



Reluctant Press presents:

Sensitive Doll

H. B. Kurtzwilke



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Sensitive Doll

by H. B. Kurtzwilke

There had been no warning between rising and getting dressed. No glance from any person in Father's house betrayed that there was even a secret to keep. Anatoly had long been used to the cold silence and impatient tension that lay as thick as the carpeting underfoot. That was simply the fear of Father that ran like a fine, cutting wire through every heart that beat under his roof. Anatoly no longer had any idea at all how long she had lived silently, being gently shaped from what had been into something more like what she wished to become. To the best of her knowledge, the results thus far were so poor as to have drawn no notice at all from the eyes that mattered. Anatoly had held her anonymity to herself like a shield, slowly yielding to the terrifying knowledge of what kind of a man she had submitted to, though she had never actually met him. In the slow repetition of ritual that were days in Father's house of false life, Anatoly had nearly forgotten her childish daydreams that had stared her down this road. She had begun to imagine that even the passions she had come seeking were no more than a cruel rumor as well.

The silence on this morning was a betrayal to Anatoly, though it was delivered as impersonally as any other instruction. Obedience was simply assumed, though the reality of such a situation had begun to betray its own absurdity. Anatoly stood in the garage of Father's house facing the back door of his sleek vehicle, wondering how far she was willing to go. She had more now than when she'd begun, that much was true in the guileless smile and delicate curve of smooth cheek. So she was being sent away, as had been threatened endlessly and done to others on prior occasions? Anatoly looked at herself again, saw perhaps just the beginnings of what she had set out to achieve. Father... well, it hadn't ever really been about him. For the first time, Anatoly wondered what happened to the ones who went where they were sent. Certainly it seemed there *was* someplace else to go. If nothing else, it would be, in some way, different. Anatoly had craved that from her first day. That was enough to get her through the door and comfortably arranged for the ride.

Anatoly watched the countryside slide by, knew where she was in a general way and wasn't interested in it much. The car stayed on the two-lane highway, guided by a silent driver. Anatoly shied of drawing his attention, well-warned of the allowances such a man might be accustomed to getting. There were tensions in Anatoly's body, differences she assumed were because of her new diet and whatever else was happening to her. That was all tied up with far more fascinating pursuits, and who cared if she had medicine, though she didn't feel ill at all. Anatoly smiled at her reflection in the window and sat up straighter when the car turned to proceed along a tree-lined drive. The gardens and lawns that ranged out around her had to be a dream, perhaps a pale imitations of the real, old-world style. Anatoly was willing to accept this dream for the nightmare she was certain to face if she somehow returned to Father's house.

The car drew to a stop on a white curve of gravel that swept up to red brick steps. Anatoly wanted out of this car that smelled of Father's house and get into the fresh air. She had been forbidden so much for so long, she wanted what she could get of anything before the new concessions set in. Anatoly was barely aware of the car pulling away from her, so dazzled was she by the wide blue sky. The crunch of gravel barely distracted her, so she was startled to be touched on her shoulder and called by name. Anatoly turned too fast for such high heels and slick footing. With a laugh, a handsome young man reached quickly to steady her. "Don't fall at my feet. You've spoiled those stockings, now. Here, are you all right?"

"Yes sir, of course," Anatoly stuttered.

"I'm Tyler," he smiled. "Jason's out there with those dogs again. Nothing distracts him but food. You'll see him later, but he's seeing you right now I bet." Tyler stooped down a little to look Anatoly in the eye. "Come on. I know this isn't what you were told you would get, but come see anyway."

Tyler held on to Anatoly's arm, helping her over the gravel and up the brick steps. The door was opened before Tyler reached it, but Anatoly never caught sight of who did it. Anatoly had to look up and up again to find the ceiling's arc. Anatoly tried to hurry after Tyler and couldn't begin to take in his home. That's where they had brought her, rather than another school. Tyler explained that much and went quiet again. The carpets were thick and soft, the furnishings rich and abundant. On the walls there were beautiful papers and paints, as well as artwork from around the world. Among these there were some portraits. Anatoly wished she could stop and admire them, but Tyler hurried past all this as well as servants in livery. They went up a grand curve of stairs and Anatoly began to relax. At least they were going to put her where she belonged: Out of the way where she could only be trouble to herself.

"You don't speak much," Tyler observed.

"My voice is offensive," Anatoly murmured.

"No, it's delightful," Tyler argued. "And don't give me any crap about what Father and his flunkies thought of you. I will not send you back."

"Yes, Sir," Anatoly agreed. "Anything you say."

“Exactly so. If I want silence of you, I will render you incapable of speech,” Tyler said. “If I desire stillness, I will have it. Those things are not your main concern. In fact there’s not much to concern you at present. Except those spoiled stockings.”

“I’ll wash them directly,” Anatoly began to promise.

“No,” Tyler forbade. “Please, Anatoly, just come along and look around. See if you can be content here.”

Tyler unlocked a tall white door decorated with scroll work and gilding. Anatoly came close behind and could only stare in delight. There before her was a room of pale pastels and lovely furnishings to sooth any girl’s heart. Anatoly couldn’t decide if that place held secrets she would rather not know about. The chairs and lounge were upholstered in yellow silk. There was a tall, wide vanity, all mahogany and mirrors, that stood so as to catch the best light from the windows. There were two separate armoires and a bureau. Tyler went straight to the bureau and opened a drawer. “Stockings. Silk. Choose any color you like.”

Anatoly hurried to see, hands caressing that deep stack of color and couldn’t begin to know how to choose. She glanced at the mirror again and again, not daring to stare and admire herself. The point was to obey; finally she found a pair the exact rose petal yellow of her ribbons.

“Yellow?” Tyler laughed.

Anatoly tried to put them back, wanted to try again, but Tyler led her to the lounge. She sat on it, leaned back against a roll pillow, and Tyler took her shoes away. His hands were soft and gentle as he removed the offending clothes and smoothed the clean silk up Anatoly’s legs. When they were stretched tight against her thighs, Tyler went to an armoire and left Anatoly to manage her own garters. Tyler came back with a pair of pale yellow leather pumps. “Yellow?”

“Only as it pleases you,” Anatoly carefully tried to agree.

“What did they do to you?” Tyler demanded. “Why are you so very afraid? I’ve barely touched you and I can smell your fear. Were you forced?”

“What? I mean, yes,” Anatoly answered. “Constantly, until I understood why I had failed. Yes, of course I can bear to be forced.”

“Can you bear also to be punished?”

“As... as it delights you... or... or...” Anatoly had to stop and think. “Yes, for your pleasure or my correction, as you choose.”

“You barely know how to say it, much less do it,” Tyler scoffed.

“Let me try,” Anatoly offered. “I might surprise you. Is it fun for you to...”

“No.” Tyler left Anatoly to manage her shoes as well and went to the windows. “You’ve nearly been ruined. How could he be so cruel?”

“Father, you mean,” Anatoly said. “I don’t know that he was aware of my existence, Sir.”

“That is precisely what I mean,” Tyler snapped. “He offends me in this. What was done to you? I’ll make it all right.”

Anatoly stood and folded her hands. “I wish I understood better why you took me. It seems all you can do now is despise me. It was only pity that let me try. That I begged to the lady of the house and she thought it might go well, with time. As I say, I wasn’t of Father’s choosing. My color is ugly, my skin and body... there is much to correct and I have no time. I began late, too old, and my habits must be curbed. I’m sure I might have been finer, in another life.”

“And you have no way of taking my meaning,” Tyler sighed. “Come here, pretty girl.”

Anatoly came quietly, slow to do it. She stood at the window and looked out over the garden. Tyler put an arm about her waist and drew her close. There was only a moment for her to see his intention before his mouth closed over hers, tasting deep and drawing a sigh out of her. Another breath and her body relaxed along his, pressing to him all of her flesh, offering it to be covered, or rent, as he may desire. Tyler went on kissing Anatoly, petting her clothes and hair. The quiet of the house held them locked together until Anatoly was breathless and flushed with the racing of her pulse.

“Were you taught that in Father’s house?”

“No.”

“And had you stayed, such delights would have been lost to you forever,” Tyler explained. “This is why I took you. Jason has other ideas, but he is young and often cruel.”

“I understand.”

“I hope you do,” Tyler breathed, and bent to kiss her throat. “Let us begin this way, gently and to better suit your sweet nature. Do you agree?”

“Yes, of course,” Anatoly murmured. “The shape of my body... will you continue to improve it?”

“To a degree, but no further,” Tyler said. “More will no longer be required of you, but a new sort of lessons will be made necessary. In that, I will also improve your flesh. You will sleep here. This will be your room and these will be your things. Rest now. When you feel ready, get up and prepare yourself for dinner.” Tyler petted Anatoly’s leg. “I know it is tremendously difficult and very different from what you were made to expect. Jason will not make it any easier. But if you truly agree, then prepare yourself and I will see you at dinner. I look forward to your company.”

Anatoly lay down, staring up at the canopy to wait for the ache to ease off. It was truly not as bad as some other ideas that had been tried. Obviously, Tyler found it distasteful and that would never do. Anatoly lay very still and looked at the armoire which had been left standing open. It was crammed full of beautiful dresses, every color that Anatoly could think of, and shoes, shoes, shoes. It seemed that these decisions would be up to Anatoly now, and she tried to choose. There were just too many options, and no way to judge quality from a distance. There was also no way to tell what might please or amuse Tyler, much less Jason. No matter how strange life had become during the daylight, sunset still held a private horror, and secrets that never would be shared.

Anatoly had finally settled on a burgundy colored dress for the evening, but it took forever to select. That was nothing compared to how long she spent getting dressed. Every layer and line must be just so, or the entire effect was ruined. The hair and cosmetics were less of a trick, but Anatoly still worried about being late. She hurried down the hall, following the smell of food and stopped in the doorway. This was formal, a huge room to accommodate the long table that held only three place settings. Just one was unoccupied, so Anatoly went to stand behind it.

"Forgive me, please, there is no excuse..." Anatoly began to recite from memory.

"Sit down, I'm hungry," Jason interrupted.

Anatoly sat, blushing over her own poor manners. "I didn't know what hour..."

"You are not late," Tyler said, frowning at Jason. "Please, enjoy. How did you find your rooms? Is anything wanting?"

"I wouldn't know," Anatoly admitted. "I'm sorry."

"You're pretty dumb, even for a blonde," Jason observed. "Do you even know how stupid you sound?"

"You..." Anatoly started to agree.

"Be a gentleman this *instant* or there'll be nothing at all for you," Tyler answered instead.

Jason giggled. "You like her."

"Last warning."

Jason sat up as the plates were brought. He started some new topic, dog shows or some similar interest. Anatoly was left alone to make sense of utensils and glasses, but that much had always made sense to her. In her mind, she recalled glimpses of Father's table, the elegant boys and girls that dined with him, perfect in manner and attraction. Anatoly was glad to not be caught in a mistake. The talk of dogs was endlessly amusing to the men, so Anatoly was fascinated right along with them until the fish came around. A plate of roasted oysters was set before her and she must have made some sound. Tyler turned to her, asking what she'd said.

"I just like oysters," Anatoly admitted. "I'm sorry, you were saying about collies?"

"Never mind that," Tyler said. "Eat your oysters."

Anatoly enjoyed them, very aware of the watchfulness around her. Tyler offered more, but Anatoly wanted to know what else they might have thought to do. Then it was talk of grounds. Gardeners were Jason's particular heartache. He wanted to tear out part of the rose garden and have a pet pig. Anatoly sided with the gardeners in her heart but tried to be concerned for Jason in every other way. Her opinion wasn't needed and, of course, she didn't offer it. She made a plan to try and see these gardens before they were gone. Tyler seemed always on the verge of giving in to Jason's newest passion. Anatoly supposed that she was part of that. Then again, Jason hadn't yet been given his free reign over her. It was

Tyler who really made those decisions, though, so Anatoly knew who to attend, who to fear and placate. There just weren't many chances to do it so far.

The meal went on long after Anatoly had taken her fill. Plate after plate was brought and taken away untouched. The problem was not really one of appetite, but of underpinnings. Anatoly tried to think how that should be worked out, but Tyler was insistent about the dessert. It was only a custard, very sweet and cool, so Anatoly was able to oblige. Jason sucked his portion down just like he had all the other courses. He stood up to stretch and looked entirely pleased with himself. Tyler looked both annoyed and amused with him. Jason came around the back of Tyler's chair to stand beside Anatoly .

"All right. You look nice. Now get on up to my room," Jason said, smiling.

"No," Tyler warned.

"Who are you telling no?" Jason demanded.

"I'm telling you no," Tyler said. "No classes today, no work done on your own, this coldness to Anatoly, and always... your manners. You deserve no reward and will get none. Go to bed, little boy. You assume too much, also as usual."

"But you got her for *me*," Jason argued.

"That remains to be seen," Tyler corrected.

"Hey, this is my house and *my*..." Jason began.

"This is *our* house," Tyler firmly stopped him. "I am responsible for it and those in it. You may go to your room now and either catch up on your studies or take your rest. Rewards can always be earned."

"Yeah, but you're gonna have all the fun," Jason complained. "And with her, of all things."

"If you do not care for her, don't earn the privilege," Tyler tiredly suggested.

"You lied to me," Jason accused.

"Watch yourself, Jason," Tyler mildly warned again. "Stop playing the child and I may begin to treat you as a man."

Jason turned and slapped Anatoly right in the mouth. Anatoly sat still for it and held on to the chair. Jason raised his hand again but Tyler reached out and caught it. "All right, jealous baby. Upstairs and stay there."

"You're an asshole," Jason said, and stomped away.

"How long... I mean," Anatoly blushed hard. "Has he no mother at all? Or you? I don't understand."

"Of course not," Tyler smiled. "Too soon, my dear. Those mysteries will have to keep a while for I can not. Are you bathed?"

"Yes, of course," Anatoly agreed. She rose and came closer to his chair. "Would you like to see?"

Tyler chuckled. "So eager. Yes, come here and sit."

Anatoly lifted the back of her dress and sat on his lap. He took her face in his hands and truly did look. "He didn't hurt me. More surprised than anything else."

"No, he hurt you," Tyler said, low and soothing. "You don't yet understand. I may never get around to telling you. But you know it was to hurt and shame you."

"Yes."

"Then that's what it did and no point in lying,," Tyler said. "I might do the same."

Anatoly shouldn't have laughed, but Tyler was being so serious, and over nothing at all. Plus, the whole time he spoke so calm and patiently, his hands were finding the edges of Anatoly's clothes. Fingertips traced the scoop of her bodice, the curve of sleeve, the place where stocking clung to thigh. Both hands plunged under skirts and found ruffled panties, keeping Anatoly well under control. Tyler tugged a little at the leg bands, pressed his hands tight along the swell of Anatoly's bottom, still smiling and reserved. Anatoly couldn't stop the giggling when Tyler began to tickle her belly on purpose.

"I must have you," Tyler murmured low. "Will you go as I say, or must I insist here and now?"

"Whatever you prefer," Anatoly tried to agree.

Tyler slipped one arm behind Anatoly's back and the other under her legs. He stood up, and Anatoly had to hold about his shoulders as he carried her from the table. "Is it true that you are untried? Surely someone had the time to enjoy you. Anyone at all."

"I really don't know how to answer you," Anatoly said into his shoulder. "I'll do as you say, if only you can make me understand what you wish."

"I will make my desires extremely clear," Tyler promised.

They went up the stairs and down a different hallway. Most of it was lost on Anatoly as Tyler began to kiss her again. As Tyler had said, such pleasure had been unknown in Father's house. Anatoly leaned into the embrace, drinking up the taste of Tyler, hungry for it in a way that nothing had prepared her for. Under her dress, her breasts felt tight and heavy. Under her skirts a tension gathered and could not be ignored. Anatoly squeezed her legs together, tried to make it stop, but Tyler had her down on a velvet coverlet. The bed itself was huge, but more than that Anatoly could not discover. Tyler was on her, knees planted on either side of her hips. Clever fingers made quick work of the buttons down the front of her dress and lifted her breasts free of the bustier beneath.

Anatoly had to turn her face away, shy and still nervous of being looked at after all this time. Tyler didn't really do anything to Anatoly at first, but then his mouth crushed her lips against her teeth, turning her to kiss him. Her body arched up off the bed of its own accord, wiggling and rubbing against the steady weight above her. Tyler gathered her breasts up in his hands, rolling and kneading their slight weight before pinching and twisting at the nipples. Anatoly cried out, surprised at how firm and sensitive the tips of her breasts had become. Tyler laughed at her, low and exciting, then caught both nipples between the fingers of one hand. He loosened his pants and drew his cock out, stroking it firmer as he crawled up along Anatoly's body.

Anatoly's arms were thrown wide, up towards the pillows; it was as if Tyler had bound her for these attentions. Helplessly, she looked on as his shaft was folded in her

bosom and Tyler began to rock, slowly at first. Still he toyed with the pink points, so firm and responsive in his hands. Anatoly watched the wide red tip come close to her, almost close enough to taste, then slide away again, hidden by her own flesh. There was a fascination in the way her body stretched and yielded to encompass him. The long, slow passes of firm shaft caressed her breasts in a new and startling way. The tension in her body continued to rise and her hand fluttered on the sheets, trying to find a way to help or please. Tyler saw and was amused at how thoroughly undone Anatoly was under his passion.

“Do you want to kiss it?” Tyler panted. “Will you be good? I have to make you ready to play.”

Anatoly nodded, so Tyler let go and rolled to the side. “You’re a good one to be so willing, but I must be careful of your gentle nature. Turn over, bottom up, lift your skirts.”

Anatoly turned, pressing her face and breasts to the soft velvet. It was humiliating to be on her knees, ass high in the air, if she was made to look at herself. Anatoly closed her eyes tightly and reached back, up, to the edges of her skirt. She raised it to make a wide arch over her ass and to hide the rest of her body if case Tyler had lost interest in it. Tyler went about the room, opening drawers, then the bed shifted under his weight again. He caressed Anatoly’s bottom, playing with the frills of lace there.

“I’m going to take these down now,” Tyler said, and did, but not very far. “God, you’re beautiful.”

Anatoly couldn’t help but feel flattered, even in so ignoble a pose. The nervous giggling started again and she couldn’t make it stop. Tyler started laughing too, so it must have been all right. Then Tyler started his light petting again, caressing between curves until he was gently massaging at her opening. Something slick and warm and soothing was rubbed in as well, then Tyler reached up and around to press his hand to the back of Anatoly’s neck. “All right, now push out, you have to take this in you now,” Tyler said. At the same time his hold on her neck became more firm than gentle, something cool and smooth pressed to her tender passage. Anatoly struggled to relax, felt the flutter of muscle and gasped when the object passed into her with very little effort. Something slender and flexible kept her anus from closing completely. Tyler kept tickling there until Anatoly was giggling again. “Now, take another for me.”

“Yes, all right,” Anatoly managed.

Tyler gave another of those smooth, rounded pieces and another, petting and approving of Anatoly each time she obeyed. He got up again, leaving Anatoly up and exposed. “How many can you take?”

“I didn’t even know what you’re doing to me,” Anatoly laughed. “It’s not what I thought.”

“Give a guy a chance,” Tyler coaxed.

Anatoly heard a few quiet clicks, and then felt something else click inside her own body as well. At first, Anatoly could only shriek and beg Tyler to stop, please stop. He was right there beside her, petting all over, promising that it didn’t hurt. He lifted her up from the sheets and made her kneel, even while her passage clenched and struggled against the vibration there.

“Do you like it?” Tyler whispered, kissing at Anatoly’s mouth.

Anatoly twisted hard on her knees, tried to get rid of that intense violation, but Tyler’s hands were everywhere, holding her closed, caressing her exposed flesh; his low purr insisted that she keep her skirts up high. The cool cylinders warmed up quickly and struck against one another, forcing cries of surprise out of Anatoly. It didn’t hurt, and the longer it went on, Anatoly’s panic eased, leaving her with shuddering breath but no harm at all. Tyler kept petting and murmuring, caressing her body so that some parts relaxed and eased while others became more tense.

“That’s good,” Tyler finally approve. “You can put your dress down now. You wanted to kiss me. You’ve behaved very well and now you get what you wanted.” Tyler went under Anatoly’s dress again to fix her undies. “Come on now.”

Tyler helped Anatoly get up, walk, though the grinding pressure in her rear made it quite a trick. Tyler wanted the large leather chair by the window. He drew Anatoly to stand between his legs. For a moment, he simply looked up at her, taking in each uncontrolled tremble and sigh. After a time, he reached up and cupped Anatoly’s breasts, squeezing and rolling them in his hands, though he only looked Anatoly in the eye. Finally he said, “Yes... I think we will need a fuller curve here to do you justice. That will be all to finish your figure. Jason was right. I like you, Anatoly.”

“But you’ll send me to him if you want,” Anatoly remembered. “If he’s good and behaves, I’m to be his reward. Isn’t that why you brought me here?”

“Don’t worry about Jason. He couldn’t be that good for Father himself,” Tyler joked. “Is it so terrible, or my enjoyment?”

“No,” Anatoly admitted.

“Good. Now, lean forward. I want to show you how to kiss me,” Tyler smiled. Anatoly leaned forward, glad of his hands on her breast to help with the balance. Her spine stretched and relaxed, her ass clenched and trembled at every small movement, but soon Anatoly’s face was resting on Tyler’s lap. “Open up, now. I want you to taste it soft first.”

Anatoly obeyed and Tyler filled her mouth with flaccid warmth. Tyler petted again at Anatoly’s hair, encouraging her to caress with her tongue. Anatoly certainly tried, recalling hours spent trying to teach this very thing. Tyler only made pleased noises and let Anatoly go on as she wanted. The flesh began to firm, the flavor changed and Anatoly examined the differences as they happened. Somehow, there in that room, Anatoly’s whole body relaxed at last. She wrapped her arms around Tyler’s hips and used the hold to draw even closer. Tyler’s cock twitched and lengthened in her mouth, finally striking the back of the throat, but Anatoly knew to breath evenly and keep swallowing. In fullness, Tyler’s member stretched at the corners of her mouth, distorting the smile he could not see. Tyler gripped the back of Anatoly’s neck again and began to thrust gently. Tyler leaned back, lazy in his chair and breached Anatoly’s throat time and again. Anatoly held harder to him then, moaning quietly around that pleasure. Tyler let go of her neck and reached under to arouse her breasts once more. Anatoly felt herself preen at the approval.

This was not at all what Anatoly had been led to expect. There was no cold viciousness in Tyler. He was being gentle, kind; Anatoly wanted that to go on for as long as possible. The rich flavor of him filled her senses and she pulled at it, rolling her tongue along his

shaft until his cries overpowered her own gasping. Her body twitched and tensed, leaning into him, lips sensitive and swollen already from just this act. The pulse and tremble of his flesh in her mouth matched the rising pump of her own heart. The churning of her hips were a distant pleasure, rolling those cylinders over something desperately sensitive, but hidden, inside her.

Tyler pinched and twisted at Anatoly's nipples, drew back from her mouth enough to hear her moan over his teasing and play. Then he began to enjoy her mouth with shallow, barely-there thrusting that let her suckle at the head of his penis, gather up the drops of rich fluid that pooled on her tongue. She tried to plunge deeper but was not allowed. Instead, Tyler wanted her mouth on his scrotum, and warned her several times to be very gentle. Anatoly did her best, lapping at the salty fuzz and soft skin, moistening and arousing for long, breathless minutes. Carefully, she took one tender globe into her mouth and petted at it with little flicks of her tongue. Tyler moaned happily, so Anatoly went on, nose buried in the scent of his musk. Even the soft cloth of his trousers smelled of it, and Anatoly knew she would as well before Tyler was done tonight.

"All right, pretty girl," Tyler chuckled. "Kiss it deep again. Don't spill."

Anatoly licked her lips, surprised at how little of her lipstick had survived. Tyler didn't know yet, so she contented herself with plunging her mouth over his cock and swallowing all the generous length of it. Nobody had made clear to her before the pleasure she would feel from the simple embrace, the silken flesh passing in and out of her. It made her wonder now about other lessons she'd been made to learn. Tyler had very different ideas than Father. Unbound, Anatoly was free to offer up this newly-discovered delight. Tyler laughed at her messy, eager attention and held her steady when his hips came up off the chair, straining under the convulsive release he drove up into Anatoly. With quick tongue, Anatoly was able to taste for herself, see if it truly fouled her kiss as had been the rumor. It was only sweet, like Tyler. Nothing at all felt wrong about any of it, least of all Anatoly herself. She drank up all of his passion and need, clung to the sense of belonging that finally felt real. She nuzzled and tasted for as long as Tyler allowed it, then stood up at his urging.

"That was very good," Tyler finally approved.

"Truly?" Anatoly asked, blushing. "I was told I was very bad, too eager, unskilled, wholly incapable of satisfying the least..."

"Do you remember every word?" Tyler laughed.

"I tried to," Anatoly admitted. "There wasn't much to say about me, I suppose."

Tyler sat up and shrugged out of his shirt, showing off his pale skin and long lines of muscle. Anatoly's hands came up, but she quickly corrected herself, hiding her hands in her skirts.

"Yes, good," Tyler said, and stood up again. "You are patient and curb your own impulses. That's very polite. Come back to bed, then. I'll be gentle to you for as long as you let me."

Anatoly followed slowly, struggling against the wild clenching in her rear. Tyler sat on the edge of the bed and bent Anatoly over his lap. This time he took her panties down to



her thighs and stroked her bottom, playing with the edges of skirts against her skin. One at a time, he lifted each layer, folding them smoothly against her back. Gentle fingers stroked at her passage all the while, soothing the nervous flexing there. When the last petticoat was lifted back, Anatoly shivered at the anticipated exposure. Tyler gently soothed those tremblings away as well, hands eternally patient. Tyler made little sounds in his throat until Anatoly lay much more still across his legs.

“All right now, I would like my toys back,” Tyler murmured low. “I want you to look up now, Anatoly.” A soft hand guided her chin higher, turned her face a little, then held her still when she tried to look away. “Eyes open, Anatoly, and see how pretty you are.”

Anatoly struggled against his instruction even though she wanted to obey. It was just too much of a shock, seeing her own flushed and debauched face looking back at her in this moment. But worse, there were many mirrors in the room and

she was made to see how every angle was covered. No matter where she might be in this room, her whole body could be reflected and exposed back at her.

“You don’t like to see it, hmm?” Tyler purred. “Is it because you don’t feel finished yet? Or because you let it be done without a fight? How badly have you craved this? How long did you dream, before you found a way?”

“I just wanted to be pretty.”

“Oh really?” Tyler hesitated. “But I have time to find out all about it. I wish you had just told me the truth, but I certainly understand after the day you’ve had. If you tell me the truth right now, I won’t torment you about it. Now, what were you promised?”