

A full-page photograph of a young woman with brown hair in a high bun, wearing a black spaghetti-strap crop top and black shorts. She is leaning against a large window, looking directly at the camera. The background shows a dense city skyline under a clear sky.

EMILY TILTON

Begging
TO BE
BROKEN

BEGGING TO BE BROKEN



CONTENTS

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[Chapter 29](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Afterword](#)

[Bound for Service Series](#)

[The Institute Series](#)

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

[The Institute: Bad Girls Series](#)

[The Institute: Shameful Arrangements Series](#)

[Corporate Correction Series](#)

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

[Shamefully Courted Series](#)

[Victorian Correction Series](#)

[Galactic Discipline Series](#)

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

[Emily Tilton Links](#)

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

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

Tilton, Emily
Begging to Be Broken

Cover Design by Korey Mae Johnson
Images by 123RF/domenicogelermo and 123RF/ismagilov

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

PROLOGUE



Tatyana

"Look into my eyes, Tatyana," said the woman who had introduced herself only as Joan. "You know I'm not making this up."

I felt my face go hot, and I knew my cheeks had turned bright crimson, since despite my dark hair my fair complexion always gave away even the barest hint of strong emotion.

"You're blushing," Joan said. "It's alright. That's part of who you are, and why I'm here."

We sat at my tiny kitchen table, in the only-slightly-larger kitchen of the subsidized apartment that Selecta, the megacorp who sponsored me, had provided.

The heat in my face grew. I didn't appreciate having this woman call attention to my inability to hide my emotions. That certainly wasn't the most urgent factor in my dismayingly physical response to what Joan had told me, however.

"It's not true," I said flatly. "Someone hacked your computer and made it look like I clicked on that... thing. I think you should go."

My heart quailed at the lie even as I spoke it. I had let Joan into my apartment in the first place because she had held up a tablet that showed a record of me clicking on something in an email. The sight of the tablet had made all the blood drain from my face, and Joan had walked right in. Now, instead of responding verbally, she took the tablet from where she had laid it on the table and held it up for me to see.

"Our technical people," she said, "are very, very good. They can even tell from the way you moved your cursor that your click on the naughty website wasn't a mistake."

The naughty website. The link. I saw it, in my mind's eye, the brief text of the email that had seemed to come from a shopping site.

Are you feeling naughty? We know what you need, girl. One moment of weakness: I had

clicked.

I felt my forehead crease, and unconsciously I caught my lower lip between my teeth. I watched Joan's hand move over the tablet, and I saw what she meant to do before she did it.

"No... please, don't."

"So you did click on this link yesterday?" she asked, in a sympathetic tone that seemed to indicate I shouldn't feel ashamed of myself—even as she tapped the address and opened the website that yesterday had made me blush almost as hot as I did now.

"No," I said weakly, shaking my head. There he was: the bare-chested, dark-haired man, standing over the girl on her knees. She had on only a tiny pair of panties, and her hands were bound in front of her. He held something stiff in his right hand, a length of black leather he rested on his left palm. The lewd little scene seemed to be taking place in a castle or a dungeon—somewhere with walls of stone on which hung red tapestries.

Seeing the picture again, I felt the same physical reaction that had made me slam my laptop shut the day before. My nipples tingled, stiffening into my bra and between my thighs; inside my jeans, I could feel a mortifying warmth.

To my horror, the mere glimpse of the picture on Joan's tablet—the sight of the man with the strap, of his bare chest—made me squeeze my legs more tightly shut, so that the shameful, delicious sensation would get more intense. I saw Joan's eyes glance down and take in the humiliating little movement, and her lips curled into a slight smile. I wanted to sink through the floor.

"It's alright," Joan repeated now, as my eyes dropped below the table, to where my hands lay in my lap, balled into little fists. "The way your body responds to this image makes you very special, and very important."

I looked up, sharply, feeling my brow crease in puzzlement. "Important?"

"Yes, Tatyana," Joan said. "It means you can help me save the world. Tell me, who pays for this apartment?"

I frowned at the question that seemed so unconnected to anything that had gone before in this bizarre encounter.

"Selecta?" I said. My voice rose, as if the word represented a question, not because I felt any uncertainty about the answer but because I had no idea why Joan had asked the question.

"Do you like Selecta?" she asked, even more oddly. "What do you know about them?"

"I mean..." I said. "They're big. They own the chain I work for, and they subsidize me, so... they're okay? No worse than any other megacorp?"

Joan's face had gotten very serious. "What if I told you that they're much worse than every other megacorp? What if I told you they kidnap girls like you and make them serve as sexual servants to wealthy men?"

My lips parted, but no sound came out. Joan turned the tablet towards herself and tapped a few times, then showed me what she had brought up on the screen. I couldn't suppress a tiny whimper at the image.

A naked girl lay bound hand and foot over some sort of trestle. A man stood over her, wearing a red robe. He held a paddle in his hand. I could tell that he had been punishing the girl, because her bare bottom had gotten so very red.

I didn't even see the little arrow in the middle of the screen that indicated the image was actually a video until Joan tapped it. From her tablet came the sound of a feminine sob.

"This is one of the only clear videos we've been able to obtain from inside what Selecta calls 'the Institute,'" Joan told me.

My heart pounded wildly in my chest.

On the screen, the man put the paddle down on a little table and started to untie the belt of his robe.

"I'm going to fuck you now, Penny," he said. "From now on, here at the Institute, you'll be fucked whenever I or another of your trainers feels like it. You need to learn that your body no longer belongs to—"

Suddenly, on the soundtrack, a horn sounded loudly, and a disembodied, robotic female voice said, "Alert." The video ended.

I couldn't look at Joan. My breath came raggedly between my parted lips.

"They detected our microdrone," she said, "and destroyed it."

I looked down at my hands. Several seconds passed.

Finally, Joan said softly, "Tatyana, you want to help that girl, don't you?"

I didn't answer. I willed the wanton place between my legs to stop getting warmer, my mind to stop picturing the now-vanished image of the man—the trainer, my brain whispered—about to... to do that to the punished girl.

"Yes," I whispered.

"My employers," Joan said, "call themselves the Groupe Synergistique. As you might guess from the name, they're from Europe."

I glanced up, interested. People said that the European nations had avoided the oppressive rule of the megacorps that had taken over the governments of the Americas.

"What does that have to do with me?" I asked as skeptically as I could manage when I really just mostly wanted to get the video out of my head.

"As you can imagine, Tatyana," she replied, turning her tablet back again and starting to tap its screen, "it's all very complicated, but it will help greatly if you read this message we intercepted yesterday morning."

Frowning, I looked at the screen, which Joan turned toward me. I saw a brief message that brought my heart to my throat.

SELECTA CONTROL

AUTHORIZED

Sensor drone, preliminary to pick-up for Institute training.

Grishin, Tatyana. Greenleaf, NJ, Turnbull Ave, 564, Apt 7B.

Me. My address. I tried to breathe, but there didn't seem to be enough air in my apartment.

"I'm sure you want it to be fake," Joan said. "But it's not. They're going to send a sensor drone here tonight, while you sleep."

"What's a sensor drone?" I whispered.

Joan's face grew even more serious. "A microscopic device that plants an even smaller sensor between your legs, Tatyana," she said.

"Between...?" I said weakly, before my voice trailed off.

"Specifically," Joan continued, her voice now hard, "between your vagina and your anus. To measure your sexual responsiveness. To see if they want you for training, so that they can sell you to a wealthy man as a concubine—as they call it."

My breath came raggedly between my parted lips.

"You can't stop it," she said, each word seeming to grow more forceful. "They will figure out just what we figured out, when you clicked on the link in our email. In one month's time, they will pick you up—that is, kidnap you. You are going to end up like the girl in the video, unless I and my Groupe intervene. They like to whip pretty girls like you, and I'm afraid you will probably be punished often."

My face had puckered into a mask of abject horror and I kept shaking my head as Joan delivered this terrifying news. My heart pounded in my chest. For several moments, my lips moved without a sound, until finally I managed to find my voice.

"What can I do?" I whispered.

"You can try to flee," Joan said, her face assuming an expression of resignation, her eyes

telling me how pointless that course of action would be. "Or perhaps you could be even more foolish and go to the police. Remember that you're dealing with a megacorp. They would find you—and they own the police: you would just save Selecta the trouble of kidnapping you. I'd like to help you get away—I really would, but even our resources don't extend so far."

I felt my face crumple, tears coming to the corners of my eyes.

"Or..." she said.

I looked up, to see that Joan's face had a very different, intent look now.

"You can work for us," she said slowly. "You can fight it on the inside."

I closed my eyes for a moment, trying to get control of myself but finding it impossible. The whole world seemed to spin around me.

"Just look at this," I heard Joan say, her tone becoming strangely soothing. She held her tablet up in front of me.

I looked: I couldn't help it.

Something on the tablet flashed, and everything became clear.

CHAPTER 1



Tatyana

The Institute trainer broke into my apartment at 3:33am, earlier than Joan—my Groupe Synergistique handler—had told me my kidnapping would probably occur. Still, the man broke the lock, slid open the window, and climbed into my living room on the night Joan had predicted.

The Institute agent didn't take me completely by surprise, though, even though I expected him at 4am. At 3:30, I had received the encrypted alert on my phone telling me to get ready. The Groupe's drone surveillance, the alert said, had detected the trainer's presence.

I also knew that after that alert I would be on my own, as far as communication with Joan and her bosses went. The secure app that had kept me in touch with her for the past month as she prepared me for the mission that had just begun would now delete itself from my phone without a trace.

The Groupe would follow me as best they could. Joan had assured me their drones had stealth tech that went beyond what they knew of the Institute's detection protocols.

"Still," Joan had warned me, "you need to prepare yourself for the possibility that you're going to have to go it alone and get in touch with us on your own, using the steps you memorized."

As I waited in my bedroom, expertly feigning the relaxed, shallow breathing of sleep, I ran through those steps in my head.

First, accept the training. Resist realistically, but not so as to put yourself in jeopardy.

My brow furrowed as I thought of what it meant: tonight and then, wherever the trainer would take me, for the months I would spend in the Institute's "care"—being prepared for auction to the highest bidder, or sold out of hand to a man who wanted me for the

privilege of taking my virginity.

All my virginities. Deflowering me and using me as he pleased for not less than three months. Exactly as he pleased.

I bit my lip, momentarily losing the rhythm of my breathing. That wouldn't do. Joan had made it clear that Institute trainers could detect feigned sleep very easily unless the feigner had a great deal of skill.

Second, gain their trust. Let them sell you, and serve your owner.

Not less than three months as a fuck toy.

Again my breathing slipped away from me. I needed to go through the steps in my mind because they should calm me down. Joan had taught me to use them as a mantra, so I would never forget them and would always have an inner core of peace and resistance.

The steps had always remained theoretical though, and now I stood on the verge of their becoming real.

Well, lay on that verge, anyway.

I heard him in the living room.

Oh, thank God. Joan had told me the Institute man might make a noise, on purpose, so that I would get up and discover him in my apartment.

"They have several different protocols," she had told me, weeks ago. "We think the one the trainer uses depends on how exactly they've analyzed the girl's psychosexual metadata—and those algorithms are of course the thing we're sending you to acquire for us."

The girl.

The girl was me, now. About to receive the kind of training I had seen being administered to the girl on the video Joan had shown me. About to get what I had seen in the picture of the bare-chested man looming over the nearly naked, kneeling girl—the image and the implied story that had made me slam my laptop shut.

But not before Joan's Groupe had seen me click, and their technical team had confirmed I was the kind of girl in whom Selecta's evil Institute took too great an interest.

Joan and I had run through this scenario, as we had run through six others, from the hand over my mouth to the hood over my head to the deep voice saying, "Wake up, Tatyana."

"Who's there?" I called, making my voice very fearful. It didn't take much effort: my tummy had filled with crawling insects the moment the alert had lit up my phone.

He didn't respond. I hadn't expected him to, but Joan had told me to call out, so as to put the pick-up—as the Institute evidently called kidnapping girls to turn them into sex toys—

on the path least likely to arouse suspicion in my assessment team.

To my annoyance, I had trouble getting over a certain feeling of specialness, knowing that I had an “assessment team.” To have three highly educated psychologists tasked with my sexual awakening, currently—if Joan was to be believed—sitting in a conference room on the other side of the country and watching the video feed from my pick-up... well, how could a girl not feel special under those circumstances?

Yes, I resented the sensor an Institute nanodrone had placed between my vagina and my anus at some point the same day Joan had knocked on my door—but that technological intruder too, whose existence I knew of only through Joan’s revelations, also gave me a certain sense of value. Growing up in the educational facility outside Trenton, New Jersey, experiences of specialness had seemed few and far between.

At the moment, I knew my assessment team had their eyes on my sensor data, evaluating my autonomic responses to the fear sparked by the suspicion someone had come into my apartment, violating the sanctity of my home, such as it was. Not a nice apartment, by any means, but at least girls who made it all the way through the EF system got a modest amount of housing support if they committed to working a service industry job like my own position in laundry.

That was if they turned down the much bigger subsidy offered to some girls, including me, willing to move to the midwest and join the New Modesty program—or, in the case of other girls, to join the armed forces. Still others, ones who got high grades, received offers for further education like law school or business school in exchange for a commitment to a particular megacorp.

I had kept my grades high enough to graduate, and to get housing support. I had assumed I would also get an offer for the military, but to my chagrin I had instead received a very attractive, very glossy mailing from the New Modesty, with an offer of an even more attractive subsidy package. My face hot at the thought of traditional family values and male-led courtship, I had thrown it in the trash.

I got sleepily out of bed, just as Joan had told me to do. I knew what would probably happen when I walked through the door that led from my tiny bedroom to the nearly-as-tiny living room. I knew I needed to do everything I could to make sure I seemed surprised, however, both in mind and in body. Thankfully, the natural tension that came with having the suspicion that someone had broken into my apartment seemed to be taking care of that.

I shouldn’t have worried at all. The moment I stepped into the living room on hesitant feet, opening my mouth as I moved to say, Is someone—, massively strong arms grabbed me from behind. One hand came all the way around my body and locked over both my upper arms in my thin cotton nightshirt. The other found my face, and I felt against my chin that the man had some kind of cloth, like a wash rag or a dishtowel, in his fingers.

If I had had the presence of mind—any presence of mind, really—I would have instructed my mouth and my voice to scream, because Joan had mentioned this part. My in-drawing of breath and the parting of my lips, however, was one hundred percent reflexive and involuntary as my fight/flight response kicked in. I struggled feebly against the enormous, muscular body that had just engulfed mine, pulling me back against him, and the man slid the gag between my lips and past my teeth with no apparent effort at all.

He knows exactly how my body will react. No amount of training—least of all the training Joan gave me with the specific intention of keeping my autonomic reflexes intact—would change that.

Here lay a danger for me though: it could happen all too easily that my knowledge of what would befall me would make my reactions seem suspicious to my Institute kidnapper and the assessment team watching over his shoulder. Joan had told me not to worry too much about that, because submissive young women characteristically reacted with a surprising degree of compliance, but the worry itself, she had acknowledged, could create a problem.

All I had to do, though, she had told me, was forget about her, and the Groupe, and my mission. Indeed, her explanations of what would befall me now, and at the Institute, had dismayed me as much with their vagueness as with the few shameful, frightening details Joan provided. She had to maintain a certain level of ignorance in me, she said, so that I could forget what I knew and respond properly to the humiliating ordeal that awaited me.

“Hello, Tatyana,” my new trainer said into my ear.

I took a desperate, sobbing breath through my nose. My whole body reacted to that deep, growling voice. I realized it had already begun to prove much, much too easy to forget.

“Shh,” the huge man said unnecessarily. “I know you’re frightened, and I’m sorry to say that you have every reason to be frightened, but if you want to avoid real unpleasantness as much as I do, you’ll do exactly as I tell you.”

My tummy leapt with fear. My heart rate had ascended into somewhere in the 180s, I thought. With the mere words real unpleasantness, the trainer had suggested worlds of pain and even of violence that brought my nervous system to its knees.

The worst part of all lay in the way—as I had known would happen but had never quite believed, because I had never actually experienced it before—my body’s reaction included a sexual response like nothing I had ever known. To my horror, my hips bucked against the man’s enormous, hard body, my bottom, clad only in cotton panties and the thin nightshirt, pressing back against his tree-trunk thigh.

No man had ever held me that way. No one at all had really ever held me any way at all, even Joan, who had given me a few hugs along with her lessons in the evils of the megacorps’ control of the world economy.

The man who held me now did much more than. He thrust the hand that had gagged me between my thighs. He took hold of my pussy in my blue cotton panties, and he squeezed roughly.

I let out a muffled cry of fear and discomfort and, worst of all, need. I felt my arousal gush into the thin fabric of my underwear and the blood rushed to my face, making my cheeks feel like they might actually catch fire.

"There we go," growled my trainer into my ear. "See, Tatyana? This doesn't have to be unpleasant at all. If you're a good girl for me, you'll come for the first time before the sun even rises."

Oh God. A voice in my head cursed Joan, for keeping me in the dark about the full details of Institute training, for keeping me as innocent as she could—even as she terrified me with the outline of my fate as a captive sexual servant. The idea that this man knew that I had never had an orgasm shook me deeply on every level. I trembled in his arms as he followed his rough treatment of my pussy with much gentler fondling.

"How do I know?" he murmured teasingly into my ear. "How do I know you never come, even when you play with yourself, sweetheart?"

Two fingers made a circle right over my clit, the place I touched, guiltily, no more than once a week and—just as the deep voice had said—never for very long.

"I know everything, Tatyana. Everything about you and about your little cunt."

I jerked hard against him as he accompanied the awful c-word with his fingers' moving to slide deftly inside my panties, under the elastic around my right thigh. Up and down they moved in the sparse, crisp hair about which I felt such obscure embarrassment.

"I know," my trainer continued, "because there's a man who's going to buy this sweet, hot cunt for his pleasure, and I'm here to get it for him."

CHAPTER 2



Tatyana

I pushed my bottom back against his leg. My face got even hotter, because of the emotion that washed through me at these words—words I had known were coming, and to which I had known I must have an authentic reaction, as if they had taken me by surprise.

Gratitude. I felt grateful toward this Institute fuck. Because he had gagged me, so I didn't have to worry about acting with my voice. I could let my body's helpless arousal, the terrible mingling of fear and shame and need, take its course.

I thought I had understood precisely what Joan and the Groupe had gotten me into when she told me how this early, early morning would unfold, and what would happen afterward. I knew that the Institute planned to sell me, and that this trainer who had come to "pick" me "up"—as if I were a kid at play-practice or something—would inform me of the fact as brutally as possible.

So I had worried that I wouldn't have the ability to manifest the proper shock. If the man holding me in his vise-like grip, with his huge hand inside my panties, using his terrible skill to awaken me in a way I had never felt before, hadn't gagged me... if he hadn't taken away my capacity to say What?! or to use my voice, my words, at all... I would have worried I might give myself away.

I had no worries, now—about that, anyway. I gave a muffled cry as my body shook with the approach of the release I never allowed myself to come so close to, in bed with my own hand down there.

"Oh my," growled the man into my ear. "You're even naughtier than we thought, Tatyana."

He pulled his hand out of my panties, and I let out a whimper through the gag, a desperate plea for more of the obscene, forced attention of his strong fingers.

"No, sweetheart. Not yet. Soon. We need to get your cunt nice and smooth first. You don't get to come until you're ready to start your training, between your legs and your ass-cheeks."

He had moved his right hand to my tummy, underneath the nightshirt. The fingers, slick with my need, felt almost more intimate there, against the less erogenous but still tender skin—as if he meant to tell me he could move them down inside my damp panties anytime he wanted. I mewed through the cloth in my mouth, my back arching desperately against the washboard abs I could feel through his shirt.

I didn't get it, came a wayward semi-rational thought. Joan didn't want me to get it, did she?

Despite what she hadn't told me, the details she said she couldn't supply if the mission was to succeed, I had thought myself basically informed. Joan had told me she represented the forces of good, in a terrible struggle against the forces of evil. She had demonstrated to me that, yes, to my embarrassment, I had the sexual responses for which the Institute looked. I had never understood what I would feel now though, with my kidnapper's hands on me.

The man who had just brought me to the brink of my first orgasm, against my will, who had left me literally panting... panting through the gag he had shoved into my mouth... moaning for release... was the embodiment of the evil I meant to fight, and yet he commanded my body with what felt like the slightest touch.

I had spent a month preparing to steel myself against this moment, preparing to keep my head and to resist, if only in my mind.

And yet I felt all my defiance slipping away. I hadn't understood what it would feel like, to be in the grip of a huge, dominant, masculine presence—to be held like that.

To be told I had a cunt rather than a pussy, let alone a vulva. To be told my cunt belonged to someone else—to whatever dominant man paid the most to fuck it... to deflower it.

"When I take the gag out of your mouth, Tatyana, you may call me Master Trent."

He moved his left hand, the one that had immobilized my shoulders, to my throat. I whimpered, the sound feeling like it came from directly beneath its fingers. My hips jerked.

I didn't know. The thought just kept spinning round and round in my mind. I hadn't known that a man could nearly make me come just by touching my throat that way. My brow creased so deeply it hurt as I felt the absence of Master Trent's fingers. If he would just put them back, just brush against the place where I had that ache... that need I had always somehow thought I could ignore as long as I chose... if he would just touch me lightly there, then maybe I would have the ability to think clearly again.

I didn't know. I didn't know.

The strong fingers caressed my throat. An impulse built in my limbs to try to get away, because Master Trent's grip felt looser on my body than it had a moment before. I might be able to twist away.

I didn't think: I moved, purely on instinct, realizing as I did twist away that Master Trent must have intended that I do that, so that...

So that what? My heart quailed at the very idea, even as my flight reflex kicked in, in real earnest. I did get away from his hands... I had escaped...

I ran for the door. I got two steps toward it, out of the four it would have taken to get hold of the—locked—doorknob. I could see the doorknob in the illumination coming from the tiny kitchen, where I always left the stove light on as a nightlight.

Master Trent grabbed me from behind.

"Naughty," he said, very simply, and started to haul me toward my couch.

I shook my head wildly. Joan had warned me about this part, but I hadn't wanted to listen. This part represented the element of the training I had least wanted to hear about, to be honest. Joan had looked at me with what seemed to me like sympathy in her eyes, when I had said, "Please... we don't have to talk about that." She had said, "Okay, Tatyana. It's going to happen whether you want to talk about it or not. It's part of what they do, and it's part of why they're going to choose you."

Master Trent sat down on the little blue couch. He had no difficulty at all in throwing me across his left knee at the same time.

"Naughty Tatyana," he said, and I cried out through the gag just at the word naughty and the feeling of being over his enormous thigh, with his arm across my back and his hand curled around my waist, holding me down. "You know what happens to naughty girls, don't you?"

A new blaze of heat to my cheeks, and even worse, a surge of warmth between my legs. Yes, I knew—and I could hear in Master Trent's voice that the question had more than its mundane, standard function. He knew that I knew the answer much too well: I could hear it in the way he said don't you. He knew me, and he knew girls like me, as it seemed only an organization with the resources of the Institute could.

I shook my head, though I tried desperately not to, to deny him the satisfaction. Master Trent of course willfully misinterpreted the gesture.

"Oh yes, you do, sweetheart," he said. "I know what you think about when you're touching yourself."

Oh God. I just hadn't expected how it would affect me—all of me—mind, heart, and body.

To have him say it flat out that way. I mewed through the cloth in my mouth, tasting the fabric, clean and a little antiseptic. I felt a strange flash of reassurance, of comfort even, at that taste. The gag wouldn't make me sick, at least. This man might have the intention of turning my nervous system and my libido against me, but he would do it without posing me any danger—whether from microbes or from misdirected force. If he had silenced my cries with antibacterial fabric, surely he wouldn't use his enormous strength to do me permanent harm.

The thought made me sob, my back arching against Master Trent's restraining hand. I struggled to escape, writhing over his knee. He responded to my feeble effort with an easy renewal of his mastery: I kicked, and he put his right leg over the backs of my thighs. I twisted and he gathered up the hem of my t-shirt in a slow, leisurely way, tucking it under the massive forearm that held me down.

I expected him to speak again, to say it—what happens to naughty girls. My skin already crawled with embarrassment at the approaching sound of the word... that word.

He didn't: instead—much, much worse—he did it.

His right hand went inside the waistband of my thin cotton panties. I redoubled my struggles, such as they were, and only received for my muscles' desperate effort the terrible reward of knowing how securely he had positioned me for my first experience of... of old-fashioned discipline. The feedback of the tension in my limbs sent a mortifying shock of heat racing through my body, centered in the place that, to my abject humiliation, lay right over Master Trent's thigh.

He pressed down harder with his left arm, pressed that place more firmly down onto his leg. He pulled my panties down.

I cried out through the gag. My training master... he had pulled my panties down, bared my bottom. My body gave one final shudder at the sensation of the air on my bare skin, of the tangle of fabric now at mid-thigh, at the knowledge that Master Trent could see my little bottom, lit from the stove light in the kitchen.

I still haven't laid eyes on him, I thought, feeling my breath come ragged through my nostrils. I haven't seen him, and he's about to...

His right hand came down, hard, right in the center of my backside, across both cheeks and low down so that to my distress, I felt it in front too. Of course I did: Master Trent knew how to do his awful, evil job.

I let out a muffled yelp. For a split second I supposed he would pause, at least. He would evaluate my response, let me think about the fact that I had just received the first actual spank of my life. For that instant, the pain began to build the way I had known it would but had never experienced. I felt my body tense, and my eyes began to water. I wouldn't give in, obviously: not after the first spank.

It didn't even hurt that much, I thought with mild surprise.

But Master Trent made it clear immediately that he had no intention of pausing to evaluate. My thoughts on the subject had less than a second to form, before that idea of the situation exploded with the second spank, which still didn't hurt that much...

Until the pain from the second one built to join the pain from the first.

Until the third one added itself to the horrible mixture, and they were all coming too hard and fast to count. The tears sprang to my eyes and though I had supposed my body exhausted, I started to struggle again, reflexively and without any real defiance. I cried out through the gag, and then I screamed through it, because Master Trent—the man sent to take me to the place where they would train me to have my body used as a wealthy man's plaything—clearly meant to teach me a lesson I would never forget.

His hand moved up and down and side to side, and just kept coming down, as his leg shifted slightly under me with each movement of his right arm, each preparation to renew the terrible punishment. My bottom-cheeks already felt like he had set them ablaze with burning coals. Every time I felt the slight shift of his weight on my couch—my couch, which I had actually bought with own money, secondhand—my heart quailed a little more. Master Trent meant to punish me... really punish me...

My body relaxed, and I sobbed over his knee. He kept spanking me, though he slowed the cadence. My head jerked up a little with each blow.

He still hadn't said anything at all since the beginning... since pulling down my panties. Now I didn't feel him shift his weight the same way, and a humiliating whimper of gratitude rose in my chest.

Master Trent rested his right hand on my bottom.

"Naughty girls get spanked, sweetheart. But before it happened to you, I don't think you really understood what that meant."

CHAPTER 3



Tatyana

No, I hadn't understood.

It meant a strong man's firm hands on me. Keeping me in place, holding me over his knee.

Taking my panties down. Spanking my bare bottom.

It meant not having a choice: knowing Master Trent's hand would come down over and over, until he decided I had enough.

It meant learning a lesson the old-fashioned way, the way so old and traditional it felt hardwired into my body and worse, into the part of my body that I had spent so long trying to pretend didn't matter.

I heaved another sob over Master Trent's knee, my face burning to match the blazing pain in my backside.

Under his firm hand. My bare bottom.

He rubbed there, squeezed very gently, drawing a whimper from my throat as my back arched under his other arm. I had never felt so controlled, but the worst part was that I had never imagined how strong a compulsion I would have to... to... give in to it.

"Shh... Tatyana," Master Trent murmured. "Shh."

Joan... I had thought that Joan, and her Groupe, had taken control of me. She had said it, had told me that she would take charge of me. She had called me a precious resource, had said I would learn to use my potential, had even predicted that with her as my handler I would become an important figure in the battle for the future.

Master Trent shifted his right leg, relieving the restraint there a little. I felt him change the angle of his hand on my thoroughly punished bottom. Two fingertips pressed further

down, without force but firmly enough to make me completely conscious of the heat there.

I gasped, the breath catching in my throat as I gathered air around the cloth gag in my mouth. I swallowed hard. The fingers fondled gently.

My body did it; I had no control of my own, it seemed. My knees parted and a low moan emerged from my chest, muffled by the fabric with which my master had silenced me.

"There we go," he said softly. "Your cunt knows what you need, sweetheart, doesn't it?"

Oh God. I gave a muffled sob as my hips jerked over his knee. I couldn't help it—I pushed back with my lower half, desperately inviting the fingers to move deeper, to help soothe the burning pain from the spanking and give the release I had never imagined I could need so badly.

Master Trent moved his hand up and away to hold my right bottom-cheek and squeeze it a little more forcefully than he had done before. I cried out in discomfort and frustration.

"It'll be a while though, Tatyana," he said, matter-of-factly. "We have some other things to take care of, to get your training started properly."

I made a questioning sound in my throat, a rising noise that made a wordless plea for more information.

Master Trent moved his hand to my other bottom-cheek, and held me there too, as if asserting his full possession of the places between my waist and my knees.

"Yes, Tatyana," he said. "Your training. I'll start it here. We'll housebreak you, in some important ways, and get you ready for your trip to the Institute. Once you're there, you'll learn much, much more about how to serve the man who's lucky enough to buy you for his bed."

He accompanied these words with a teasing movement of his hand on my bottom, up and down and round and round the place where I longed so shamefully to have his fingers renew their caress. I whimpered at each movement, glad that I had no need to fake my response to hearing information that—as frightening as it was—I had already known.

"We'll go ahead and get started," Master Trent continued. "You're going to kneel in front of me, and we're going to come to an understanding about your mouth."

That drew a cry of alarm and humiliation from me. I hadn't expected how deeply the shame would affect me: my training master's simple words, despite having nothing inherently obscene in them, sent a jolt of hot embarrassment through my whole body—the mortification only growing as I felt myself clench between my thighs at the idea, the picture of what my master must mean.

He dumped me off his knee. Then, without ceremony, he pushed me onto the floor so

that I had to scramble to keep any kind of balance and avoid simply landing painfully on the cheap rag rug with which I had covered my living room floor. I ended up on my hands and knees, with my head hanging down.

"Don't even think about taking your gag out," Master Trent said. "Unless you want to learn what the punishment strap feels like on top of a spanking. I'll take it out when you show me we've come to that understanding I mentioned. Kneel and look at me."

I still had the urge to reach up and pull out the cloth from between my lips. The remaining rational part of my mind knew how insane I would have to be: he would absolutely have the gag back in my mouth within seconds, before I could make any significant noise, and then he could whip me at his leisure for my disobedience.

The twinge from my terribly sore backside stopped me from trying that, but I also didn't move to change my posture. I remained where I was, looking at his feet, noticing that he wore combat boots. For reasons I didn't understand at all, that made my heart beat faster with alarm. Something about the blackness of them, about the strength of the laces even, said that though I had thought myself prepared to take him on, from a mental standpoint, I had another thing coming.

Without warning I felt his hand on my neck, his fingers twining in my dark hair, turning my face upward to meet his brown eyes' intent, severe gaze.

Oh my God, he's so handsome, I thought, to my dismay. Bearded, chiseled, dark haired, some of his chest hair showing under his black long-sleeved t-shirt. He must have removed a ninja-esque hood when he had come in through my window, because his slightly curled brown hair looked tousled.

"You're going to learn to obey me a great deal more quickly," Master Trent growled. He dragged me to my knees with the simple strength of his hand, my cry of pain at the pulling of my hair coming out as a muffled sob.

He hauled my head back as my hands flailed in the air, coming into feeble contact with his enormous legs. I closed my eyes as tightly as I could, defiance suddenly flowing back into me in response to this asshole's violence and directed my will into my arms. I lifted my hands, opened my eyes and tried to hit him right in that handsome face.

Master Trent laughed. I'm not sure anything else could have deflated me so rapidly and so thoroughly. He had a smile on his face, and it didn't go away when my right hand, balled into a fist, hit him on his bearded jaw.

He twined his fingers more deeply in my hair and pulled more forcefully. I yelped through the gag.

"Hands behind you, sweetheart," he said, his tone, to my horror, seeming only to grow more good-natured, as if I had made an amusing move in some game we were playing—as if I had come up with a chess position he had never seen before, and found

interesting. No doubt could exist who would win the game, but at least he had started to have fun defeating me.

I tried to hit him again, but this time his face suddenly disappeared from the location where my fist went. At the same moment, his own left hand came up, and slapped me across my own face with a resounding crack. Tears sprang to my mind—not really of pain, but so much more, of humiliation. He hadn't even slapped me hard; he had done it simply to show he could, and to put me in my place.

I gasped.

Master Trent slapped me again, the very same way, and I cried out as the repetition did begin to hurt.

"Hands behind you, Tatyana," he said. "Now."

He slapped my cheek again.

I begged through the gag, trying to say No, trying to say Please.

Another slap. My eyes had fixed on his, my breath coming so rapidly through my nostrils that I started to feel faint. Down below, arousal, mortifying need, seemed to flow in my virgin pussy, surging shamefully at my new master's degradation. I shook my head desperately.

Master Trent slapped me again, harder this time. He still had that awful smile on his face. The tears had started to flow down my hot cheeks.

Of their own accord, it seemed, my hands descended to my sides and went behind my back, right taking hold of left as I finally obeyed my trainer.

"There we go," Master Trent said. "No, sweetheart, don't close your eyes."

Oh no, please don't...

But, because I had closed my eyes when my master had told me to keep them open, he did. My master slapped me again, even as my eyes had already begun to open in reflexive obedience.

Something in the back of my mind stirred—something created by the knowledge that I had been recruited by Master Trent's enemies, or at least his employers' enemies. I still had an observer in my head, there because I had chosen to undergo this ordeal rather than attempt to flee, as foolish and ignorant as the choice now seemed. That voice commented, almost calmly, that my trainer had probably noted my opening eyes and had slapped me anyway.

At one and the same time, with a shudder of helpless arousal, I saw his cruelty and I acknowledged its terrible effect on me. The slaps didn't hurt abominably. My cheek smarted a good deal, yes, but I could feel the steely control in Master Trent's hand as he

brought it across my face. But I would do anything to keep him from doing it again—and my master knew it.

And he had slapped me anyway, because... because he wants me to understand...

As if he could read my mind, he said in a much softer voice, looking into my eyes, now that I had opened them so very wide, "You're going to learn, Tatyana. You're going to learn that you belong to the man who has paid for your training. That means that I'll do whatever I want to your sweet young body, if I think it will help you be a better, more obedient fuck toy."

I sobbed from deep in my chest. The cloth in my mouth seemed like a part of the lesson, like an expression of Master Trent's words. I worked my tongue against it, feeling suddenly that I needed the confirmation it gave of my forced submission. Master Trent's eyes crinkled at the edges as he moved the hand with which he had slapped my face so many times over a bit and used his thumb to press the gag back into place.

"That's right, sweetheart," he said in the same soft tone. "It's time to think about your mouth. From now on, you're going to speak only when spoken to. And of course, you're not going to make any loud noises unless I'm punishing you—or, if you're a very good girl, allowing you pleasure."

As he spoke, his thumb moved over my lips, rubbing a circle around the cloth that emerged from between them. I breathed in little gasps through my nose, as with every movement of that thumb my hips jerked, my back and the top of my still-burning bottom moving humiliatingly against my hands, clasped behind me in obedience to my trainer.

My panties, a mere tangle of fabric around my thighs, constricted my movements just enough to make me much too aware of how Master Trent had pulled them down to spank me.

"I want you to nod if you think you can follow those rules, Tatyana," he murmured.

CHAPTER 4



Trent

I felt Tatyana's head move in assent. For a moment I debated, internally, giving her another slap across the face, just because she had decided to try to infiltrate the Institute.

I took hold of the antimicrobial cloth I had gagged her with instead and started to tug it out of her mouth. Tatyana hadn't really chosen to serve the Groupe Synergistique, after all. Their manipulation of her and the other girls they had recruited constituted coercion, in my own view as well as that of my higher-ups at the Institute.

Ironic, really, considering that Tatyana was currently experiencing her training at my hands as coercion. To help her progress into the happy, sexually fulfilled girl her DNA had meant her to be, I had to bring her, over and over, to the mental and emotional place I called—privately, anyway—the no-choice point.

I think the assessors called it *aporia*. They always talked too fancy for me—and I was no dumb jock, despite my impressive forty split and bench press. Yes, I understood what *aporia* meant: confusion, perplexity. It was from Plato and Socrates and that ancient stuff. Sometimes I rolled my eyes at the things the higher-ups talked about, but I couldn't deny that they knew their jobs.

Tatyana Stevens had reached a no-choice point, and I had slapped her an extra time to emphasize it in her memory. Her training had begun in earnest, and nothing her Groupe recruiter had tried to do, none of the post-hypnotic suggestions they had planted, could stop me from advancing Tatyana's happiness, and the Institute's eventual profit on her sale at auction.

Still, I had more to think about than I would have with an ordinary pick-up. Tatyana had no idea that her Groupe recruiter had hypnotized her, no idea what she carried around in the back of her mind, ready to go off in the right circumstances. If the Institute, and our

Pretorian Guard allies, really did represent the force for evil as which the recruiter had undoubtedly portrayed us, we would just have taken Tatyana out of the picture.

Instead, I would defuse her with the help of her assessment team, and in the process—hopefully—further the cause of the real good guys. She believed she had been utterly persuaded by the recruiter, that she trusted the Groupe completely. That represented their most standard baseline tactic. It would take a lot of work, and careful handling, to bring back her real memories of the way the recruiter had manipulated her into that false emotion.

“Nine,” said Nora in my ear through the comm implanted in my jawbone. “And falling.”

Of course Tatyana’s sexual arousal had started to fall: to have her mouth free presented her with a terrible dilemma, the first such choice I had given her. She had come to a no-choice point, and I had rewarded her with a decision to make—would she in fact obey, as she had promised a moment before?

Did her compulsion to give in, with the prospect of a kind of pleasure she had never even allowed herself to imagine as a reward, outweigh her need for dominance?

I held her head still and looked into her eyes as I removed the gag completely. Her brow crinkled adorably, and I felt the familiar tug of the affection I’d nearly always felt for the girls I’d trained. Tatyana had a good heart, or she never would have fallen for her Groupe recruiter’s line about saving the world by allowing herself to serve as a bed girl. The innocence in her eyes at this moment, despite her intent to help destroy everything I stood for, brought a pang of kindling affection to my heart.

Tentatively she stuck out her tongue, used it to refamiliarize herself with the mouth I had taken away from her control with my gag. I watched her decide not to try to scream and gave her five seconds to realize she had made that decision.

“Eight,” Nora told me. Then, “Nine.”

“Good girl,” I said, smiling at Tatyana, luxuriating for a moment in the sight of her prettiness, her black hair and blue eyes and lovely face, oval with just enough Slavic sharpness in her cheekbones to make her fascinating. Her eyes went wide and she closed her mouth, swallowing hard.

“Ten,” I heard in my ear.

“As I said, sweetheart,” I told her, “we’re going to come to an understanding about your mouth. I freed it so I could use it for my pleasure.”

* * *

Tatyana

Master Trent's left hand went to his belt buckle.

No, not this part. Not yet.

My eyes went wide and I panted through my mouth. My lips and tongue felt so strange, so different, after the gag had held my teeth open for so many terrible minutes—through my first spanking and the kneeling and the slaps across my face.

And now...

I heard a whimpering emerge from my chest, a faint sound of helpless, thoroughly mingled emotion and bodily sensation that Master Trent had produced with his words and his actions. My cheeks burned—all of them, my ass-cheeks and my face's cheeks—from the pain of what my trainer had done, and the shame of what he had begun to do.

The belt buckle came undone: Master Trent's skill at unfastening it with his left hand alone, then unzipping his fly the same way, without apparent effort, made me swallow hard, then bite my lip.

"Keep that mouth open," he growled, his voice changing suddenly from the gentle murmur to a much stricter tone.

It made my jaw drop, as if my trainer had a direct line to my nervous system, and I had no control. At the same time, I felt a flash of heat from all the places he had punished me for my disobedience, as my body seemed to give the explanation for my instinctive obedience at the same time it carried out Master Trent's command.

I had a choice. Yes, I had a choice.

And I had a choice a moment ago, about whether to nod, whether to tell him I wouldn't scream. But it didn't feel that way.

It had felt, rather, like I had no choice at all.

I struggled to remember something Joan had told me... something that I knew she had said about exactly what was going on in my mind...

My heart sped up as I searched for it in my brain, demanding of the tiny remaining bit of logic there that it find Joan's words. My mind wouldn't work. In front of my eyes, Master Trent had started to reach into the black boxer briefs he had exposed. I let out a little moan, feeling his hand in my hair, holding my face in place so that I couldn't look away from the shameful thing my trainer would show me now. My hips jerked with mortifying arousal and anticipation of the degrading thing Master Trent would make me do.

Worst of all, my mouth watered.

But... the rational voice pleaded. But I don't want it. Joan told me about having no choice. What did she say?

I couldn't remember. My body... my rapidly beating heart... my tingling nipples... my aching clit... my empty pussy... I felt them taking charge of my thoughts, and I didn't want to think about anything except what I could see as Master Trent pulled his hard penis from his boxer briefs.

I had never seen one before. I guess that's not easy in the modern world, but something, back before I can remember, probably, and maybe even in my DNA, had made me blush—from my earliest life all the way until this degrading moment—every time even the topic of nudity came up in conversation.

So at age eighteen, in health class at the educational facility, of course, the problem had only gotten worse. If I got embarrassed when a character took off her clothes in a book, I became absolutely mortified when the teacher put the pictures of the naked man and woman on the screen. I pretended to look, but instead of looking where I knew my classmates must be—between their legs—I looked at their feet.

At his feet... his big, hairy feet.

The memory, coming up into my mind, made me sob, because along with it had come the bodily memory of what had happened between my own legs when I had looked at those feet, and then at the naked man's hands—also big and hairy—and had thought about what a strong man might do with his hands, if a girl disobeyed him.

I had a strong man's hand in my hair, holding my head in place, making me look as his other hand—big, strong, and furred with dark hair on the backs of its knuckles—pulled out the thing I had refused to look at in health class.

I bit my lip and whimpered through my nose.

Too big. Too long, and too thick.

Too hard.

I swallowed desperately. I had drowned out practically everything the teacher had said in health class about sexual wellness, with an interior monologue about how I would wait until I felt ready to find out those things. She had insisted so many times though, that sexual acts between consenting adults could not be wrong unless they harmed someone, that my rational mind kept repeating it now—even as another voice inside my head murmured, no choice... no choice... no choice.

I heard another whimper emerge from my throat. My breath puffed out through my nose with the sound. I closed my eyes, knowing just what would happen—and it did happen.

"No, Tatyana," Master Trent growled. "Open your eyes. And then open your mouth. I'm going to fuck your face."

"Oh God," I gasped. "Please."

In my mind's eye, behind my closed lids, I could still see his enormous cock, jutting up from his lap, only two or three inches from my face. I could feel the warmth of that warmest part of him, radiating against my already hot face.

"Please, what?" Master Trent said, his voice softer.

The words came out without me even thinking about them.

"Please, master?" I begged, suddenly hopeful he might have pity on me. "Please... don't make me?"

No choice. No choice. The memory stirred again at the back of my mind.

My trainer spoke again, his voice still the quiet, understanding one. "You don't have any choice, sweetheart," he said. "You need to learn that as soon as you can, or your backside is going to pay for it again and again. I'd rather not whip you right now, but I will if I have to."

At the sound of the word—the short, sharp sound—I shuddered violently. I felt Master Trent's grip on my hair tighten, and the pulling became painful, so forceful was the tremor that went through my whole body when he said whip.

The memory came back. Joan, in this same room, sitting at my kitchen table, holding her tablet. Me, across from her on the other of the two hard wooden chairs I had found on the street with a FREE sign hanging from its back.

Why had it seemed so difficult to remember the moment? Joan's words emerged from my memory all at once, as my forehead creased in desperate agitation, my eyes trying to stay closed even though Master Trent had just told me he would... he would...

"They'll whip you very often, Tatyana. They like to whip pretty girls like you."

My body remembered how it had felt when Joan had said that. I shuddered again, even more violently. Terrible, humiliating, degrading need radiated out from my pussy, through my hips. My mouth opened and, with the hottest blush I had ever felt, my eyes did too, and—worst of all—I put out my tongue.

"That's it," Master Trent murmured. "Good girl. I'll be nice and gentle, to start out with."

I saw his penis. He held it in his left hand and he pumped it slowly, up and down, his fingers moving along the length of the shaft as if telling me how to treat my master's hardness so that he felt the pleasure a man deserves.

"You'll have no choice, Tatyana," Joan, the woman I trusted, said in my memory. "You'll be whipped if you don't do what they tell you to do, no matter how embarrassing or uncomfortable. You'll be a man's fuck toy. You have no choice."

Joan, the woman I trust. But not the man whose cock I willingly tasted as he bent my head to receive him between my lips. Not the man who began to thrust his hips upward

as he held my mouth in place. Not the man who started, with a soft grunt of pleasure that sent a wave of need through my body, to fuck my face.

No choice.

CHAPTER 5



Tatyana

Master Trent used my mouth gently, just as he had said he would. Holding my head down, so that all I could see was his lap, he steadied his huge erection in his left hand and lifted his hips from the couch just a few inches. He moved with a slow, steady rhythm, so that his hardness entered me just far enough to press against my tongue with a little firmness each time.

With each degrading thrust I felt I might gag, but I never did. My training master knew how to teach a young woman, it seemed, to perform this shameful duty. He knew how to put a girl on her knees in front of him, and how to make her serve his rigid cock's pleasure.

How to turn a virgin's mouth into a pussy. How to turn a girl into a cocksucker.

I whimpered around the moving shaft as Master Trent pressed a little deeper into my mouth, almost to the back. He filled me there, making my eyes water and my knees bounce down below as the humiliation of it sent a jolt through my hips.

"That's it," he murmured. "Good girl."

Both his hands went to the back of my head, and for a moment he held me down with his hardness deep inside, between my lips and over my tongue. I let out a muffled, panicked cry around the thick shaft, sure I would gag. Master Trent pulled my mouth off before it happened though, as I sobbed, eyes watering copiously between my closed lids.

He left the big head of his penis in my mouth and held me still again. His left hand left my head, and it must have gone back to his cock, because he moved it in my mouth, side to side, up and down, rubbing the knob against my lips and the inside of my cheeks. I let out a tiny sob at the abject humiliation of the act, the feeling of having the part of me that should be able to plead for mercy used as a mere device for my master's enjoyment with his penis.

"Open your eyes and look at me," he commanded, his voice turning a little gruffer and more severe.

That brought another sob from my chest. If the sensation of the cockhead moving in my cheeks had seemed degrading, the idea that I would have to obey this command struck me as much worse: to look my trainer in the eyes while his hardness filled my mouth seemed like a shameful acknowledgment that I had indeed become only a fuck toy.

Still a virgin, and yet already a bed girl. My bottom squirmed at the mortifying surge of hot arousal the thought raised between my thighs.

Master Trent might save my pussy and my bottom for later, but from now on he would use my mouth just as he pleased—as often and as thoroughly as his hard cock demanded for its lewd satisfaction.

The words floated up from my memory—my body's memory, somehow, rather than my mind's: no choice.

Did I have to open my eyes? Did I have to look up into the dark gaze of the man who had taken me captive, who had spanked me over his knee, then made me kneel and take his hard cock into my mouth?

My hips jerked and I felt the soreness Master Trent had left in my bottom, to teach me obedience. The cheek that held his penis' head burned from his slaps.

He'll whip me. Just like Joan had said, I knew this man would whip my bottom until I did exactly as he told me.

I whimpered around his cock as I opened my eyes, turning them upward to meet his. Master Trent smiled. He moved his hardness in my mouth, playfully. A wave of shame and arousal so strong that it made me feel faint traveled outward from my pussy through my whole body.

"Yes, Tatyana," my trainer murmured. "Just like that."

He didn't tell me not to close my eyes or look away—not to look down, even, submissively lowering my gaze so as not to offend the man who would punish me for disrespect or disobedience. He didn't have to: I knew, somehow, with absolute certainty, that I would get a whipping for breaking the degrading eye contact. My fear of feeling the strap across my bottom sent a shudder through my limbs at this slightest hint of the notion, welling up in my mind.

His right hand tightened in my hair and he pressed my face down again, more firmly than he had yet done since he had started to use my mouth. I gave a sobbing cry around the shaft that filled me, made my jaw ache, as I watched Master Trent's smile broaden.

"Just like that," he repeated. "Now I'm going to teach you a little more. Lower those eyes for me. From now on you may not look your master in the eye without permission."

I felt my forehead crease hard. Looking into the face of the man who had his cock in my mouth had seemed so shameful a moment before. Not being allowed to do it suddenly seemed even more humiliating. A new tingle, a new ache of arousal made my hips tremble so that again I felt the lingering discomfort of the spanking in my bottom-cheeks, again I imagined the whipping I would get for disobedience, again I understood I had no choice.

Master Trent held his huge, hard cock in his left hand, his fist low down on the rigid shaft. He forced my mouth down until my nose pressed against that big, strong hand and then he lifted my face off his lap again. He pulled me up until only the head of his penis remained in my mouth and then he swiftly drove me back onto his hardness, thrusting his hips upward at the same time.

I understood, and my understanding brought a little cry of shame around the enormous, surging manhood in my mouth. My trainer had decided to teach me how to receive a real face-fucking. He had placed his hand precisely so that I wouldn't gag, though I felt I might with every rapid thrust. I heard a new sound, a rhythmic, wet, chucking sound coming from my mouth, from the receptacle Master Trent used for his pleasure.

Behind my back I twisted my hands together. The sudden urge to move them forward, around my hips, to touch my pussy and assuage the heat and the ache my master had awakened with his terrible humiliation, with his thrusting cock, nearly overcame a new twinge of fear for my backside if I disobeyed.

"Yes, sweetheart. You want to touch yourself, don't you? And you know I'll get the strap out of my bag if you do."

Oh God.

"You know I'll put you over the arm of the couch. You know I'll whip you until you can't walk comfortably for a week."

My whole body bucked at his words, my back arching. Master Trent kept moving my mouth on his hardness, so that my nose came up against his hand, over and over. I felt his penis grow, it seemed to me, even harder and bigger.

Deep in his throat my trainer gave a grunt of satisfaction.

"Good girl. I'm going to come very soon."

I shuddered. No. He... he can't.

I had never come. How could this evil man... how could he just say he would... he would do that?

"I'm not going to come in your mouth this time, Tatyana," he growled, his voice thick with his arousal.

With each driving entry of his hardness into my mouth I whimpered. What did it mean? What would he do?

His rhythm got faster, his left hand moving a little further down the shaft so that I had to take more of him. With a hot surge of blood to my cheeks I realized that yes, indeed, I had begun to learn.

I'm learning to suck the cock. To give head. My pussy clenched and I cried out, my eyes closing.

"Eyes up," Master Trent commanded in a voice that sounded like the urgent warning noise an animal might make before attacking.

At the same moment he pulled my face up and held it in place, pumping his hardness in his other hand. The shaft glistened with wetness from my mouth, the moisture lubricating my master's cock for the enjoyment his own hand could give. His eyes had narrowed, his face grown frighteningly severe, hard and arrogant.

I cried out as the white seed spurted, suddenly, from his penis onto my face. Sternly he held my head there as I tried to twist away. The hot, viscous fluid landed on my cheek, my chin, my forehead. My tongue circled my lips: my whole mouth felt even stranger than it had when Master Trent had pulled the gag from it.

"There, Tatyana. There you go," he said. "So pretty with your master's come on your face."

I took my lower lip between my teeth, feeling my forehead crease deeply. My eyes couldn't look away from the huge erection my trainer kept pumping gently. I let out a little sob of shame and arousal as Master Trent brought my head down a half an inch further, so he could rub more of his semen across my cheek.

"Good girl," he murmured. The phrase seemed to travel through me, from my ears to my brain to my pussy. I chewed harder on my lip, trying not to emit yet another whimper. I closed my eyes so that I wouldn't have to look at my master's hard cock.

I tried to think of Joan, but the picture of her in my mind seemed to fade further away the more I reached for it. Why had I said I would do this, would wait for a man to come and kidnap me, take me into sexual servitude, instead of going to the police? My brow furrowed even harder as I tried to remember—the details strangely eluding me.

Master Trent seemed content to let me keep my eyes closed as he rubbed the tip of his penis over my lips, a deep growling noise of satisfaction rumbling in his chest. I had the sudden impression he wanted me to think about what he had just made me do, about the choices I had made when I had had no choice.

He doesn't know the half of it... the smallest part of it, I thought. I felt a little thrill, a tiny swelling of a strange pride in my secret mission. Was that why I had told Joan I would do what her bosses wanted? It must be, I realized with growing certainty: I would save the

world as Joan's Groupe had asked me to do.

I would deceive this Master Trent into thinking he had begun to train me, that his techniques were working. The feeling that this huge man understood me, that by dominating me, taking me, selling me he would give me what I needed—hadn't Joan said I would feel that, and that I must remain careful not to let it take hold?

"Kiss the cock," Master Trent growled. "Show me you're learning."

Oh God. My lips pursed automatically. My mouth watered, and I opened my eyes involuntarily, wanting suddenly to see the manhood that had just taken its pleasure between my lips and left Master Trent's essence all over my face.

I planted a little kiss on the head of my master's still hard penis, feeling his come besmirch my lips. My cheeks burned, and I ached down below.

Inside my head, my reason seemed to come back into command. You're fooling him. Good job.

"Alright, sweetheart," Master Trent said. "Let's get you cleaned up, and get you nice and smooth between your legs, the way a bed girl should be."

Behind my back, my arms had started to ache with their enforced position. When Master Trent put his hands on my upper arms and pulled them apart and downward so that I ended up on my hands and knees in front of him, I couldn't help the whimper of relief that emerged from my throat.

"You may crawl to the bathroom, Tatyana," he said.

CHAPTER 6



Tatyana

Instinctively, I rose to my knees and reached for my panties, to pull them up.

"No," Master Trent said. "Leave those where they are."

He stood up from the couch, looming over me. His left hand reached down and across his body, and he took hold of my right shoulder, to turn me toward the bathroom door. I gave a sharp cry as he stooped and I felt his right hand on my bottom, then further down between my legs.

He held me there, firmly and possessively, and he made me bend over with his other hand on my neck, until I was again on hands and knees, my panties still in a tangle at mid-thigh. He squeezed my pussy hard, and I let out another cry, need and discomfort blended together in a terrible mixture.

The hand between my thighs left me, and as it departed I felt how wet I had gotten Master Trent's probing fingers. I trembled as I felt his hands roll up my t-shirt all the way to my armpits.

"Get going," he told me. "I'm right behind you, watching that little bottom. I want to enjoy the sight of your ass and your pussy myself, as long as I'm in charge of them—and I want you to think about what a sweet ride the man who buys you is going to have the first time he takes your cunt and your anus."

I felt my face twist as a wave of shame washed over me, so great I thought I might swoon, paradoxically like the heroine of one of the Victorian romances I considered my guilty pleasure. The knowledge that Master Trent must know from my online history both that I read those books, and that the copies I read came from pirate websites, made me obey him at least as far as getting going was concerned: I started to crawl toward the bathroom as fast as I could.

I tried not to think about what he had just said, about how my trainer must be watching my bottom, looking between my thighs at my dark-furred pussy, even glimpsing between the little cheeks he had spanked the dimple of my bottom-hole. I couldn't. When I thought of my pussy, of how Master Trent had called it the c-word and how he had ordered that my panties remain around my thighs, I remembered why he had sent me toward the bathroom.

He meant to bare me, down there. He meant to take away my grown-up hair. Even as I shuddered at the idea, remembering the hot mortification that had filled me when I had noticed on that website I had clicked to in a moment of madness, that the girl in the pictures didn't have hair down there. That someone had made her shave it—or had shaved her.

I felt irrationally desperate to reach the bathroom, where a nightlight lit up the white tile of the floor. The instinctive, ingrained impression that I might have privacy there filled my thoughts despite my knowledge that it couldn't work that way. I heard Master Trent chuckle behind me at the speed with which I tried to crawl away from his lascivious gaze, and it made my cheeks blaze with heat so that I became newly aware of the semen he had spurted onto my face.

I sucked his cock. I made him come.

My hands reached the cool tile, leaving the wood of the hall floor—not nice hardwood, of course, but boards that might have been nice twenty years before, when my neighborhood had gentrified right before the first collapse. I felt a strange, unwelcome pride at the way my mouth felt different, a little swollen and a little achy because of what Master Trent had done, how he had used me for his pleasure, and the way I now bore the lewd evidence on my face of the enjoyment my master had found inside my body.

The troubling emotion propelled me further into the bathroom, with the wild thought that I could close the door and lock it, and then... surely if Master Trent broke the door down, it would make so much noise that someone in an adjoining apartment would call 911. The walls of the building were thin, and one slightly positive thing about the corporate laws and the society they had created was that there were a lot of private security guards ready to swarm any disturbance.

These wayward thoughts swirled in my mind, and my fingers scrabbled at the cool tile. I started to turn, already reaching for the edge of the door.

Master Trent's hands seized me with lightning quickness. His chuckle, a moment before, had sounded a yard away. I had pictured him standing there watching me, enjoying the sight of my bare bottom, but now as if by terrible magic he stood directly over me.

His left hand, under my t-shirt, pressed firmly on my bare back, while his right hand again took hold of my pussy, his thumb coming between my bottom-cheeks and making me cry out with the sudden pressure on the tiny ring there.

"Naughty," he growled. "I know what you meant to do, sweetheart. You need little reminders, don't you, to make sure you remember to obey your master?"

I thought for a moment he would get the strap, and I let out a little whimper of fear from the mouth that Master Trent had lowered to within an inch of the floor. Then the whimper became a moan: he had pushed two fingers inside the warm sheath of my vagina. My face burned as he gathered the wetness he found and spread it backward, smeared it on my anus.

Oh no. I had a sudden awful inkling of what sort of reminder my trainer would give me. I gave a cry of protest.

Master Trent's thumb pushed inside the cringing dimple of my bottom-hole.

My back arched as I tried to rear back against the hand that pressed me toward the floor.

"On your elbows, Tatyana," he said. "Cheek against the floor. Push your bottom up and out. Take my thumb and show me you know how to behave."

A faint, falling cry came from my lips as my body obeyed him. I went down onto my forearms. I sobbed at the cold of the tile against my cheek as Master Trent pushed deeper into my most private place. His middle fingers fondled the folds of my pussy, further down, their tips rubbing so gently and tantalizingly against the hood of my clit that I felt my virgin sheath clench with need.

My bottom, despite the shame that seemed to flow through me with every beat of my heart, pressed further back, surged against my master's hand. The thumb went deeper, and I moaned desperately, begging for more despite the abject degradation of my posture, of the noises Master Trent drew from me, of the idea of being at his mercy on my bathroom floor.

"There we go," his voice said, its tone satisfied as the words seemed to float down from far above me. His left hand pressed down a little harder, and his right worked me, between my legs and between my bottom cheeks, for a moment longer. With a shudder I realized I would come in just a few seconds, if he...

Master Trent took his right hand away. I cried out in frustration, my face burning hot against the tile. I tried to conjure up the memory of Joan again, and I found it, a picture of the woman from what she had called the Groupe Synergistique sitting in my living room. telling me that they would whip me.

I felt my face crumple. You didn't tell me he would put his thumb in my ass.

My trainer's left hand still held me down, but gradually he began to ease the pressure. As he did, the fingers rubbed a circle on the skin of my back, underneath my t-shirt, and Master Trent spoke to me in a quiet voice—but with a tone full of authority and even of menace.

"We're going to get you undressed, Tatyana," he said. "Then we'll get you into the tub. I'm going to use a safety razor to shave your cunt—"

I shook involuntarily, a noise of protest coming from my throat, and Master Trent pressed harder on my back to keep me in place.

"You should get used to having your master talk about your cunt, sweetheart," he said. "It belongs to me now, and it will belong to the man who buys you, soon. We'll call it whatever we like."

I bit my lip so hard I tasted blood, so that I wouldn't moan at the simple sound of the lewd words coming from what seemed so high above me. I knew he could feel me tremble though, and I knew he understood exactly how his choice of vocabulary affected me.

The feeling of having come entirely into Master Trent's power, of having no choice, rose in me again—but alongside it, to my relief, I felt an opposing force: a will to defy, if only inside me. A new memory of Joan, one I had somehow lost until now, floated up: she spoke from beside me as I looked at a tablet screen—her tablet screen, the one she had brought and held up in front of me and made me look at.

"You have to fight it on the inside."

On the screen I saw displayed in my memory an investigative article on a news site.

Is a shadowy conspiracy actually running Selecta Corporation—and the government?

That was who Master Trent worked for.

I had to fight it on the inside.

I heard Joan's voice in my ear now, as she leaned toward me at the table.

"They'll make you feel good, make it feel right, what they're doing to you. You have to fight it on the inside."

I hadn't suspected that it might feel good to hear a man talk about my virgin pussy that way, about it being a cunt, about it belonging to him... that it could feel right to have him strip my t-shirt off over my head and get me out of my panties, make me climb into my tub on my hands and knees.

That it could feel so good to have him use a warm washcloth, while the water ran down the drain behind me, to wipe his semen off my face. I gave a little sob as the soothing feeling brought a new wave of rebellion in my mind. Fight it on the inside.

The washcloth went between my legs, rubbed gently, so that my hips jerked.

"I think you probably need to pee," Master Trent said. "Go ahead and pee for me, Tatyana, and I can get you washed up before we shave you."

I closed my eyes, squeezed them shut. I shook my head.

I wondered for a moment if the resistance would provoke something terrible, but I heard Master Trent chuckle, rather than anything more severe. I felt the washcloth come to rest on the small of my back, underneath his big left hand. I frowned in puzzlement.

Then I cried out, and a sharp spank rang out, echoing against the tile, and my bottom stung. Another spank, on my right cheek. I tried to move away, but he took hold of my hip and kept spanking me.

"No! Please... I'll..." Then to my mortification I realized that I had already started: I did have to pee, and my master had brought it on with this spanking.

"There we go," Master Trent said. He stopped spanking me, and he rubbed my bottom gently with the washcloth as the embarrassing rushing sound of my bladder's release filled the bathroom.

I bit my lip. It just felt too good, the warm stream running down my leg so shamefully, and knowing that Master Trent could see it flow.

"There we go," he said again. "Good girl."

CHAPTER 7



Trent

I used the warm water from the faucet to clean away Tatyana's pee, letting the washcloth linger between her legs while I held her hip firmly but without much force. I could hear from the rhythm of her breathing, its puffing through her nostrils loud enough to be audible over the rushing water, that she had probably taken her lower lip between her teeth in an effort not to moan.

I kept hold of her flank as I rubbed the washcloth against the soap in its plastic dish in the corner of the plastic shower surround, then squeezed to bring out the suds. Selecta had filled these apartments with plastic, really: the life of a low-level-subsidy young adult in the society of the corporate laws relied on the cheap stuff. For better or worse, Tatyana would leave that life behind tonight—I meant to make sure it would be for better.

I held the warm, soapy terrycloth against her pussy, rubbing more firmly. The moan she had tried to hold in escaped, her body trembling under my hands as the long, low, highly arousing sound emerged from her chest.

"Eight," Nora told me. "Upward trend. I would get her to nine before you speak again."

This moment in the tub represented a much more important opportunity to advance Tatyana's training than she could know, even with the basic understanding I knew her Groupe handler had imparted. That knowledge of Institute methods, from the enemy agent, went far beyond what an ordinary submissive would grasp about what I intended and what I could do—Tatyana knew, for example, that she had an assessment team watching her.

On the other hand, certain pivotal moments in her training would take her by surprise. This one, for example, when I would shave away her pussy-hair and bare her for her master's pleasure, between her legs and between her bottom-cheeks. I needed to use

those moments to my advantage in turning her away from the conditioning the enemy handler had imposed.

Crucially, the Groupe didn't know about all the learning that took place in the bathtub, when an Institute trainer got a girl ready for transfer to the Institute itself. Though our enemies knew about the complexity of our modeling of human sexual behavior, they didn't have any idea of the depth at which we understood the minutest details of the process of preparing a bed girl for auction. Indeed, stealing as much of that knowledge as possible undoubtedly represented a large part of Tatyana's mission.

The enemy recruiter had conditioned her in a general way, planting false memories of her interactions with them and leaving her with the erroneous impression that she trusted them. Our assessors told us that the approach lacked elegance, but nevertheless posed a significant threat. The danger of the Groupe's efforts, and the genius of their approach, such as it was, lay in their way of sustaining a girl like Tatyana's defiance.

The post-hypnotic suggestions the recruiter had left in her head made her resistance rise every time she felt submissive pleasure. That meant that unless I could unwind her conditioning completely, Tatyana could never be trusted either as a bed girl or as the something more her profile seemed to indicate she could be. We had failed to do that with two previous young women sent by the Groupe and had been forced to send them to Selecta detention facilities.

We also, to be sure, didn't know whether the Groupe had slipped others by us. That thought, I knew, kept more than one assessor up at night—and made my task with Tatyana all the more important.

I rubbed more gently with the washcloth. Tatyana's skin felt silky under my left hand as I curled my fingers further down and around her hip, stroking gently along the crease of her thigh to increase the sense of possession my hand would give. Another little moan sounded over the water's splash.

"Ten," Nora told me.

The opportunity had arrived. The enemy recruiter had planted the idea that if Tatyana felt pleasure in being dominated, in the degradation and humiliation that lay at the core of her natural, inborn sexual arousal, she must resist. They had convinced her that the Groupe's confidence in her depended on it, and even that the future of civilization hung from it.

That conditioning lay in Tatyana's forebrain now like a barrier to my training of her—but a barrier I could slip around.

The Groupe's psychologists didn't know about the connection the Institute assessors had found between the visual cortex and the limbic system.

I rubbed with the washcloth. Tatyana gave a little gasp of helpless pleasure. The warm

wetness, the soothing suds, were doing their work at the most primitive level of her mind. She was ready: if I could train her properly now by getting her first to picture herself, and then by making her look at herself after I had shaved her, I could start to make real progress.

"Listen carefully, Tatyana," I said. "This is an important moment for you."

* * *

Tatyana

I felt my forehead crease deeply. I didn't want to understand Master Trent, but something about his words seemed to affect me on a level below my rational mind. To my dismay, I knew he spoke the truth.

No. The voice of resistance in my head seemed fainter than it had sounded a few moments before. When I had felt the terrible pleasure of letting go, of peeing in the tub with my master watching and encouraging me, the defiance had seemed to rise right alongside the mortifying need, in tandem with it.

The new idea he had just introduced, the important moment, seemed different: though the voice saying no didn't stop objecting, another part of me—the part that made my face frown and my shoulders tighten as I tried to keep my wanton noises to a minimum—came to attention.

His deep voice rumbled up above me, refusing me permission to distract myself with the bodily sensations of the steamy bathroom or the splash of the running water.

"As I start to shave you, sweetheart," he said in a gentle voice, "I want you to picture yourself. I want you to understand why a man like me shaves girls' cunts before he fucks them."

I didn't want to listen. The sheer sound of Master Trent's voice as he pressed with the soapy washcloth between my thighs, rubbing up and down all the way into the valley between my bottom-cheeks and then back to my clit, seemed to compel me to hear every word with the greatest distinctness. He had something to tell me about... about my pussy. About what my pussy would look like, after he shaved it.

I didn't know what it meant, or why it made me tremble all over, but to my hot-cheeked shame I could see it behind my eyelids. I could see it as if I stood behind myself, or... not myself, maybe—behind another girl, maybe... because from behind, a man who used girls as fuck toys might say, one fuck toy looked like another.

Bent over with my ass up and my head down, with my knees spread and my... my cunt shaved for him...

Him... Master Trent, or a man like him... a man who knows what a girl like me needs... who knows he should shave her cunt... so that he can see better... have a clear view of the place he thrusts his hard cock...

In my imagination, I could see her... me... in the tub. I watched, it seemed to me, as much as felt, my master take the washcloth away. I watched him pick up the razor as much as heard the soft noises it made as it clicked against the plastic shower surround, as it changed the rushing of the water when he ran the blade under the faucet.

The razor touched me, underneath, between my legs, above my pussy. I shuddered, and my hips tried to weave to the side, but Master Trent's left hand held me firmly. The blade tugged at the hair and made me whimper.

He made a growly, grunty sound deep in his throat—a sound of satisfaction. Again I pictured myself from his perspective, helpless to stop seeing the image as my trainer kept shaving me, drawing the razor steadily and slowly across the most private part of my body.

A man like him shaves girls' cunts. He bares them down there, makes them smooth for... for fucking.

The blade tugged hair a little too hard. I cried out.

"Shh, sweetheart," Master Trent said. "You're doing well. Your cunt is going to look so pretty."

He does it... he does it to ensure she understands she will belong to him in the most shameful way.

The razor moved further down. I moaned at the strangely pleasant feeling, at the way it seemed to make the wicked stimulation of Master Trent's fingers more intense. Even further back, and he began to shave away the mortifying hairs between my bottom-cheeks. I felt my face blaze up with heat and I gave a whimper at the mental image of my master baring the shameful area around the tiny ring where his thumb had entered.

"Almost done," Master Trent murmured. "I need you to look pretty around your asshole too."

A little cry of protest escaped my lips. I struggled for a moment against his grip.

"Shh," he said again. "You know you need it, Tatyana."

My hips bucked, but my master held me, and he kept baring me in my most embarrassing place.

Could I need it? Could I need to be the kind of girl who served a man with her shaved cunt, her shaved bottom-hole?

A sob wracked my chest as I felt the washcloth return and I understood that my trainer

had finished. I felt my face pucker into a frown of helpless arousal as he cleaned away the remnants of the curls that until a few moments before had seemed to guard my modesty.

Suddenly Master Trent raised me out of the water, lifting me as if I weighed nothing at all. Before I understood what he meant to do, he had stood me in front of the mirror, with one hand on my chest, playing with my little breasts, and the other on my bottom, squeezing gently.

“Look,” he said. “Look at your cunt. It’s ready for fucking now.”

I tried to close my eyes, but something about the mirror, about looking at myself and at Master Trent, at the way he held me, seduced my vision. The sight took my breath away: the naked girl made more naked by her master’s razor, possessed by his hands, stood looking at herself, looking at her smooth pussy.

I tried to put my hands in front of the sight, so that I couldn’t see the little cleft down there, but Master Trent gathered them behind me, shifting his position so that he stood directly in back of me with my wrists in his hands, pulling my arms together so that my breasts stood out, their nipples stiff and pointed.

He moved my hands forward then and put them on the counter, making me bend over. I frowned in confusion and turned my head to try to see what he was doing. Master Trent pressed on my back and murmured in my ear.

“On your elbows. Keep looking in the mirror.”

I felt his hands return to my body, and I cried out as they made clear what my trainer meant to do next, while I watched it happen in the reflection in front of me.

With his left hand underneath my chest, he began to fondle my breasts roughly, while at the same time his right hand came up between my legs and took firm hold of my pussy.

“You’re going to watch yourself come for the first time now, Tatyana,” he growled in my ear.

CHAPTER 8



Tatyana

On my newly smooth pussy my master's fingers felt indescribably wicked, the pleasure irresistible. I looked into my own eyes and saw the trouble there, the little trembling contractions of my brow and my cheeks as waves of wanton sensation swept through my body.

I tried to help it. I looked into my blue gaze and I tried to stop my knees from bouncing and my hips from jerking. I didn't want to give in, and most of all I didn't want to have to watch myself give in.

I bit my lip... the girl in the mirror bit her lip... the girl in the mirror had an evil man's hand between her legs, and it felt much too good.

I'm... I felt like I was coming apart, my mind and my body separating. The mirror... the girl in the mirror... she felt different from me. I couldn't control what she did, and so I had no choice—I had to feel the pleasure the big, gorgeous, evil man had decided the girl in the mirror had to feel.

Because...

Because she needs it. She needs it so bad.

The hand moved between my legs. The fingers gathered my naughty wetness—her naughty wetness—and moved it. Over the bare, smooth lips. Over the smooth place between her bottom-cheeks, the most wicked place of all.

Master Trent's thumb pressed against my anus, a lewd sensation that had become terribly familiar... a stimulus that now inspired an immediate response: the whole body of the girl in the mirror tensed, arched, squirmed as he pressed his thumb inside that shameful little ring.

I swallowed hard, moaned between closed lips. I wanted to close my eyes, but I couldn't,

because the girl in the mirror wanted to see. I turned my gaze to look at Master Trent, at the way he looked down at me as if I were a young animal, a puppy or a filly, of a breed he knew how to train from long experience. He had a little smile on his face, and his eyes had narrowed a bit.

I cried out because of the way the trainer in the mirror moved his unseen hands. His fingertips, gentle on my nipples and then harder, moving from one little breast to the other in an irregular rhythm that kept me guessing.

The cadence of the hand between my thighs, though... Master Trent kept that steady. My bottom pushed out lasciviously, trying to get more of it. The blood rushed hotly into my cheeks as I welcomed more of the probing thumb, and then I gasped at the pressure of two fingers inside my pussy, going deeper than they had yet, pushing against the virgin barrier there.

He turned his face to look at me in the mirror, and his smile got wider. I opened my mouth at the sight of his white teeth, gleaming in the frame of his neatly bearded lips.

"Good girl," he said as his fingers kept moving in and out. "I know how much you want my cock here, but your virginity is a precious resource. Someone is going to pay a lot of money for it, very soon."

I felt my face crumple as I looked back at his reflection in the mirror. His words seemed to call an ache into being in my pussy, deeper than where he moved his fingers. I clenched hard down there, and my whole body seemed to contract along with the sheath into which a man would thrust his hardness.

No choice.

The girl in the mirror would be fucked soon.

I felt the orgasm coming then. I had come close—not often, but once in a while—when I played with myself in bed. It had scared me. It had felt too good, too wicked, too shameful.

I closed my eyes. I didn't want to see the girl in the mirror. Something changed inside me, and I felt a jarring disconnect. I didn't feel as good—my body didn't seem right, didn't seem to belong to me.

For a moment I felt my defiance reemerge. I pushed up off the counter, and I tried to turn, my eyes still closed.

Master Trent's left arm moved around me, and he took hold of my waist. Between my legs, his right hand increased the rhythm of the finger-fucking. I cried out, writhing in his grasp.

"Open your eyes," he growled. "Look at yourself or I'm going to have to get the strap and whip this little ass until you can't walk right."

He held me firmly in that position. He pulled his hand away from my pussy and he started to spank me, the slaps echoing on the bathroom tile.

I opened my eyes despite the voice in my head that told me to keep them closed, told me to fight. My fear of a whipping made me obey, the pain from Master Trent's big hand telling me how much more painful he could make this for me if I didn't do as he told me.

I watched the girl in the mirror getting a spanking. My yelp of pain became instantly ambiguous at the sight of my punishment, of my subjugation by the handsome man clothed in black while I was naked—the man whose penis I had been made to suck, who had come on my face and shaved my pussy. Even without his fingers between my legs, I could feel my climax come near again.

I looked into his eyes, and at that moment he stopped spanking me and thrust his hand between my thighs, seizing my pussy and fluttering his fingertips against my clit even as his thumb reentered my bottom.

Instantly I started to come. My body—the body of the girl in the mirror—struggled against Master Trent's grasp, and every movement, as I felt him keep me in place, seemed to bring on another thrill of pleasure. I cried out, over and over, watching her... watching me... surrender to the lewd caress of the evil man who would take her to an evil place where men would fuck her... would fuck me... so hard... so hard.

I had closed my eyes, but I snapped them open wide when I felt Master Trent's hands at my neck. I saw in the mirror that he had taken a band of leather from one of the pockets he seemed to have in the black jacket he wore. He had started to put it around my neck, but it still took a long moment for me to understand what I saw.

Collar. The word came into my mind much later than I might have expected, since the concept seemed so basic. Master Trent had started to fasten the buckle on the collar before the impulse to struggle or even to protest rose in my consciousness.

The inside of the collar had a velvety lining—maybe that delayed my reaction. The idea that something that looked so harsh could feel soft around my neck didn't seem to make any sense. Like the notion that an evil man would force my body to feel so good—would make me watch him bring me to orgasm and see in the mirror how much pleasure I had denied myself because of my shame.

I did push up from the counter and try to bring my hands up to the collar, as if I might rip it from my neck. I said, "Wait."

I heard myself, and I wondered why I hadn't said no or even please.

Master Trent made a clucking sound in his throat, and his strong grip took hold of my wrists, gathering them behind me. He took both of them into his big left hand, and in the mirror I watched him reach into his jacket and pull out another strip of leather, this one shorter and wider.

My lips parted as I understood—more quickly this time.

“Wait,” I said again. I started to struggle, trying to turn and wriggle out of my trainer’s grasp.

But my trainer had that first cuff around my right wrist already, somehow buckling it with one hand. I twisted my head from side to side, trying to get a look at him but only filling my eyes with the white tiles of the bathroom.

The resistance rose higher in me. A voice seemed to say in my head—Joan’s voice, from behind me at the computer screen—“Fight it on the inside.”

My struggle grew fiercer. “No,” I shouted, my voice echoing off the bathroom walls.

Master Trent held me motionless. He had both wrists again in his left hand, and his right hand went to the back of my head, stilling it and keeping it faced toward the mirror. I closed my eyes on an urgent impulse not to see, to fight the idea that I had to see what the reflection in front of me held.

“Look at yourself, Tatyana,” he commanded. I felt his fingers in my damp hair, twining there and tugging hard as I fought to turn my head away.

“No,” I shouted again, closing my eyes even more firmly, more convinced than ever that I needed to keep them shut. Desperately I tried to resist the strength of his hands, but I succeeded only in making my arms ache as he immobilized my wrists behind me.

Master Trent let out what sounded like a grunt of frustration, but when he spoke his voice sounded calm and pleasant.

“Suit yourself,” he said.

The change in his conduct alarmed and confused me. I formed the “Wh—” of what, but I didn’t have the breath to utter the word, because with a controlled force that literally took my breath away, my master had dropped me to the floor, my face on the bathroom rug, my arms behind me, and his knee on my back.

I cried out, but Master Trent obviously knew precisely how much pressure to use to ensure that I could breathe without effort, once the air had returned to my lungs, but I couldn’t make a sound above the volume of a faint plea.

Meanwhile, as I tried to understand my physical position and what it meant about my trainer’s skills and his intentions, he already had my other wrist in its own cuff, and he had clipped the cuffs together.

“You just earned a whipping, sweetheart,” he said as he stood up, leaving me on the floor. I tried to roll over, but succeeded only in rolling up a little so that I could look up at him, looming above my naked body in his black clothing. I tried to make my face defiant and scornful despite the fear that had just leapt up in my chest.

"You'll get your lesson at the Institute," Master Trent continued. "Stay down, now, Tatyana," he added, and he lifted his foot and placed it on my back to enforce his command. I shuddered at the touch of the rubber sole on my bare skin. Almost idly, and with more gentleness than I expected, he used the strength of his leg to make me lie on my stomach.

Then the black boot whose sole had just pushed me to the floor came down in front of my face—right in front of it, the toe less than an inch from my nose.

"Kiss my boot, sweetheart," Master Trent said. "When the time comes, I'll give you six lashes if you kiss it and twelve if you don't."

I looked at the boot. I could see scuffs on the leather, but only very light ones that had probably just gotten there from climbing into my apartment and subduing me. Master Trent, I could tell, kept his boots polished. My heart beat wildly at the thought of pressing my lips against that shiny surface, at the very idea of it—the way it would look, through my master's eyes. I didn't have to see it happen in the mirror any longer, but something about this moment, with him so high above me, made me see the scene even in my head as if I were watching from someone else's perspective.

"I'll give you five seconds to kiss my boot, Tatyana," he said. "After that, we're headed to the Institute."

CHAPTER 9



Tatyana

My breath came in little pants whose warmth I could feel against my already-hot chin as each puff of air traveled straight to the bathroom rug under my cheek. I felt my brow furrow deeply as I looked at Master Trent's combat boot.

"Five," said the deep voice from high, high above me.

I breathed out and in, feeling very close to hyperventilation. The boot didn't look dirty, a wayward voice inside my mind said.

That's not the point, the resistant part of me answered. The symbolism—the terrible meaning of what Master Trent had demanded—imbued the picture in my head of a naked girl kissing a man's black boot, and that meaning made me feel dizzy.

That defiant voice in my head understood that I would have to comply with my trainer's commands at some point if my mission was going to succeed. I had to appear to be the kind of submissive concubine who would fetch a high price and would then come back to the Institute with access to the crown jewels of the secret algorithms.

But I knew also that I had to make it convincing. I had to make certain Master Trent would believe in my submission. The sensor the Institute had put between my legs could tell, Joan had informed me, when I obeyed out of a motive that sprang from deception rather than from fear—or from sexual arousal.

"Four," said Master Trent.

I closed my eyes. To my horror, I saw in my head even more vividly the naked girl on the floor, and the tall man towering above her.

An involuntary tremor went through my arms and I became newly conscious of the cuffs that bound my wrists together. On my belly on the bathroom floor, cheek against the rug, I could hardly even move. The sensation of restraint seemed to travel from the muscles

of my upper arms and my constricted shoulders all the way into my chest and then further down.

“Three.” His voice sounded so calm, I would never have detected a threat in it if I hadn’t known what the number meant for my backside.

I chewed on the inside of my cheek, trying to distract myself from it, but a mortifying feedback loop took hold of my body then: the sight of the boot made me picture the naked girl on the floor with her hands bound behind her. The image sent the trembling through my arms, and that physical sensation seemed to go straight to the place between my legs where my master had shaved me for my owner’s enjoyment.

It’s not dirty, the small voice of need in the guise of reason said. You sucked his cock. He came on your face. You can kiss his boot. You can’t bear twelve lashes.

I didn’t think I could bear six lashes even. A whimper emerged from my throat. My bottom squirmed and my hips gave a mortifying little jerk. Down there, against the cold tile, my pussy had just clenched at the thought of Master Trent standing over me with the strap in his hand, ready to give me the whipping I had coming.

“Two,” he said.

My body took over. The muscles in my neck extended themselves, moving my mouth toward the smooth, slightly shiny black leather. The rational observer in my head realized something very important at that point—something so important that I wondered why Joan hadn’t told it, or some version of it, to me.

Master Trent had begun to train my body. The Institute and its evil assessors had chosen me for pick-up because my body could be trained that way. Joan and her Groupe had recruited me because they had identified me in the same way. I sobbed now as I understood, as my body forced my mouth against the leather of my trainer’s boot. I was the kind of girl who needed a firm hand, the kind of girl who would provide men with more pleasing service the more they whipped her when she disobeyed... the more they made her submit... the more they made her kiss their boots.

“Good girl,” Master Trent said. “Time to go to sleep. I’ll see you at the Institute.”

I sensed him stooping then, and I felt a little pinch—just like they tell you it’s going to feel like at the doctor’s office—in my right bottom-cheek. I had enough time only to think, He just gave me a shot, didn’t... before time ceased for me.

* * *

I woke up in a room that I could tell immediately had a bare stone floor, at least, and maybe bare stone walls as well, and a high ceiling. I could hear feminine whispers, but in the unique way that you only hear voices in that kind of room—distant, yet somehow loud

too, and just distinct enough that you think you could make out the words if you knew what the speaker was talking about, or they stood just a foot or two closer to you.

I didn't open my eyes. I knew I had a few precious moments before the sensor told whoever had watch duty over me at this key moment that I had come fully awake. They had doubtless seen the signs of returning consciousness on some spiky line on their screen, but Joan had told me that I would be able to feign sleep for something like a minute. In that time, I had to ready myself and to gather any information I could about how the Institute used their data to train the girls they kidnapped.

They had put me on a cot. A minute shift of my shoulders, as if stirring as I began to wake, told me of the thin mattress. The creak of the wires that supported it came to my ears.

I heard the whispers again, impossible to locate except that they came from the direction in which my head pointed, where it seemed the air felt perhaps half a degree warmer. My ability to sense that temperature difference brought to the front of my mind the fact that I still had no clothes on.

In turn, rediscovering my nudity made me also conscious of my arms no longer being behind me, but rather in front of me. Were my wrists still clipped together? I couldn't tell without moving my hands more than I wanted, but a small change in their position told me that the cuffs remained.

I tried to stop the memories from coming back. The images and sense-impressions of the shameful things had happened in my apartment—they felt like they had occurred only a few minutes before, though I knew at least from the lack of soreness when I adjusted my legs a little that it had been at least a day since I had last been conscious.

The effort to distract myself though, and forbid entry to the returning recollection of Master Trent standing over me, of my lips against the leather of his boot, only caused a more dramatic reaction in my body. I blushed hard, and down below, to my dismay, the warmth betrayed me utterly.

"Tatyana's awake," said a voice, very distinct despite the echo that told me the female speaker stood at least ten feet away—and that the stone room was big.

Absurdly, I wanted to say, "No, I'm not." Almost as foolishly, I shut my eyes more tightly, despite knowing that they would see it, and understand precisely how silly my instincts were.

A young woman laughed, the sound coming from so close to my ear that I realized she must be sitting right beside my cot, just in front of me. That made my eyes fly open, and I saw a slim thigh clad in a powder blue babydoll nightgown with a lace hem. I turned my hot face a little to look up at the girl, who occupied a little stool next to me. She, a gorgeous blonde with her hair in a ponytail, looked down at me with a smile that seemed kind—as if she wanted to share the joke of my foolishness with me.

"Sharon too," said the voice, which sounded older than the girl on the stool next to me looked. I moved my head to try to get a look at the woman who spoke from what sounded like the other end of the room, lifting my chin as far as I could but only getting a glimpse of stone of a warm yellow-brown color that made me think of pictures of French chateaux.

"Please," another voice said from behind me. It seemed to be on the same level as my cot. "Please... let me go?"

The heat in my face, which had faded a little, returned in full force. Still another voice spoke then, which as my brain figured out the way they had arranged us in this receiving room I understood must be that of a young woman seated on a stool next to the other girl's cot.

"Shh, Sharon. It's going to be alright."

"Put your hand between her legs, Alison," said the older voice. "She's soaking wet, I'm sure."

I had wanted so badly to keep the composure I thought would fool the Institute assessors into thinking me a challenge. The Groupe theorized that if a concubine-in-training posed interesting difficulties in her compliance, the trainers would single her out as potentially promising.

The words of the woman at the end of the room undid all my effort: my pussy clenched, and my hips moved. I heard a little whimper come from my chest, and I found myself looking up at the young woman at my side, my lips parted and my brow furrowed.

She put out her hand and to my horror she gently stroked my cheek. Looking into my eyes, she spoke, but her words clearly addressed the older woman.

"I think Tatyana's wet too, Miss Charlotte," she said.

"Oh no," I whispered, all thought of rebellion, real or faked, vanishing.

The unseen girl on the cot behind me—Sharon, the woman (Miss Charlotte?) had called her—cried out. I heard the creak of the criss-crossing wires that supported Sharon's mattress, and I knew Alison's hand must have gone there, must be fondling Sharon's pussy, finding out her lewd secrets.

"I'm sure she is," Miss Charlotte replied. "You can go ahead and get her ready for her training master, Regina."

"No, please," I said, as Regina's hand started to move from my cheek downward. Without thinking about it I moved my hands, to try to keep the other girl's fingers from touching my breasts.

I only discovered then that my wrists were indeed still clipped together. They had also

done something much worse, though—Master Trent or whoever he had handed me off to when the Institute’s lackeys had come to fetch me from my apartment. A short strap of leather bound my hands to my collar, so that when I tried to ward off Regina’s touch I found myself merely tugging at the leather restraint around my neck.

I gave a little cry of surprise as I realized the extent of the restraints they had put me in, but I did manage at the same time to push the other girl’s lascivious caress from my chest. That only made Regina smile, though, and move her hand further down to my tummy.

Behind me Sharon moaned. I heard the unseen Alison murmur, “That’s it, honey. Let it out. This is a very wet pussy, isn’t it? Go ahead and ride my hand now. Move those hips.”

Regina’s fingers rubbed gently in circles, lower and lower. I bit my lip, my forehead creasing hard. The other girl’s blue eyes stared down into mine, and again I felt her sympathy despite the shameful things her fingertips clearly intended.

“Don’t worry, Tatyana,” she said. “I’ve been right where you are now, and I know you’re going to be fine. It’s scary, but you’ll learn to accept that you’re a bed girl, just like me.”

The fingers went further down, pressed, made me spread my thighs despite myself, with a little whimper that echoed the ones made by the girl on the cot behind me.

Regina rubbed with two fingers, moved them up and down, found the virginal opening and pressed inside to find my wanton need. I tried to observe it, to record it—to find a detachment that would make me seem like a challenge. All I could do was close my eyes and chew on my lower lip as another girl’s skillful fingers fondled my pussy.

“You’re so wet, Tatyana,” she murmured. “So ready. A man’s cock will go in here soon and make you feel so good.”

CHAPTER 10



Trent

“Recalibrating,” Nora’s voice told me as I waited in the trainer’s room off the foyer, only thirty feet or so from the receiving room where Regina readied Tatyana for her initiation.

Colin, Sharon’s training master, and I watched the action in the receiving room closely on the screen in front of our chairs. The trainer’s room had every comfort you might find in a lounge, the coffee bar being of most interest at this point in the day. I had a double espresso at my elbow, my second of the morning.

Colin sipped at a cappuccino—he hadn’t had to fly cross country with Sharon, after all: he had just had to roll out of his bed here at the Institute and amble down to the trainer’s room. A field agent had taken care of Sharon’s pick-up and preliminary training, as per standard practice: Colin would take her from here.

Tatyana represented anything but standard practice—my role would extend from her pick-up all the way through her sale and her placement. My specialty in counterintelligence, as a trained Pretorian Guard operative in addition to an Institute trainer, made me essential to managing Tatyana’s case.

Not that I minded, given how I had already come to feel about the girl, but Tatyana had gotten to sleep on the flight across the country, and I had had paperwork to file with both the Guard and the Institute, as well as having to catch up on the current briefings about the activities of the Groupe Synergistique.

The view on the big screen in front of Colin and me shifted. From a medium shot of both new girls on their cots, with the senior girls caressing them lewdly between their thighs, we saw a close-up of Tatyana’s lower body. Regina’s hand moved rhythmically between the new girl’s trim thighs, but most of the movement on the screen came from the helpless jerks of Tatyana’s hips as she rode the skillful fingers in search of a climax.

“Nice,” Colin said. “Not to get involved in your top-secret spy shit, Trent, but damn that’s

hot.”

In the upper right the number ten flashed to indicate the recalibration Nora had just reported. Tatyana had just experienced more arousal than had yet been observed in her by the assessors. The Institute’s psychometric algorithms, running on supercomputers in the basement, processed a vast range of data from every girl under observation. Information from the sensor between her legs, from the audio feed of her cries and moans, from analysis of her bodily movement as captured on camera, from infrared imaging of her erogenous zones... all of it, when analyzed by the algorithms, contributed to the most complete picture of submissive sexuality that science had ever produced.

And all of it, I reflected as I watched Regina bring my naughty little spy very close to orgasm, would never have led to top secret spy shit without the Pretorian Guard.

I chuckled as I looked over at Colin. Tatyana’s and Sharon’s cries of wanton need, coming clearly through the speakers, filled the trainer’s room.

“I can’t deny that they gave me a good assignment this time,” I said, “even with the jet lag.”

I took another hit from my espresso as the scene shifted to Colin’s new girl. Alison had moved her hand to the rear of red-haired Sharon’s thighs and made her raise her knee, so we could see all the pink secrets of Sharon’s pussy as the senior girl prepared it for her trainer’s cock.

“I’m not complaining,” Colin answered, chuckling. “I definitely don’t mind not having to worry about whatever the fuck is going on with you creepy-ass Guard dudes.”

That made me laugh out loud. “Whatever, man,” I said. I looked back at the screen, which had returned to the medium shot.

Miss Charlotte, looking magnificent in her lacy nightgown, gave her next command.

“Regina, roll Tatyana over so she and Sharon can see each other.”

Both new girls gave little cries of mortified protest at this, Tatyana’s a little louder—thanks quite probably to the way I had made her watch herself come in the mirror right before putting her out, and what it had meant to her delicately conditioned mind.

Creepy-ass guard dude. Yup.

The true nature of the relationship between the Pretorian Guard and the Institute was known only to a very few operatives in the Guard and even fewer executives at the Institute’s parent corporation Selecta. The Groupe’s somehow learning of the connection had meant creepy-ass guard dudes like me had to spend more time at the Institute than we had before.

That, of course, meant more people knowing that the relationship existed—people like

Colin, sworn to secrecy as an Institute trainer, but happily not tasked with saving civilization the way I was. The easy cover-story, that sales of Institute concubines financed overseas Guard operations in defense of democracy, thankfully held up very well. That was what the Groupe themselves thought, as they tried to steal the money-making secrets and interfere with Guard activities.

The truth, that submissive sexuality represented in the Guard's view the only way to save the world, didn't really matter at the level of what I had to do on a daily basis. Like train the naughty girl whom Regina had just turned onto her other side, so that Tatyana had to watch Alison's hand between Sharon's legs, her own bottom squirming as she felt Regina's fingers caressing the sweet, virginal pussy I had shaved.

* * *

Tatyana

"Open your eyes, Tatyana," said Miss Charlotte. "It's time you understood what you are, and what you need."

I had closed them when I had seen what it looked like: the little hand on the bare pussy, rubbing from behind.

So pink, I thought. Not like mine... but also like mine, because someone shaved Sharon too, the way Master Trent shaved me. Please don't make me watch.

I had shut my eyes because I couldn't bear to think about it, at the same time Regina's hand did it to me too, and my body welcomed it.

"I understand you have six lashes coming from the strap," Miss Charlotte said, her voice still sweet but taking on an edge of threat. "I also know that your master reduced that sentence from twelve."

I moaned, and I heard Sharon moan. Was the other girl making that noise because she had her eyes open, because she saw my pussy and heard about how I was going to get a whipping? Regina's fingers kept rubbing in a rhythm that matched my body's helpless movement and strengthened them too, making my own cadence of forced pleasure speed up. To my horror I realized I had gotten close to coming.

"I can put those six strokes back," Miss Charlotte said. "Open your eyes."

If I opened my eyes, I would come... I could sense the orgasm just in front of me. I heard a whimpering cry come from my throat.

"Regina," said Miss Charlotte in a warning voice.

Immediately the hand departed from between my legs. A whine of frustration broke from between my parted lips. I opened my eyes, and I couldn't tell if I obeyed because of the threat of more lashes or the need to have the other girl's hand back between my thighs.

I saw Sharon, with her hands bound like mine in front of her chest, linked to her collar by the same sort of strap someone had put on me. I saw her green eyes, framed with pretty red hair. That made me lower my gaze despite myself. The sight of the red hair made me wonder about the pinkness I had seen below in the one second after Regina had turned me and before I had shut my eyes.

My lips closed and I took a gasping breath through my nose when I saw.

So pink, I thought again, the silly thought somehow terribly, terribly arousing. And... Alison's fingers had gone all the way in. I could see it. Alison had begun to fuck Sharon with her whole hand, almost. Sharon... you've had a cock inside you, you naughty girl. The idea took hold of me, and I couldn't push it back. Naughty... lucky... a man fucked you in that little pink pussy.

A hard clench between my own legs sent a thrill of need and pleasure through my lower body, almost strong enough to bring on the climax that still lay just out of reach and began now to recede in the absence of Regina's caressing hand. A strange wave of sadness washed through my chest at the loss of that shameful, ecstatic release.

"There we go," said Miss Charlotte. "Sharon isn't a virgin like you, is she? Don't worry, Tatyana. It won't be very long now."

I looked into the other new girl's face, as if I might see there some sign of what it felt like to have a man's hard cock inside you. I saw Sharon's eyes move down my own body, and I tried to lower the knee Regina had raised. I gave a little cry as I found my movement hindered. The girl behind me in the blue nightgown—the one who had clearly spent a good deal of time here, and somehow found favor—held my leg in place, so that I couldn't hide the secrets of my private parts.

I watched Sharon look at me, saw her arousal grow and her hips jerk as she heard of my virginity, of my coming defloration. I drew in a sharp breath as I understood that she, too, had come very close to climax, seeing me and thinking of me.

"Get them up," Miss Charlotte said suddenly.

For a moment I thought I could hear, in her voice, the vast knowledge Joan had told me about, the secrets of human sexuality possessed by the Institute. The older woman at the end of the room, whom I still hadn't seen beyond a glimpse of a white nightgown like Regina's blue one and Alison's pink one, had only spoken three words, each of them a single syllable. But in those words, Get them up, I felt an authority based on absolute certainty that the correct moment had arrived: Sharon and I, the new girls, naked but for our leather restraints, stood at the precise point in our arousal cycles where Miss Charlotte wanted us. The process of turning us into the obedient bed girls who would

fetch the highest possible purchase price depended on moving forward right now, getting us up off our cots at this precise instant.

My heart quailed at the idea of how much they knew about me: Master Trent, Miss Charlotte, and the invisible assessors who could see and analyze every movement of my body, now that I had arrived at the Institute itself. At the same time, the feeling of having come into their power, of being in their control, sent a shameful thrill through me.

Regina started to help me up, and my body responded compliantly, swinging my trembling legs to the side and then rising on them. The voice of Joan came into my mind: Fight it on the inside.

With a hand on my shoulder, Regina turned me to face the end of the room, the direction from which Miss Charlotte's voice had been coming. In front of me, at a level just below my breasts, my bound hands tugged at the strap connected to my collar, making me bend forward. It didn't feel uncomfortable, really, but it reminded me urgently, with each pull, that I was restrained. Master Trent had delivered me to a place where they bound girls in leather and sold them to the highest bidder, to serve the lusts of the wealthy men who owned them.

Sharon, Regina, and Alison wore collar and cuffs too. Miss Charlotte, whom I finally saw now, only had a collar—a more slender one too, than those we wore. Her white nightgown had more lace than the seniors girls', though the babydoll style seemed very similar otherwise. I found it impossible to guess her age: her superb body and her beautiful face looked to me as if they could belong to a wise thirty-year-old or a still-youthful woman of fifty. Her blonde hair flowed down her back in a loose ponytail, and her erect posture reminded me of a ballet dancer's.

"Welcome, girls," she said, spreading her delicate hands in front of her midriff in a gesture so controlled and elegant it took my breath away. "You have arrived at the Institute, where you will learn to yield up to your masters all the sexual pleasure your sweet bodies can afford."

CHAPTER 11



Tatyana

Miss Charlotte turned and walked through the doorway of the room where I had awoken. I could see she had entered a much bigger space, but only when Regina had coaxed me through, with her hand on my bottom urging me forward even as it made my face burn, did I see how grand a hall it was.

Miss Charlotte had reached the center of the vast stone foyer, in a space encircled by a gorgeous winding staircase down which I could imagine debutantes making their way. She turned to face us—Sharon, the two senior girls, and me—and I noticed that near her on the floor, between where she stood and where the senior girls had brought Sharon and me, lay two red mats.

I hadn't come close enough yet to see them in more detail, but as soon as Miss Charlotte turned, I felt Regina's hand on my bottom again, pressing me forward. I bit my lip to keep a whimper from emerging and I walked forward.

At every step I felt again the bondage imposed on my wrists and my neck. The most comfortable position for my hands turned out to be an attitude of prayer, with them clasped in front of my chest. The idea of it—the submission involved—sent little jolts of need through my nipples and my clit with each tug of the strap at my collar.

As we neared Miss Charlotte I looked again at the mats. I had supposed they must be yoga mats, and they did seem to resemble yoga mats very closely. I saw a difference, though, as I drew closer with Regina's hand still cupping my bottom to make me move forward: on one mat cursive letters in white said Sharon. My eyes went to the other and found Tatyana there. The names, however, were oriented away from us, so that I had to read them upside down.

My lips parted, and a little wave of rebellion rose in me as if physically, inside my ribcage. I grasped the idea instinctively, and it made me remember Joan's admonition to fight: my

name belonged not to me but to Miss Charlotte, and to anyone who might walk through the door behind her. Joan hadn't told me in detail about what would befall me and Sharon now, but I understood the alarming possibilities very well: our initiation would constitute an unforgettable ordeal.

I felt my forehead crease as I looked up from the mats to Miss Charlotte, who had moved her hands in another elegant gesture, to point at the mats with the clear instruction that Sharon and I must go to them. Again I felt defiant, at the sight of her pointing finger, but I suddenly realized, to my dismay, that my resistance had a terrible connection inside me to the lewd thoughts and feelings that Regina's hand, Miss Charlotte's nightgown, the collar around my neck, my name on the mat—all of it—awakened between my thighs.

"Kneel, girls," Miss Charlotte said simply.

The mat on the left, the one with my name on it, stretched out just in front of my feet. Somehow, I had crossed all the distance of the marble floor on my wobbling knees, with Regina's hand on my bottom like a reminder of the terror that lay at the back of my mind.

When? When will Master Trent... when will I see him again?

When would I see his enormous form, his preternaturally handsome face—strong chin framed in a neatly trimmed beard? I felt my face pucker as I looked down at the mat and tried one final time to resist the real nature of my fear—and the terrible need it sent thrilling through me.

It rose, and it made me obey Miss Charlotte, as if in hope that physical movement and bodily sensation could push it back. My trembling knees descended very awkwardly because I couldn't balance properly with my hands bound in front of my chest.

Regina put her arm around my back to steady me and to keep me from hitting the floor too hard. The red mat, I felt as soon as my knees made contact, was thicker than a standard yoga mat, but not thick enough to thoroughly cushion stone. It would have hurt a good deal if I had just crashed down onto it, and instinctively I turned to Regina in gratitude.

The other girl's hand, however, went from my back to my neck, and I got only a glimpse of her face, with a dismayingly ambiguous expression on it. She turned my head back and she bent me over. I had no time in the moment to consider what precisely the senior girl meant to do. I could only feel it, and feel the way the simple control she exercised redoubled my shameful arousal: Regina shifted her hands, so that as she stooped over me to the left of my mat, she had her left hand on the back of my neck and her right hand on my bottom.

"Get this up," she murmured as I struggled in confusion—not in any rebellious way but because I simply didn't understand what she wanted. I bit my lip as a tiny whimper emerged from my throat, for Regina indicated precisely what she meant by this with a firm squeeze of my rear end, right at the top of my thighs.

The other girl's fingers pressed into my pussy with a lewd abruptness that brought tears to my eyes. I raised my bottom, and then at the silent command of her left hand, traveling downward and pressing in its own way, I arched my back to offer myself even more wantonly.

The posture finally caused the memory to come crashing through, the fear making me sob as my mind asked the real, terrifying question.

When will Master Trent whip me?

I turned my head to the right, trying to distract myself from the pounding in my chest and the panting breaths caused by my alarm at not knowing what awful thing would befall me next. I saw that Alison had placed Sharon into the same position I was in, on her own mat, and Sharon looked back at me with wide-eyed panic that mirrored mine.

"This posture," Miss Charlotte said, "upon these mats, represents several important things in your new lives, girls. Regina, why are Sharon's and Tatyana's names facing away from them?"

I turned my head and tried to look up at the woman in the white nightgown. I could see only her bare, beautifully pedicured feet and her shapely calves as I rose slightly on my elbows. To my left, Regina answered the mistress' question—I couldn't think of Miss Charlotte in any other way than as the mistress, I realized with a surge of heat to my face. Something in Regina's prim response made me think, strange as the wayward thought seemed, that she also must think of this woman, so elegant even in near-nakedness, that way.

"Because their names are for their masters, miss," Regina said. "Their trainers and their owners."

Miss and mistress, my brain said. Masters... trainers... owners. Those words, as they seemed to combine into a single thought... those words all by themselves, seemed to make my nipples tingle where they brushed my forearms. My wrists shifted a little and I felt again the restraint of the cuffs and the strap and the collar. A whimper escaped me, without my intending in the slightest to make a noise: I heard the sound, and I felt it in my chest, and I had a sudden, terrible sense of just how forcefully the Institute and its evil minions had taken possession of me.

Do Joan and her Groupe understand that? Should I be taking notes, somehow?

I tried to remember my mission. It had seemed so simple before Master Trent had grabbed me. Just make it through the Institute's "program." Put myself in a position to get the precious algorithms, and make contact with the Groupe, who would be trying to make contact with me.

Some of Joan's words, at the kitchen table, with the tablet, came back to me. "Fight it on the inside. We need someone in there, and I'm afraid this is the only way."

Why, though? When it would be so much easier to give in to their power?

The answer came back from somewhere in my mind, along with the image of the bare-chested man with the punishment strap—not Master Trent but the man in the picture that appeared when I clicked on the text in the email.

Wrong. It's just wrong, what they do. They like to whip pretty girls. Selecta, the Institute: evil. I have to stop them.

"Alison," said Miss Charlotte, "why are these girls' bottoms the highest parts of them?"

I closed my eyes at the image the mistress' words brought to my mind, of Sharon and me in the beautiful marble foyer. Naked, on our faces, rear ends raised.

"So that they understand what is most important about themselves, for their masters' pleasure, miss," Alison answered.

"Indeed," Miss Charlotte said, her voice sounding well satisfied. "And let us reinforce those lessons in their initiation."

I swallowed hard, my forehead creasing into a frown as I tried to grasp the meaning of the menacing word initiation.

A door banged open, the sound coming from behind Miss Charlotte. The sharp noise drew a little cry from me, and I heard Sharon make a similar sound next to me. I knew it could only mean the beginning of the initiation, whatever degrading ceremony the mistress had planned. I opened my eyes and tried again to look up, craning my neck to see past Miss Charlotte's legs.

My heart thudded with terror when I saw more legs—men's legs—walking slowly toward us, their hairy feet bare on the stone and lower hems of red robes swirling around their calves.

Like on the video, I realized as the panic filled my chest.

I started to push up, to raise my upper body onto my hands so that I could at least see the approaching trainers. Instantly, though, I felt Regina's hands again, one on my neck to hold me down, the other on my back to keep my spine curved, my bottom up.

"Down, Tatyana," she said, her voice sounding almost as authoritative as Miss Charlotte's.

Heat blazed in my face. The senior girl had spoken exactly as a dog trainer might have spoken to an animal undergoing obedience lessons. I turned my face to the right, to see how the other new girl had responded, hoping to see that she, too, had done something wrong and received a reprimand.

Sharon had her face down, though, and I thought she had arched her back even further, to press her backside out. As I looked, I saw two of the masculine feet walk around her

naked, prostrate body. At this angle, I could see more of the man: my breath came in little pants as I caught sight of his huge hands, on the knot of his robe's belt, starting to untie it.

I twisted my head around to the other side, fear sending electric thrills over my skin, and I saw the other man, on the other side, passing very close to me—right behind Regina as she stooped over me to hold me down. I saw something else too—something that made me cry out.

The trainer... my trainer, it seemed... had a punishment strap in his hand. About eighteen inches long. Black leather, stitched all around its edges and with a handle narrower than the blade.

I tried to turn further, so that I could see more of the man... could see what he really looked like... see whether I knew him...

Regina held my head in place, her fingers twining in my hair—the same way he had done, in my apartment...

"Hello, Tatyana," Master Trent's voice said, as Regina stepped back and his huge hand replaced hers on my head. "It's time for your whipping."

CHAPTER 12



Tatyana

Terror filled my mind.

Fight it on the inside. I had thought I knew what the words meant: first, that I needed to fool the Institute into thinking I had become an obedient fuck toy, so that I could take them down from within... second, that I had to keep my mind and my heart from yielding to the evil ideas the Institute would try to put into them.

How could I possibly fight the way my body responded to Master Trent's voice, though? I had the sudden urge to blurt out, I'm a spy! in desperate hope that he wouldn't whip me. If I told them everything, my trainer would understand, wouldn't he? He would have mercy.

He's gotten in your head, I realized. I had closed my eyes as the panic rose, and in my mind I saw Joan's tablet at the kitchen table. I heard her say, "They're very good at what they do." On the tablet I thought I saw an image—a girl like me, pretending to submit. Somehow, I could tell that she didn't really mean it, the way she kept her backside raised... the way her bottom squirmed as her pussy betrayed her with its shameful warmth, its mortifying wetness at the touch of the arrogant, handsome man who loomed over her in the red robe.

"Just pretend," Joan's voice said, and those words seemed to appear on the tablet screen.

Just pretend.

"Is she ready?" a man's voice said.

Not Master Trent... the other man... the one for Sharon. Sharon's trainer.

"Feel for yourself, Master Colin," Alison said, primly.

I felt the big hand with the strap in it, on my thighs, at the top, the fingers moving with terrible gentleness. I let out a tiny whimper, my hands balling into fists and my wrists moving helplessly apart in search of the restraint that bound them together and connected them to my collar. I had to pretend to need to feel it... to need to discover it, learn it again—that I had no choice, that Master Trent had spanked me, and used me, and shaved me, and bound me, all for his use... all without my having any choice.

Sharon moaned to my right.

Pretend. My trainer's fingertips rubbed up and down my smooth private lips. My body responded, and I moaned like Sharon.

It's pretend, my brain whispered. You're a spy, and you're faking your response so well.

I opened my eyes and turned my head to the right, needing to see what the other trainer was doing to the other girl. I gave a little cry of shame and need as the blood rushed to my face. He had shed his red robe—it lay on the marble floor behind him. Master Colin had blond hair, all over his body. He was enormous, almost as big as Master Trent.

His cock, held in his right hand, had more of a red color, where Master Trent's had seemed browner to me. The difference sent a dismaying, naughty thrill of need through me; suddenly I wanted to see my trainer's cock again. To my horror my mouth started to water.

Against my bottom the leather moved, and the wave of arousal somehow also became a wave of fear. The two seemed to blend inside me, below my tummy and in my chest and in my head. I let out another whimper as I watched Master Colin pump his cock while his other hand tested the readiness of the pussy raised for his enjoyment.

Sharon cried out.

Oh no, I thought. He can't... I can't... Sharon's trainer was going to fuck her. I was going to watch.

Pretend. It's pretend. I saw the tablet in my mind, in the hands of woman at my kitchen table. I saw the word FIGHT. I watched it turn into the word PRETEND.

The hard penis in Master Colin's hand... the one he placed at the entrance to Sharon's not-virgin pussy... seemed so real, though. Sharon gave another cry. Her back arched further.

"Please," she said, her hips jerking. I could tell that she was pretending too... Sharon's voice had a tone, a pleading tone, which meant part of her thought she didn't want a fucking... but really all of her did want it... did need the shameful public use to which her trainer started to put her now.

His hardness slid into her pussy, and everyone could see how wet she must be, if Master Colin could just enter her that way. He put his hands on her hips. I felt my brow crease

hard enough to hurt a little, and even though I bit my lip a little whimper of arousal escaped my throat.

He's going to fuck the little pussy now. He's going to fuck her in her naughty wet cunt, and she's going to like it... She thinks she's pretending, but... but...

The huge hand on my bottom, the one that held the strap, went away. Master Trent's other hand stayed in my hair, pressing firmly to keep me in place.

"Please," someone said. It took a full second for me to realize I had said it. Please.

"You're ready too, aren't you, sweetheart?" Master Trent asked. "You need a fucking just as bad as Sharon does."

A whimpering cry came from somewhere, and I knew I had made it. I had to pretend to want it, didn't I?

Master Colin had firm control of Sharon's waist, his hands encircling her there. She moaned long and low as he held himself deep inside her womb, his lap against her little bottom.

"Simultaneously, please, trainers," said a woman's voice. "The cock and the strap." Miss Charlotte's. The fear overtook my mind as I understood.

"Oh no," I whispered.

Master Colin pulled his hard penis out almost to the tip. I could see it glistening from the wantonness inside Sharon's needy pussy. I knew what would happen when the trainer started to drive into my fellow new girl's vagina again. I felt Master Trent's hand press a little more forcefully as I began to struggle, feebly, in some foolish hope of escape.

Sharon had had her face turned downward and her eyes closed while Master Colin fondled her and then entered her. Now, to my dismay, she turned her face to look at me.

In her troubled green eyes, her parted lips, her creased forehead, I could see how terribly arousing a sight I must be. For a terrible instant I thought I could see, reflected not as in a mirror but as in a dream, the strap that I knew Master Trent had just raised so that he could start whipping me.

Sharon cried out before I did, the sound coming from deep inside her, pure shame and pleasure at the hard, deep fucking Master Colin had begun to give her while she watched my punishment.

I cried out in fear at the sight and the sound, the slight movement of the air. My body's struggle got fiercer, but I felt the strap and heard its lash echo against the stone of the foyer at the same time. My cry became a yelp of pain, and then a sob as the pain built.

Next to me, as I watched, Master Colin kept fucking the other new girl. Crouched above her, astride her flanks, he held her down and rode her roughly. I saw his fingers curl more

tightly around Sharon's waist, his tree-trunk thighs moving like pistons. I caught shameful glimpses of his hard cock, glistening with her need, as he thrust it into her bare pussy over and over.

My own pussy ached with arousal, despite the pain or—the thought sent a surge of heat above and below—because of it. My bottom burned with the fiery line my master had just laid across it.

The strap took me by surprise with its next lash, placed a little below the first one. The pain from the two cuts combined, and when the third one arrived, as Sharon cried out in a helpless climax, I started to scream.

I didn't want to look at the other new girl anymore, but I couldn't help myself: I saw in her eyes the same reluctance, the wish not to see another naked young woman whipped while she got her fucking—and yet the terrible, wicked compulsion to do it anyway, because it felt so shamefully good. She came again as I screamed at the fourth and then the fifth lash.

Master Trent had to hold me down very firmly now, as my screams became sobs.

"One more, Tatyana," he said in a low, calm voice. "Because you kissed my boot."

The memory drew a deep moan of pain and mortification from my chest.

He laid the strap across my bottom, gently. My bucking body grew still.

"Try to keep still for this one, sweetheart," he said. "You're doing very well."

Oh no. A wave of pride had risen in me, a strangely, terribly good feeling at my trainer's praise for the evil thing he was doing. I saw the kitchen table, the screen: FIGHT became PRETEND.

I'm pretending. I'm not really proud of taking a whipping while I watch a girl come with a cock in her pussy. I'm pretending.

Master Colin moved his right hand back over the top of Sharon's rear end. As I watched, my hips jerking with the need that the lull in my whipping had brought back between my thighs, he slowly and deliberately put his thumb between her bottom-cheeks. Sharon gave a heaving sob of shame.

Master Trent took the strap away. I cried out, softly, a tiny plea of fear. I heard the leather whistle through the air.

Pretend to keep still, for Master Trent. Pretend to be a good girl for him. Pretend to want to be a good girl for him.

Sharon started to come again just as the last lash of the strap came down across my bottom, right in the middle so that I could feel it on my untried pussy.

My cunt. The cunt my owner will fuck.

The pain rose, and to my dismay I welcomed it, my mind and heart somehow accepting the lesson Master Trent had decided to teach me as a substitute, an equivalent, for the fucking the other new girl got.

Sharon seemed to have climax after shuddering climax now, with Master Colin's thumb firmly inside her anus and his cock driving into her. Suddenly I felt Master Trent's right hand between my legs again, the strap no longer between his palm and my whipped bottom cheeks. Two fingers went into my pussy, up against the virgin barrier, so that I cried out in mingled alarm and desperate pleading.

I felt myself melt—gush, almost—over my trainer's moving hand. The fingers left the aching tunnel and moved to my clit, wet and terribly delicious in their skillful fluttering. I cried out, instantly on the verge of my own climax.

"Please," I begged. "Please, master."

Pretending. I'm pretending.

"Yes, Tatyana," he said. "You may come."

"Such good instincts," I heard Miss Charlotte say, from somewhere that felt very far away. "To ask permission. Sharon will learn to do that too before she has her first ass-fucking."

Had I pretended to have good instincts or did I really have them? The question floated through my mind, but it vanished before I could even consider it. My body's helpless response to Master Trent's fingers obliterated all thought. I watched Sharon come with a thumb in her bottom—her virgin bottom, it seemed—and I came with my trainer's hand on my virgin pussy.

Shaking took hold of my limbs, and Master Trent held me down so that every tremble of my climax found resistance from his big hands, the masculine strength that seemed to expend no effort at all to keep me in my place beneath him. The pain from the strap's awful lashes seemed only to drive the ecstasy higher as my orgasm ripped through my body.

CHAPTER 13



Trent

A week later, I had brought Tatyana to a precarious balance between her Groupe conditioning and her Institute training. With the help of Leona and Jenny, experienced concubines and Order of Ostia agents, Tatyana had had a relatively normal beginning to her life as a bed girl. Leona and Jenny actually had several years of service between them, but they had told Tatyana they had arrived at the Institute only a few weeks before. My unusual, partly fake, training group of three including Tatyana, thus mirrored a more usual group like Master Colin's—in which four girls at various stages of their training as sexual servants learned together how to please the men who would buy them at auction.

Because life at the Institute, for the girls at least, always involved a great deal of mystification, the sudden appearance of a new training group provoked no comment at all among the concubines. The trainers, for their part, had gotten used to Pretorian Guard and Order of Ostia agents coming and going within the marble halls of the Institute's chateau.

The Institute certainly had the space. An entire hall in the east wing had no other purpose than to serve as emergency accommodations for Guard operations. If my operation with Tatyana—Operation Egret—had taken place at a time when another of the Guard's civilization-saving missions had needed, say, to host a summit of dominant warlords, space could have been found for my unusual training group on one of the ten mostly unoccupied levels of beautifully furnished cellars. Two real training groups, under regular Institute trainers, already lived in the cellars. Certain Institute clients—a Selecta marketing study had discovered—would pay more for a girl kept in a dungeon before her auction.

Tatyana would pleasure another girl for the first time today. I could see the nervousness in her face as she stood before me, called over to my throne from the little group of my three girls. They had just come into my training room, precisely at the time appointed, for

their group session.

Every training group had classes with the rest of the Institute's concubines-in-training in the morning six days a week. Group sessions for each individual trainer's girls followed, with individual training sessions after that. In those individual sessions the trainer provided much of the crucial aftercare and positive reinforcement that above all led to a happy life for Institute concubines and their masters.

The seventh day, Sunday, the girls either got to rest or had special training—sometimes with multiple trainers. On most Sunday nights all the bed girls attended the final ceremony of one of their number's stay—her ass-night, when her owner came to claim her with a ritual act of anal sex in front of the entire Institute.

Today was Saturday. Tatyana had arrived the previous Sunday morning, and, as was the practice with new girls, she hadn't attended the ass-night that evening, but rather started classes the following morning, with the help of Leona and Jenny. In my group sessions, Tatyana had more than once watched Leona and Jenny pleasure one another on the big padded and upholstered table that stood in the center of the room.

Kneeling in her white nightgown, on her mat a few feet away, she had seen what to her so clearly seemed a shameful spectacle. I had told her each time that she would soon be commanded to participate, but I hadn't informed her that today would represent the start of that special kind of service.

The moment would, of course, have great importance for any submissive bed girl. Its significance for Tatyana was much greater because of its relation to her secret mission for the Institute's enemies—or, at any rate, the mission Tatyana and the Group Synergistique thought was secret.

"Kneel," I told her. "Mouth."

I watched the color mount on her cheeks. Her chin twitched as she suppressed the urge to look over at Leona and Jenny where they stood by the mirrored wall of the training room. Like Tatyana, Leona still wore a white nightgown, but I had had to spank Jenny for laziness that morning so she had on her pink one.

By now, of course, Tatyana knew that a girl put on her blue nightgown if a trainer had fucked her that day and a pink one if she had been punished. If both had occurred, she wore pink. For a virgin like Tatyana, the colors of other girls' nightgowns could take on an almost magical glamor. She had only worn white so far, over her first six days here.

That would change very soon, I knew—this session, whether or not I succeeded in tipping the balance inside my lovely spy, would at the very least put her in her pink nightgown afterward. I had to suppress a smile at the way my cock leapt with the thought: my affection for Tatyana, and my desire for her, had only grown over the past week. The aftercare, with the sweet new bed girl in my lap, had represented both an extraordinary pleasure and a rather troubling distraction: cuddling her and bringing her to the climaxes

she had earned for good behavior only served to solidify the growing thought that my feelings for the girl had grown quite serious.

Her face grew very troubled, a charming crease appearing in her forehead. For a moment she hesitated, and then she did as she knew she must.

“Yes, master,” she said, and went down on her knees, her lips already parting.

My robe lay open, my hardening cock exposed. Tatyana had made an effort not to look at it, keeping her eyes on my bare feet, but now I saw her gaze rise, and the surge of blood in her cheeks that always accompanied her visual contact with my manhood.

I put out my right hand to take firm hold of the back of her neck so that I could urge her the few necessary inches closer. I took my massive erection in my left hand, pumping it gently in front of her face. Tatyana gave the little whimper I knew originated in her feelings about playing with her pussy—she knew girls got caned daily for that here, and the fear had kept her out of any danger of committing the infraction herself.

“Eyes,” I told her as I lowered her mouth onto my cock, and to my satisfaction I saw another rush of blood to her cheeks as she obeyed the command she had learned so well and looked up into my face.

I steeled myself against the distraction the pleasure of Tatyana’s velvet mouth sent coursing through my nervous system. I had one chance to break through the post-hypnotic suggestion left by the Groupe handler. It had become clear from her responses that Tatyana thought of herself as pretending to submit, and defying the Institute, fighting us, by pretending.

As long as she held to that idea, put in her head probably by some digital hypnotizer on the Groupe recruiter’s tablet screen, the Groupe would be able, when they made contact, to activate her and force her to follow the other commands they had planted—send them the Institute’s data, reveal the Institute’s secrets. That would include information that could get me and my fellow agents killed by the enemy intelligence forces arrayed against us.

I looked down into her beautiful blue eyes and gave in for a moment to the delight of her growing oral skills. I held her head in both hands and thrust firmly up into her soft mouth with a grunt of satisfaction.

If I could do it... if I could break through and make her aware of what the Groupe had done to her mind, Tatyana Jacoby could become a significant asset for the Order of Ostia, the Guard, and the Institute. I tried to put from my mind the topic closer to my heart but less relevant for the fate of the world—what the girl I was falling in love with would be for me.

Tatyana

"Today," Master Trent said as I felt his huge cock drive deep between my lips, "you're going to pleasure Leona and Jenny."

He pushed my face down more firmly, until I had almost all of his massive erection between my lips, the head pressing against the back of my throat. He had taught me how to suppress my gag reflex over the first few days of my stay in my lovely little room. Leona and Jenny had given good advice too.

Miss Charlotte, who taught the Feminine Pleasure class, had given the exercises which I had had to do as homework in my room, that made my mouth a pleasurable place for my master to fuck. With the big, pale-flesh-colored dildo that I had to keep in my top drawer, I had taught myself the proper breathing to decrease my palate's sensitivity. By the third day, Master Trent had been able to thrust as deeply as he wanted when he gave me the now-familiar command, Mouth.

The Institute had managed to change my physiological response to submissive oral sex. Neither Master Trent, nor Miss Charlotte, nor Leona or Jenny, had changed my emotional and intellectual reactions—to having my mouth used like a pussy or to any of the rest of what the Institute represented: my approaching sale to a wealthy, powerful man; my approaching defloration at his hands and his cock—both between my thighs and between my bottom cheeks.

To kissing another girl's pussy on the training table.

My master pressed my face down and kept me there with my nose in his wiry black pubic hair. I closed my eyes because I couldn't look up past the lowest of his rock-hard abs. I knew he saw only my black hair, cradled in his powerful hands and so I could inhabit this hot, shameful, little world on my own for a moment, and try to collect my thoughts and feelings.

I had learned, somewhat to my surprise, that life at the Institute featured a great many of these meditative moments—whether in the midst of the nearly ceaseless sexual activity that made this place so terrible and so unique or in my room alone as I practiced a technique or read an assigned text. I had thought, when Joan had told me about this place, that the word "Institute" couldn't actually have any meaning beyond a cynical cover for evil—for sex-trafficking, above all. Instead, I had found that Miss Charlotte—who I had learned held the title Academic Dean—and Master Trent, and the other trainers, and even the senior girls like Leona and Jenny, they all really did think they had the duty of educating young women to accept their need to submit, sexually and disciplinarily, to dominant men.

My breath puffed through my nose. My jaw began to ache. The huge penis, deep over my tongue and filling my mouth completely, throbbed, and I felt one of those tiny jerks of

Master Trent's hips that I knew meant a little shock of pleasure had just traveled through his nervous system. Masculine Pleasure class, with Master Colin, had taught me much more than I had ever expected it could.

Master Trent started to pull my face upward, and I knew I had to open my eyes. I knew he would see in them—in the muscles around them, really, for I had learned that too, in Feminine Pleasure—how terribly conflicted the news about what he would soon command had made me.

But he doesn't know why. I opened my eyes and looked into his chocolate brown ones. I could see in the muscles of his cheeks, his temples, his forehead, the pleasure it gave him to fuck my face so dominantly. I could see too, the affection for me that I knew he had.

FIGHT. PRETEND. The two words alternated in my mind, still seen in that strange mental image of Joan's tablet screen.

But I'm falling in love with him. The thought rose into my mind. I had known something like it lurked in the back of my conscious ideas, somehow behind the tablet screen. I had pushed it away.

It wasn't the masterful way he used my body, the orgasms he allowed me when I did as I was told and took his hardness deep between my lips.

I knew Master Trent would cuddle me, once I had done the terribly shameful, humiliating thing he had commanded. He would take me in his arms and hold me on his lap and tell me how well I had done to overcome my mortification for my master's pleasure. He would make me come that way, but the orgasm wouldn't represent the real reward.

PRETEND. I didn't love him. I was pretending. He had hacked my mind, somehow, hijacked my heart to make me think I needed this—that I needed him.

I sobbed as he held my face in place, with just the head of his erection between my lips. I knew to use my tongue the way he liked, with a slow little flicking motion under the head. I saw his pleasure in his face as I used my naughty skill. The wicked pride at being a good cocksucker rose in my chest.

FIGHT. It came back to me, the word on the table. Fight it on the inside.

"Leona, Jenny," Master Trent said, his eyes still fixed on mine. "On the table, spread. Nightgowns off."

CHAPTER 14



Tatyana

I heard the senior girls moving behind me. I closed my eyes for just a moment, trying to keep the image of what they would look like once they had followed our master's command, there atop the table. The mental observer, perched somewhere in my brain, saw the paradox—why did I want to close my eyes so that I wouldn't picture Leona and Jenny? What I did see behind my eyelids, though, answered the question, even if it left me more confused.

The tablet screen, again: FIGHT becoming PRETEND. Not the beautiful senior girls, the well-trained Leona and Jenny—Leona's hair almost as dark as mine, her eyes a deep brown, Jenny blonde and blue-eyed and surfer-girl-looking despite the startling intelligence that came out in practically everything she said.

Not Leona and Jenny adopting the spread posture I had come to think of as the most humiliating—more mortifying even than the face-down bottom-up present position that constituted the most characteristic bodily arrangement of an Institute concubine's shameful repertoire.

Spread meant you had to look at your master between the knees you raised and held apart with your hands on the back of your thighs. Spread meant he could tell you to look down and see the beginning of your pussy's cleft and, above all, the way you had to keep yourself smooth and bare down there because that represented the hallmark of a submissive fuck toy's preparation for her owner's enjoyment.

I didn't see Leona and Jenny in that posture, side by side on the table, with my eyes closed and Master Trent's cock in my mouth. When I opened them, though, paradoxical as it seemed, I pictured them in his handsome bearded face, somehow, and I even caught the faint reflection of what was happening on the table in Master Trent's dark eyes.

I heard it too, the two girls clambering onto the table. I had had to get on the padded surface, myself, every day for the past week, during my individual training. Master Trent had taught me the spread posture that way, and he had taught me about the opportunities such a bodily position afforded a bed girl's master.

A girl in spread posture could be made to watch her trainer play with her pussy in the most tantalizing ways. She could be told to widen her thighs and made to look at a vibrator her master held, buzzing, only half an inch above the place where it would drive her practically wild with need and pleasure. Her trainer could stand to the side with a paddle and punish her bare bottom for talking back... he could use the many-tailed braided cat gently on her pussy and then more sharply, until the concubine-in-training screamed and begged and promised she would obey his every command if he would only fuck her with his enormous, beautiful cock.

I saw all of that in Master Trent's face, strange as it seemed to me. I felt the hot blood rush to my cheeks and my need start to flow down between my legs as I knelt before him with his cock moving again in my mouth. He held my head still and he thrust in and out a few inches, still looking deep into my eyes.

"You're going to use what you've learned in your Feminine Pleasure class," Master Trent said. "Don't be nervous, Leona and Jenny will be kind to you. They won't queen you today."

An involuntary sob rose in my chest and emerged around his gently thrusting cock.

Queening. In one of the group sessions—Wednesday? Thursday? all the days ran together here—Master Trent had made me watch Leona queen Jenny. Jenny, he had explained, didn't get to queen Leona. Seniority among concubines it seemed meant a lot in the world of the Institute—except of course when girls' masters decided to overturn it: Master Trent had said, offhand, that if he decided Jenny should queen Leona, his word would of course serve as law for them.

As I thought of it now, I found it very difficult to keep my breathing steady and to hold my gag reflex at bay. Master Trent, clearly understanding my distress, loosened his grip on my head and moved his left hand to brush my cheek with the backs of his knuckles.

"Your turn," he murmured. "Show me what you're learning."

I felt my forehead crease and another rush of blood flow into my cheeks. Your turn meant I had control over my oral service to my master's cock. I liked it—but I didn't like that I liked it. It felt in its own way even more humiliating when I found anew, every time I started to bob my head to imitate the motion of fucking, that a man's huge, hard penis felt good and even right inside my mouth.

I kept my eyes on Master Trent's, submissively showing that I knew his authority over me, that I knelt and must look up to the man who ruled over me. I put my tongue in the position Master Colin had taught me, and I moved my head, licking as I took the rigid

length of Master Trent's manhood deep into my mouth. He groaned, and I got the sudden impression from the expression on his face—as I had several times during the week, both when giving him head and while sitting on his lap after my individual sessions—that he... well, that he liked me.

To my dismay, I felt my heart skip a beat at the thought. Of course he "liked" me. A man liked any girl who sucked his cock—especially if she did it well, as I had already learned to do.

But the observer in my mind knew there was more to it. You like him too.

No, answered another voice. It's pretend.

Then Master Trent narrowed his eyes. "Jenny will queen you on Monday, though, sweetheart. She's been waiting for it, and I've told her she could, once you've gotten used to eating another girl's cunt."

I shuddered all over. My hands by my side curled into little fists and I felt my chin start to move left, and then right, as my head began unconsciously to refuse Master Trent's terrible, degrading announcement.

How could I like him? How could I like that? It's pretend.

I remembered how the butterflies had risen in my tummy, as if they might fly out my mouth, the first time Master Trent had made me watch Leona queen Jenny. The blonde surfer girl had lain on her back atop the bench our trainer used for this activity. The dark-haired girl had crouched dominantly over her, straddling her, working her pussy atop Jenny's face,

The sight had stirred a deeper conflict in me than I had thought I would ever have to experience. Leona's cries of pleasure, and Jenny's whimpers of grateful submission when Master Trent permitted her to touch herself while she served the soaking wet cleft between the other girl's thighs, had seemed to awaken a challenge in my mind.

The things I thought I had only pretended to need... the submission I thought I gave because I had to fight the Institute on the inside... the way I could separate the wanton sexual cravings of my body from my defiance of Selecta's evil purposes and evil methods... didn't Leona's and Jenny's pleasure in this shameful act tell me something about myself?

The idea that pretty Jenny would do that to me... that I would lie on the bench and she would... would crouch naked over me, her pussy looming over me...

It felt like all the blood in my body had rushed to my face.

"Yes," Master Trent said, his voice suddenly full of authority, for he had clearly sensed my head's movement of refusal, as slight as it had been. He pulled my face from his lap. He stood up, and he pulled me up in front of him, turning me to face the table. It still took

my breath away after a week—the way he could manhandle me so effortlessly.

With a combination of his bulging muscles' strength and his precise, dextrous skill, my trainer always seemed to leave my body in precisely the posture he intended. Now he set me neatly on my feet with his enormous hands still on me possessively: the left holding both my little breasts and the right my whole bottom, both of them inside the little white nightgown, electrifying my sensitive flesh.

I let out a little whimper at the sight of the senior girls on the table. They had removed their nightgowns as our master had commanded, before getting up and adopting the shameful spread posture. My eyes sought a distraction from the lewd, alarming sight of Leona and Jenny on their backs, with knees up, holding their thighs apart. My gaze went to where they had left the garments on the bench—the same bench Master Trent used for making his girls queen one another. It ran along one wall of the room, and it had two nightgowns on it... one of them white, the other pink.

The pink nightgown. I hadn't worn mine yet. It waited in my closet, next to the blue one. Jenny had been wearing it this morning, hadn't she? After the first few days, I had stopped really noticing which color other girls wore: the sight of the blue and pink ones had ceased to raise the blush they had brought the first day, after Jenny had told me what they meant.

As I tried to distract myself from the sight of the senior girls with their legs spread and their bare pussies open in front of me, though, I wondered what Jenny had done. Why had Master Trent punished her? He must just have spanked her, because I saw none of the telltale bruises I had come to expect to see sometimes on other concubines' bottoms.

Suddenly, I knew I would be made to change into my pink nightgown very soon. Strangely, I knew I would resist, and would receive my master's discipline, without wanting to resist. That felt very odd: I didn't seem to have any actual defiant thought, but I felt completely certain that I would rebel—in fact, my body had already started to struggle against Master Trent's hands, to try in vain to twist away from the sight of the senior girls' pussies, spread and waiting for my tongue to pay them shameful service.

My trainer restrained me and held me securely, moving his left hand up, inside my nightgown, to take hold of my chin, his fingers around my throat. He kept my face towards Leona and Jenny while his right hand went down and thrust between my thighs to seize my pussy firmly. I struggled more fiercely, and the defiant thoughts came into my mind then, as if they had lagged behind my unconscious reaction by a few seconds—a weird realization that brought a momentary frown to my face before the resistant, combative thought itself took over.

Evil. The Institute is evil. Fight. Joan's tablet, at the kitchen table. FIGHT. They like to whip pretty girls. They will whip you often. FIGHT.

My body kept struggling, completely in vain. Master Trent pulled me backwards so that

my back came up against his front, naked thanks to the opening of his robe. His firm, strong fingers squeezed my pussy and I cried out at the feeling of my need gushing into his hand. The pressure of his huge body behind me, the head of his long, hard cock pressing against my back even with the gap between us created by the hand he had thrust between my thighs, overwhelmed my senses. The sight of the other girls' wet vaginas, their smooth pink labia, the wrinkly hoods of their clits, even the tiny buttons of their anuses, made me feel faint with shameful arousal.

Master Trent's voice growled in my ear. "You know you want to eat them out, Tatyana. You know it, but if I have to whip you to make you obey, I will."

CHAPTER 15



Tatyana

I shuddered in Master Trent's arms. After my first whipping in the foyer of the chateau, I had developed a terror of the punishment strap that part of me knew didn't really make sense, but which I couldn't get rid of no matter how often I tried to think it through.

It had hurt worse than anything I had ever felt, and it had left purple marks that took days to fade, but... I had made it through, and the memory of the earth-shattering orgasm Master Trent had forced on me afterward had left a very different impression from fear. Knowing that I would receive the cane for masturbating in bed, I had to turn my thoughts away from that memory every night. When I pictured it, I could almost feel his hand between my thighs, and the longing for something more from him almost overcame my self-control—the something more that now pressed against my back, the hard manhood denied me as a virgin whose hymen would soon go up for auction.

EVIL. FIGHT. PRETEND, my brain would say then, and Joan's voice would come to me: "They like to whip pretty girls." Terror filled my mind, as in my imagination I saw the tablet screen at the kitchen table.

The way I saw it now, as vividly as I saw Leona and Jenny, holding their legs open in front of me. Showing me their wet pussies, ready for my shameful service.

Open. Their pussies are open. Master Trent fucks their pussies every day.

The shudder took hold of my limbs again. The ache inside me, in my pussy, where no cock had entered, no man had opened me, grew almost unbearable. I wanted my master's hardness there so badly: I would kiss those pretty pussies so pleasingly, if only Master Trent would take pity on me and fuck me with his beautiful cock.

I loved him. He loved me—I knew it from the way he held me in his lap, and the sweet, gentle way he made me come, when I had been a good girl for him with my mouth.

PRETEND. It was just pretend, though. They were evil. Master Trent was evil. I had to fight this feeling on the inside: I didn't want it... I was only pretending.

Only naughty girls touched each other, down there. Only the naughtiest girls kissed each other down there. From somewhere I had learned of the wickedness of the act... it was like playing with yourself, somehow... shameful and lewd.

And I want to do it. I definitely want to do it if the alternative is the punishment strap.

It all seemed to have gotten terribly, terribly jumbled in my mind, and the image of the tablet screen, flashing its words in capital letters, only made it worse rather than clarifying anything. During the kidnapping and when I had first arrived at the Institute, those words had seemed to help me remember that I had a secret mission to save the world. They had reminded me that I stood on the side of good and Master Trent on the side of evil.

If only I had that evil cock inside me... the way it goes inside Leona and Jenny. I clenched between my thighs, right there, where Master Trent's fingers probed just to the barrier... just to the place where my owner's rigid penis would take me, claim me, possess me.

As if he could read my mind, my trainer growled in my ear, "You're jealous, sweetheart. I understand. You need a man's hardness in this little cunt and this sweet bottom."

His thumb found my anus and pressed it against it. I cried out. Another terrible thought added itself to the tangle in my mind: I would, after they auctioned me, have my ass-night like all the other bed girls. Tomorrow, they had told me, I would attend my first one—Regina's, Leona had told me. Regina's owner would come and fuck her mouth, and then her pussy, and finally her bottom in front of everyone.

I clenched again, so hard that I cried out, feeling suddenly very near an unexpected climax on Master Trent's fingers. He could feel it... or somehow the sensor between my legs had told him of it. The pressure of his hand grew much less, as he backed me away from my pleasure. I let out a sob at the feeling of being controlled so very thoroughly.

In front of me, two feet away, I watched Jenny's pink pussy lips contract, and I felt certain she had clenched because of the sound I had made. I wanted to kiss her there, this instant, to make her feel the delight our master had denied me. My mouth watered at the thought, and it made my face burn.

I couldn't... I wouldn't... I would wear my pink nightgown because I had to fight. I would take my whipping... I had no choice.

My body twisted against Master Trent's restraining hands, much harder than it had since he had first seized me in my apartment. I hadn't even thought about the movement, and when it happened it seemed almost to take my brain by surprise, as if something else, deeper than my conscious thoughts, had taken over.

My arms flailed, striking out in search of some part of my trainer's massive body, some

small place on all that muscle where I could land a blow. My hands, in their little fists, found only empty air, and within half a second, he had both my wrists above my head, in his left hand. With his right he stripped the nightgown over my head and threw it to the side with a gesture so abrupt that it made me tremble all over at the display of controlled violence.

"You're not going to be needing your white one again today," Master Trent growled. Then, to my humiliation, he spoke to the senior girls. "I'm sorry, Leona and Jenny. Go ahead and sixty-nine for a few minutes while I punish Tatyana. Get your cunts nice and wet for her to taste when she's learned her lesson."

I had only half a second, if that, in which I got to watch them lower their legs and gracefully start to change their positions on the table. My mind filled with the image of what it would look like, though: just as with so many other seemingly minor aspects of life at the Institute, a sixty-nine of concubines in training had a specific protocol.

Leona, as the senior girl in Master Trent's training group, would lie atop Jenny. Leona's head would face the picture window that showed the gorgeous view of the luxuriously irrigated formal garden, while Jenny's would face the door that led to Master Trent's hallway, on which all three of us had our bedrooms.

I had seen them adopt this position before. I had heard the way they moaned. My face, as it did now, had burned with shame—embarrassment at the degradation of being made to watch their naughtiness, but much more humiliation at the way it made me feel... at the way every time my mind showed me the word PRETEND, I knew it for a lie. I wanted to try it. My pussy wanted to feel Jenny's lips and tongue, and I—to my dismay—wanted to give her back the pleasure I received.

That all went through my brain and my body even as the strangely automatic part of me, the part I couldn't seem to access in my mind, defied my trainer. The struggle of my limbs set up a jarring feedback in my mind, a loop that seemed to dominate my consciousness completely.

You are struggling. Why are you struggling? You are struggling because the man who kidnapped you is evil, and he's going to whip you. Why is he evil? Because he is going to whip you. Why is he going to whip you? Because he is evil. Why is he evil... why is he going to whip you... why are you struggling...

FIGHT.

Master Trent had me down on the floor, on my mat, where I had laid it to kneel in front of him and suck his cock. I had done such a good job, and he would whip me anyway. I cried out as I fought his overwhelming bodily strength in vain. With one hand he held me down in the present position. I felt him use the other, with the horrible strap in it, to tap my bottom lightly with the stitched leather. At some point he had taken the awful thing from where it hung by the side of his throne. I cried out, as much at the realization of

how effortlessly Master Trent could dominate me as at the terrifying sensation of the strap on my bottom-cheeks.

"Get this up, Tatyana," he growled. "Right now, or the first lash isn't going to count."

Leona moaned, or Jenny did... or they both did. I let out a sob of need, of frustration, of pure envy.

So unfair... so evil... they get to do the naughty things I want to do, and I'm going to get whipped.

Master Trent's hand pressed me down even further. My face, between my forearms, came up against the mat. My hips bucked at the feeling of my master's strength above me, and for an instant all the other things I needed, or wanted, or even thought went away. I arched my back and raised my bottom, presenting my aching, virginal pussy to him.

"Please," I whispered. "Please, Master."

If he won't fuck me, at least he'll whip me.

I felt it then and saw it in my mind's eye: the beginning of the backlash, the return of the image of the tablet screen, held before my eyes at my kitchen table, with the word on it that kept changing.

FIGHT. PRETEND. FIGHT. PRETEND. They are evil. They like to whip pretty girls.

I gasped as suddenly I started to understand. That picture... that memory... it came from a real memory but it wasn't the real memory. The tablet screen, held before my eyes, covered over something else... somehow concealed the way it had actually happened.

Master Trent relaxed his left hand a little, loosening his grip and letting me push up just a bit. I sobbed at his mercy, at the tiny bit of relief it allowed me as a reward for furnishing my backside to the lash.

In my mind I tried to find the real memory, but the tablet with its words kept hiding it from me. I whimpered in frustration and then my chest filled with panic because Master Trent had taken the strap off my bottom and must surely be raising it now to give me my first lash.

I closed my eyes. Behind my eyelids the tablet rose to cover something else... I could almost see it now... another picture, on the tablet, and... and the way I had felt about that picture...

FIGHT. PRETEND.

I cried out in fear, because I knew the strap would strike in an instant across my poor bottom. I struggled anew, trying to fight, but my master held me down.

But Master Trent's right hand did something utterly unexpected instead.

He laid the strap atop my back—just put it there, resting. He put his hand between my legs, but not roughly. Instead, he cupped my pussy, and he pressed gently with his thumb at my cringing bottom-hole, and, very softly, he squeezed in a rhythm so slow and subtle that it brought a moan from the bottom of my soul.

Stillness seemed to take hold of the training room then, after the brief but frenetic struggle I had waged in vain against my trainer. Above me and in front of me, a few feet away, Leona and Jenny were whimpering softly as their mouths and pussies accompanied those sounds with wet noises that made me feel faint with arousal. My own moan went on and on, my pussy seeming to melt into Master Trent's skillful hand.

In my memory, the picture took shape... the bare-chested man and the girl on her knees. The knowledge that in the world of the picture, he would whip her... he would whip her so hard...

My real response to it... the same response I felt now, as the tablet screen seemed to shatter in front of me to reveal my hands on the kitchen table, clutching the edge so hard that my knuckles had gone white, because...

Because I wanted to touch myself so badly... because the picture made me want a whipping with the man's strap, and a fucking with the man's cock.

"Shh, sweetheart," Master Trent murmured. "I know what you need."

CHAPTER 16



Trent

"Almost positive she just broke through," Nora said over the comm link in my ear, in the clipped tones of an assessor conveying as much important information as possible in as few words as she could use. "Spike in her galvanics so big it couldn't be anything else."

I felt my eyes narrow. Skin galvanics—the same measurement lie detector technology used, sometimes to great effect and sometimes to remarkable inaccuracy—couldn't always be interpreted as precisely as a trainer usually wanted. But in my experience Institute assessors usually underinterpreted such ambiguous data, to the point of failing to tell me things I might have found useful. For Nora to say she felt almost positive about Tatyana's state of mind meant I should probably proceed on that assumption and begin the most delicate part of the very special training my naughty would-be mole would need.

I hesitated, though. For a split-second I felt like I couldn't trust my own instincts, and I couldn't even trust Nora's data-analysis. The girl trembling under my hands, with the strap resting across her tailbone—its leather shaking violently now and threatening to fall to the side as her climax caused her body to fight my grasp in little jerks of helpless pleasure...

I had fallen in love with her, thanks to her passion and her sweetness, and probably also for complex reasons of my own—some of them very dark. I would have to debrief with a Guard therapist on that subject at some point. I had fallen in love with Tatyana, and so I knew I had to be careful: my overwhelming desire to fuck her this instant, and the aching rigidity of my cock as I held her sweet, untried pussy in my hand, posed a serious problem.

To take Tatyana's virginity at this point would ruin both her mission and mine for the sake of a few moments of sexual pleasure. Frustrating Tatyana's mission to spy on the Institute, of course, represented an essential part of my own responsibility—but my

mission involved not simply shattering her conditioning as a Groupe mole but also setting her up as a double agent.

That meant another man would buy the pussy I fondled now, would be the one to mete out orgasms the way I meted out a second, and then a third, to Tatyana's shuddering body. Leona and Jenny writhed on the table, coming themselves as they listened to the moans and whimpers of the would-be spy. I felt Tatyana push up a little on her elbows.

Nora spoke again in my ear. "She wants to see the senior girls. She's ready to go down on them. I recommend starting the turn."

I felt Tatyana's vagina clench beneath my palm. I had to hold her tightly with both hands to keep the strap from falling off her back, so powerfully did the spasms of her orgasm shake her limbs.

To start the turn meant taking the strap and whipping the sweet little bottom whose rounded cheeks rubbed so deliciously against the inside of my wrist. It meant interrupting the pleasure I forced on the girl I loved to punish her not just for refusing to pleasure another woman but for trying to infiltrate the Institute.

It meant saying things and doing things that would take Tatyana away from me and give her to the man who would pay handsomely to fuck her for the first time, to enjoy her body fully, to take her home with him and use her just as he pleased. I felt my cock leap against my thigh. Devoid of reason as a man's hard penis always is, it made me imagine myself as my naughty spy's owner.

"Trent?" Nora asked. "You're reading me, right?"

If my hands had been free, I would have acknowledged the assessor's query with a tap to my jaw. I knew I had to acknowledge instead by fulfilling my duty. I had no choice.

Still holding Tatyana down on her elbows, with my left hand on the silken nape of her neck, I pulled my right hand from her pussy and picked up the strap. My fingers felt enchantingly slippery with the need they had called from the girl's delicious virgin sheath and still more from the pleasure they had provided her.

The time for a very different sensation had come... and for a very different sort of lesson from the one Tatyana probably expected.

* * *

Tatyana

A shriek of fear burst from my chest and was muffled by the foam of the mat against which Master Trent pressed my face. I heard the strap whistle through the air. I wanted

to beg for a moment to explain what had just happened in my mind, not to plead for mercy but just so my master could help me understand it. The terror in my chest mingled with the aftershocks of the pleasure he had given me, though, and my body took over. I let out a sob and lifted my bottom higher, as high as I could, arching my back even further so that I could offer the naughtiest part of me for the whipping I had coming.

The lash fell across both cheeks with a crack that echoed off the wainscoted walls and the high ceiling of the training room. An instant later I felt the searing pain, and I cried out as the now-familiar build of the pain began. After the climaxes Master Trent had forced on me, the agony felt different—much more bearable than it had seemed in the foyer, when Regina had brought me almost to orgasm and then Miss Charlotte had made that arousal grow cold, before the trainers had arrived to fuck Sharon and to whip me.

I had lowered my backside involuntarily, with the force of the lash and the immediate smart of its effect. I raised it, with another sob, for my trainer to keep teaching me the lesson I needed. I heard Jenny give a sob of her own, and I knew my pain had caused her to come. I felt a thrill of shame and helpless arousal at the thought.

Instead of whipping me again, though, Master Trent stooped over me. I felt his huge body loom above me, and the warmth of his chest only a few inches from my back. I shuddered at the feeling of closeness, longing for him to take me in his arms, to tell me that I didn't have to fight and didn't have to pretend. His enormous hands, their backs thick with dark hair, reached past my face and took hold of my wrists. I had the sudden impression that he could snap my arms like twigs if he wanted to.

In my mind at the same time the unsettling images of what had actually happened in my apartment when Joan had barged in and sat down and shown me her tablet played out. Each time I saw the scene start again I had the impression I understood more of the real details of the scene, but I felt at a terrible loss as to grasping the meaning of it all... the why behind what had occurred that day and how it had led to this training room at the Institute.

Master Trent didn't break my arms. Instead, without gentleness but with the physical skill that always took my breath away, he bent them behind me and lifted my upper body from the mat. He pulled my wrists behind me and he clipped them together, as I saw that Leona and Jenny had changed their positions on the training table—Master Trent must have given them some cue, so that they knew to resume their spread posture. Knees up and spread wide, they showed me their shaved pussies and their wrinkled little anuses.

I inhaled sharply as my trainer pulled me upright, supporting me with his hands on my upper arms. The rich, indescribably naughty scent of the senior girls' arousal, of their wanton play atop the table as they waited for me to serve them. Their pussies glistened with their lewd need and the moisture their mouths had added as they pleased one another, Leona over Jenny, pressing her private parts greedily into the surfer girl's face while returning the shameful favor as she chose.

Jenny would queen me on Monday. Master Trent had said so. If Leona had decided to mete out scant caresses in the sixty-nine, would Jenny take her revenge on me? Would she ride my face hard, on the bench, seeking her delight as much in the roughness of her pussy's pressure on my nose, her anus' movement over my lips, as in the beginner's cunnilingus skills I could display? The wicked thoughts, the mortifying images, made me sob with need as Master Trent moved my face closer and closer to Leona's spread pussy.

The tablet screen tried to rise again in my mind, and in a flash of insight I understood something: whatever Joan had done to me, by showing me the tablet, involved my returning to FIGHT and PRETEND at moments when I felt the greatest submissive arousal.

Because... because... My mind sought the reason and the method even as the words tried to overwhelm all my conscious thought, taking away the knowledge I had just gained and replacing it with my body's yielding to its primal instincts... the need for sexual pleasure that I sometimes thought outweighed even the basic urge to eat, the irresistible urge to sleep...

My mouth watered, and my forehead creased. Leona's pussy looked so pretty, but also so naughty... so wet... so ready for fucking. I wanted to see a cock go into it, suddenly—not Master Trent's cock, because I wanted my trainer's cock in me... the thought brought a sob from my chest. I took a breath through my nose and I smelled what could only be Leona's own special pussy fragrance... different from Jenny's, different from mine... a hot blush seemed to spread over my whole body...

PRETEND. I wanted to pretend... to pretend to like it, to need it, to want it... if I pretended I could kiss the other girl's pussy and lick it and make it feel good... because I would be faking my submission...

Master Trent had stopped pushing on the back of my head. I realized I would have to be the one to lean forward the final inch and do the wicked thing. I froze.

My master murmured into my ear, "Good girls get the fucking they deserve, Tatyana. Naughty girls get whipped and used as their master pleases."

The need between my thighs seemed to explode. I felt his hands grip my arms a little tighter, as if to remind me of their restraint. It made my hips buck wildly with a contraction in my wet vagina so powerful it made me cry out.

In my mind's eye, the words on the tablet screen tried again, but something in what Master Trent had said—the sheer, brutal simplicity of it—seemed to overcome them. I saw behind the screen: I saw my hands on the kitchen table, their knuckles white. I saw the picture of the bare-chested man with the strap in his hand and the nearly naked girl kneeling in front of him.

Not pretend. NOT pretend. I need it... I need it all... so much...

I leaned forward, the cry changing to a sob as I put my face to Leona's smooth, spread pussy. My breathing came hard and fast from my chest through my panting, open mouth, as I tried to remember what I had learned in Feminine Pleasure class. Leona moaned. I felt her pull her knees further back, to spread herself even more open for my service.

"That's it," said Master Trent. He put one hand on the clip that joined the cuffs on my wrists and held me steady. The other hand went between my thighs again, caressing me with the same rhythm I used to pleasure Leona. "Jenny, sweetheart, would you like some of this?"

CHAPTER 17



Tatyana

Master Trent made me pleasure the senior girls for what felt like an eternity—not because it lasted a terribly long time, or because I found it boring—in reality it couldn’t have actually taken longer than ten minutes, and my body was trembling the entire time from the arousal this shameful new submission stirred in me. Kissing them between their thighs, running my tongue, at my trainer’s command, into the warm, salty depths of their vaginas, seemed to go on and on, though, because my yearning to talk to Master Trent, and to try to ask him about what had happened in my mind, kept growing and growing.

“Good girl,” he murmured into my ear, his hand still between my legs to keep me bent over, his two middle fingers inside me just to the place where... my hips bucked at the thought, as if to try to get my master’s hand deeper.. as if to make him take my virginity that way, and to sneak across the lascivious bridge to womanhood without the forceful aid of my owner’s masculine hardness.

My owner. My mission. What would become of my mission now? Joan had deceived me with the tablet screen, it appeared now—but Master Trent, Miss Charlotte, and the Institute were all engaged in selling girls to wealthy men, weren’t they? They meant to sell me... and to deliver me to the man who paid a no-doubt fabulous sum of money for the right to fuck me for the first time and to take me home to his palace where he would use me however and whenever he chose.

The surge of need stirred in my body by this thought, though... the way it made me push back again against my trainer’s hand, helplessly and wordlessly begging him to take me for his own, to thrust his hard cock inside me... to ride me for his manly enjoyment...

EVIL. That thought... that word remained, despite the shattering of the tablet screen, and the other words, FIGHT and PRETEND, seeming to fade into background noise.

Master Trent’s hand withdrew from between my legs. He took hold of my upper arms and

gently pulled me upright, my lips and cheeks wet and musky from Jenny's pussy. I had made them each come three times, and both girls lay still atop the training table. With each breath, both Leona and Jenny emitted a soft, cooing sigh, and I had that strange, mingled feeling of shame and pride that always came with having done something terribly naughty—but having done it very well.

"Girls," our master said, "what do you say?"

"Thank you, Tatyana," Leona said in her deep contralto.

"Thanks, sweetie," Jenny echoed in a trilling soprano.

"You may go, Leona and Jenny," said Master Trent. "I'll see you for your individual sessions. Tatyana, let's go to the throne."

Butterflies filled my tummy. Master Trent had never simply taken me to the throne at the very beginning of my session. Always he had taught me something or made me show him what I had learned in one of my classes. I felt a frown crease my forehead, and I looked down at his enormous feet, with their covering of dark hair, as he led me towards the big armchair at the end of the training room, his hand on my elbow.

I heard the door shut behind the senior girls as we reached the spot where my mat still sat, right in front of the throne. Master Trent sat down. I bit my lip when I saw that he had tied the belt of his robe again. A little surge of heat prickled my cheeks as I realized my mouth had started to water again: I wanted to see his penis. The rude thought made my heart jump, and the tablet screen tried to come back into my mind, but because I understood what had happened—that as lewd as my mind's willful wish might be, that naughtiness lay deep inside me—once again the picture with its words fell apart to reveal my own hands.

The hands my master had bound behind my back. I moved my arms and felt the restraint. A shiver of arousal ran through my body, and for an instant my conscious brain tried to deny it—tried to see Joan's tablet screen one more time, so that I wouldn't have to think about my hands and the white knuckles on the table that told the tale of my need for submission.

"Look at me, Tatyana," Master Trent said.

When I obeyed, raising my eyes to meet his dark gaze, I gasped. I could see in my master's face that he knew. He knew about my mission to stop him and his Institute, about everything.

My heart raced. He couldn't know. I was imagining it. I tried to hold the eye contact, but the heat that rushed to my face made me drop my gaze to his lap again. I felt the furrow return to my forehead, and an urge took hold of me—all of me—irresistible despite the terrible degradation of it.

I fell to my knees on the mat, nearly falling over because of the awkwardness of the

motion with my hands bound behind my back. I buried my face in my master's lap, hiding my eyes in my desperation for him not to see my face—not to see through me completely. Master Trent's body heat came through the plush robe and seemed to make my face burn even hotter.

With my mouth, with my teeth, I tried to unknot the belt. Between little bites, I sobbed, "Please, Master. Please." I wanted his hard cock in my mouth, wanted to serve him and to have my power of speech taken away. With the shattering of the tablet and the vanishing of FIGHT and PRETEND, I needed somewhere to hide, and to think. I had thought I might be able to ask him about what had happened in my mind, but the fear that he knew everything had made that idea much too frightening.

Master Trent let me continue for a few moments before he spoke.

"No, Tatyana," he said simply. "It's not time for that."

The way he said it made me sure that he meant not just that he didn't want me to suck his penis now, but that it was time for something else—something I wouldn't enjoy even as much as I enjoyed having my face fucked by my master's hardness.

He put his hands under my arms then, and began to haul me up, and to the side.

"Oh no," I whimpered, as I understood that my trainer had started to put me over his knee. "No, Master. Please."

"Yes, sweetheart," he said, his voice very gentle despite the decisive force I could feel in his enormous arms. "I'm going to spank you until you tell me everything."

"Wh—" The beginning of the question came from my lips, but the rest of it—What do you mean?!—got lost in a cry of surprise and pain as Master Trent began to spank me, very hard and very fast.

From the start of the punishment, I had no control—over my body, over my mind, over my heart. My master punished me with what I instantly knew—somewhere in my consciousness, in a thought floating free and no more graspable than any other idea in my head—as precise, virtuosic skill. He had timed the positioning of my bottom, raised over his broad left thigh, and the first hard swats of his strong hand, and the clamping down of his right leg over the backs of my knees: he had calculated all of this terrible lesson to overwhelm me completely, so that I couldn't even frame the question of what he had meant by everything.

I struggled harder than I ever had. PRETEND didn't make up any part of my resistance. Even FIGHT seemed to have lost its power. I tried to get away from Master Trent—out from under the right hand he had pressed firmly onto my back, between my bound wrists; off his knee, out from under his leg; just away from the awful rain of spanks that he covered my bottom and my upper thighs with.

My naked limbs writhed over his huge muscles, clothed in the mockingly soft fabric of his

red robe. He held me there as he taught me my lesson with no apparent effort at all, despite all my bodily defiance. I couldn't stop struggling, though: I sobbed with each vain attempt to get away, as the pain in my backside grew and grew.

As my sobs turned to screams, words that I felt sure would end the terrible ordeal came into my mind.

I'm a spy.

For the blink of an eye, a microsecond, I thought I would be able to keep the words inside my head. I had an instant, between two spanks, in which I decided to try telling Master Trent something different, something about how I had stolen something, or hurt someone—some plausible substitute for “everything.”

I felt my body tense as I got ready to scream the lie, so that I wouldn't speak the truth. My master's hand came down hard right in the center of my bottom, and it hurt so much... too much. I wouldn't walk without wincing for a day, I knew, at least... let alone sitting comfortably in the dining hall. I would have to put on my pink nightgown, and everyone would know I had gotten punished.

“I'm a spy,” I sobbed. “I'm a spy. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.”

The spanking stopped. Everything seemed to happen in an instant, but also somehow very, very slowly. I was suddenly in my master's strong arms, in his lap, curled in a ball with my hands in front of me instead of behind me. That all occurred, for me, before I even felt sure that I had just confessed.

But in the stillness that followed, as I buried my weeping face in the soft plush of Master Trent's robe and he cradled my head in his big hand, it all seemed to unfold much more slowly, over and over. He had unclipped my cuffs, and then he had lifted me from his thigh, and then he had bent me into a little ball of tears and pain and shame, and then he had put me in his lap so I could cry to my heart's content before he asked a single further question.

I loved him. I couldn't think about spying, or fighting, or—above all—pretending. I loved my master, and I knew he must not be evil. I didn't want him to sell me, but I knew he would have to, because the Institute worked that way. Leona and Jenny loved Master Trent too, I knew—but I also knew that they hadn't fallen in love with him the way I had.

I loved Master Trent, and I was in love with him. And I had just told him that I had tried to destroy this place—the place to which he had dedicated his life.

The place I understood now did things that looked strange to those who didn't understand what it meant to feel the way I felt. Not just strange, but—yes—evil.

It started to come out, in little choking sobs.

“I... she... this woman named... Joan...,” I began.

"Shh, sweetheart," Master Trent said softly. "We have time now." His right hand stroked my hair. His left, all the way around my upper body, rubbed my back.

"Time?" I asked the place on his chest that I'd gotten very damp, feeling my forehead crease in a frown.

"Time to unwind your conditioning. Don't think about it now. You've made the breakthrough I needed you to make."

CHAPTER 18



Tatyana

"The breakthrough?" I asked, feeling mystified. "My... conditioning?"

Master Trent didn't respond with words. Instead, he twined his fingers in my hair and gently drew my head back so I looked up into his dark eyes. I felt my lips part and my eyes open very wide as I saw him begin to bend his face down towards mine, and I understood what he would do.

He had held me in his lap like that every day since I had arrived at the Institute. He had never done this... he had never even suggested that he might...

I gave a little whimpering cry as his lips made contact with mine, and I felt his beard brush against my face. His tongue probed into my mouth, and the cry became a sob. Down below, his left hand had moved—he had worked it under my bottom, and now he held me there, gently but also possessively.

My body bucked in his arms. The terrible pain of the spanking had started to fade into the glow that always seemed to take away my reason. When my master's hand stimulated that glow, when he held my little cheeks and fondled them, I lost track of the very difference between pain and pleasure.

Master Trent kept kissing me, so dominantly but also so softly that my little noises became a continuous, terribly lewd succession of moans and whimpers. At the same time, the hand beneath my bottom didn't stay still: slowly, achingly slowly, my trainer worked his fingers up, to take possession of my pussy too.

I writhed at the nearly unbearable pleasure, at the feeling of my wet need practically gushing onto his fingers. I felt him tighten his grip a little, to keep me firmly in place, exactly where he wanted me. The knowledge that I wouldn't go anywhere, couldn't escape, worked its way into my mind, and it made me struggle more—not in resistance, but to get more of him... of his hand, of his tongue. I moved as if somehow my body's

wriggling could untie the knot of his robe's belt, open the robe, and—most shameful of all, the thought so mortifying that it brought a fresh sob of greedy arousal out of my throat—impale myself on the hard cock of the man I loved.

I could feel it, I thought, under my bottom and under the plush fabric that divided my vagina from the masculinity I needed so intensely. It felt very hard, and the picture of it in my mind, of its size and its rigidity, brought a surge of heat to my face.

My master had gotten hard, so very hard... because of me. His penis had readied itself to fuck me. If he wanted, he could take my virginity right this instant. It meant Master Trent desired me, the same way his dominant kisses meant he desired me... wanted me... would like to use me for his pleasure...

He didn't love me, of course. I knew that, and it was alright.

His fingers, so slick with my virgin juices, moved up and down, then back and forth. The heat from the terrible spanking he had given me, for all the lies I had told and all the harm I had meant to do, seemed to permeate my pussy. My whole body arched as he inserted his thumb all the way to the place where I was still closed, still a girl instead of a woman. His fingers squeezed my bottom gently, and that was all it took: I started to come, sobbing into Master Trent's mouth as he kept kissing me.

Did he love me? The way he kissed... maybe... maybe he wasn't in love with me, but suddenly I understood that my master must love me, at some essential level, or he wouldn't have kissed me... wouldn't have made me climax... wouldn't even have spanked me...

Master Trent broke the contact of our lips and cradled my head again, my face against his robe. Part of me didn't want the kiss to end, but another part understood: it made me concentrate on the naughtiest parts of me, the parts between my waist and my knees where his hand could do so very much. I screamed with the forced pleasure, starting to cry again with the sheer overwhelming excess of delight.

My trainer held me tighter, pressing my face even more firmly into the damp breast of his robe with his right hand. The other hand kept working me, between my legs, and my mind began to spin, to whirl, as the ecstasy grew and grew until I seemed to float out of myself, to watch my body respond to Master Trent's knowing touch.

"That's it," he murmured. "There you go, sweetheart. Come for me. Just keep coming."

I sobbed, and closed my eyes, and obeyed. I had already had at least five orgasms, and the next one washed over me then. I realized that my body's rhythmic jerking, as the waves of pleasure took hold one after another, had begun to lessen in intensity. My master had brought me somewhere, I understood, somewhere far away from myself.

"One more," Master Trent said, his voice seeming to deepen into a growl, so that a thrill of fear went through my chest.

As if my body could refuse my trainer nothing, I came again, the instant he commanded it, this climax more intense—something frightening in Master Trent's voice, I understood, had drawn more intense sensation out of the bare, untried pussy over which he seemed to have absolute authority.

The hand between my thighs stopped moving. Master Trent's thumb rested atop my clit, and his palm was against my private lips, his fingers holding my bottom. I had never felt more mastered, more dominated.

"Now," he said, "let's discuss your mission for the Groupe Synergistique."

My body responded before my brain could even realize that my master had just identified the enemy organization who had sent me as a spy into the Institute. My limbs tried to escape his grasp, moving of their own accord, trying to get out of his lap and to run away. To no avail, of course. Master Trent held me fast, moving his right arm to keep me against his chest and clamping down with his left hand between my legs.

If I had felt controlled a moment before, I reached a new level of forced submission in that moment. To my horror, I felt myself respond down there as I never yet had: the wave of arousal that swept through my already-sexually-exhausted body made me cry out into Master Trent's robe.

"Do you know the name of the agent who conditioned you?" he murmured into my ear.

I felt it come back then, whatever Joan had done to me. I wanted to say her name, but the tablet screen returned to my mind's eye, filled my imagination, and I couldn't speak. My lips moved wordlessly against the fabric of Master Trent's robe: FIGHT... PRETEND.

His thumb probed my virgin sheath. Underneath my bottom, his middle finger pressed into me... into the place where I knew my owner would take me, some day very soon, when he had paid a fortune for the right to use me as he liked. My trainer's other hand gripped me tightly around my chest as my body tried to get away.

I cried out and came, the orgasm feeling more like a punishment than a reward.

"Joan!" I screamed. "Her name was Joan!"

Suddenly I understood. Master Trent had begun to unwind my conditioning.

"She got inside your mind," he said, his hands becoming more gentle, stroking and soothing. "We have to do our best to figure out how, and exactly what she set you up to do."

I nodded. My sobs against his chest grew quieter.

"This is hard, I know, sweetheart, but it's the best way we've found to undo the conditioning."

My chin rubbed again against the damp velour, the softness there, over the rock-hard

muscle, calming me a little.

"Joan put a picture in your mind," Master Trent murmured. "I know it's a version of what actually happened when you met her. I'm guessing she used a tablet, and she made you look at the screen. Is that right?"

Gratitude and love seemed to fill my chest too full to speak. I wanted to say yes, and then I wanted to nod, and then I realized that I couldn't seem to do either one—my body had simply refused. I only managed to make a panicky, whining sound as the rest of me locked up. It was the strangest and most alarming sensation I had ever felt, even with all the frightening and new experiences Joan and Master Trent had subjected me to, between them.

He gripped me around my chest even harder. Under my bottom his hand became even more insistent.

"Oh no," I sobbed. It seemed I could speak when I wanted to say anything that didn't have to do with the tablet, and I could move when the motion constituted resistance rather than compliance. I did move, did try once more to get away, though my limbs had spent nearly all their strength already.

Master Trent's thumb and middle finger invaded me... entered my pussy and my anus, and the degraded arousal, the surge of submissive need that flared inside me washed all the resistance away. I climaxed again, bucking in my master's grasp, and I realized that I could speak.

"Table... my... my hands... on the... on the kitchen table," I sobbed, riding Master Trent's probing hand. The idea of him preparing me for the man who would buy me that way, of getting my holes ready for my owner's cock, swept through me. I saw the bare-chested man in the picture, felt my terrible, humiliating need for him and his discipline—my need for what Joan had called EVIL.

There it was. The picture, the mortifyingly arousing picture, and the word EVIL, flashing on Joan's tablet. Then... FIGHT and PRETEND.

My whole body heaved a sob, and my limbs seemed to relax into surrender.

Master Trent's hands became soothing and gentle again.

"You got the real memory back, Tatyana?" he asked softly. His right arm moved from around my upper body, and his hand began to stroke my hair again.

"Yes, Master," I whispered.

"What is it? What happened when you met Joan?"

I took a deep, shuddering breath through my nose. It seemed so... trivial now. The memory of the link I had clicked, the wicked photo I had seen, and the way Joan had just

shown it to me again on the tablet. After everything I had gone through because of it, the way the woman's organization had apparently hijacked my brain, I felt truly embarrassed about confessing to Master Trent and telling him the whole story. Not the arousing kind of embarrassed—just stupid.

He could read my mind. I mean, I know he couldn't actually, but at that moment I came fully to the conclusion that his skill as a trainer of girls like me meant that he might as well have been able to see a continuous feed of every thought, conscious or unconscious, that traveled through my brain.

"Shh, Tatyana," he said, his fingers twining very gently in my hair, tugging so lightly that I could only just sense their strength, the way they could hold me firmly in place if he wanted... whether to kiss me or to fuck my face as hard as he chose. "I know you feel like you should have been able to do something to keep her from getting inside your brain, but that's not true. You have nothing to be sorry about, or to feel stupid over."

I took another breath, deeper and calmer.

"That's it," Master Trent murmured. Then he pressed his lips to the top of my head, and it made me sigh. "Give me three breaths."

I felt a smile creep onto my lips. I knew how to obey, and I knew how good it would feel. I hadn't had any idea that something that seemed so... vanilla... would make such an important part of my "evil" training. I breathed in through my nose, deeply and quickly, on a four count. I held the breath for a seven count. I released through pursed lips so I could feel the resistance on an eight count.

"Again," Master Trent said.

Twice more I breathed and focused on the breath the way he and Miss Charlotte had taught me.

Then I told him everything.

CHAPTER 19



Trent

Two weeks later I prepared Tatyana for her ass-night. In the intervening time the process of unwinding had proceeded without apparent snags. Every day in her individual session we went over the memory again, and every day Tatyana remembered a little more about what “Joan” had ordered her to do.

The Guard analysts assigned to the operation had positively identified the Groupe agent “Joan” as Katharina Gide, a nasty piece of work who might well have killed Tatyana if the conditioning hadn’t succeeded. At least we understood what we were dealing with, but the Guard knew Gide as an extremely skillful manipulator of Groupe assets. I had a strong suspicion that something in what Tatyana told me about the meeting in her apartment represented another screen memory, planted by Gide to hide a failsafe order of some kind.

That order could take a number of forms, including the command to pick up a weapon and start wreaking mayhem, ending in suicide.

We did the special deconditioning work in our individual sessions, using regular over-the-knee spankings for Tatyana, followed by the forced pleasure that reasserted her mind’s and body’s fundamental, natural arousal cycle. Gide had cleverly manipulated those by interposing her tablet screen, to institute a repression “circuit-breaker” consisting of the FIGHT/PRETEND concept. Over the ten days between the breakthrough and Tatyana’s ass-night, I helped the girl with whom I had fallen completely in love disable that circuit-breaker.

Things would only get trickier now, though, because for the fate of civilization and the fate of Tatyana herself, we had to turn her deconditioning to our advantage. Even if the Guard had wanted simply to send Tatyana back into normal life, we couldn’t have. The possibility that the Groupe had left something dangerous inside her mind, which I hadn’t yet discovered, loomed too large.

Tatyana had to be auctioned, and she had to be claimed by her owner in the traditional, infamous way purchasers of virginal Institute fuck toys had claimed them since the organization's earliest days. The nuit-a-derriere—the ass-night.

"I've been sold?" Tatyana said, as she recovered in my arms from the final, wrenching climax of her Saturday session—the last individual session we would have. Her voice sounded so frightened that it made my heart ache.

"Yes, sweetheart," I told her, tightening the embrace of my arms around her shoulders. "We have to make everything in your training seem normal to the Groupe as they do the surveillance we know they're doing."

"And Joan... I mean, Katharina Gide... she's the one watching, you think?" Tatyana seemed to shrink with alarm as I held her. Her voice had a hint of tears in it, and I spent a moment just trying to get my own emotion—my instinct to tell her too much and risk the operation's security—under control. "She knows you... you sold me?"

"Yes," I replied gently. "But remember that you've freed yourself from her control. When she makes contact again—or sends someone else to do it—the commands she gives you won't appear on the tablet screen."

Tatyana nodded against my chest. Her bottom squirmed a little, and a thrill of my own arousal made my cock jump. The struggle to keep myself from taking her virginity—as the strong, sweet, lovely girl had begged me to do so many times over the past two weeks—had seemed titanic.

"But... my... my owner..." she whispered.

I took a deep breath: the really tough part came next. Telling her about the ass-night, and then triggering what the analysts had determined probably represented the deeper layer of her conditioning. The trigger, they had learned through a lucky intercept, relied on a French phrase that a Groupe agent could deliver in passing, in a whisper into Tatyana's ear.

Tu dois être utilisé: you should be used. To Tatyana, meaningless syllables of a language she didn't know, but accompanied at the deeper, unconscious level by their translation, hidden from her conscious memory so that they would return again and again, renewing her helpless arousal and her primal shame at the realization of her erotic needs.

It would be intended, the Guard thought, to stir her submissive needs uncontrollably. The point it seemed lay in making her so sexually compliant that a guard agent could make her do literally anything to achieve orgasm.

"Mm-hmm," I murmured.

"He won't... you know... not for a few weeks, right?"

"Sweetheart," I told her. "Because we need to keep everyone safe, we have to move

quickly. Your ass-night is tomorrow.”

* * *

Tatyana

“Oh no,” I said, starting to struggle in Master Trent’s arms. “No... not... you can’t!”

He wasn’t in love with me. I accepted that. But these moments in his arms after the shameful ordeals he had to put me through in the group sessions and the individual sessions... they had become everything to me.

“I just...” I said. “Can I just have a little more time?”

I heard the begging in my voice, and I felt bad about it because I knew it would only make it harder for him. After the patience he had shown in helping me get back the memories, and the comfort he had given me, soothing my fear that I would never feel like either my mind or my body belonged to me ever again... to resist the moment that I knew would have to come seemed ungrateful.

And yet...

“No, Tatyana,” he said firmly, holding me still atop his lap. “You know how it has to work. You know you can do it—and you know you need it.”

Beneath my sore bottom, his left hand moved, awakening me anew despite the three orgasms I’d had already had.

I did need it—I needed it so bad. I wanted Master Trent, above all, but three weeks at the Institute had shown me that my submissive needs extended to any dominant man with the power and wealth necessary to acquire my virginity. I still felt a virgin’s fear about serving my unknown owner with the absolute submission he would demand... about how he would choose to use my body and to punish my faults. But my trainer’s hand between my thighs made it once again completely clear to me that I had, despite the nefarious purposes of Joan—Katharina Gide—come to the Institute for good reason.

The struggle within me continued, though. At the thought of my ass-night, of my owner coming to claim me in every way, in front of all the other girls, I shook my head wildly. Master Trent’s hand, squeezing my spanked bottom, his thumb entering my still-untried pussy, made my cheeks burn with humiliation as it hadn’t in days and days. The knowledge that the man I loved intended to deliver me as a virgin fuck toy to another man—the one who had bid highest for my body—brought the shame surging back into my mind.

I felt my face crumple.

"Who is he?" I choked out, in a sobbing whisper.

"He'll tell you about himself," Master Trent said sternly, "if he chooses. Or he will tell you only how to receive his cock the way that pleases him most."

As he spoke these terrible words, my trainer's hand moved between my legs. The tip of his middle finger pressed into my bottom, so that I understood exactly what he meant.

With a hot blush I remembered Regina's ass-night: how she had cried out when her new owner, masked so that we concubines would not know his identity, entered the anus Miss Charlotte had lubed for him. How he had ridden hard, his fiercely smiling mouth visible beneath the black mask. How Regina had walked with ginger little steps as he led her away to the limousine that took her, with the powerful man, into her new life of service as his sexual plaything.

My owner would fuck my anus, after he had fucked my mouth and my pussy. Master Trent had trained me to give pleasure to a man's penis. Even anal sex, as alarming as the prospect seemed to a new concubine like me, represented a duty I understood, and a pleasure I knew how to provide. The terrible idea that I must use that skill to serve a man I had never met, though, made me tense against my trainer's gentle hands.

But Master Trent had explained over and over, so that I truly got it, how my final deconditioning—and my new mission—had to work. I had to go into service, and I had to let the Groupe make contact. I couldn't figure out whether I was a double agent or a triple agent, but I knew I must place myself in the Institute's hands and follow my instructions.

The thought drew a sob from my chest.

Master Trent's mouth came close to my ear, and he murmured something I didn't understand. I felt my brow crease as I tried to hear more clearly. Then, at the same time, I realized that he had spoken in a language I didn't know, and that somehow I understood not what the words meant but what they demanded of me—what my body would have to do, because he had said them.

In my mind, to my dismay, I saw the tablet screen rise again, and the strange words Master Trent had just spoken appeared on it, not on a blank slate but as a caption of the image of the master and the concubine: Tu dois être utilisé.

"What's happening?" I whispered, struggling in his arms. "What does it mean? Is it French?"

"It's alright, Tatyana," he said. "It means we have more work to do. There's another layer of conditioning to unwind. Let's go back to your room."

He set me on my feet and stood up himself. I thought of what I would have to do when I got back to my room—how I would have to put on my pink nightgown, once again, to let all the other girls know that I had, once again, been spanked. I had thought that couldn't

make me blush anymore, but what Master Trent had just said had affected me so oddly.

The strange words—they had put something in me or called something from the depths of my unconscious. I blushed about the pink nightgown, and, when we got to my room and Master Trent hugged me at the door, I blushed at the thing that had come into my mind—and, even more, into my body—to do.

I was going to masturbate. It was against the rules, but I knew I would get away with it. I had to touch myself down there... I had to make myself feel good, to show that I had a right to my own pleasure even as a submissive concubine.

I... I should be... As I donned the pink nightgown, by myself in my room, new words floated up into my mind. They sounded so simple in my thoughts, but even the word “should” seemed to send a tremor through my knees, to reawaken the lingering warmth from the spanking my master had given me.

I looked at my bed, and then at the corner of the room where all the girls said the surveillance camera lay hidden. I couldn’t do it now, of course... I couldn’t just lie down in my pink nightgown and play with myself, even using the technique I planned to use, the one I knew the camera couldn’t detect.

You should... I should... you should be...

Heat came into my face, as the verb added itself.

Used. You should be used.

I bit my lip, still looking at my sweet, comfortable bed with the pink comforter on it. I had free time until supper in the dining hall. Usually I went to watch a show with some of the friends I had made, including Jenny, in one of the screening rooms.

Tomorrow night came into my mind’s eye: the hall, the bench, the other girls, watching. My right hand, in front of my waist, pressed against the fabric of the nightgown. I swallowed hard, still looking at the bed.

What’s gotten into me?

More words, in my mind. I realized that the tablet screen with its French had gone away but left English words behind. My cheeks blazed as I heard them in a man’s voice, the voice that might belong to my owner.

You should be used. Your sweet mouth needs to serve a man’s hardness. Your little cunt needs to have a rigid penis inside it. Your virgin anus needs to take your owner’s cock.

If I got into bed and played with myself, I would get caught, and I would get caned. The fear of it made me bite my lip and started my feet out the door.

CHAPTER 20



Tatyana

I spent the rest of the day trying to keep my hands from drifting under my nightgown. Thoughts of Master Trent, and of my unknown owner, seemed to rise into my conscious mind every minute, with the strange French words, as if Master Trent himself were there, whispering them in my ear.

Tu dois être utilisé.

A man I had never met... masked... robed, but with nothing under his robe but his hard, naked body...

I looked down at my plate, my lovely Steak Diane untouched, the quiet conversations of the girls around me unheard.

Used. Tomorrow night, my owner would use me for the first time.

My heart pounded in my chest.

I should be... used.

My hands weren't on the table: they had gone below the table. They both sat in my lap, and they pressed the front of my nightgown. The fingers of my right hand, with my left covering them so that even if they had a camera under the table somehow, it couldn't see... they pressed, and they had started to gather the filmy fabric of the front of my nightgown, as if I was trying to touch my smooth, bare pussy.

There, at the dinner table, with all the other girls around me in the dining hall. I had decided... in my room, putting on the pink nightgown... I had decided that I would play with myself, in bed, that night, despite the danger.

I tried to take my hand away, telling it that I had decided to do the naughty thing later. But something in the way the shameful words and the pictures kept forming in my mind

wouldn't let me stop, here and now at the dinner table. I felt my forehead crease, and I took my lower lip between my teeth.

My eyes were fixed downward. I could just see the backs of my hands, under the table, when I shifted my gaze a little. I couldn't see the fingers of my right hand, pulling the hem of the pink nightgown up over my thighs, until their tips touched the bare skin of my upper thighs. I could only see the nightgown itself rustling a tiny bit with the wicked repositioning I had just carried out.

I felt a little heat in my cheeks, and I moved my eyes back towards the plate. The other girls were leaving me alone, because... because my ass-night was tomorrow, and everyone knew it. My cheeks blazed up at that thought, but the others wouldn't find that unusual, would they? Girls who had just learned that the Institute had auctioned them, that their owners would soon arrive to enjoy them... they always blushed at dinner.

Especially if they had their pink nightgowns on. My fingers, under the hem, pressed between my thighs. I had sat down with my knees too close together, though. I had to shift in the comfortable dining chair. The seats in the Institute's dining hall had lovely leather upholstery, and a good deal of padding.

Because so many of us, I thought, with a new surge of heat, come to meals in our pink nightgowns.

I squirmed, closing my eyes for a moment so that I wouldn't even have to see if any of the other girls noticed my movement, though it only represented the same sort of repositioning so many of my fellow bed girls had to carry out while seated, despite the comfortable chair. I felt the soreness in my bottom, from Master Trent's huge hand spanking me over his knee that afternoon. I bit my lip harder as the fingertips of my right hand managed to slip between my thighs and find the place where I needed them so badly.

No, I told myself. No. In bed... lying on my tummy, squeezing my thighs together, invisibly.

The very thought made my right hand do the shameful thing here, now, at the dinner table instead. My back arched a little, and I concealed it with another tiny squirm.

Did the conversation around me pause for a moment? I hadn't really been listening, but I thought Jenny and a girl named Rose were talking about an old movie called The Matrix or something like that. Careful not to make any movement that might suggest I had done anything wrong, keeping my hands exactly where they were, I turned to Jenny, trying to follow the last few words I had heard.

"Is that the one with that hot guy who couldn't act? What's his name?"

Jenny frowned a little, and I thought I could tell that I hadn't completely lost the thread of the conversation, but she hadn't expected me to contribute—or maybe whatever the

actor's name was, one of them had said it only a few moments before, and I looked like I hadn't been paying attention.

"Keanu Reeves," Jenny said. "You really didn't know his name?"

That was it, then—he was more famous than I knew, I guessed.

"Really," I said glad to be able to be completely honest, and to have a reason for the very hot blush that seemed to spread over my whole body as it seemed my shame finally caught up with me and I realized that I had actually started to play with myself at the dinner table.

The thought made another thought rise. I heard the words again, in my ear, as if Master Trent were right there. *Tu dois être utilisé.*

The breath caught in my throat. He had trained me, so that the man who owned me... so that he could fuck me.

Use me. I should be used. In my mind's eye, despite the reality of the dining hall around me, I saw myself bound naked over the bench in the great hall, my masked owner approaching from behind me, the way he would tomorrow night. I saw my bottom, raised, everything a dominant man enjoys when he buys a girl's virginity visible and ready for fucking. My face, turned away. My eyes, gazing downward while my new master took full possession of me.

Jenny had turned back to Rose. I looked down at my lap. I saw both hands move, convulsively. My two middle fingers moved down, found my slit, and then the place where my owner's cock would go. So warm, so wet... I closed my eyes. My fingertips pressed inward. I bit my lip to keep from whimpering as I realized I would come right there at the table if I had a few seconds more.

"Tatyana," said Master Trent's voice, behind me. The low pitch of his voice and the hard edge of authority with which he imbued my name told me that he knew precisely what my hands were doing under the table.

My body took over. In the moment I knew that "Joan's" conditioning had something to do with it, but that knowledge had no effect on the movements of my limbs, or even the ideas in my head—thoughts of escape, thoughts of destruction.

I ripped my hands from between my legs, and I pushed my chair back from the table violently. It fell to the floor behind me as I stood and whirled around. I became aware, dimly, of exclamations from the bed girls around me. I saw Jenny's face, very briefly: to my dismay her expression seemed sympathetic, as if she could already see the terrible fate that awaited me.

The cane. I'm going to get the cane for this.

The strap had represented the most frightening possible implement of punishment for

me. Master Trent had whipped me when he had decided I needed whipping. I had survived, but the memory of the pain served to keep me from ever wanting to hear again, in my trainer's voice, the tone he had just used in saying my name—because it meant I would get the strap.

But the cane terrified me so much I hadn't even been able to think about it. My mind would form the words—the cane, get caned, get the cane—and recoil a million miles, push the idea away without even forming an image, before the notion of a young woman bent over to receive a terrible lesson from the long, thin rattan could even form.

I knew girls at the Institute got the cane for playing with themselves, but I had never seen it happen. I had heard it, once, walking down another trainer's hall: I had heard the girl screaming, and I had heard the unmistakable whistling of the rattan through the air, and even the little thwack before she screamed again.

And I had seen the marks too. Before I could avert my eyes, I had seen them on the bottom of a red-haired girl whose blue nightgown had ridden up a little as she bent over to pick something up off the floor. Blue, meaning the marks hadn't even been made that day, but the six purple lines across her backside still looked vivid and painful. Her trainer had caned her the previous day, and he had fucked her that day: her bottom and her blue nightgown told that terrible tale, from which my mind had fled as I turned my gaze away—and from which my thoughts fled again now, as here in the dining hall, having earned my own terrible session with the cane, I started absurdly to run away from Master Trent and towards the door of the dining hall.

I managed to take three running steps before he caught me around the waist. I struggled, kicking as he lifted me off the ground and turned to face the chair, which Jenny had just righted, turning it toward me. Master Trent carried me toward the chair. I didn't understand, but something in the decisive way he moved told me something humiliating was about to happen. I writhed desperately in my trainer's arms, as if the sheer motion of my limbs could distract me from the other mortifying reaction of my body to the way he manhandled me—the warmth between my thighs, the arousal interrupted by the terror I felt when Master Trent had said my name, renewing itself at his dominating me with his enormous strength.

"No!" I said. "No... Master, don't..."

At first, I had no idea what I meant by don't, because I didn't know what Master Trent intended. When he forced me to my knees in front of the chair where I had tried to steal an orgasm, though, I started to understand.

"No, Master... please! Please, don't!" I shouted, trying to twist away, turning my face away as I saw it.

On the leather upholstery of the chair's seat. A wet mark. I had left some of my pussy's warm, wet need there.

Master Trent pulled my hands behind me and clipped the cuffs on my wrists together.

"No," I begged. "Please, don't. Please, Master." I turned my face side to side, trying to avoid the sight of my disobedience there in front of me.

"You have to learn, sweetheart," Master Trent said. "You know the rules, and you broke them. You touched your little cunt without permission, and you made a mess on the chair, didn't you?"

I closed my eyes, as if I could somehow deny the reality of the rest of the concubines watching this ultimately degrading lesson. My trainer's hand grasped the back of my head, fingers twining in my hair.

"Oh no," I whispered, as he started to bend me over. My lips parted and I took panting breaths through my mouth, desperate to avoid some part of the awful lesson I knew was coming.

"Breathe through your nose, Tatyana," he commanded. "This is how a naughty girl learns. Smell what you did."

With a sob I obeyed, feeling the shame take hold of me and making my whole body feel as hot as a furnace. Master Trent pushed my face gently into the leather seat of the chair and moved his hand to rub my nose in it—the shameful thing I had done there. I smelled the fragrance of my wanton pussy on the upholstery.

For a moment I wondered... I hoped. Maybe, with my ass-night tomorrow, I would only have this humiliation as my punishment.

"Your owner will cane you for playing with yourself tomorrow night before he fucks you, Tatyana," Master Trent said. "You have a very special ass-night coming."

CHAPTER 21



Tatyana

Miss Charlotte strapped me to the bench in the great hall. The bench, made of dark wood and darker leather, looked very old. When I had seen it for the first time, when I had attended Regina's ass-night, I had wondered if some nobleman might actually have had it built in the Middle Ages. A thrill of fear and arousal traveled over my skin now as I thought of that idea. The bench had a rich, nearly indescribably fragrance of age: smoke, and perhaps tobacco, and... sex—young women's needy pussies and dominant men's musky balls. I felt faint as I breathed it in.

Miss Charlotte buckled the cuffs around my wrists and my ankles, and my thighs just above my knees. I shuddered as she ran a hand over my naked back. No one else was in the great hall yet, and I thanked God for that at least—and for the Institute's perfect climate control. The system made it not precisely comfortable, since I didn't think I could ever truly feel comfortable naked, the way I always blushed... but certainly bearable, especially when your trainer held you in his lap.

No one else could see me, bound naked over the ancient bench, my bottom raised and my back arched by the belt Miss Charlotte now secured around my waist. My knees, parted on either side of the bench's top, let the dean put her hand there, where I would soon feel my owner's hardness, and check for faults in my grooming. The heat came surging into my face, but Miss Charlotte murmured words of encouragement into my ear.

"Well done, Tatyana. This is nice and smooth. Just the way a real bed girl's pussy should feel."

I shuddered again. I hadn't known whether Miss Charlotte knew about... everything. About me... about me being a spy. The real made it clear she did.

Her hand caressed me more firmly, the thumb against the tiny button of my anus, pressing gently so that I whimpered. Her middle fingers rubbed a gentle circle around my

clit, demonstrating the extraordinary skill she had shown so much of in Feminine Pleasure class. I stood in awe of her, after witnessing what the dean could do to a submissive young woman with her fingers, her tongue, and the simplest of toys. In fact, it frightened me because I didn't know what she could do—if Master Trent knew how to spank me and make me come so that it undid my conditioning, I wondered if Miss Charlotte's touch might take away my reason completely.

I could hear the rest of the Institute's concubines-in-training waiting outside the double doors to come in and watch my owner claim me. They had gathered with their trainers, as I had just the previous week with Leona and Jenny and Master Trent. The thought of them—of Master Trent, above all—coming in and seeing Miss Charlotte bent over me with her hand between my legs, preparing me for fucking, made my hips buck, my bottom squirm under her touch.

"Do you..." I gasped, turning my face over my shoulder to look at her and getting only a glimpse of her flawless skin in the delicate lace of her nightgown.

"Shh, little fuck toy," Miss Charlotte purred. A sob came from my chest at the terrible degradation, the terrible arousal. "I know enough to know how brave you are."

I swallowed hard. Tears formed at the corners of my eyes even as a spasm of helpless, needy pleasure traveled from my clit to my lower back. Brave? The woman whose amazing organization I had tried to take down, because her enemies had conditioned me to think it evil, called me brave?

"I know you don't think so," Miss Charlotte continued, murmuring into my ear, "but that makes it even more of a tribute to you. All of my girls are brave, to allow themselves to be bound to this bench and to submit this way to their owners."

I felt my forehead crease as another sob emerged from my throat. It didn't feel like bravery, because it didn't feel like I had a choice—surely if I didn't obey, Master Trent would whip me?

Miss Charlotte's soft voice went on. "But you, Tatyana, you had the strength of mind to find yourself in the dark they put inside you, and you're still here."

I gasped as she squeezed me down there, where all my most intimate secrets lay exposed, one last time. She stood up, and the bell at the other end of the hall rang: I realized with a surge of blood to my cheeks and to my pussy that someone must have watched and seen a signal from Miss Charlotte and rung it. I heard the double doors open behind me, and I heard the rest of the Institute begin to enter, the girls' bare feet hardly audible on the sumptuous oriental carpets.

The other bed girls did not speak—talking was forbidden, I knew from having attended two previous ass-nights. Their training masters, though, gave them commands, especially to the new girls, who needed to know where to put their mats so they could kneel on them, and sit back on their heels, just as Master Trent had told me to do two weeks

before.

I tried to hear his voice—a new girl, Maia, had joined our training group the previous week, but I couldn't distinguish Master Trent from the other trainers directing their girls to the proper spots for each group. I remembered again how it had felt to enter the hall for Regina's claiming, only two weeks before: how the breath had caught in my throat when I saw Miss Charlotte standing over the naked girl bound to the bench, her hand possessively atop Regina's back just as it now lay atop mine.

Could I hear a new girl whimper at the sight of me? My heart began to race.

"Girls," Miss Charlotte said in a clear voice that seemed to my ears to ring as loud as the bell, "this is Tatyana. Many of you know her already as a fuck toy in training just like you, though unlike most of you she is also a virgin."

I bit my lip, feeling my brow crease hard. My breath came in little puffs through my nose as the shame and arousal rose in my mind and body. I wondered for a terrible moment whether Miss Charlotte would announce that I was, in addition to being a virgin, also a spy.

"We have sold her to a man who will enjoy her as she needs to be enjoyed and will care for her as she deserves. As you watch him punish her and use her for the first time tonight, caning her for her disobedience and then deflowering her cunt and her bottom with his hard cock, I want you to reflect on what it means to be a concubine of the Institute, and how you will behave when your turn comes for the nuit-a-derriere."

Tu dois être utilisé.

Used. My owner... he already stood right outside the door, didn't he? Robed and masked, his manhood hard at the thought of whipping and fucking the girl on the bench, of teaching her a terrible lesson and then taking her virginity and making a woman of her... a submissive girl... a good little fuck toy.

Making her his. A sob burst from my chest as I thought of Master Trent, behind me with his training group—my training group—watching me... watching me get fucked.

Watching me as I was used for the first time, as I ought to be used.

Used. One syllable. A word that I spoke... that everyone spoke... hundreds of times a day, and only meant that they had picked up a... a fork, or a hair dryer... and they had moved it, or turned it on, the way everyone else did, every day... that they had done with the thing what you did with the thing... they had used it.

My breathing got faster. I heard the bell ring, and I heard the double doors open again.

"Welcome, sir," Miss Charlotte called out to the man I couldn't see, who stood in the doorway, holding the terrible cane. I knew the heads of every girl had turned around to look. I knew that the man had started to undo the belt of his robe... that his rigid penis

would jut from his lap... I had seen it before. I had seen two masked owners use two new bed girls... and now my turn had come.

The man who had bought me would use me, as he might use a fork or a hair dryer—he would put me to the purpose I served best. My trainer had ensured that I would serve as an obedient, pleasurable fuck toy.

I had taken my lower lip between my teeth. I worried that I might pass out. The tablet screen had risen in my mind's eye, but to my surprise I realized it had been there for a while, and I had ignored it—I didn't think I'd ever had the ability to do that before. It said, You should be used.

But I knew that, didn't I? It had made me play with myself at the dinner table.

I had the strange feeling that although my mind and body clearly had left my control in some important sense, I knew enough about what "Joan" had done to me—and about myself—that I could observe what happened inside me without giving in to it... above all without thinking that I had to do what they had decided they wanted me to do... that I truly had no choice.

That thought sent a tremendous shudder through my whole body, because of what it meant about this degrading ceremony, about the man approaching with the cane in his hand, and his hard cock exposed, ready to deflower me after he had taught me the terrible lesson I had earned. Miss Charlotte had bound me to the ancient bench, so that my owner could claim me in the most humiliating way possible, and it would seem to any observer that I had no choice—that the man who had paid good money for the pleasure of using my body for the first time would soon deflower me whether I liked it or not. Truly, though, I had shown bravery, just as the dean had said. Indeed, I had chosen this, as much as I might still feel shame to admit it. I needed this. I wanted this.

Again I pictured Master Trent behind me, watching, and I felt my face pucker. I wanted him too. I wanted Master Trent to deflower me, claim me... use me as, yes, I should be used.

But... my breath came faster and faster as I thought I could hear my owner's soft footfalls on the carpet, closer and closer. But Master Trent had helped sell me, for a huge sum of money, to a man who knew how to use submissive girls properly.

"She is yours," Miss Charlotte said. "Don't go easy on her. Give her what she needs. The decision is yours, but we suggest twelve lashes for public masturbation."

The dean's soft hand rose from my back, and out of the corner of my eye I saw her move away to take her special seat in the throne-like chair in front of the bench, from which she could survey the girl being used and the rest of the concubines and trainers of the Institute. It sat off to the side, as if to ensure that Miss Charlotte wouldn't distract the bed girl having her ass-night from the ordeal to which her owner put her.

I tried to look straight forward, towards the wall of the great hall, where there hung an oil painting of a god—Zeus, maybe—fucking a nymph over a fallen tree trunk in some ancient forest. The nymph had caught her lower lip between her teeth, just as I had. Her face showed the same blushing heat I could feel in my own cheeks. The god loomed over her, his lap against her little bottom, their bodies so closely joined that you couldn't tell if his mighty cock had taken her in her pussy or her anus.

I felt a big, masculine hand descend upon my back, just where Miss Charlotte's had lain, but so much bigger, and so much rougher that it made me gasp. I couldn't look at the painting anymore: I had to try to turn my head, to see at least some part of my owner and to beg for mercy. I sensed the conditioning again, saw the tablet screen: they wanted me to beg, and scream, I suddenly understood—here at my ass-night, my final exam, where I should show my obedience.

They wanted me to ruin everything, to show the Institute they had made a terrible mistake, and to send me away as untrainable, ruined. Screaming under the cane, begging for mercy: every bed girl would do that. But the Groupe had tried to program me so that the assessors would declare me unfit for service because of the sheer magnitude of my disobedience, and my reaction at its punishment.

"Fight it, Tatyana," I heard Master Trent say. I felt my eyes go wide. His voice had come from so near by... had I imagined it? It had come from where my owner's mouth should be.

"What?" I said, stupidly.

"Shh," Master Trent murmured, bending down to murmur in my ear. "I'm your owner, sweetheart. I have to cane you now, and I have to do it hard. Remember, you earned this lesson."

Then, as I sobbed with so many emotions I could never have named them all, my master straightened up, and pressed down firmly on my back with his left hand and started to whip me.

CHAPTER 22



Trent

I wanted to go easy on Tatyana, especially because it was her first experience of the cane. I couldn't, though. The chance that the Groupe would soon be able to get high-resolution images of her backside was too great. If we were going to sell her cover as a double agent, we had to make it look exactly like Tatyana had been purchased, that she had carried out the disobedience programmed into her by the Groupe—and that the Institute had made the crucial mistake of still trusting her, after having her new owner punish her with the greatest severity.

That, thoroughly caned and shamefully used like the fuck toy the Institute had trained her, she had gone to the home of an intensely private trillionaire—me, as set up by Selecta in a mansion in the Pacific Northwest, to which I would take my new bed girl later tonight. There, though Selecta could have secured the mansion as tightly as the Institute, we would allow the Groupe to observe, and to make contact.

They would send drones, and the drones would have the best cameras the Groupe's intelligence wing could build. If I didn't cane Tatyana thoroughly, they would detect it and suspect the trap.

I brought the half-inch-thick two-foot length of rattan, graced with the traditional curved handle, down hard across the center of the sweet little bottom of the girl I loved. The thwack of the cane against the tender rounded skin sounded clearly through the great hall, and Tatyana's whole body jumped beneath my left hand, straining against the leather that bound her to the bench. She cried out sharply, and then, as her bottom squirmed with the after-effect that constitutes the true agony of the cane, she made a whimpering, sobbing sound low in her throat.

The double line of red made by a hard, precise stroke of the rattan appeared only a second later, exactly where I had intended it to be, at a slight slant across the middle of both cheeks. I had the cane raised already, to strike again, and I brought it down just

above the previous cut.

Tatyana screamed at the second lash, and she kept screaming as I gave her ten more at the steady pace I had practiced so many times before. The terrible drama of her punishment—the writhing of her backside, knees spread over the bench to show me, her owner, the pussy and the anus I would soon claim as my own—made my already rigid cock hard as iron.

“Please, Master... please,” Tatyana sobbed, as I reached the tenth stroke of the cane. “I’m sorry. I’ll... I’ll never...”

I brought the cane down again, and again, and finally, slowing my cadence just a bit, one last time, as her screams began to subside into wrenching whimpers. The first six strokes had made a neat row, with two of them across the backs of her thighs. The next six had revisited places already marked, and Tatyana’s poor bottom now showed a mess of red welts that had already started to become livid, with a hint of purple in the earliest ones.

Behind me I heard some of the other concubines weeping at the sight. Their soft sniffles mingled movingly with the sobbing breaths of the victim bound naked to the bench.

The Groupe’s drones would be satisfied, and Tatyana herself would have a reminder of her misconduct to look at in the mirror every morning and every night. Nor would she walk comfortably for a day or two. In bed, her fingertips would soothe the marks of her lesson for illicit self-pleasure, and she would contemplate her life as a bed girl more deeply—as she would when my lap pounded into those sore reminders when I used her for my pleasure.

Responsibility for all of that lay, in an important sense, with the enemy. The Groupe Synergistique had conditioned Tatyana to become terribly aroused at the speaking of the little phrase, *Tu dois être utilisé*—so aroused, for so long, that she would have no choice but to play with herself within a few hours and provoke the terrible punishment the Groupe’s analysts knew the Institute would impose.

To Tatyana herself, though, masturbating in the dining hall in front of the other girls represented a terribly shameful act. I might find a way to explain to her that it had only come about because of the enemy’s conditioning, but that actually made the humiliation worse. Tatyana needed a commensurate punishment, and she needed commensurate sexual use by her master, to reach the state of resolution where she could move forward—as a happy submissive as well as a spy.

I kept the cane in my right hand as I stepped around the bench, taking my cock into my left. I stood in front of Tatyana, looking down into the tear-stained face she had raised a little as she sensed my movement. Her brow had a deep crease in it, and she had her eyes fixed on the rigid penis of her owner, standing proud and ready to give her what she had begged for in my training room so many times.

The money I had used to win the auction had belonged to Selecta, true, but I had used it

to bid with, and I had won the girl fair and square for all those millions of dollars—the same as any executive would have. More, I did in fact legally own her contract of sexual servitude, according to the corporate laws that governed society these days.

The girl belonged to me, and I would enjoy her as I saw fit, and as she needed so very badly.

* * *

Tatyana

My bottom felt as if Master Trent had lit it on fire. The sight of him pumping his cock gently up and down made my hips jerk in the restraint of the leather belt, and the slight movement made me sob with the pain it called up in my backside.

He took his hand from his rigid penis and moved it to my cheek.

“Look at me, sweetheart,” he said, his voice somehow combining warmth and authority, so that I couldn’t have disobeyed even if I had wanted to—even if whatever the Groupe had left in my brain, on the stupid tablet screen, had commanded me not to look.

He smiled down at me, the top half of his face covered by the mask, and I felt my own lips curve into a little smile despite all my pain and confusion, because I realized that I would have been able to recognize him even in that covering. The color of his beard, maybe, or its trim—or it might have been something tiny like the way the muscles of his cheeks looked when he smiled.

Master Trent tilted my chin up, and he gazed into my eyes. I shuddered as with his right hand he tapped the cane against my bottom, and I bit my lip, whimpering a little at the sensation, a faint reminder of the agony. At the same time, that reminder awakened me between my thighs, so very thoroughly that my need extended the whimper into a sob.

“You should be used, shouldn’t you?” my master, my owner asked, softly.

I felt my eyes widen as a Yes came to my lips, so strong and certain that it made me doubt its authenticity. I closed my lips over it, hesitating, understanding that “Joan’s” tablet screen and my own desires truly did coincide at that moment.

Then I heard the cane drop to the floor next to the bench, and I cried out at the touch of Master Trent’s huge hand between my legs, seizing my whole pussy, drawing wetness from my sheath and spreading it to my clit, working his fingers inside me and then teasing me at the top of my needy slit, the place that made me, in my too-great pleasure, struggle against the leather bonds.

I opened my mouth and I put out my tongue, suddenly desperate to serve, and as Master

Trent moved my face to take his hardness between my lips I understood, at last, what the Groupe had done and what my trainer had done to unwind it, and what would happen next.

I realized with a shock that sent a wave of pleasure through my limbs that I could control the tablet screen myself: the first thing I put there, without even thinking about it, but definitely intending it, was the image of the bare-chested man with the strap, and the half-naked girl kneeling in front of him. I put it there, because I wanted to look at it, to turn myself on, now that I had my own master looming above me, using me the way the girl in the picture clearly should be used.

I came, under his knowing, possessive hand, as he thrust into my mouth for the first time. Effortlessly, my body shifted my breathing to match his movements, the flashing of his hips as he used me. The head of his cock pressed all the way to the back of my throat, and even as I writhed in climax, I felt proud of my abilities—the skills the man I loved had taught me.

I wrote it as a caption on the picture: This girl can't give head the way Tatyana can.

A sob of joy and pride and arousal and pleasure burst from my chest around Master Trent's huge, hard penis. I heard him make an answering grunt far above me, and I knew I had given him unexpected pleasure. Under his hand, my pussy ached to be used at last the way it should be, the way the girl in the picture should be, the way a master likes to use his fuck toy.

I wiped the tablet screen clean, and I put another picture there: me, in the great hall, with all the other concubines and trainers and Miss Charlotte watching. Me, with my master's huge, hard cock in my mouth and his enormous hand between my legs. Me, crying out around the thrusting manhood and coming over and over.

"Joan" had put the tablet screen in my head with some kind of hypnosis—I could even remember the light flashing in the upper right-hand corner of the real tablet she had held in front of my face there at the kitchen table. Using the shameful picture I had clicked on, and the way it had aroused me, she had planted commands: when the Groupe agents came to make contact with me, they would try to activate those commands with phrases I didn't understand, but which would trigger action on an unconscious level.

Tu dois être utilisé was one of those phrases. I saw in an instant, looking deep inside the memories I had just recovered, that "Joan" had actually taught me the meanings of the French words as well, but hidden them so that my overwhelming sexual response would keep from my conscious mind any recollection of what had happened.

Now I could make those meanings appear on the tablet screen in my mind. You should be used seemed to draw itself in a lovely cursive script, as elegant and accomplished as "Joan" had made herself seem to me. My terribly whipped bottom bucked under Master Trent's hand as the picture of myself, bound to the antique bench to undergo that use for

the first time, provided the sexiest, most shameful counterpoint to the words.

I came again, my owner's cock flashing in and out of my mouth, one of his strong hands in my hair to hold my head steady and the other moving ceaselessly, wickedly between my spread thighs.

The tablet screen, under my control, showed me another of the phrases the Groupe had placed inside me, Tu dois avoir de la chance... You should have good luck. I saw the instructions the phrase was supposed to call up: me, gathering all the data to which I could gain access, and putting it in an encrypted file, ready to send to the Groupe... to a specific email address comprising a string of seemingly meaningless letters and numbers.

Master Trent growled and pulled his cock from my mouth. A flush of pride spread through my upper body as I realized I had almost made him come before he wanted to. I had closed my eyes, to see the tablet screen inside my head better, but now my new owner, the man I loved, said, "Look at me, Tatyana."

I obeyed, and saw desire in his handsome, bearded face, so strong that I felt another climax approach just at the sexy sight of his dark eyes.

"It's time," he said, in a voice that made me shudder. "I'm going to fuck you now."

CHAPTER 23



Tatyana

Master Trent let go of me, both his hands deserting my shaking limbs and drawing a forlorn cry of need from my throat. Part of me wanted to hang my head as he stepped around the bench, to show how well I knew the need to submit, to obey... to receive gratefully whatever my master chose to bestow upon me, whether it was his massive manhood inside my virgin pussy or the cane across my naughty bottom.

But instead of that submissive yielding... really, in order to put it off just a while longer, because I knew how intensely, wantonly pleasurable it would feel, finally to give in that way to the man who had kidnapped me and trained me for his enjoyment... I didn't lower my head. Instead I whipped my face around because I wanted to see him. I wanted to see Master Trent's face, above all, because I wanted to reassure myself that I hadn't imagined the expression in his eyes.

He loves me. I marveled at the way the idea had taken shape, so effortlessly and so swiftly, as my trainer had spoken those degrading words, I'm going to fuck you now, as if my feelings on the matter didn't count at all. I put them on the tablet screen, just so I could see them there as the new caption for the hot, dirty, mortifying scene of the naked girl on the bench with her whipped bottom raised for fucking.

I put a speech bubble like in a comic book next to Master Trent's mouth. It said, IT'S TIME. I'M GOING TO FUCK YOU NOW. Then, in one of those rectangular boxes where they put the narration, I wrote, HE LOVES THIS GIRL.

And although I knew my master might even spank me on top of the terrible, agonizing welts from the cane for daring to steal this look, I met his eyes just as he shrugged the robe from his shoulders. He hadn't quite reached the back of the bench, where I wouldn't have been able to see him at all.

I caught my owner's glance just as he lifted it from my bottom, and I knew he meant to

check to make sure I had kept my face forward. His eyes narrowed when he saw that instead I had turned my head, but I saw that he had to fight to keep himself from smiling. He reached his left hand out, and as I whimpered at the sheer dominance of the little act, he twined his fingers in my hair and turned my face forward, away.

"You'll see what I want you to see," Master Trent said.

I gasped as I closed my eyes and I saw what had just appeared on the tablet screen in my mind. What should have felt like a restriction of my vision—what in the real world was a limitation, so that my actual eyes could see only the carpet and the lewd painting on the wall—seemed to make my inner vision explode with life, with color, with variety, and above all with a sexual heat that made my hips jerk in the leather belt binding my waist to the bench.

I opened my eyes again, to look up at the shameful mythological scene in the painting. I could tell somehow that the nymph underneath Zeus' mighty form had never had a man's penis inside her before. A virgin, like me. From deep in my memory, a factoid from my favorite course in school, ancient history, floated up: nymph meant the same thing as virgin... and it also meant bride.

I put BRIDE on the tablet screen, over the scene of the naked girl on the bench with her huge master behind her, his bearded face gazing down like Zeus' at the young woman he meant to deflower in this terrible ritual. I felt his big hand on my bottom—the backside where he had taught me such a stern lesson in his right to control my pleasure utterly. I felt the head of his rigid cock moving up and down my slick private lips, all the way to the place up front that made me cry out, then back and up, to the deeper place... the hole where I needed filling so bad I had to whisper the same words I saw now on the tablet screen, as I said them.

"Please, Master. Please... please fuck me now."

Master Trent lodged the head of his manhood inside me. I yelped as he came up against the barrier where I had felt his skillful fingers so many times before, readying me and training me to give pleasure to the man who would buy me.

Had he bought me in the auction? Or had he somehow stolen me? Both those ideas seemed to make me shiver equally. Even more arousing, behind those confused notions, lay the idea that he loved me and he couldn't bear to see me owned by another man—to see me fucked for the first time, here in the great hall, by another man.

"Please," I moaned, as I felt him move gently in and out, making me need him all the way inside me even more.

I felt his long fingers grip my hips on either side. A flash of fear took hold of me, along with a thrilling moment of both shame and shamelessness at the knowledge that the man who had purchased me would take my virginity in front of so many people.

Then his rigid cock thrust hard, through my virginity and into my aching sheath, and the pain and the pleasure came together so that I let out a scream, throwing my head back and arching my back. Master Trent held himself in at full length. His lap pressed against my terribly sore bottom. His right hand came up from my hip to caress my throat, and suddenly my whole body felt like a single erogenous zone.

I started to come so hard and unexpectedly that my limbs writhed with simple startlement against the leather bonds, under my owner's massive, muscular body. The resistance, the forced immobility, made the climax echo through every nerve. Master Trent bent over me, holding me down even more firmly. His mouth came up against my left ear as his right hand gently caressed my neck, my chest, my little breasts where their nipples pressed into the leather top of the bench.

"I love you, Tatyana," he murmured. "Your cunt is just as tight as I knew it would be."

The humiliating words made me come again, just as hard, and Master Trent started to fuck me even as my pussy contracted hard around his moving cock.

I could feel it—I could feel the words that floated into my mind, that I allowed to linger there, on the tablet screen.

YOU... SHOULD... BE... USED. With each word seemed to come a thrust from my master's huge, hard manhood, deep inside me.

I could feel his pleasure, I realized. His penis seemed to get harder in my pussy, and he seemed to hold me more tightly, press me more firmly down onto the bench.

To use me more urgently, more strenuously, more brutally for his enjoyment... whether I liked it or not... whether it felt good to me or not, to have my caned backside pounded, my virgin pussy opened on a man's erection.

"Oh, that's so nice," Master Trent said. "Such a naughty spy but such a good girl for my cock."

That made me come again, crying out and rearing back against his strong chest. My owner fucked me hard all the way through the orgasm, as the white-hot pleasure became ambiguous again, the soreness taking over, so that I began to sob with discomfort.

Used. My master... using me...

I saw it in the picture, in my mind's eye, the girl consumed by the bare-chested man's pleasure. I cried out, and at that moment Master Trent stood up and pulled his cock out of my pussy. I felt his hands move, go to my bottom, and spread the whipped cheeks even further. I sobbed as I realized Miss Charlotte had left her seat to bring the sparkling crystal vial that contained the Institute's specially formulated sexual lubricant. I started to turn my head to follow her movement as she brought the shameful substance to my owner. I heard him make a soft little clucking in his mouth, though, and with a blush I hung my head again, suddenly wanting the man to whom I belonged to keep thinking me

a good girl.

"That's right," said Master Trent. "Good girls take what their masters give them and keep their eyes where they belong."

My response came in the form of a long moan as I felt the lube flow into the valley of my bottom. I remembered what it had looked like at the ass-nights I had attended the past two weeks: Miss Charlotte tilting the sparkling, diamond-bright vial, the thin, viscous stream making a gossamer line downward to the girl's cringing, untried anus as her masked owner stood aside to give the audience an unobstructed view of the ass he meant to fuck.

Then... the owner, the master, returning... I felt the strong fingers... I sobbed as they readied me for his cock, and I recognized my trainer's skilled touch... I squirmed uncontrollably, trying to show the man I love how hard I would try to give him a pleasurable ride in my smallest hole.

I cried out in discomfort, though, because Master Trent prepared me now in a much more rigorous way than he had ever done in his training room. He had put two fingers in my bottom before, but here over the bench, on my ass-night, he made a cone of all his fingers and made me take it in my virgin anus.

He bent over me again, as he exhibited my backside's openness to the other girls, working me shamefully as he murmured into my ear.

"Little spies who try to steal secrets need to learn a lesson, don't they?"

I gasped, reeling at the way my master's words seemed not to have the same sympathy he had shown through all the deconditioning he had done with me so patiently. For a moment I didn't understand, and I struggled on the bench, tensing with alarm. I tried to push his fingers out of my bottom, and I cried out as I found he wouldn't allow it, that he meant to hold my bottom open for his use despite my attempt to close it against him.

I looked inside me, trying to figure out what Master Trent meant and why he had suddenly seemed to change. Why would he make this ultimate part of my ass-night, this final moment of the ordeal, a punishment?

My face burned as I found the answer in the image still on the tablet screen, always there behind everything else: the man with the strap, standing over the kneeling girl. Discipline: I needed discipline... above all else, I craved the stern guidance of a man who knew how to take care of me.

He had unwound the conditioning. He had given my mind back to me, but I had, in the end, chosen to spy—Joan had convinced me of the evil represented by the Institute, or her conditioning would never have taken hold. I hadn't tried to see the other side or do my own research or—above all—had the courage to know my own shameful needs.

My owner had punished me for playing with myself with the terrible caning, and that had

finished the job of freeing me from the Groupe's control. I still had to pay for the spying itself, though. My master, my trainer, would fuck my bottom as a punishment.

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

Master Trent's hand pushed more firmly, though, and I gave a wailing cry. I thought I heard sniffing from the girls behind me as they watched my owner discipline me, degrade me, so thoroughly.

"I love you," he murmured, so softly I could barely hear the rumble of his words. "But you need this."

CHAPTER 24



Tatyana

He rose again, and he withdrew his hand from the slick, stretched hole. I felt terribly open, knowing all the other girls and their trainers could see the little bud of my virgin bottom, exposed and ready for the enormous cock I knew Master Trent must be holding arrogantly in his hand, much too hard and much too massive for me to enjoy my first experience of anal sex. I knew they could see my spread cheeks, marked with the welts from my owner's cane, tense and squirm, and the tiny button of my bottom-hole tighten with alarm.

Then as I sensed Master Trent taking his place behind me, I knew they could see how he put his hands on the little cheeks he had punished, keeping them spread—and I knew he must have his eyes fixed downward on the sight of his huge penis, as he pressed its tip against my little flower.

I whimpered, my eyes tightly closed. I whispered, "Please, Master." Degradation and need seemed to fill my whole body as I heard, in my own voice, how terribly ambiguous my feelings were—how something powerful in me, just as my trainer had said, cried out for the terrible thing he would do, the terrible lesson he must teach me.

His hands moved up a little, to grip my hips. A low growl emerged from his throat, an animal sound that made my heart jump with fear. His hardness started to enter me, to take my last, most shameful virginity.

With my lower lip between my teeth I made tiny noises of discomfort, of submission. The cock in my anus felt so big, and Master Trent drove it in firmly, ensuring that I had no choice but to receive him. He would take his pleasure at my backside's expense, no matter how wide he had to stretch my little bottom to achieve his enjoyment.

"Oh no," I whispered. "Oh no... please..."

His strong fingers gripped my hips tighter. The enormous length of his manhood pressed

farther into the place that nature had intended for another purpose, and my face burned with shame at being made to have my master's cock there.

"You were naughty, Tatyana," my master growled. "Now you need to learn your lesson."

With that, as I let out a moan that ended in a cry of fear and discomfort, Master Trent started to fuck my bottom.

Held to the bench by the stout leather and his strong hands, I could do nothing but try to stay still, and keep my backside as relaxed as I was able. My new owner had trained me well, I realized. It hurt to have him driving his cock into my tiny hole over and over, and my little bottom felt much too full, but I could bear it. I could accept my lesson and receive what Master Trent had decided I must have.

I knew my anus wouldn't feel the same after he had finished with me. I put it on the tablet screen: SHE WILL REMEMBER HER FIRST BOTTOM FUCKING ALL TOO WELL. It sent an unexpected thrill of arousal through me even amidst the terrible discomfort of my master's stern use. Behind my closed eyes I saw him thrusting into me, with all the other girls watching. I cried out at the image and the humiliating words, and I felt myself yield my anus a little more, open myself a little wider.

Master Trent grunted with pleasure—I felt a surge of pride that I knew precisely what the rumbling sound meant—and then I felt his cock stiffen even more. He held it in deep, all the way inside me, with his lap up against the bruises he had made with the cane. It pulsed inside me as my owner came in my bottom for the first time, the warm length of his penis seeming to possess me that way, with his seed and his massive presence in my most intimate place.

I sobbed at each jerk of his hips. His orgasm went on and on, the spasms seeming to enforce over and over the idea that I had gotten what I needed and what I deserved. At last, as I gave a final cry of discomfort, my master withdrew his hardness from me, and my sobs became noises of relief.

My face burned anew at the feeling of his semen trickling from my little hole. The sensation made my bottom squirm, in an involuntary attempt to tighten my anus. I felt strange there: the tiny bud no longer seemed as... as little... as dainty as I had thought it before. A new wave of shame swept through me at the thought, and at the knowledge of what the other girls could see.

They rose at their trainers' murmured commands: I could hear their movements. Master Trent stood beside me, and I could hear him too, belting his robe. I knew they all could watch my bottom yield up my owner's liquid gift in a white trickle. My brow furrowed as I remembered from the ass-nights I had witnessed before that my owner would receive from Miss Charlotte a special pair of white panties made of cotton so thick they could serve as a sort of diaper. He would put me in them for the trip home, so that his seed would run into their absorbent fabric and not onto the upholstery.

I opened my eyes, keeping my gaze downward, to the beautiful Persian rug. Behind me I could hear the murmurs of the other girls, and I wondered if they concerned me or my master—did any of them guess that my trainer had, apparently, purchased me? Some of the girls told stories—rumors—about that happening in the past... how trainers actually made fabulous amounts of money and could afford to buy an Institute concubine and settle down with her.

That didn't apply in the case of a spy, obviously. I told myself that. I closed my eyes and looked at the tablet screen in my mind again, still not used to the idea that I could write on it myself and was surprised when it said: HE LOVES YOU.

Miss Charlotte spoke. She had risen from her throne, I knew, though I didn't open my eyes to see. I felt too... not good, really, for the soreness was real... but pleasantly removed from the ordeal through which I had just passed.

"Unbind her," the dean said, "dress her as you like, and take her home with you."

* * *

In the limousine that took us to the Institute's little private airport, my owner took me in his arms. He put one hand between my thighs, under the pink nightgown and on top of the thick briefs, and squeezed gently, so that I bit my lip and whimpered softly. Master Trent chuckled as he kissed me, his hand still telling me just how thoroughly I belonged to him. I could feel his seed still trickling from the tiny anus he had opened and used with his manhood, and my bottom felt strange and not mine in an indefinable way that sent a surge of heat to my face and to my clit.

He kept kissing me as the car sped the few miles to the landing strip, and to my surprise I felt my exhausted body shuddering with the beginnings of an orgasm. Just then I caught sight of the lights of the little plane I presumed would take us wherever my owner lived. Master Trent broke the kiss, and I gasped, suddenly afraid he might punish me if I came without permission, "Master, I—"

My owner interrupted me, murmuring urgent words into my ear.

"From this point on, I'm not your trainer," he said. "Everything else is the same as far as you're concerned, but I'm a billionaire named Trent Garrison, and when I take off my mask on the plane, you'll be meeting me for the first time. Got it? This is the last time we can speak without the Groupe hearing us. They're almost certainly watching through the windows now, using microdrones, but the sound in the limo is scrambled."

I nodded, my breath coming in shallow pants as I tried to take the instruction in. Master Trent accompanied it with caresses through the shameful, diaper-like panties that made it difficult to think. I knew he must be doing it to ensure we looked, on the Groupe's video feed, like a dominant owner and his new fuck toy, but that only seemed to make my

arousal greater.

“Master...” I tried again.

“You may come, girl,” he said, in a new voice that startled me with its abruptness and its authority.

The very way he said girl seemed to lift my body’s erogenous response into the stratosphere. Master Trent moved his left hand from my neck downwards, inside the bodice of the nightgown. He pushed me back against the seat, and he looked down at me as he caressed my little breasts, pinching the right nipple hard.

I came like an onrushing freight train, looking up into my master’s face, into the dark eyes behind the black mask, helplessly in love with him in spite of—no, because of—the degradation with which he seemed to cover me, even while his eyes spoke of care and love.

* * *

On the plane, after he had ushered me up the stairs into the luxurious cabin, he kissed me hard again. His hands went all over me the way those of a new owner of a bed girl, I thought, would certainly do.

“You may remove my mask, girl,” he growled, the sound seeming to come from deep in his chest.

My hands trembled, though part of me wondered why, since I had seen Master Trent so very many times and—I had thought until now—knew him so well. He had his right hand on my thoroughly whipped, brutally deflowered bottom and his left hand on the back of my head, fingers twined in my hair. At least that felt the same, I said to myself with a hint of romance: I would always know the way my trainer wove his strong hand into my raven locks.

I put both hands up to take the velvet-covered pasteboard of the mask into my fingers. Suddenly, I had the terrifying impression that the man whose face I uncovered wouldn’t be Master Trent, but someone else... Trent Garrison, a cruel trafficker in young women’s bodies, wealthy and powerful and utterly without mercy in the way he used his fuck toy.

A tiny whimper escaped my lips, as the fear became helpless, knee-loosening arousal.

“Don’t be frightened, girl,” Trent said, in a voice that I knew and somehow also didn’t know. “I take good care of my possessions.”

His hand on my backside squeezed gently, reminding me of the awful ordeal through which he had put me in the great hall of the Institute. My fingers had the mask in their grip, but they shook as waves of alarm and need traveled through my whole body.

"You ready, Mr. Garrison?" the captain called from the cockpit.

"In a moment, Charlie," Trent said, not turning his head.

They were watching, and they were listening. That made my master behave like a different person, but... could he really pretend like that? Did I want this ultra-dominant side of him to represent nothing but an act?

I bit my lip, feeling my brow furrow hard, and I lifted the mask from his face.

I saw Master Trent... my owner... Trent Garrison. I saw an alpha male, looking at me and holding me so dominantly I couldn't get my heart rate under control. He smiled and I could see love too, shining there in his bearded face. A sob of relief burst from my chest.

"You'll call me sir, girl," Trent said. "My name is Trent Garrison. I own you for as long as I want, and I think that's going to be a good long time."

CHAPTER 25



Trent

Two weeks later the Groupe made contact. I had taken Tatyana to a charity auction in Seattle, suspecting that the enemy would use the opportunity to make their move, and they didn't disappoint. The elegantly dressed middle-aged woman sitting behind my concubine leaned forward and murmured into her ear about halfway through the auction while I had my head turned, feigning a conversation with the man to my left, actually another Pretorian Guard operative.

I hadn't told Tatyana that I thought it likely the Groupe would try to activate her that night, since I wanted her to respond as naturally as possible. Indeed, she reacted to the elegant woman's action precisely as the Groupe would expect: she did nothing at all. If my Guard analyst hadn't alerted me over my comm link of the contact, it might have escaped my notice.

"On your six," Greta's voice said in my ear. "Woman saying something in Tatyana's ear."

I didn't react either. I waited, continuing to discuss the next lot in the auction, an antique jeweled bracelet I meant to bid on for Tatyana's lovely, slim wrist. I tapped my jaw to acknowledge the communication, knowing Greta would see it on the video feed from the microdrone somewhere in the ballroom.

The Groupe, of course, had their own microdrone here, beyond any doubt, and the woman behind us, who I sensed had started to rise from her seat, certainly had a comm link in her own ear, and an analyst telling her about my movements.

That analyst, however, was at a serious disadvantage with respect to mine.

"Galvanics are steady," Greta told me, reading the information from the data feed coming out of Tatyana's perineal sensor. With Greta's assistance, I had real time access to a wealth of information about events inside Tatyana's mind and body. The tiny device between my bed girl's legs could tell me a great deal about how our mission was going—

just as it could tell me for example whether she stood at any risk of playing with her sweet pussy when I had forbidden it.

Tatyana's data feed, unfortunately, held a good deal more ambiguity when it came to her mental, cognitive state, as opposed to her bodily, erotic one. Still, the steady galvanics told me with a fair degree of confidence that whatever activation phrase the apparent socialite had whispered into my concubine's ear had remained unconscious, just as I had hoped it would.

"Yes," Greta confirmed, clearly taking another look at the feed, "there's a slight jump in galvanics, and a rise in blood pressure, so she definitely heard the code phrase, but the suppression matrix held."

I controlled my breathing and continued my conversation. "Don't you think it would look pretty on my girl's arm?" I was asking Michael Wistrom, Seattle's Heliodromus—the Pretorian Guard's name for a head of office.

"That got a rise out of Tatyana," Greta reported. "She jumped from three to seven."

Casually, with my attention still on Wistrom's answering chuckle, I reached my right hand over to slip my hand between Tatyana's thighs, up under the short red dress in which I had dressed her for the auction, all the way to the black lace thong she wore underneath it, at my command. Delicately I brushed her sweet little clit through the mesh, as if it represented nothing unusual for a rich man to fondle his fuck toy in public.

I heard her tiny whimper, and I turned to her to see that her cheeks had gone pink and her brow had creased deeply. I smiled and said in a normal conversational tone, sure to be overheard by the socialites around us, "You'll have it in your bottom tonight, Tatyana. I want you to think about that while I buy this bracelet for you."

* * *

Tatyana

I bit my lip. Waves of arousal seemed to travel up and down my whole body, from my toes in the beautiful red pumps Trent had given me to the roots of my French-braided hair. I couldn't seem to move a muscle as I looked into his handsome face, though suddenly I felt a terrible need for the bathroom.

"Sir," I whispered, "may—"

"Lot 47," the auctioneer announced, from the dais at the front of the ballroom. "Eighteenth century emerald bracelet. Bidding to start at three hundred thousand dollars."

My master flicked his eyes towards the auctioneer, and then returned them to my blushing face.

"May I go to the ladies' room?" I finished, trying to make my voice inaudible to anyone but him despite the hush that had fallen over the audience, feeling that after my owner had announced that I would be having anal sex tonight everyone around us was looking at me.

"You may," Trent replied, lowering his voice a little but still, I felt sure, audible to the wealthy people around us, "if you want a spanking, girl. It's impolite to leave in the middle of a lot."

Heads turned. A wave of heat so intense I literally thought my stunning red dress might catch fire swept over me, and pulsed inside me, outward from my pussy. Despite my best effort, I couldn't suppress the tiny whimper of need, and fear, and humiliation, that emerged from my throat.

I got up, and with tears not of shame, even, as much as of a simple excess of sensation, I pushed my way over the two tuxedo-clad tycoons and their bejeweled wives in the opposite direction from Trent, almost blindly seeking the aisle.

I practically ran up it, the emotions inside me the inverse, if not the opposite of those with which I had walked down to our row: with Trent, on his arm, I had until now felt proudly shameless, when over the past week we had appeared in public together.

The first week my master had kept me inside his clifftop mansion, all to himself. He had fucked me every morning and every night, and nearly every afternoon—as his "work schedule" had allowed. Sometimes I thought I could tell that Trent had to play the part of the brutally dominant tycoon, and sometimes I thought that the man I loved actually was that wealthy, powerful, utterly alpha male—a titan of industry who took what he wanted, especially when what he wanted consisted of my quivering body.

Every time that idea rose to the surface of my mind, the result—the heat and the need and the shame—made me turn away from it. I tried to put it on the tablet screen and look at it, as a caption for the picture of the bare-chested man and the kneeling girl, but every time I did that, I got so needy that I immediately had the choice: should I go to the bathroom and pretend to take a shower and masturbate, knowing that Trent would almost certainly catch me on the camera in the bathroom, or should I push the tablet screen away and go watch another episode of the reality cooking show I had become obsessed with.

That had seemed easy enough, especially because I also didn't really want to think about how very happy it made me to have an alpha male dominate me, morning, noon, and night. His cock made me sore, yes, but the soreness seemed a good kind of discomfort, and with his knowledge of my body I could always trust that he would find precisely the right balance between rough and gentle that always left me wanting more. That was true

even where my bottom was concerned: my owner didn't use me there every time, or even every day, telling me that he knew a little anus like mine needed time, and rest, after a long session on an enormous cock like Trent's.

When he did fuck my bottom, over the special firm pillows that he kept next to his bed, or over one of the stools that stood at the marble-topped breakfast bar, the screen in my mind filled of its own accord with shameful images—the same lewd picture I could see in the big mirror in the bedroom, when my master told me to turn my head and look at it... at him, magnificently naked, superbly muscled... at him, my owner, astride his fuck toy, his huge, rigid manhood deep in her bottom.

In the mirror, and inside my head, the image looked the same... a wealthy man's bed girl, getting what he liked to give her and she needed so very badly. That image—the glimpse of what seemed sometimes his truly dominant nature—made my hand start to drift, even while I sat on the gorgeous leather couch in the huge living room of my master's mansion. I tried to keep my attention on the reality show chef competition, but in my mind's eye I saw Trent fucking my bottom... him using my mouth in the midnight shower... taking my pussy in the early morning after waking me, as we lay on our sides in his huge bed.

My fingers would stroke the skin beneath the t-shirt, and then under the elastic waistband of the sweats I was allowed to wear during the day. No panties, of course—so that my master could use me at a moment's notice if he had a break between meetings. I shouldn't have felt so needy, I knew, because Trent permitted me so many orgasms under his pounding cock. Something about the luxury of this life in the beautiful house on the cliff, though, and maybe also about not knowing whether it was real or how long it would last, seemed to make my clit terribly greedy and my pussy ache. Every day of that first week I had seemed to be in more danger of playing with myself and earning a terrible lesson from my master.

And it had only gotten worse since he had begun taking me out in public. This moment at the charity auction only represented the most serious occasion—and the first time Trent had threatened a spanking. The way he showed me off made me feel shameless and even vain, because I knew I did make both men and women turn their heads in envy—the men because they would have liked to fuck me the way Trent did and the women because of the way my owner treated me like a princess in public... or maybe because they knew he treated me like a whore at home.

It had left me terribly needy later, though. On the previous nights he had taken me out, the urgency of my arousal had held off at least until the limo ride back to his mansion. By that time, Trent was ready, and he made me kneel in front of him in the back seat, to perform as he had taught me, his huge cock filling my mouth. He knew of my needs, of course, and because I had behaved myself—as he said—he let me touch my pussy in the lacy panties I wore to go out.

Tonight, though, despite the fullness of my bladder—or maybe, shamefully, because of it

—the need in my pussy at the public threat of spanking and the way he had casually fondled me under my dress in front of all those elegantly dressed people... just as I had known I would play with myself that night at the Institute, I knew I would touch myself in the gorgeous bathroom at the five-star hotel.

And I knew I would be whipped for it. Over the whipping bench that stood in the discipline room in the basement. My master hadn't taken me there, yet. He hadn't whipped me since bringing me home. He hadn't even spanked me—after taking me over his knee every day, as my trainer at the Institute. I assumed he meant the lack of punishment as part of the act we were putting on for the Groupe, but as I closed the door of the stall behind me and started to hike up my dress I wondered if my brilliant trainer had made a mistake—I felt suddenly that if a dominant, male enemy agent were to show up in this bathroom, I would beg him to fuck me... to whip me, even. I would give him all the information I had, and make up more, if he would only take me in hand.

I pulled down the lacy thong panties Trent had given me that morning and sat on the toilet seat. I gasped with relief as I started to pee. I thought about the wetness I had left in the gusset of the panties, and I remembered that somewhat to my surprise my master hadn't used me that day—he had risen before I had and left the panties on the bed. He had seemed very busy all day, and I had scarcely seen him until, in the early evening, he had told me to get ready for the auction.

Little wonder I need to touch myself. As my bladder emptied, even while the golden stream still flowed, I did a terribly naughty thing: I started to play with myself, the shame of the messy action, of the forbidden moisture, seeming to make my need all the greater. I thought of the mirror, of the sight of my master enjoying me like a prince, a king, his manhood plunging into my most private place. The picture in my head seemed to glow with some sort of sexual magic that made me have to stifle a cry as my fingers rubbed hard at my clit, my upper body jerking in sympathy as I quickly neared my climax.

The door of the stall opened.

CHAPTER 26



Tatyana

"Occu—" I started to cry out, but then I saw that to my horror and helpless arousal, my tiny fantasy had come true. A man I had never seen before stood there, clad in a tuxedo. A handsome, indefinably European-looking man, with blonde hair and blue eyes and a well-muscled frame.

He stepped into the stall and closed the door behind him.

"Hello, Tatyana," he said, in a voice with a light accent that sounded French to me. "Well done. My name is Claude, and I'll be your handler. Keep playing with yourself, you naughty girl. I want your cunt nice and wet."

My mouth had fallen open, and my jaw slackened even further as Claude—though of course I knew it couldn't be his real name—began to unzip his fly. I tried to stop my fingers from the lewd self-pleasuring caress that now seemed infinitely more shameful than it had a moment before, but my hand obeyed the stranger rather than my own wish.

"We'll start with having you suck my cock, I think," he said. "We don't have much time, but it's important to make sure you understand that from now on I will be your real master. You'll be allowed to come if you're a good little whore."

I couldn't move. My body responded so urgently and so mortifyingly to this man's intrusion that my brain seemed to stop functioning. I watched him take out his cock—to my surprise, it looked nearly as big as Trent's, not as long maybe but a little thicker. I felt my mouth water at the lewd sight of it, jutting from the lap of his black tuxedo pants. The idea that I could react that way to another man's penis sent a new, even stronger wave of helpless arousal shooting out from my pussy.

My master had told me that he would share me. All Institute concubines knew that their owners—the vast majority of them, anyway—took pleasure in sharing their toys with friends and even acquaintances and employees. I understood from what I had learned of

my own sexuality, and the general profile of the young women picked up for Institute training, that the idea of my body being bestowed that way aroused me, as degrading as the notion might seem from another perspective.

But to have Trent share me wouldn't involve another man declaring himself to be my real master. As Claude advanced the two feet towards me across the marble floor of the elegant stall, I tried desperately to find some way to close my mouth and to retract my tongue.

For at the sight of his erection, my body had performed as if Claude had the powers of a puppeteer over me. Not only did my fingers keep moving between my legs and my bottom keep squirming with arousal and growing pleasure on the toilet seat, but I had opened my mouth as wide as possible and put out my tongue to welcome this stranger to use me just as he had told me he would.

The tablet screen in my mind, which I realized now I had begun to rely on to help me figure out what I thought and felt, had disappeared. As if I were stumbling through a fog in my head, I tried to find it, to grasp it, so that I could read on it something that might free me from this man's spell.

Since I had boarded Trent's plane, and my beloved master had become the dominant tycoon who owned me, used me, showed me off—and meant to share me when the time came—I had come to depend on the clarity he had given me when he had trained me. He had taught me to look to the tablet screen to learn about what I needed, and what it meant, and even what I should do.

I tried to take control of my mouth, my voice, to scream for Trent. I couldn't, and the first independent thought I seemed to have had in long minutes told me that I didn't want to scream anyway because... because...

Because I need to do what this man from the Groupe says. He's your contact, your handler. You have to fool him.

Claude reached out his left hand to seize the back of my head, his fingers in my braided hair. I felt the difference in his grip from my real master's hand, and I shuddered. That involuntary motion made me aware suddenly that I had somehow gotten control over my body back.

"Look at me," he said. "I want to see your eyes while I use this mouth we got the Institute to train for us."

For an instant, I experimented with resisting Claude's command. I could feel in the front of my mind the compulsion to obey him, but I found that if I concentrated, I could also keep my eyes focused downward instead, on his arrogantly jutting cock. As I lifted my gaze, to ensure he wouldn't realize I had begun to break his control, I found the tablet screen too—and not just the screen, but the whole scene in my apartment with Joan, what seemed a lifetime ago.

It took all my strength of mind not to gasp with relief as I saw what the screen had on its surface. I almost closed my eyes so that I could see it better, in my mind's eye, but I remembered, my brain's fog suddenly clearing away, that I had to fool Claude.

In his blue gaze I saw the overconfidence of the arrogant man who thinks himself dominant but doesn't truly understand the secret Trent—and the Institute—had discovered: that true dominance comes through caring and responsibility. He brandished his erection in his right hand, drawing my head closer to it slowly, so as to enjoy the sight of entering me, forcing me that way. In my head, despite the unwelcome sight of his cruel smile, I managed also to see what my true master had, with my help, written on the tablet screen.

Over the image of Trent fucking my bottom, in the mirror, I saw the subliminal message we had written there. I didn't read it—I didn't need to, and there wasn't time—because I already knew it by heart. My master and I had written it together, at the Institute, two weeks ago.

Tatyana, my love, these words come from me, Master Trent, and from you, Tatyana Grishin. Remember that, above all, we wrote them on your tablet screen together. That shared responsibility means that YOU control what you see inside your head, and what your body is doing right now, with the enemy contact who has just tried to take control of you.

In the real world, I put a look of helpless need on my face, as if to suck Claude's cock represented the most important thing in the world to me. With a little sob of arousal, as my fingers kept up a frantic rhythm between my slick labia and on my tingling clit, I strained my head forward so that I could take his thick, rigid penis inside my lips.

I felt how my body had indeed fallen under the physical spell of this brutal enemy agent. I felt how my Institute kidnapping, my fuck toy training, had unleashed the terrible submissive need in me. I did want to suck Claude's cock, and the shame of that made me whimper softly as I used my tongue to please him—just as my master had taught me.

The enemy contact has not succeeded, though it probably feels like they have. That's because we—you and I, my love—have left the basic structure of your conditioning intact, so that you will be able to deceive him.

"That's it," Claude murmured. "You are a good fuck toy, aren't you? Keep your tongue still now. I'm going to fuck your face."

For a few moments, he did just that, ramming his huge manhood deep into my throat, making me gag as Master Trent did only very rarely, to teach me how to deal with it and... and...

I came, crying out around Claude's thrusting cock, because of the needs my real master had awakened.

You ARE deceiving him now, Tatyana, or you wouldn't have this message in your mind, on your tablet screen.

I saw, as I climaxed, while Claude used my mouth as if he was fucking my pussy, the mirror with its magic glow. I saw that like Joan's tablet screen, the original one, in the kitchen, it had a special flashing light in its upper right.

Claude held his cock halfway inside my mouth, and he spoke.

"I'm not going to give you the gift of my seed now. I'll do that when I take full control of you in a few days. Your owner is going on a trip and, much as I'm sure he would like to, he can't take you along. He's going to send you on a special shopping trip downtown—we know he's already arranged it. After you're done there, you'll ask to go to a boutique nearby called La Gioconde. A saleswoman there will give you the number of a hotel room in the same building, and you will go there. I will be there, and I will enjoy you just as thoroughly as your so-called owner does. Then you will tell me everything you know about the Institute and about Selecta, and I will give you instructions for the next part of your mission."

Tatyana, my love, you are there serving the enemy agent because WE—I, Master Trent, and you, yourself—have shared your body with them. We've done that to save civilization, but also because you're the kind of girl who needs to be shared, and to be used roughly by strangers.

This part of the message, which I remembered Master Trent making me repeat over and over as he brought me to orgasm on his cock, caused me to whimper anew around the thick, hard penis in my mouth, and to suckle gently at Claude's manhood as if he had given me the greatest gift in the universe in using me so brutally—and in promising that in the hotel room he would use me more brutally still.

I saw the final line of the message, which I recognized as the key to my conditioning around which Master Trent had organized the new conditioning with which he had skillfully undermined it.

Tu dois etre utilise. You should be used.

"Do you understand, Tatyana?" Claude asked, pulling his manhood from my mouth and beginning to put it away inside his tuxedo pants.

I nodded, knowing the look of helpless need on my face—for his hardness in the pussy that belonged to Trent, even in the tiny anus that my master had trained for his own dominant pleasure—would represent precisely what he expected to see.

"Speak, you little fuck toy," he said softly, his hand on my chin.

"Yes," I panted, licking my lips to feel the strange numbness his cock had left behind it.

"Yes, what?" he demanded. He gripped my chin harder, so that I whimpered as a flood of

new arousal at his cruelty flowed where my hand still worked my pussy so wantonly.

"Yes, master," I whispered.

"That's it," Claude murmured. His fingers relaxed and moved down to stroke my breasts in the tight bodice of the beautiful red dress. "I'm going to enjoy this a great deal, Tatyana. I don't mind telling you. I've never had an Institute-trained cunt and ass to fuck. Your owner travels a great deal, I'm afraid. You'll be meeting me to have a good, hard fucking many, many times."

"What about... what about the sensor?" I asked because I knew I must. "The one between my legs?"

"Thankfully," Claude said, "we have a way to spoof your data inside my hotel room. No, you little whore, you won't get out of serving my cock that easily."

He turned abruptly and opened the stall door. Over his shoulder, he said, "I'll see you very soon, Tatyana."

CHAPTER 27



Tatyana

When I returned to my seat in the ballroom, Trent gave me a look that made my heart pound with fear. For a long moment, my eyes wide, I could think only about his huge hand and my bare bottom. I had waited to return to my seat until the lot had finished and the auctioneer had gaveled down the sale, so at least I hadn't disturbed anyone the way I had on my exit, but that meant lots of people were looking at us.

Lots of people could see his narrowed eyes and my red face. Some of them—all of them, maybe—must remember what he had said before I had left. How he had told me so matter-of-factly that I would get a spanking if I left my seat.

I took my lower lip between my teeth.

At least they don't know that I touched myself in the bathroom... that I sucked a cock there, sitting on the toilet seat with my panties around my ankles and my hand between my thighs.

Trent's look somehow seemed to take away all my awareness of the real situation—of my mission, and even of the reassurance he had given me with the message in my head. In his steely gaze, the expression of the owner of a bed girl who intends to discipline her for misbehavior, I saw the dominant tycoon. I saw the man who had purchased me, who used me every day for his brutal pleasure, who knew, thanks to the sensor between my legs, that I had climaxed in the bathroom without permission.

"You know what's going to happen when we get into the limo," he said, loud enough for the wealthy, powerful people around us to hear. "Don't you, girl?"

I swallowed hard, blood seeming to rush everywhere in my body—especially my face and my pussy. I tried to put a defiant expression on my face.

Somewhere deep in my mind I knew it only represented an act—a high stakes

performance, for the watching eyes of the Groupe Synergistique. But Trent had made it terribly clear that this performance had to appear utterly real. It had to be utterly real, no matter what comfort the reconditioning of my mind and the reassurance of the message on the tablet screen in my head might offer.

My owner's look meant precisely what it seemed to mean. I would go over his knee tonight to pay for my misconduct. I had a lesson to learn, and Trent intended to deliver it as forcefully as necessary for me not to repeat my naughtiness.

And... much, much worse... I knew I had to comply with what the terrible Claude had told me. Surely Trent knew everything that had taken place in the bathroom stall, but he couldn't communicate that knowledge to me, let alone tell me it was alright—that he consented to share me that way with a cruel stranger.

I nodded. Trent reached out to take my chin in his hand. I felt my face work in consternation at the dominant gesture—the knowledge that all these gorgeously dressed people could see the powerful older man treating his stunning young possession this way.

I remembered Claude doing the same thing in the bathroom, and the lustful betrayal of my body at the sensation. Trent's hand brought the same arousal, but suddenly a rush of joy came too, because I could feel somehow in the difference between the two men's hands—in the strange gentleness of Trent's grip despite its arrogance and its authority—what my master really felt about me.

The tablet screen came back, and, as if Trent could write secret messages there with his fingertips on my jaw, I saw, I LOVE YOU.

I gave a little sob that surely looked to everyone around us and to the drones of the Groupe like the expression of fear for her bottom that a naughty bed girl must feel when she has displeased her owner. Half of it at least did come from that fear. The other half, though, arose in my love for Trent, despite the terrible ordeal I still had ahead of me.

* * *

In the limo on our way home from the auction, my master wasted no time in beginning to punish me.

"Take off everything but your panties, girl," he said, as soon as the doorman had closed the car door. "Right now."

"But—" I started, caught completely by surprise. The car ride would take only fifteen minutes. I wouldn't have time to take my clothes off and put them back on, would I, if he meant to spank me. Wouldn't he rather wait? He had made me suck his cock in the limo before, but that didn't require all the awkward unhooking and rehooking this dress and the bustier would.

"You'll go into the house naked, Tatyana," he told me, "with your bottom the color a naughty girl should have it."

I gave a little cry, looking towards the front of the car, where I suddenly realized the driver had his eyes firmly fixed on the rear view mirror. Before, Trent had closed the divider before telling me to kneel and take his cock out of his pants.

"Here," he said, reaching out and pulling me towards him, using his size and his enormous strength to bring me all the way over his knee, "I'll make it easier."

I gave a cry of alarm as he took me so entirely off guard. My arms flailed about, but Trent held me down with his left hand while with his right he simply reached into the beautiful dress that I knew must have cost so very much and simply, literally, ripped it off me. I felt the tug of the delicate fabric, and I heard the tearing, and then I was naked except for the bustier and my panties.

Trent's hand came back, grasping the back of the bustier, and I felt a terrible thrill of fear that he would crack my ribs ripping its delicately ornamented but strong construction off. His left hand joined the right, though, and together they pulled the back of the bustier apart with a sound that made my heart jump.

He pulled the ruined, lovely thing out from under me and tossed it onto the floor of the limo, on top of the shreds of the elegant dress. My whole body had begun to quake in fear. His left arm clamped down over my waist at the same time my mind started to urge me—irrationally, since I had no means of escape—to try to get away. I writhed under his grasp, even as his right hand reached into the waistband of the beautiful, lacy thong and pulled it violently down to my knees.

I cried out in shame and fear. I realized he had ripped, torn, everything else off me, but not the thong. My master wanted me to have my underwear still there around my legs, to remind me that naughty girls have their panties taken down.

He started spanking me, very hard, just as the limo sped up to merge onto the freeway. We were ten minutes from home, and the idea that Trent would spend the entire time punishing me without letting up seemed to seize control of every synapse in my brain, along with the picture of my entrance into my owner's mansion, without my clothes. At this time of night only the security chief, James, would be on duty, but James would most definitely be there in his office, ready to lock up after we had gone to bed.

I knew that James and Frank, the chauffeur, knew Trent slept with me. I suspected that they knew their employer had kinky habits. Trent had never done anything with me in front of them, however; he had always fucked me in the bedroom or made sure the staff wasn't there if he used me in the kitchen or the living room—or by the side of the indoor pool. I had told myself that it would hardly seem unusual for a trillionaire to have a live-in, younger girlfriend.

I knew, in some nearly inaccessible place at the back of my consciousness, that all of it

represented a fiction at some level—our cover for the counterintelligence operation against the Groupe Synergistique. I had a vague awareness that Master Trent's job had some very important differences from the role of the other trainers at the Institute—that he was some kind of agent of an organization that it seemed the Groupe didn't know about, or maybe that the Groupe didn't know had such a strong connection to Selecta and the Institute.

At the very least, I knew—again, somewhere in my mind that felt very distant right now, with my panties around my knees and my owner's enormous hand crashing down over and over on my bare, upraised bottom—Trent didn't mean it. That I didn't mean it, when I felt my pussy clench at the thought of knocking on the door of Claude's hotel room, to serve the brutal, devastatingly handsome enemy agent.

Except that I did—I had come, in the bathroom stall, while Claude had used my mouth and allowed me to play with my clit. And Trent did mean it too—I could feel how much he meant it in the way he spanked me, so hard and so fast.

"You know you're not allowed to touch your cunt without permission," he said, only truly raising his voice on the word know, but making sure with a forceful spank on every syllable that I understood how completely I belonged to him, and how wantonly I had disobeyed.

"Please," I begged. "Please stop... sir... Master... please..."

I struggled uncontrollably under his left arm, so that Trent had to clamp his right leg down across the backs of my knees. I started screaming then, just because it hurt so very, very much. I had the wild thought that perhaps someone on the freeway, in another car, would hear my screams—they felt that loud. I wondered, even more wildly, whether I would doom everything if a policeman should pull us over because he heard me wailing, and I decided I didn't care. All I wanted was to get away from my master's punishing hand.

"You... need... to... learn," Trent growled grimly, as I felt the limo slow and rise, climbing onto the exit ramp and off the freeway. We would pass through isolated woods now, towards the cliff. No chance that anyone could hear me, and my screams had subsided into sobs by this point too, though the pace of Trent's terrible lesson had hardly slowed at all. "Your... cunt... doesn't... belong... to... you."

"Please," I whimpered. "I'm... I'm... sorry."

I felt sorry, and I didn't even have the emotional or mental capacity to think about how odd that might appear. In my mind, I had deserved this horrible spanking: I had played with myself; I had sucked another man's penis. I had to go to that man's hotel and let him use my body as he chose—and then I had to betray the Institute.

The car turned into the drive, and Trent stopped spanking me. He kept me over his knee, though, with my face in the car seat, until Frank had stopped the limo in front of the door.

Frank had heard, and probably watched in the rear view mirror, the whole thing. I heard his door open and then close. The passenger door behind me opened, and I knew that James stood there, looking at my bare, bright red bottom, poised over Trent's knee.

"James," Trent said. "Good evening. Could you tell Stella to pack my bags? I'm headed to New York tomorrow. Tatyana will sleep in her own room tonight. Frank, tomorrow you should be ready to take Tatyana into town to do some shopping. There are some things I want her fitted for, and she may spend five thousand dollars on herself if she likes. Tatyana, you may get up and go to your room. Leave your panties where they are."

Breathless, my eyes full of tears, I managed to climb out of the limo. I ran, despite the thong binding my legs together, into the open door and down the hall to the room I actually hadn't slept in at all since our arrival. I collapsed onto the bed, hugging my knees, thinking only about how Trent hadn't even fucked me after spanking me harder than he ever had, even the night he kidnapped me, even at the Institute.

I found the tablet screen, and I saw the I LOVE YOU there, but I couldn't believe it... I refused to believe it. I thought of Claude, and the image of him in my head made my hand start to creep between my thighs, where need raged now, in the wake of Trent's terrible lesson.

I stilled my hand and felt my face set with defiance. Who needed to know, besides herself and her contact, if a double agent decided to become a triple agent? What if I chose to tell Claude everything?

CHAPTER 28



Trent

The emotions from spanking Tatyana so brutally lingered with me as I boarded the jet I had come to think of as mine—despite it actually belonging to the Guard’s Pacific Northwest mithraeum. I supposed as a Perses—more or less a vice president and in command of the special Guard division at the Institute—I should feel entitled to think of it that way. My sense of ownership, however, had definitely gained a forceful, dangerous, but not unenjoyable psychological boost from playing the role of a clifftop-mansion-dwelling, charity-auction-going, sweet-young-fuck-toy-using tycoon.

I had no wish to deny how hard it had gotten me to give her what she needed—and had deserved, despite her actions being in one sense beyond her control. She had ended up in the bathroom because of a compulsion planted in her by “Joan,” weeks and weeks before—but the entire mission revolved around the desire I had left free. The message in the mirror gave her permission to choose to serve the Groupe agent we had now identified as Pierre “Claude” Boulud, when he had surprised her on the toilet. It hadn’t forced her to suck his cock, or to come while he used her.

As I changed clothes on the plane, I thought about the terrible punishment in the limo, of Tatyana’s pleading and her screams as I had turned her whole backside bright red. I had the skill necessary to make sure I didn’t take the girl I loved too far, but I had definitely gone right to edge, fueled by the inevitable alpha-rage that always comes even when you share a bed girl willingly, knowing how much she’ll enjoy it. To share unwillingly with Claude had made me keen to make sure Tatyana got the lesson she truly needed.

I had the limo driver’s uniform on. Frank came up the steps into the plane as if he had forgotten to tell his employer something. The tactic carried a few small risks, but the Guard’s current drone-jamming tech seemed solid. For the last minute the Groupe’s cameras had been fried, and they stayed fried as Frank—whose face had dimensions so similar to mine that they could, under the right conditions, fool facial recognition—put on my clothes. The enemy drones hadn’t gotten a good look at Frank, since he never took off

his cap, and now I put that cap on.

My handheld vibrated in my pocket. We didn't have voice comms on the plane since our jamming took our own microwave signals out too. Whatever the Guard wanted to tell me must be urgent if they had texted at this vital point. With a few seconds to spare, Frank and I finished our transformation, and as I went down the steps to the limo with my cap covering my face, I pulled the device from my pocket and glanced at the screen.

Authorization given for roll-up at meet today. Groupe control verified in hotel room next to Claude's.

My eyes went wide, and I had to fight a surge of joy as I got into the driver's seat. It had seemed very clear that Tatyana would have to remain in place as a double agent for months if not years. That had meant I would have to carry a torch until circumstances at last permitted me to tell her how I truly felt and we could try to make a life together.

Rolling up this little cell of the Groupe, though, would mean blowing Tatyana's cover. One way or another—whether we got Claude and his team or they somehow eluded us—I would have the chance to make her truly mine.

* * *

Tatyana

The things Trent wanted me fitted for made my face turn as red as my bottom had been the previous night. In a tiny shop called Le Grazie that looked from the outside like an ordinary high-end lingerie store, a saleswoman only a year or two older than me said, "Go ahead and take off your clothes."

I felt my forehead crease. I wondered if this girl, who had introduced herself as Yolanda, had spent time at the Institute. She reminded me of a few of the senior concubines there, who had, under their trainers' supervision, developed a dominant side, the better to cater to the needs of wealthy men and women who enjoyed switching on occasion.

Yolanda frowned. "I have a note here that you're a trained bed girl," she said. "Maybe I have to make it clear that your owner agreed to put you under this shop's supervision for this fitting, or we wouldn't have accepted the appointment."

My lips parted. "Supervision?" I asked in a weak voice.

Yolanda smiled in a patronizing way that made me terribly conscious of the soreness of my bottom from Trent's spanking me in the limo, and the purple bruises he had left there. That lingering discomfort had made me terribly needy all morning, and the look on Yolanda's face made it even worse.

In the back of my mind a realization began to dawn. I could see the tablet screen, though I seemed to have much less control over it than I had had twenty-four hours ago. Yesterday morning, I had supposed my mind and body to have become at last my own. Now I understood that both of them had together become not just a plaything but a game piece in a high-stakes contest between Trent and Claude.

Yolanda had a part to play. Trent had sent me here because of how this fitting would stir my wanton arousal in the wake of my awful lesson last night over his knee. At least I hadn't had to face Frank. As he drove me into town in the limo, he had kept the divider closed and hadn't even wished me good morning when I got into the car. I had wondered if he felt a little embarrassed for me, and to my distress I had even caught myself feeling sorry for him that he had been forced to watch my punishment.

The memory made me shudder now and start taking off the t-shirt and mini skirt I had worn to come shopping. I had tried to put on my jeans, but they had just hurt too much—and in a way that roused the need between my thighs terribly. I hadn't even buttoned them before I started taking them off again and reaching for pink cotton panties to replace the thong I had put on without thinking about it.

Now the pink panties made me blush as Yolanda surveyed them, but for better or worse I wouldn't get to dwell on it. The saleswoman said, "The panties too, Tatyana."

I glanced at the dressing room door, and then at the small stack of boxes Yolanda had brought in, none of them bearing any sort of label that might indicate their contents. The saleswoman said, her voice reassuring, "I close the shop when a girl like you comes in. Don't worry."

In the dressing room mirror, as I pulled down my underwear, I could see the bruises Trent had left with his huge hand. I couldn't even look at Yolanda, but I couldn't stop imagining her face at the sight of this evidence of my naughtiness and my owner's justice.

I closed my eyes for a moment and saw Yolanda on the tablet screen, behind my eyelids. I felt my forehead scrunch at the terrible surge of need it brought. With an awful little thrill of realization, I understood something Trent had told me back at the Institute, when we had first worked with the idea of the tablet and its manifestation inside my head.

"When you're very needy, sweetheart," he had said, as I sat in his lap after a spanking and an orgasm, "the tablet may be difficult to control. That's the hold they have over you."

I had noticed that happening last night at the auction, I realized. The spanking and the lack of fucking and this terrible scene in the special shop—with the prospect of what must happen next with Claude—had worsened the problem exponentially.

"So," Yolanda was saying, as she opened one of the boxes, "this is a chastity harness. Less expensive models have buckles and don't really need fitting, but—"

I looked at what she had taken out of the box. Part of it was a black leather belt very much like the ones the trainers used at the Institute to do basic restraints, but I could see just in the soft way it shone in Yolanda's hands that whoever had crafted it had made it from the finest leather—and I could see that instead of a buckle it had a little lock that would sit just above the tailbone of the girl who wore it.

Just above my tailbone.

From the belt hung a strap that resembled the gusset of a pair of skimpy bikini panties. At its very bottom, it had a fixture that clearly would fit into the lock at my back.

I took a little step back, in alarm at the thought of having to put it on, of having the lock fasten me into this harness.

Yolanda sighed. "Men like your owner usually put their bed girls in them when they go away and entrust the key to a servant. Mr. Garrison wants you to leave here in it, and for your chauffeur to have the key."

"But..." I tried, but I had no words to continue my objection.

"Go ahead and try it on," Yolanda said. "I know you want to."

I looked at her and swallowed very hard. Of course she knew that—here I was, not begging her to call the police, not trying to run out the door despite the bruises from my master's hand that the saleswoman could see on my bottom.

But... it's because I'm a spy... a double agent—a triple agent, if I want to be... and I have to complete my mission.

Emotion filled my chest and made my eyes well up with tears. I loved Trent, but I couldn't do this... could I? He had spanked me so hard, and he hadn't even held me afterward. I tried to call up I LOVE YOU on the tablet, but all I could see there was Yolanda holding the chastity harness.

The kind of thing the girl kneeling in front of the bare-chested man would have to wear.

"When your owner shares you," Yolanda said, her calm voice demonstrating how well she knew her business and understood the needs of her clients, both dominant and submissive, "loans you to a friend or sends you to a business associate, he'll send the key along, obviously."

I bit my lip and reached out to take the horrid, terribly arousing thing from her hand.

* * *

La Gioconde was only a block away from Le Grazie, on the bottom floor of a luxury hotel tower. Yolanda came out to the curb with me, to give the key of my new harness to Frank. I had already felt like I was walking funny from the soreness in my backside, but

the leather underneath my skirt, enclosing my pussy and the crack of my bottom so snugly and strangely, made me take tiny, dismayingly self-conscious steps.

Frank rolled down the smoked glass window of the limo only a little bit, to take the key from Yolanda. I wondered if he still felt embarrassed to look at me, and I felt my cheeks burn with embarrassment. He put his hand, in his black chauffeur's uniform jacket, out the window, and waved toward La Gioconde.

Frank didn't say anything, which made me frown as I wondered what exactly was wrong. The thought of what would happen when I got to the boutique, though—and what would happen when I went upstairs to Claude's room and he found he couldn't get the harness off me to fuck me as he intended—distracted me thoroughly enough that I had to concentrate simply on forward motion.

"Good luck," Yolanda said, putting her arms around me unexpectedly. For a moment I thought she must mean the wish to apply to my insane spy mission, but I realized she actually just meant to refer to my life as a concubine. I heard envy in her voice, even in the mere two syllables good luck, along with alarm on my behalf.

As I thought about Yolanda's hug, walking down the block towards La Gioconde, I felt a moment of rebellious resentment. Surely the life of a fuck toy in sexual servitude to a trillionaire should be difficult enough, without adding in the need to save civilization.

I reached the door of the little shop. It seemed like any other boutique—more normal even than Le Grazie, since it seemed to specialize simply in pricey gifts rather than racy lingerie. I entered, feeling very self-conscious, and walked over to a rack of gorgeous handbags.

Only a few moments went by before I heard a woman behind me say, "Can I help you?"

Blushing, I had just turned my head over my shoulder to say, "No, thank you," when she said, very softly, "Room 2374."

CHAPTER 29



Tatyana

My heart pounded in my chest as I reached out to knock on the door of Room 2374. Beneath my green miniskirt, I felt as if the chastity harness somehow had its own internal source of heat. The leather felt so different from anything I'd ever worn and with every step I took, I became more conscious of the way it enclosed and clung to my shaved pussy.

I watched my hand hesitate, trembling, my knuckles almost in contact with the taupe surface. I started to pull my hand back, began to turn so as to flee. I didn't know what I would do—maybe reveal the whole thing to the media? Expose Trent, and Claude, and Selecta, and the Groupe... tear it all down?

The door opened. My whole body started violently in mid-step. Claude, dressed in a white dress shirt and black trousers, took one step forward and grabbed me roughly by the arm. In another half-second he had drawn me into the hotel room and the door had closed behind me. With his left hand he held me in place though I had started to struggle, while with his right he bolted the door.

He turned, and now he had both his hands on me, all over me, pulling my t-shirt up and off to play with my bra-less breasts, drawing my miniskirt up so he could seize my bottom and squeeze it hard.

At first, I thought of screaming, but the thought of what would happen should someone come, of how the whole situation could be twisted—of what might happen to Trent—stilled my voice. Then Claude's dismayingly skillful touch awakened my needy body so thoroughly that to my mortification I could think only of telling him about the harness.

He spoke first, though. "Running away isn't a good idea, chéri—my friends and your owner's friends might not have an enjoyable time recovering you, but we certainly would bring you back, and I can assure you your backside would pay for it even more than it

seems it did for our passion last night.”

He gave my bottom cheeks another hard squeeze, and I cried out as my back arched in discomfort at the reawakening of what Trent had done with his hand there. The feeling of having another man’s hand on my ass, of knowing that whether or not he had wanted it, my owner had shared me with this cruel enemy agent, made me feel faint with humiliating arousal. At the same time, my heart pounded with fear at what Claude intended to do to me.

“He—” I panted. “He put me in a—” To my distress, I felt a terrible urgency to tell him about the chastity harness, and I couldn’t figure out why. Did I want to proudly announce that my master hadn’t given him the key to the belt that bound my pussy and my bottom, which kept them for him alone? Or did I... did I hope that Claude might...

The enemy agent laughed. “I know about your harness, chéri. I have a key.”

My lips opened in surprise. A thrill of helpless arousal shot through me.

“Look,” Claude growled, and turned me towards the sumptuous hotel room, past whose entryway he hadn’t even taken me yet. He kept his hand on my bottom and propelled me forward with it. “Come here,” he said, enforcing the command with the strength of his arm.

With one hand behind me and the other on my upper arm, he brought me to the coffee table in the middle of the suite. I could see a stunning view of the city, and the open door to a bedroom where it appeared Claude had stripped the bed down to the fitted sheet, the better to fuck a bed girl unimpeded.

On the coffee table I saw a key identical to the one Yolanda had given Frank.

Claude held me there, bent over a little. I felt his hand on my bottom work its way deeper, pushing and pulling at the leather in which Trent had bound my private parts. My hips jerked, and I cried out. I felt my arousal gush into the harness.

In my ear, Claude murmured as he worked me between my legs and my bottom-cheeks, “I’m very happy to be the first man to get you wet in your chastity harness. A well-made piece like this one develops a very special scent as a girl is used in it. Every concubine has her own fragrance, of course, and a fine leather harness absorbs it beautifully.”

He let go of my arm and reached down to fetch the key from the table. My breath came in ragged pants as he pulled hard at the leather between my bottom-cheeks, reminding me of his promise to use me there, to take for his own the place my master enjoyed fucking so much—the little anus he was using so dominantly in the picture in the mirror.

I tried to find the tablet screen in my mind, desperate to calm myself, to try to think rationally about what Claude was doing. I saw only that picture: Trent astride me, telling me to look at myself in the mirror and to see how thoroughly I belonged to him.

Claude turned me again, towards a low armchair.

"Kneel on the seat," he commanded. "Hands on the back of the chair. Push this *derrière* out for me."

I felt my cheeks burn with shame as I obeyed, feeling how entirely I obeyed out of my submissive need rather than with any intent to fool Claude. To my dismay, I knew I wasn't acting. Trent had shared me because I needed to be shared. I needed to be used by another man, the cruel man to whom my master had sent me, and used hard. I needed to have my value proven by my owner's finding me worthy of sharing.

Trent had a fuck toy whose ass he loved to use. He liked fucking my anus so much he had offered it to Claude. Eagerly, thinking my thoroughly punished bottom a piece of stolen contraband, Claude turned the little key in the lock at my back.

It didn't make sense except maybe in my twisted imagination. I tried to find the rational way of looking at it and failed utterly. I heard myself cry out as the sopping wet harness fell away from my private parts and Claude's hand took humiliating possession of my backside. His middle fingers traveled from my clit down into my aching sheath as his thumb peremptorily invaded my bottom-hole.

With a shudder that seemed to come from the bottom of my feet, I started to climax. If Claude had moved his middle fingers inside me just a little more forcefully, I thought I would go over the edge, but he stopped suddenly, his hand freezing in place. I cried out in frustration.

He leaned over me, his mouth against my ear.

"Putain," he murmured.

My body reacted before my mind even realized what he had done. I didn't know the word, consciously. I knew it meant me, though, and I knew it meant I was a submissive little fuck toy... and I knew it had paradoxically taken my pleasure away.

The tablet screen rose in my mind: I saw PUTAIN inscribed there. My body bucked, tried to work my pussy—no, my cunt—onto Claude's hand, but I understood suddenly that something they had done to me meant that I could feel the need without the satisfaction.

"If you're a good little whore," Claude growled, pulling his thumb from my bottom and beginning to spread my own juices onto my anus to prepare me for his thick cock, "maybe I'll let you come after I've pounded this little ass for a while."

He took his hand away completely, and I heard him unzipping his fly. In my mind, for a long moment, I didn't think I would ever get control of my thoughts, let alone my feelings. All I could seem to think about, or to want, was the climax the enemy agent had denied me.

PUTAIN. Claude put his right hand on my hip. I felt the head of his manhood press

against my cringing anus. I cried out in discomfort.

There was a mirror, on the wall in front of me, I suddenly realized. I looked into it, and saw the terrible, lewd scene in this luxurious suite—the clothed man about to violate the nearly naked girl... her spanked, shared bottom pushed out... her needy face, desperate for the pleasure he had, through his Groupe's nefarious conditioning, denied her.

I gasped as the tablet screen behind my eyes changed suddenly. I could see the bare-chested man and the girl kneeling in front of him, but instead of the generic man who had been there the first time I had seen the picture, I saw my own wonderful master, Trent, holding the strap, ready to mete out justice.

And I saw a caption: I LOVE YOU. YOU ARE FREE, AND YOU ARE MINE.

I could have done it. I could have pretended to be Claude's double agent little whore. I didn't want to betray Trent anymore, of course, because I understood completely at that moment—the mirrors and the messages they triggered had used my visual cortex to free me at last from all the conditioning. The tricky part, the reason for leaving me at Claude's mercy, apparently, lay in letting me continue to feel the tug of the conditioning strongly enough that I would know how to respond to a trigger word like putain.

I knew I could come if I wanted to—that I could thrust my hand between my thighs and touch my clit and climax instantly despite the command Claude thought had effectively kept that release from me. I knew I mustn't, though, because I had to maintain my cover. All of it—even the horrible spanking in the limo—had represented a part of finishing the reconditioning.

I could have lived that way, with Trent playing the brutal trillionaire who didn't know he was sharing his fuck toy with the agent of a greedy transnational conspiracy. Some of it might have provided a kinky pleasure. The spanking in the limo had seemed unendurable because I knew how badly I needed it, but I hadn't been able to feel it as a loving gesture from a loving master. It had even made me doubt his love.

I didn't doubt that love now. As I moaned in discomfort at the pressure of another man's hardness against my most private place, I felt that although I wanted desperately to have some kind of happily ever after with Trent, I could do without it. I knew he loved me, and I loved him. We would save civilization together, and maybe someday down the road, after we had defeated the Groupe, we could be together too.

"Oh, cheri, your ass is going to feel so good," Claude murmured. "Such a little putain."

I watched my frown of discomfort and frustrated arousal deepen in the mirror. I heard a whimper come from my throat. I remembered my training and started to use my muscles down there, in that terribly shameful way Master Trent himself had taught me at the Institute, when I had thought FIGHT and PRETEND were commands I had given myself, and before I knew who I even was.

Claude gave a groan of pleasure, and Trent broke down the door in the same moment.

I watched it unfold in the mirror, mostly. Claude stepped away from me, his hard cock still jutting out from his trousers. I had seen my master, dressed in a chauffeur's uniform, as soon as the door burst inward and had known him instantly—I saw almost in slow motion as Claude recognized Trent too. Then I saw his face change as he put it all together.

"Ah," the enemy agent said calmly. "Pretorian Guard?"

Trent smiled. "I have no idea what you're talking about, monsieur."

Behind Trent, to my surprise—so surprising indeed did I find it that at last I stood up and turned around, not even thinking about my nakedness except for my miniskirt—two big men I didn't recognize brought someone else into the suite.

A woman.

"Joan?" I exclaimed.

"Katharine," Trent said. "Say goodbye to the woman who stole your free will, Tatyana."

I walked slowly over to her. Trent had bent to pick up my t-shirt, and he tossed it to me. I put it on with a little theatrical flourish, and I smoothed my skirt as I looked at Joan.

"These two," Trent told me, "will be going somewhere a great deal less luxurious than this hotel for a good long time."

I nodded, looking into Katharine's eyes. I wondered suddenly if I would have fallen in love with my master, my trainer, if she hadn't put the tablet screen in my mind—if Trent hadn't had to take my conditioning apart so carefully and even lovingly. I put out my hand to take his, making sure that this enemy agent took it in. I looked over to the side to confirm that Claude could see it too.

"Thanks," I said simply.

Then Trent took me in his arms and led me away.

EPILOGUE



Tatyana

A month later we were still living in the mansion on top of the cliff. Most of the staff had moved on to other assignments in the Pretorian Guard. To my surprise, Trent had informed me that Claude hadn't been wrong about him. My master, the man I loved, actually did belong to a secret organization that carried out a good deal of its business in Latin.

He was a Perses, he had told me. I would soon, it seemed, become a Nympha, and then a Columba, and eventually a Nupta—if I studied hard.

"I thought I was going to learn French," I whined to Trent as he served me a little steak the night before he had told me we would move out of the enormous, beautiful house. "Not Latin! Ugh."

Trent smiled. He put his own steak on the table and sat down, looking me in my pouting face with a smile that suggested he knew exactly why I had decided to get petulant. I felt my cheeks turn red under that steady gaze.

"Careful," he said, using his trillionaire-tycoon-cruel-owner voice for the first time in several days. "That's the sacred language of a group that's saving the world—a group you're joining. And you are going to learn French. And you're not really going to learn Latin. And—"

I interrupted him. I could hardly believe I did it, but circumstances kind of demanded that I do something dramatic.

"What if I want to learn Latin?"

I kind of did, but that didn't have much to do with my reason for committing the cardinal sin of interruption. No. Really, it had to do with the pictures and words inside me. I had stopped thinking of them as appearing on a tablet screen—it seemed that a great deal

had changed in my inner world at the moment Claude invoked the putain trigger.

I had at last, at that point, obtained complete control of my responses to my submissive fantasies. I couldn't control the fantasies themselves—as Trent had told me over and over, no one could do that. But thanks to the way Trent had tweaked my responses to visual stimulation, I had enough. I had countered Claude's attempt to short-circuit my arousal with the image of the mirror, and I had found my resistance.

I had also gained the ability to display my little moments of fantasy on anything I wanted inside my mind. If the mission hadn't abruptly ended with the apprehension of Pierre Boulud and Katharina Gide, I would have had the inner resources to keep myself sane as a double agent inside the Institute, as well as to pretend to the Groupe that I still had the conditioning that they supposed left me under their control.

Now I put the image—the terribly arousing image—of Trent astride my backside, his cock deep in my anus not on a little tablet screen at a kitchen table, but on a drive-in movie screen. Trent and I happened to be the only members of the audience at this drive-in: this showing of *The Submission of Tatyana* was just for us.

Trent's smile became crooked.

"I know what you're doing," he said. "What if I don't want to whip you tonight?"

A wave of arousal traveled through me, radiating out from my pussy and furrowing my brow. I chewed on my lower lip for a moment, then said in a meek voice, "Please, Master?"

"Eat your steak, sweetheart," Trent said. "Then we'll see."

He dug into his own. I watched him cut it, saw how perfectly cooked he had gotten it, then how white his teeth were as he lifted it to his mouth. I had a moment of disbelief at the thought that my master cooked for me—indeed, Trent, it seemed, was a chef of gourmet level. He had closed his eyes as he began to chew, the better to savor the incredible quality of the beef.

When he opened them and found me watching his face rather than eating as he had told me, his eyes narrowed. My own opened wide in sudden alarm, and then I lowered them and picked up my knife and fork.

Again I found myself amazed at where I had ended up. The razor-sharp steak knife in my hand—if I had had it, back in my apartment the night my master had kidnapped me... Well, he would have taken it from me, and he would have...

The view on the enormous movie screen in my head shifted to the other image that I knew would always lie at the heart of my submissive need, along with the terrible, lewd sight of my owner fucking my bottom. The bare-chested man—whose face had become Trent's—looming over the girl only in her panties... me.

The strap in his right hand. The strap I needed... wanted but didn't really want... needed so badly, because my master hadn't used me yet today, and I felt so terribly naughty, and we would leave this mansion forever tomorrow morning.

I had a bite of steak in my mouth. It tasted so damn good, but my cheeks burned as I thought about the other kind of meat I wanted there, and I saw on my movie screen that the man had taken his huge penis out of his trousers and had started to fuck his bed girl's face, all the while tapping her bottom with the strap to make sure she understood she must do a very good job, must make her body as enjoyable a place to fuck as she could.

My eyes had closed as I chewed, so that I could see the obscenities on my imagination's screen more clearly.

"Go to the bedroom and get out of your clothes," Trent said, his voice again that ultradominant tone I had come to realize did belong to him—but only when he had decided to give his concubine the brutal fucking she needed so badly. "Nothing but the harness."

I bit my lip as I remembered—it was actually relatively easy to forget, sometimes—that I had my chastity harness on.

Trent didn't make me wear it all the time: only when he would be around to unlock it for me when I needed to go to the bathroom. That always made me think of the bathroom in my tiny apartment, so far away, and what he had done to me there.

What he made me feel, I thought as I opened my eyes and saw that his expression had gotten hungry—and not for steak. I rose, feeling my face work with the need that had just sent my wetness flowing into the leather that had already acquired the wanton fragrance Claude had promised it would.

Taking off my clothes in the bedroom, watching myself undress in the mirror, I chewed the inside of my cheek as I thought about all of it. I seemed to see in that reflected image not just a fuck toy getting ready for punishment and use but the secret agent who had somehow also managed to find her freedom and her identity in the ordeal to which her kidnapper had put her.

I couldn't suppress a whimper when I lowered my jeans to stand there in nothing but the leather harness. I turned, to look over my shoulder at the lock. I had no bruises on my bottom-cheeks, and I felt a strange sadness and even a tiny bit of shame about that—as if the marks my master made on my backside served as an indication of my value.

Not of his love, though. Trent found ample ways to express that. Apart from the tender way he could fuck me when he felt like it, the steak might have proven it all on its own.

In the mirror I saw him come through the door, and I felt a flush of heat in my cheeks, as well as down below, to have him discover me in that pose.

He smiled, knowingly and very arrogantly.

"You like your harness, don't you, putain?"

It sent a terrible thrill of need through me, to hear that word, whose obscene meaning of course I now knew very well. I had, indeed, started to learn French, beginning with the naughtiest words.

"Will the conditioning ever go away?" I asked my master, because I knew that part of the the shock of arousal I had just felt had come from what the Groupe had done to me. I didn't know what I wanted the answer to be. At that moment, I mostly wanted to hear Trent's voice... his reassuring voice, the one I needed just as badly as I needed the brutal tone he used when he meant to whip me or put his hardness inside me.

"Not completely," he said, coming up behind me and turning me around so that I faced the mirror with him looming over me. He had his shirt off a moment later, so that he stood bare-chested in his unbelievable sexy faded jeans, his hands moving in front of me to hold my breasts in his right hand and my pussy in his left. The dresser stood just below the mirror, and as I looked down, wanting to see his hand down there in real, not mirrored, life, I caught sight of what lay atop it—the strap.

Trent could see in the mirror where I had focused my attention.

"Not so sure you want a whipping now, are you?" he asked teasingly.

"Who said I wanted a whipping?" I demanded, feeling the lovely defiance grow in me along with the fear.

He turned me again, so that my side faced the mirror. He put his right hand on my neck and shoulder, his left on my upper arm. I gave a little cry as I felt the downward pressure and I understood.

I sank to my knees, looking up into his bearded face all the while. Out of the corner of my eye I saw him reach for the strap, and I couldn't suppress a little gasp and a sharp cry as the image in my mind and the reality here in my master's bedroom joined in one. He took a small step back, and I felt my eyes go wide, because I knew he had moved so that they would align completely, the picture and this scene in front of the mirror.

"Look," he commanded, and I turned my head because I knew precisely what he meant: I saw us in the mirror... my owner and me, his bed girl. His fuck toy. He had the strap in his hand, and he held it just the way the man in the picture had held it, ready to punish a naughty young woman who needed his discipline so very badly.

But she had her face to the mirror, not looking up at her master in fear and adoration, the way she should. I couldn't do both: I couldn't both watch and submit. I turned to look up at Trent again, my lower lip caught between my teeth and a little whimper emerging from my throat.

"Good girl," he said. "Come and have your whipping, nympha. You interrupted me, didn't you, naughty girl?"

"Yes, Master," I whispered.

"You may call me Perses now," Trent commanded in a growl, reaching for me with his left hand and pulling me forward as he spoke. I had to obey, crawling towards him.

"Yes, Perses," I gasped. His left hand moved to unzip his fly, to take his long, hard cock out. With a little cry of need I opened my mouth and put out my tongue, and my master's hardness thrust inside me instantly. He put his hand on the back of my head and used my mouth for a moment, and I could feel the tension in his thighs that I knew meant he had begun to find pleasure inside me.

"Put your hands on the backs of my knees," he told me. "I'm going to whip you now."

Oh no. I would have said it if my mouth wasn't full of cock. I sobbed around his thrusting manhood, trying to keep my mouth relaxed, soft and pleasant for my master. I felt him stoop a little and bend, still holding my face atop his lap, stuffing me with his penis.

I heard the strap whistle through the air, then crack against my right bottom-cheek. I cried out, the sound entirely muffled by the cock in my mouth, my breath puffing through my nose. My backside squirmed desperately as I became terribly aware of the chastity harness that still bound my private parts.

He whipped me again... and again. He moved his hips with each lash, enjoying my mouth as he punished me. My bottom-cheeks burned, and I had the shamefully arousing impression that my Perses was initiating me with his cock and his strap—that having turned from the mirror to my master, I had passed a point of no return.

"You are a columba of the Order of Ostia," he told me, pulling his hardness from my mouth and raising me up. He had put the strap on the dresser, and he took my face in his hands to look into my eyes before he kissed me deeply. When he broke the kiss, he took something from his pocket: the key to my harness. He held it up before my eyes.

"This isn't the usual way to initiate a columba," he told me, "but it will do. Turn and put your hands on the dresser. Offer your bottom."

"Like the..." I started, my voice trailing off.

"Like the bathroom," he confirmed. "But you're wearing my harness now. And I'm not going to use my hands. I'm going to fuck you very hard."

I turned with a little cry of alarm and need and looked at myself in the mirror. The difference wasn't as dramatic as when he had put me on my knees, but it was still there. I could look at the mirror and see the girl there being used for her Perses' pleasure, or I could be that girl. I closed my eyes, and the image inside seemed to resolve the difference, turning the or into an and.

I felt my master unlocking his harness, so that he could enjoy me with his cock. I shuddered with arousal.

"Play with that little cunt, putain," Trent growled.

I whimpered. I put my right hand down there. I touched myself and found my pussy so wet... too wet... I sobbed with the aching need there.

"Open your eyes," the bare-chested man said. I did, and I saw him behind me right before I felt his hands on my hips. My fingers moved urgently on my clit. I gasped with the beginning of a climax.

"Not yet," Trent warned, and then he put the head of his cock where I needed it the most, and he gripped my hips firmly and thrust deep into me.

I cried out, struggling not to come. I had to take my hand away because the way he fucked me, the way his lap pressed against the welts from the strap, would have sent me over the edge if I had even had my fingers near my clit.

I cried out with every movement of his enormous cock inside me. Trent had his hands on my shoulders now, lightly touching my neck, and that sensation of utter submission, total ownership, made the orgasm that kept building and building deep in my pussy feel even more earth-shattering.

He made the growl deep in his throat that I had come to associate with his utterly masculine orgasm. His left hand moved to my hip, gripping me so hard there that I cried out.

"Come now," he ordered, and even before I could put my hand back down there, to feel how his hardness stretched my little pussy, my naughty cunt, I had started to climax.

I felt his seed pulse into me, and I sobbed with gratitude as my sheath contracted around him over and over. My whole body writhed in his hands, so that I would have fallen down if he had not dominated me with his hands and his cock, commanding me without words to stay in place and provide the pleasure he had trained me to give.

"Good girl, columba," he murmured at last.

"I'm your good spy?" I asked as he turned me around to take me in his arms and lead me to the bed.

"You're my naughty spy," he said. "That's even better."

The End

AFTERWORD

Stormy Night Publications would like to thank you for your interest in our books.

If you liked this book (or even if you didn't), we would really appreciate you leaving a review on the site where you purchased it. Reviews provide useful feedback for us and our authors, and this feedback (both positive comments and constructive criticism) allows us to work even harder to make sure we provide the content our customers want to read.

If you would like to check out more books from Stormy Night Publications, if you want to learn more about our company, or if you would like to join our mailing list, please visit our website at:

<http://www.stormynightpublications.com>

BOUND FOR SERVICE SERIES

Bound and Initiated

Trained by the Trillionaire

Shameful Surrender

A Shameful Punishment

Shared and Punished

The Shame Gambit

Shameful Influence

Harsh Training

Broken for Him

THE INSTITUTE SERIES

Bought and Trained

An Extreme Marriage

Breaking Abigail

At Leo's Command

Controlling Caitlin

Thoroughly Trained

Begging to Be Owned

Reformed for the Senator

Drastic Measures

A Concubine for the Trillionaire

Tamed by the Sheikh

Sold to the Billionaire

A Punishment Exam for Jane

THE INSTITUTE: NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRLS SERIES

The Oak Street Method: Wendy

The Oak Street Method: Ginnie

The Oak Street Method: Frankie and Mary

The Oak Street Method: Heather

The Oak Street Method: Renee

Beyond Oak Street: Their Billionaire Daddies

THE INSTITUTE: BAD GIRLS SERIES

Where Bad Girls Go

What Bad Girls Need

What Bad Girls Get

How Bad Girls Learn

When Bad Girls Need More

What Bad Girls Fear

THE INSTITUTE: SHAMEFUL ARRANGEMENTS SERIES

Her Shameful Arrangement

Her Billionaire's Demands

CORPORATE CORRECTION SERIES

Shared by the Billionaires

Theirs to Use

A Shameful Experiment

His Blushing Plaything

His Blushing Toy

BEYOND THE INSTITUTE: THE FUTURE OF CORRECTION SERIES

Shamed

Subjugated

The Sergeant's Claim

Buying His Mate

Bought by the Doctor

A Punishment Marriage

Governing His Bride

A Wife's Correction

Stolen by Her Master

Claimed by the Machine

The Most Shameful Game

Serving in Shame

SHAMEFULLY COURTED SERIES

His Blushing Bride

Claimed as His Bride

Her Shameful Lesson

Her Shameful Wedding Night

The Doctor's Girl

VICTORIAN CORRECTION SERIES

Innocence Examined

The Duke's School for Young Ladies

The Lord's Scandalous Bride

The Modesty Cure

His Blushing Rose

Examined and Corrected

Reforming Rebecca

Kept for Training

His Bride's Shameful Training

Properly Theirs

Her Shameful Training

The Duke's Shameful Demands

The Duke's Shameful Game

GALACTIC DISCIPLINE SERIES

War Bride

Training Planet

Given to the Daddies

Given to the Club

MORE STORMY NIGHT BOOKS BY EMILY TILTON

The Count's Discipline

Geoffrey's Rules

Tamed by the Highlander

Their Firm Men

Bred by the Spartans

Her Doctor's Orders

Her Daddy, Her Dom, and Her Doctor

Her True Lord's Claim

The Emperor's New Pony

The Rancher's Little Girl

The Outlaw's Daughter

Assigned a Guardian

Old-Fashioned Values

Under His Watch

Trained at the Castle

Her Shameful Audition

An Indecent Awakening

Saved by the Highlander

An Indecent Voyage

A Legacy of Dominance

Assigned a Daddy

Shared by the Barbarians

His City Girl

His Little Runaway

In Loco Parentis

Their Wayward Wives

His Little Troublemaker

Five Naughty Little Girls

The Immortal's Pet

The Correctional Program

Taken from School

His Old-Fashioned World

The Billionaire and the Wedding Planner

Her Old-Fashioned Husbands

The Mercenary's Girl

In Need of a Master

Under Alien Influence

His Naughty Little Superhero

Her Shameful Confession

Shared by the Pirates

EMILY TILTON LINKS

You can keep up with Emily Tilton via her newsletter, her Facebook page, and her Goodreads profile, using the following links:

<https://landing.mailerlite.com/webforms/landing/k8d6a9>

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Explorations-by-Emily-Tilton/524106554315976>

http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/7048431.Emily_Tilton

