my discarded fuck toy and then dispose of her as he saw fit, and then leave his palace, trusting Heather and the Pretorian Guard to take care of the rest in short order. I didn't want to leave her in his 'care' at all, but I knew I would have to—the plan called for that as an essential element.

Could I spare myself the suffering and the danger involved in standing by while this shittiest of excuses for a dominant fucked my beloved, though? Only my knowledge of Heather's dark submissive needs, the perfect match for my own will to master her, kept me from attacking Belkonov and ruining everything. If I appeared antagonistic to the man, or showed any awareness that he meant to take me down, a horrendous civil war would certainly break out in the wake of his disappearance.

Heather wanted this. I could still hardly believe what had happened on the embankment, but I had no doubt of her ability as a secret agent. I supposed I felt a little resentment that she had played me as she had, but the Pretorian Guard's wanting precisely what I wanted—a way to rule my little empire for the benefit of its citizens rather than their exploitation—more than made up for it.

Plus, Heather's proven ability to use her submissive sexuality in the service of her mission meant that, as painful to admit as it might be, I represented the potentially weak link in the plan. Alpha rage or no, I had to demonstrate to Belkonov beyond the shadow of a doubt that I had tired of my concubine and simply wanted to see her degraded and punished as much as possible before she made her final exit in some unknown and uncared-about way.

I looked at him, as he stood over Heather's prostrate body, utterly naked but for her white, high-heeled shoes and the black hood. He pumped his rigid penis in his left hand, his eyes roaming freely over her uncovered private places, lingering it seemed to me on her lovely bottom, so cruelly marked by the knout.

I set my face into the same harsh expression I wore when I found myself forced to give orders for violent retribution.

"Do you want me to put her on the bench so you can fuck her?" I asked.

\* \* \*

### *Heather*

From moment to moment I felt certain I would pass out. When my *gospodin* asked Belkonov whether he should move me to the bench, the swooning, lightheaded sensation grew so strong that I would definitely have fallen down if I hadn't already lain on my side between the two men—*the good man and the bad man*, my mind called them in the simplicity of thought to which I felt reduced.

*My master and his enemy*, some more complex level of logic said, though that part of my mind seemed off in the distance, only very loosely connected to the events unfolding in Belkonov's dungeon.

"No," the bad man said, speaking in the language I knew but shouldn't know. "Let's put her on my rocking horse. I want to

see her shame herself with pleasure while she gets it in the ass.”

I felt my mouth starting to make an *n*—the beginning of *no*. But I couldn't say *no*, because I shouldn't know what the bad man had said. I changed the movement of my mouth: I made myself just open and shut it, like a fish, as if showing the bad man that I missed having his manhood inside me.

Suddenly—or it felt that way though I could tell that my sense of time had gone away along with my sight inside the frightening hood—I felt the good man's hands on me. I could tell the hands belonged to him, but I hardly knew how—whether my body had become attuned to my master's, or my mind told me that my *gospodin* would touch me that knowing way, while his enemy would never have that ability.

The words Belkonov had spoken seemed to rattle around inside my head, not making sense but nevertheless affecting me terribly, in the most humiliating way.

*Shame herself with pleasure...*

*My rocking horse...*

*In the ass...*

I had only gotten a glimpse of the thing. As Ivan lifted me from the floor with the ease he might have carrying a down-filled pillow, I tried desperately to keep the picture, the quick snapshot my brain had taken, from dominating my mind. It felt utterly mortifying to allow Belkonov to master my body with the very idea of his lewd toy.

But it seemed I couldn't help the thoughts behind my closed eyelids, in the darkness of the hood. My *gospodin*, the good man, brought me the two or three meters to the horse, his shoes sounding squeaky on the padding of the floor.

“Oh, no,” I whispered, unable to control my mouth, hoping as I spoke that the bad man would think I was simply afraid of the unknown next thing, or that I had guessed what he meant to do with me. “Oh, no... no.”

Ivan shifted me in his arms, carrying me like a little child with his left arm under my knees and his right around my back,

behind my bound arms. It felt, to my dismay, much too good. I could have stayed in my master's arms forever; I wanted nothing more than that.

*No... you want to want nothing more than that.*

I let out a sob from deep in my chest when Ivan stopped, and I felt him stretch his arms forward, with me held inside them. He tilted me further forward.

"No," I whispered, another surge of fear thrilling through my chest at the possibility that Belkonov would realize I could understand him.

But he saved me from that anxiety. He spoke in his mocking voice.

"Time for a little ride, fuck toy. You're going to come so hard with my cock in your sweet asshole that you might not even notice when I bring my men here to use you."

I shook my head, feeling again the strangeness of the hood, the way it seemed to make me an object even to myself.

"No, please," I begged. I struggled in Ivan's grip.

"Stop squirming," my master commanded in a hard voice that sent a shiver down my spine. The compliance wand's operation did the rest: I went limp as I felt my feet touch the back of the wooden horse. I remembered how garishly painted it was, from my one brief look at it, like a carousel horse with an obscene black device rising from its back. I remembered the enormous size of the dildo, the way the veins carved in it stood out, the way its fluted head jutted menacingly toward the ceiling.

What I hadn't seen was how the lewd toy operated, but I felt the back move a bit, sliding under my feet, and I understood. The detached dildo stayed fixed as the horse, and its rider, moved.

"Oh... oh, no," I kept murmuring, as Ivan lowered me, guiding my feet to either side of the rocking horse's leather saddle. "Oh, no."



I let out a little cry as I felt the head of the dildo push up against my pussy.

“Put your hands down and spread your cunt open,” Belkonov said. “You’re going to take the horse’s cock all the way, and you’re going to like it.”

I had my lower lip between my teeth. I heard little sounds of submission and shame coming from my throat, and I felt myself shaking my head back and forth. I couldn’t disobey, despite the waves of degradation that swept through me.

Because of those waves—because of the way they made me burn, all over but most terribly between my thighs, as I stretched my restrained arms, my hands, my fingers downward. They touched my whipped bottom, and I gave a little cry, whose humiliating ambiguity made my cheeks flare with heat under the hood. They touched between, finding my pussy lips... the outer ones, themselves much too sensitive from the knout’s terrible lashes, and then the inner ones that guarded the entrance to the aching sheath... the hole where the bad man wanted to make me take the hard rubber thing.

I moaned. I wanted to stop the sound, keep it in my chest, because they hadn’t ordered me to moan. I didn’t have to show my master’s enemy how terribly needy his twisted toy had made me. So needy that the merest touch of my fingertips down there, the feeling that I had to spread myself open for Belkonov’s dildo, sent a gush of my arousal flowing from my vagina onto my fingers and—I could even feel—onto the head of the jet-black artificial penis.

“Such a whore,” the asshole said in his own language, the one I couldn’t show I understood. “Look how she needs it, how she gets it ready for her cunt. Is she tight?”

My master answered in English. I felt certain, in my few remaining detached, rational thoughts, that he chose his language so that I wouldn’t have to worry about responding to what his enemy had said. It felt, in my body, though, as if Ivan meant to make certain my obscene degradation went as deep as he could possibly make it go.

“The cunt is pretty tight. The anus is still a good deal tighter though.”

Then, even as I gasped with the humiliation of Ivan’s words, he urged me downward, and I cried out in discomfort, as wet as I had gotten at their brutal treatment. The enormous rubber phallus seemed to fill my pussy so completely that I feared for a moment it might split me in two.

“All the way down,” Belkonov said, his voice cold though I thought I could hear the huskiness of arousal in it, too. “I want those cunt lips up against the saddle.”

## CHAPTER 23



*H*eather

Ivan had me under my shoulders, his hands gripping me firmly. He enforced his enemy's order with such force that I couldn't help wailing. I sounded, my fevered brain decided, like a forlorn waif discovering that the man she thought her protector meant to violate her instead.

The huge rubber cock seemed to fill me completely, to press against my lungs and drive the breath out of them. Open-mouthed, I let out a pitiful little sound every time I exhaled. My bruised bottom came into painful contact with the leather beneath me, and then with a final pressure of his hands around my ribcage my master gave his enemy what the man had asked for: I felt my pussy press against the saddle as well.

Impaled on the huge phallus, held upright by Ivan's hold on me, I sobbed in discomfort and shameful need. My feet hovered, kicking slightly, trying to find some place to rest and support myself—to ease some of the suffering in my pussy, but also, despite the shame of knowing Belkonov wanted exactly this, in desperation to ride the terrible device.

At last my right foot, and then my left, found the little wooden posts that stuck out from the sides of the horse, to serve as stirrups of a sort. I cried out at the tiny relief it brought to ease the downward pressure, and at the jolt of arousal from the friction inside me that came from even the slightest movement atop the horse.

I could feel the cunning way the saddle rocked, both back and forth and up and down, while the dildo stayed motionless. Minuscule shifts of my bodyweight brought humiliating whimpers, whining cries of helpless need, to my lips as I felt the huge artificial cock seem to thrust in and out.

“Let’s clip her wrists in front,” Belkonov said in Russian.

Ivan let go of me, and I let out a long, sobbing moan as much at the desertion of my master’s grasp as at the shift it caused in my position and how my bottom and my pussy moved atop the terrible saddle. He unclipped the cuffs around my wrists, and brought them forward roughly, making me bend so that he could fasten my hands to the horse’s wooden head.

I heard a keening cry come from between my closed lips, and I felt my head shaking a vain refusal at the overwhelming sensation. My feet tried to use the little posts to rise and ease the fullness inside my pussy, but I could feel how in this new position that movement pushed my bottom out, forced it over the back of the horse and even parted the whipped cheeks to expose the part of me Belkonov planned to use.

I sat like a racing jockey atop the horrible toy, my vagina much too full, my anus much too available. In the frightening darkness of the hood every sensation seemed magnified, too, so that I could hardly remember that I had a mission, let alone what I had to do to fulfill it.

“Ride, you little slut,” Belkonov said in English. “I want to see that saddle all wet before I fuck your ass. And you won’t be allowed to get off the horse until you have my seed in your anus.”

My mouth shaped the words *oh, no*, and my head shook, but I couldn’t resist the command. I had no choice. With a cry of mingled pain and pleasure, I gripped the posts on either side of the carved wooden horse’s head and, in the darkness my *gospodin*’s enemy had brought to my eyes, I started to ride.

I cried out with every movement, and the frame of the rocking horse creaked in time with my cries. The soundproofing made the noise vanish as soon as it arose, as if my ordeal existed only in my mind despite how aware I was of the two men

standing by, watching, and how thoroughly the horse had mastered not only my mind but above all my body.

I hung my head and rode. I felt my tongue emerge from my mouth, licking a phantom cock, an absent scrotum. My cheeks went blazing hot as I realized how desperately I wanted Ivan's hardness there, inside my mouth to take away some of the shame of having had to please Belkonov that way.

But it was the enemy who noticed. "Look at that," he said to Ivan. "She wants my dick back."

I sensed him moving in front of me, and then I felt his hand under my chin.

"Here you go, whore," he said in English, and as I moaned around the thrusting hardness, he buried himself between my lips again. "Get me ready for your ass."

My consciousness seemed to have broken into many parts. One of them tried to please the rigid penis in my mouth, moving my head back and forth in time with my frenzied bouncing on the horse's rubber phallus. Another wondered, fearfully and irrationally, if Ivan had left without saying anything.

But my *gospodin* relieved that worry; I felt his hand crash down on my right bottom-cheek, and I cried out around Belkonov's cock. I posted up in the saddle again, my pussy moving up on the enormous dildo, and then back, trying to offer my backside to the man I loved, desperate to show him that I meant to be a good girl for him despite this dreadful trial.

Ivan spanked me again, and my heart flooded with gratitude even in the face of the pain. My master's punishing me for riding his enemy's horse, sucking his enemy's cock, stirred the dark need inside me so urgently that I felt my pussy gush around the rubber phallus. When I squirmed back again, inviting another spank, I could hear the wet sound of my private lips moving against the saddle.

I couldn't stop myself: I moaned around the hard member in my mouth, and I pushed my bottom back further. Ivan spanked

me again.

“Come look,” he told Belkonov in Russian. “She’s as wet as a bride on her wedding night.”

Belkonov ripped his cock from between my lips. The shame and need generated by my master’s words—the way they called up my own forbidden fantasies and made a dark perversion of them—sent a wrenching shudder through my whole body.

My hips jerked and my knees bounced, and somehow I wanted both to show Ivan I *could* be a bride... *his* bride... and to show Belkonov that his terrible toy had brought out the filthy slut in me. Beneath me my pussy, much too full, squirmed over the saddle. I could feel the wetness there, the sign my *gospodin*’s enemy had designated for his next brutal act.

I rocked frantically, crying out, trying to find the release that eluded me, as if it lay around a curve on the race course inside my head. I felt Belkonov’s hands on my hips, stilling my motions with an iron grip. I struggled, squirmed, whimpering in desperation. The thought of what I must look like to Ivan, how it must seem to my master that I wanted his enemy’s hardness in my anus, made me throw back my hooded head and arch my back, paradoxically trying even harder to do as I must to save the man I loved.

“Look at that,” my *gospodin* said. “Well done, Boris. I’ve never seen her need it in the ass so bad.”

Only at the last second did I keep myself from crying out, *No, Ivan... please, no. I want you.* My mind had begun to have trouble even telling Russian from English.

Belkonov himself saved me, if I could have called it that. He translated for me, his voice full of degrading mockery, his words slow as he did his best to bring all their humiliation into a foreign language.

“Your old master just told me he’s never seen you need it in your little bottom so badly, And you got my horsey all wet, you little whore.”

I moaned, hanging my head again. Another jerk of need traveled through my trembling hips.

“Please,” I whispered, my monstrous arousal and my lingering consciousness of having a mission aligning somehow. “Please, Master. I need it so much.”

They had wanted... *no*, I pled with the voice in my head, *not* they... *not Ivan, not my real master...*

I begged that part of my mind, besought it for an instant’s mercy, but my body’s response to the overwhelming stimulation of Belkonov’s degrading toy refused even to let my message through. The sheer physical need seemed to answer me back.

*They. They wanted you to shame yourself on this obscene rocking horse, and you gave them precisely what they wanted, you filthy little whore.*

*You love it.*

*You need it.*

*What’s untrue about what you just said? You do need it so much, don’t you, Heather?*

I felt the head of his rigid penis there, at my smallest, most embarrassing place. I marveled, on the most basic, animal level of my brain, where my thoughts seemed to intersect directly with the nerve endings in my overstimulated erogenous zones. I cried out in obscene, sexual wonder, at how a man’s cock could somehow feel so soft, there at its tip, and yet so hard, so firm.

Somewhere, stubbornly, a reasoning part of my consciousness had enough strength to raise a red flag. If the plan were to succeed, I couldn’t give in to Belkonov this way; I couldn’t need his hardness in my poor, whipped bottom this much.

My cry of helpless need changed to a screaming moan of discomfort, then. My master’s enemy had begun to push his cock in, where I felt I already had much too much inside me. I sobbed, and I tried to bounce on the horse’s huge phallus, hoping to ease the terrible pressure from the hardness demanding entry in that too-tight place.

“Master,” I whimpered. “Oh, Master... *Gospodin*...”

A thrill of fear went through me when I heard the Russian word come from my mouth. I felt Belkonov’s thrusting manhood stop moving.

“Are you teaching her Russian?” he asked Ivan in Russian.

“*Nyet*,” my master replied. “But she’s a smart girl. She’s learned a few words.”

My heart quailed and my mind seemed to scrabble at the rough stones of a perilous cliffside, clinging to the top with weakening fingers. Ivan’s voice, though he spoke very casually and even dismissively, enveloped me with the simple knowledge that he would do everything he could to save me. He hadn’t spoken like he loved me, but I heard his love in the words, nevertheless.

It drew a wrenching sob from me, and it relaxed my body so that despite the painful stretching involved, I opened as my *gospodin* had taught me to open. I pressed back, arched, and offered my most intimate secret to the enemy, the bad man who had made me go for this terrible, lewd horsey ride.

Belkonov groaned as he thrust his cock inside my bottom, and I felt as if I could hear the forbidden pleasure driving out his suspicion.

“Master,” I moaned. “Master... Master... please.”

I wanted Ivan to answer—desperation for his voice, in response to my plea for mercy, for respite, for anything, filled my chest. When his enemy answered instead, though, at least I knew an important part of the plan had worked.

“Hush, whore,” Belkonov grunted in English. “Ride your horsey now.”

I rode. I couldn’t help it: only movement, only friction, as painful as it felt, could give the pleasure that would bring some relief—my own release and the climax of the man who had at least in his own mind become my master.

Very distantly, I heard to my dismay the next part of the plan unfolding: the worst part, the most devastating part. Ivan



spoke to Belkonov in Russian, with the words I had dreaded from the moment the Guardsman had told us how it would have to happen.

“I have to go,” my *gospodin* said. “Use her hard. She needs to learn her lesson before you get rid of her. And keep the hood on, like we talked about.”

## CHAPTER 24



*H*eather

I heard the door close behind Ivan with a heavy thud that sounded to me like some sonic embodiment of doom. At some point—it felt to me like it happened after the terrible thud, though I felt sure at the same time, even in the moment, that it must have happened before—Belkonov grunted a curt farewell to my departing *gospodin*.

I came, too. That, I realized off in the distance, must have messed up my sense of the passage of time so completely that everything seemed to be happening in the wrong order.

The sequence was clearly incorrect, because I climaxed when my beloved master left me to his enemy. Something about his apparently not caring whether I lived or died... came with Belkonov's hard-thrusting penis in my too-full bottom or never had another orgasm... continued to exist or vanished entirely from the face of the earth... I screamed out my release, bending my head over the neck of the horrid rocking horse, every shred of self-control, of reason, of shame seemingly gone with Ivan's exit from this terrifying dungeon.

Somewhere in the roil of sensation and emotion and wayward thoughts, I felt Belkonov coming too, spurting his seed into my distended anus. I heard him murmuring Russian words of degradation, and I had the satisfaction at least of knowing that he, too, had lost track of languages in the dark delight my ass had afforded. He clearly meant me to understand his dirty talk,

and I took some solace in being much too far gone to do anything but sob out my discomfort as he finished using me.

“That’s it, you little whore. You get it in your little bottom, like the slut you are. That’s where you need it, right in the ass, from your master’s big, hard cock.”

In another state of mind, I might have stood in a little danger of answering back, telling the asshole that his penis was a lot smaller than he evidently thought. I did manage to shake my head, but I knew as I did it that Belkonov would interpret the gesture in his favor, as his new fuck toy trying in vain to deny her need for the most brutal possible use by her new master and his chosen minions.

Then time seemed to fly away completely. Belkonov must have taken me off the horse—or maybe he had servants do it? I found myself lying on the floor, chained by my collar to the wall, my hands cuffed behind me.

I had time, before Belkonov returned to use me, to run through the plan in a mind relatively clear of the terror, pain, and need that had clouded everything the previous night.

Was it even the previous night, though? The utter darkness inside the hood forbade me from developing the faintest sense of the passage of seconds and minutes—let alone hours and days. I felt certain that the torrent of hormones unleashed inside me by my shameful ride on Belkonov’s toy had unmoored me from anything like normal existence: the most terrifying part of it all lay in how my mind seemed simply to accept that I belonged here in this subterranean prison, the room I couldn’t see but I knew was arrayed perfectly for my *gospodin*’s enemy to come and enjoy me just as he pleased.

And he did, over and over. I heard the door open, and I heard his footsteps approach. Each time I wondered, with terror curling in the pit of my stomach, if it were even Belkonov himself, or if he had instead started to share me with his men, if he had gotten tired of his hooded fuck toy already, and sent the minion who would fuck me and then get rid of me afterward.

But Belkonov, thank goodness, wanted to gloat. It began the same way every time. His shoe against my cloth-covered face. His voice, high above me, in thickly accented English.

“Beg for my cock, whore.”

The effect of the compliance wand had always faded by the time he returned. I always shook my head. Belkonov always pressed the wand into my side and enforced my obedience.

I kissed his shoe, smelling expensive leather, trying to control my need, trying to keep Ivan out of my head.

Belkonov didn't unchain me, or free my hands. He put me on my face with my backside high.

He said, “Don't come.”

He unzipped his fly and plunged his hard penis into my pussy, and then into my anus. He came, grunting, after a few minutes of vigorous thrusting in my bottom, with his hands locked around my waist to ensure he could drive as deep as he wanted into my most intimate hole.

My whole body glowed with shame at the terrible arousal I felt despite the man's casual cruelty. The wand's operation was all that kept me from climaxing, and I knew that Belkonov knew it from the way my body shuddered as I obeyed, desperately pushing away the unwelcome pleasure that threatened to overwhelm me at every moment.

When he used my ass, I had to fight against everything my *gospodin* had trained my body to feel so exquisitely, how he had taught me to orgasm when he possessed me in that shameful way. With his paradoxical mix of force and gentleness, judiciously using the compliance wand—at one time to forbid me to come and at another to compel my orgasms—Ivan had educated my bottom. He had fine-tuned my muscles and my nerve endings and my dark submissive need, making them work together until my *gospodin* had made of me something that I called, in my mind, an *ass girl*. My master's ass girl, an anal slut who couldn't keep herself from craving a man's rigid member in her smallest, most private opening.

After Belkonov had spurted his seed in my bottom, he withdrew his cock. I heard him walk to the door and open it. Then a servant came in, or a henchman. A man at any rate, I could tell from the way he arranged my limbs so easily, though he never spoke a word. He made me squat over a bucket, and he wiped me roughly afterward. I never got over the hot blush it always caused, or the humiliating way it brought the arousal flooding back into my lower body.

He departed, and returned with a tray that always had the same things: a bottle of water that the man made me drink and a bowl of soup with pieces of bread in it that he made me lap from, placing me in the same position Belkonov did to fuck me.

Belkonov himself watched the whole thing, commenting from time to time. His favorite comments were, in English, “Drink up, whore,” “Put your face right in the bowl, slut,” and, in Russian, “Don’t worry, I’ll share her with you all soon.”

The man put me back on the bucket. To my dismay, every time, I blushed anew.

Then they would leave. Belkonov’s parting words were always, “Don’t even think about playing with your cunt, girl. You’re not here for your pleasure.”

The very worst part was that I knew I would have masturbated, once he had left, if I could have freed my hands, and I guessed he must have surveillance cameras on me. The compliance wand’s effect lasted long enough, though, that I wouldn’t have had the ability to disobey.

The one way I had to tell how much time had passed lay in how my bottom had started to heal. With my hands cuffed behind me I could reach my fingers down to feel the stripes from the knout. Over the course of my time in Belkonov’s dungeon they had grown swollen and then had receded. On the day I couldn’t feel them anymore—though who knows whether it was actually day or night—Belkonov returned with his men, as I had suspected he would.

When the door opened that time, instead of the silence that accompanied his own solitary visits to use me, I heard

boisterous laughter. Four or five men, it sounded like to me.

*This is it*, said the calculating, logical part of me that I had carefully kept awake and protected. *Either the plan is going to work or I'm going to die, probably in a very painful way. Definitely in an utterly degrading way.*

I refused to think about the parts of the plan that depended on things far beyond my control: things Ivan had hopefully done, things the Pretorian Guard agent had promised would happen. Thankfully, I didn't have much time to think about anything extraneous to the immediate situation in Belkonov's dungeons, because I heard him stride straight to my side and then I felt the compliance wand press against my back, followed by the tingling that meant he had activated it.

"Obey every command these men and I give you," he said, his voice hard and loud, the tone of an incompetent commander who feels he must put on some dominant act in front of his thug henchmen.

Then he spoke in Russian to one of the others.

"You'll see, like I told you. Go ahead and unchain her. Take the cuffs off too so her hands feel better on your cocks. Just not the hood. Our *benefactor* doesn't want you to see her pretty face, but you should use the mouth all you want. The slut can't help doing whatever you tell her to do."

The door slammed heavily shut.

Belkonov had stood up as he gave his instructions to his minions. I heard him move away, and then I lost track of him because another man had come over. I felt his hands unfastening the chain that bound me to the wall, and then the cuffs around my wrists.

"Get up," he said in Russian.

*Oh, no.* I tried to resist. I shouldn't know that Belkonov's thug had just given me a command; I shouldn't know the language. For an instant I thought I could do it, could stay in place on the floor. Then I started to move, compelled by the wand's effect.

Belkonov saved me. "In English, you fool," he said in Russian, before they could notice that my movement

represented helpless obedience.

The henchman spoke again in accented English. “Get up.”

I had enough wiggle room within the confines of the wand’s operation that I could shift myself and push up in a different direction, disguising my previous attempt at compliance. I got up, with my hands instinctively over my breasts and my pussy.

“Hands on your head,” Belkonov barked.

*Good, I thought, he’s going to stay involved, as we knew he would. He’s too possessive to actually share me, the way Ivan did.*

My hands went to my head. A murmur of obscene appreciation went through the other men. I still couldn’t tell how many there were, but I thought my guess of four was probably a good one.

Clearly trying to play the part of the benevolent boss giving his closest aides a coveted perk, Belkonov said in a casual voice, “You should punish her first. The benefactor told me she’s a bad girl, and he wants her whipped soundly before she’s used. Don’t worry about doing it too hard—we have to get rid of her afterward, anyway.”

For the very first time I felt glad to have the awful hood on my head, because I knew they would have seen my comprehension etched on my face. I forced myself to swallow hard, and managed to keep my sob of fear and shameful arousal down in my throat.

I felt a hand on my bottom pushing me forward, making me stumble until other strong, masculine hands caught me. The first hand, or maybe another one, delivered a hard spank. I cried out in pain and alarm.

Someone pushed me up against a piece of furniture, its edge pressing into my belly.

“Get on that,” said a voice I hadn’t heard before, his English almost unrecognizable. “Ass high. We’re going to whip you until you beg for our cocks.”

*Now, the rational part of me said.*

I ripped off the hood.

“Alright, you motherfuckers,” I said in perfect Russian, looking around at the five men in their dark suits, of whom Belkonov seemed the most thunderstruck, and concentrating not on the enemy warlord but on his minions, “if you want to live, you’re going to grab that asshole who calls himself your boss as soon as...”

I had meant to say, *as soon as my friends get here*, but my friends interrupted me. With a deafening crunch and a cloud of dust, the wall of the dungeon—the one, I noted before its destruction, that had held the ring to which my collar must have been attached—fell down, and the Pretorian Guard arrived.



## CHAPTER 25



*J* van

I watched the Guard's invasion of Belkonov's dungeon in a van parked two streets away from the palace. The man's security precautions, they had told me, prevented any access to the room where he had kept Heather for three days. The Guard's micro-drones had kept constant watch on the upper floors of the house, so they had felt reasonably certain that he hadn't moved Heather. Until their slow, silent digging device breached the wall of the basement, though, they couldn't assure me that Belkonov had kept her alive.

Only when the micro-drones observed four of the man's top lieutenants arriving, in a jovial mood, did Heather's allies—my new allies, it seemed—give me word that the next stage of the plan could go forward. The presence of Belkonov's most trusted minions represented an essential element, and their summons to their boss' home provided circumstantial evidence at least that Heather remained alive—and fairly healthy. The reasoning pained me, but it helped to know that Belkonov considered the girl I loved able to furnish submissive sexual pleasure to his chosen guests.

I sat next to Helena, a senior agent of the Order of Ostia—an *agna*, she had told me, while Franklin, the man I had supposed a broker of black-market concubines, was a *perses* of the Pretorian Guard.

“Go go go,” she said, her voice very calm. The screen in front of me, which had shown only shadowy shapes in night-vision green, flared white and then adjusted to the light in Belkonov’s dungeon. A cloud of dust obscured all detail for a few seconds, but I could make out the figures standing in the center of the room, and the bench they stood around.

I heard Heather say into the silence that followed the wall’s falling into the room, “Perfect timing. You motherfuckers have thirty seconds to decide. Either you show your newfound loyalty to me and Ivan Antonov, and grab Belkonov for me, or you die.”

I shook my head, affection—no, love—for her filling my heart, alongside anxiety for her safety and the sheer desire to get her out of there and into my arms as soon as humanly possible. The thought that she and the Pretorian Guard had played me for a complete fool occurred to me, as I listened to Heather’s perfect accent.

*You needed to be played for a fool, I told myself. You had no way out, on your own.*

The Guard had sent in six *milites*—the equal, as far as I could tell, of any elite special forces in the world. They remained completely silent; if the plan was going to work, Heather had to show herself entirely in charge of them, as well as of the situation as a whole.

The dust had rapidly begun to settle around the six people in the dungeon. The view through the lead *miles*’ helmet camera, of the magnificent, naked young woman in the midst of the fully clothed men, took my breath away. She had her arms folded across her chest, underneath her adorable little breasts, apparently unconscious of her nudity. They, on the other hand, seemed the naked ones; the fact that three of them had their rapidly softening cocks out didn’t help, either.

To the right of me, I heard Helena chuckle.

“She’s something,” the *agna* said. “I’ll let her tell you about her recruitment. Not a great look for us, really, but we do know how to choose the right people even if we sometimes

have to use... extraordinary measures, let's say, to bring them in."

On the screen, I watched the four lieutenants obey my beautiful naked concubine—the young woman they had thought utterly at their command, the girl they had gotten so hard thinking about whipping and fucking so hard and so long that she hardly noticed when they killed her.

"But..." Belkonov spluttered—literally spluttered, because I could see the drops of spit flying from his mouth as his former minions turned to their new mistress with compliant eyes. "But... is the wand fake?"

The helmet camera swung from him to Heather—the lead *miles* was clearly interested in hearing her answer, too.

The smile on the face of the girl I loved, for her submission and for her power, made my heart glow.

"*Nyet*, Boris Viktorivich," she said, her voice as scornful and dismissive as if she were a Tsarina returned from ages past. "It's not fake at all. The secret is that it can't make me do anything I don't really want to do, deep down."

Heather let the news sink in, with all its strange and fascinating implications.

"So..." Belkonov said. "So you..."

"So the reason I'm not on that bench with my ass in the air, the way I would be for the man I love... the one at whose side I'm going to rule this fucking disaster area from now on, is that you and your tiny cock couldn't dominate a lap dog, let alone a woman like me."

\* \* \*

*Heather*

Two of the Guard *milites* took Belkonov away, through the tunnel. I turned to my four new henchmen and the rest of the *milites*.

“Right,” I said. “Anyone with his cock still out should put it away.”

I looked pointedly at the ones who had clearly forgotten all about their lolling penises as they had delivered their former employer into the hands of special forces warriors—*my* special forces warriors, I could see they had concluded, just as I, and the Pretorian Guard, had intended.

Their eyes went wide and all three of them swallowed hard, in a perfect unison that would have made me laugh under most other circumstances. Sheepishly, they started to put their cocks back in their trousers.

I took advantage of the moment of complete superiority to solidify my control further, and at the same time to push Belkonov’s former minions past the point of no return.

“There’s going to be a fire here tonight. My friends will help you set it, so it doesn’t do anything more than make this shit-hole Boris Viktorivich called a ‘palace’ unlivable—and of course provide evidence that he’s dead at the hands of me and my friends.”

I looked each of them in the eyes.

“Say, *Yes, Mistress*,” I advised them. “This little whore is now a warlord, and you’re not going to forget it, are you?”

I smiled as I watched confusion and fear break out on their faces. They all glanced over at the *milites*, whose masked faces suddenly reminded me of my hooded trainer. A shiver went down my spine.

*Who’s in charge now?* I heard a voice in my head say—a voice that sounded very new. My smile got wider.

“You’re wondering whether you should say *Yes, Mistress* or *No, Mistress*,” I said, suddenly enjoying dominance more than I would ever have expected. “A single *Yes, Mistress* will suffice.”

“Yes, Mistress,” each of them said, as I looked at them in turn.

\* \* \*

When my *milites*—well, they were mine for an hour or two, anyway—escorted me through the door of Ivan’s palace, my master and his horrible butler were waiting in the foyer. I had on a fur coat provided by the Order of Ostia agent in charge of the hastily cobbled together operation that had just with any luck created a new balance of power in the region.

I had nothing on under the coat, still. From now on, though, thanks to the new balance of power in Ivan’s house, Pyotr’s eyes would never again have the chance to leer at my nudity.

I walked up to Ivan and kissed him on both cheeks. Into his left ear, the one hidden from the butler’s view, I whispered, “I love you, *Gospodin*.”

Then I turned to Pyotr and spoke in Russian.

“You, little worm, are a terrible excuse for a servant. I should throw you out into the snow simply for your neglect of your master’s household, let alone for your sniveling cruelty. I suspect that my lover... and partner... and co-master here...”

I patted Ivan on the cheek and watched Pyotr’s face go white.

“...wishes to be merciful even to a toad like you, for Ivan Grigorivich honors service above everything. Is that right, Ivan?”

I turned to my master. I had only called him by his first name once, out loud, before, and he had quickly corrected me. He narrowed his eyes, and I thought I saw the merest hint of fire in those icy blue depths. I wondered if he had thought through this part of the plan yet, even with the days it had taken to unfold.

*Days of Belkonov fucking me in his dungeon, of gathering my will not to want to submit to anyone but the man I love.*

I tried to control my face, not wanting to give any indication of what I intended, once Ivan and I had gone behind closed doors at last. I couldn’t do it: I took my lower lip between my teeth and felt my eyes widen very slightly. Pyotr, I felt reasonably

certain, didn't notice it because he had fixed his beady eyes on Ivan just as I had.

My beloved, my master, my *gospodin* smiled.

"That's right, Heather," he said, turning from me to the butler. "Pyotr, see that you obey your mistress, however, or we will have a serious problem."

I looked into the face of the horrible man. To my delight, he lowered his gaze.

"Say it, you little worm," I ordered him in my most scornful voice. "Say, *Yes, Mistress.*"

"Yes, Mistress," he mumbled.

*I could get used to this*, I thought, pushing down into my chest the mirth that threatened to rise into an open laugh.

Then my master turned the jollity into anxiety—a little creeping fear that perhaps I had gone too far.

"You may go, Pyotr," he said. "Your mistress and I have a good deal to discuss."

His voice seemed to have a note of displeasure that I couldn't help thinking wasn't directed entirely at the butler. When Pyotr's steps had receded down the hallway, I looked up into Ivan's face and found it stern. I bit my lip hard and felt my expression crease into a pout of worry and apology.

Ivan looked at the *milites*. "You may go," he said, his voice impassive. "We can take it from here."

I looked over my shoulder at the two hooded men, feeling ever so slightly unsafe for the first time since the wall of Belkonov's dungeon had collapsed. One of the *milites* spoke in Russian.

"Helena says she'll make contact with Heather soon. The drones are in place. Belkonov's allies took the bait, according to surveillance—they came to look at the fire and the Guard's rolling them up now."

I breathed a little easier. The Guard's drones, kept out until now by Ivan's security measures, meant that I would have eyes

on me at all times, ready to assist with the maintenance of the bold move we had made.

*Also*, a frightened but terribly excited voice said in my head, *they'll keep Ivan from getting carried away with the birch, maybe?*

But my special forces warriors had left, and my master was looking down at me in my fur coat as if he intended to peel my luxurious hide and eat me—or at least teach me not to think of myself as *Mistress* when my master was present.

He didn't say anything: he reached out his hand and took mine in it, and led me away to his bedroom, the enormous chamber with the massive four-poster bed that looked straight out of a Russian fairytale.

Ivan closed the door behind us, and locked it. By the time he turned back to me, I had fallen to my knees.

"The wand is in my pocket, *Gospodin*," I told him, my voice quavering a little. I wondered how I could possibly have thought of myself as a mistress, though five minutes hadn't passed since the odious Pyotr had called me that.

"Do I need the wand, Heather?" he asked me, his voice very soft.

I lowered my eyes to his shiny black shoe tops.

"Take off that coat," he said.

I shook my head, not sure what the refusal even referred to—or if it even meant anything at all. At the same time, though, I shrugged the fur coat from my shoulders so that I knelt on the thick Persian carpet, naked in front of the man who still owned me, who would always own me.

"I'm going to whip you very hard, girl," he said, his voice brutal, but also thick with desire. "Despite your new position as my partner—because of it, really—you need to learn your true place."

I felt my forehead crease hard with shame and need. A little sob rose from my throat with my words of compliance.

"Yes, *Gospodin*," I whispered.

“Look at me, slut,” he said.

I gave another sob as I raised my eyes. The mistress part of me that lingered ever so faintly in my mind resisted, but the resistance made the need surge even more urgently between my thighs, at the degrading word and the cruel tone.

Ivan’s face seemed to glow. I had expected a harsh expression, a look full of menace. Instead I saw eyes filled with love. When he spoke again, the edge had departed from his words.

“You may think,” he said, his soft voice taking away much of the threat in his meaning, “that you can call yourself *mistress* in my house as often as you want, because from now on your submission will take place behind closed doors. I want to assure you that if you want your sweet bottom to be a place you can rest comfortably on, you’re very much mistaken.”

“Yes, *Gospodin*,” I said softly. I had my hands at my sides and I started to worry I might forget myself and try to touch my pussy, so forcefully did Ivan’s words arouse me there.

“So I’m going to whip you very hard for all the liberties you’ve taken so far.”

I swallowed very hard.

“Yes, *Gospodin*,” I breathed, scarcely able to keep my eyes locked with his. My whole body had started to tremble.

“But not tonight,” Ivan said.

My lips parted but no sound came out.

“Get up,” he said.

I froze in place, trying to figure out what my master meant. I had felt so certain he would punish me, here and now, with the greatest severity.

“Do I need the wand after all?” Ivan asked, his eyebrows going up on his forehead. “Must I use the birch tonight?”

“No, *Gospodin*,” I said, scrambling to my feet.

“Get on the bed,” he ordered. “On your knees. Bottom to me, face down, at the edge.”



My heart pounded as I obeyed. I looked over my shoulder at him, without really knowing why I would violate the rules I had learned and obeyed for so long with such a backward glance—except that I felt desperate to keep looking at his beloved face, even when it threatened stern chastisement.

“Do you think I’m not punishing you, girl?” he asked, as if he could read my mind. I watched him suppress a smile, and my heart filled with affection. “Put your eyes where they belong.”

I turned back toward the huge bed with its beautiful crimson coverlet, my face feeling nearly as crimson at the wave of need that had swept through my lower body and made my nipples tingle at the hard edge in Ivan’s tone. I clambered up onto the mattress and assumed the submissive position, very conscious that Ivan’s towering height would put his rigid manhood right where I needed it most.

Silence fell in my master’s bedroom. Or... near silence, because I heard Ivan taking his clothes off. I pressed my warm cheek into the soft comforter, wanting desperately to see my *gospodin* that way after what felt like weeks without a glimpse of him.

The noise of undressing stopped, and I heard his footsteps, soft on the carpet, approaching. I expected his hand on me, in punishment or in enjoyment, and I longed for the touch either way. Instead I saw him come around to the side of the bed so that I could see him, fully naked, his hard penis in his left hand.

I let out a little cry as I watched him pump his enormous cock gently up and down. I didn’t need the slightest reminder that my eyes should be there, paying my master’s manhood the respect it deserved.

“Do you want to know what your punishment is, my love?” Ivan asked softly.

I swallowed hard.

“Yes, *Gospodin*?”

I heard the question mark at the end of my words. I didn’t feel at all sure I did want to hear what my master intended.

“It’s a punishment that fits the infraction of a girl who calls herself *mistress*,” he said. His hand on his massive erection seemed to hypnotize me. I felt my hips jerk with the need the lewd sight inspired. “I’m going to fuck you until you’re so worn out from pleasure that you beg me to come in your sweet little anus.”

And I did. Oh, yes, I did.

The End

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