



**A Royal Dilemma**

Book One of the Royal Desires series

Robin Gideon

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## Chapter One

### St. Petersburg, Russia-April 1895

Her heart was pounding against her ribs with such force she was surprised the driver of the hansom cab couldn't hear the drumbeat. She said, "Stop here!" with a shrillness to her tone that surprised her. Struggling to sound calm, she added, "Please, driver. I'd like to get out here."

The driver reined the old mare to a stop. Pulling the lever, he opened the twin doors in front of the coach's single occupant.

"Are you certain you'd like to get out here?" His Russian was coarse, the accent suggesting early years lived somewhere near Minsk rather than a lifetime in St. Petersburg. "This isn't a safe part of the city for a lady."

Princess Tatiana Antropov had no choice, though she greatly appreciated the driver's concern. From her purse she extracted a silver half-ruble, thought about the man's concern for her safety for only a moment, then extracted a gold coin.

After stepping down onto the street, she looked up at the driver, who stood at his perch at the tail end of the carriage. She asked, "Do you know who I am?"

"No, my lady," the man said, exposing the fact that he had several teeth missing. "But I can see that you're a proper lady." She handed him the coin, and his eyes widened in shocked appreciation. Before he could say anything more, she raised a gloved hand to silence him. "Please, should anyone ask, say nothing of this fare. You've never seen me. Do I make my wishes clear?"

Beneath the battered felt hat, his eyes narrowed as he gazed questioningly at the woman dressed from head to toe in fine black wool, as though for a funeral—or to hide in the shadows of St. Petersburg's backstreets.

"If that's what you want," the coachman answered after some delay, "then I've never seen you." He looked around and his left hand unconsciously slipped into the left hand pocket of his coat, his fingers curling around the jackknife he kept there. "You're sure this is where you want to be left off?"

But the princess, traveling incognito, had not waited for the coachman's final question. She had already headed off down the unlit alleyway, searching for her husband, loathing everything about him, willing to put her own safety in great peril if only she might find a way to get permanently free from his influence.

Contempt for her husband put steel in the young woman's spine. Even in a man's world—and Czarist Russia was most assuredly a man's world where women in many ways (even titled princesses) were little more than chattel—there were limits to how deplorable a man could behave before the courts decreed that the wife had a legitimate excuse to petition for a divorce.

The alleyway was narrow, the two-story buildings on either side made of wood, not marble or granite or even stone of any type. South of the center of town, this neighborhood of St. Petersburg had been in poor condition fifty years earlier. Neither the inhabitants nor the buildings had improved with age. Men of wealth and property who visited this section of St. Petersburg were doing things that they had to keep secret from

their high-borne friends and neighbors. Wealth and privilege provided great protection for the haute monde, but not total immunity.

“Well, well ... what do we have here?” came a male voice as a thick-bodied man stepped out of the shadows.

Tatiana wheeled so quickly toward the sound of the voice that she lost her balance and stumbled several steps to the side. There were three of them. The men had been standing quietly in the shadows like Nile crocodiles, ambush predators just waiting for someone with money in his pockets to step into the alley on his way to one of the nearby brothels or opium dens. It was always best to catch the men pre-debauchery. Their pockets were full of rubles when they arrived; they were almost always empty as they made their way back to their homes in the finer neighborhoods of historic St. Petersburg.

She was too frightened to even scream. There was no doubting the intentions of the men as they fanned out, moving so that she couldn't possibly run away without having to fight her way past at least one of them. The wall of what had at one time been a furniture warehouse, but was now an opium den, stopped Tatiana.

The leader of the trio, the shortest but widest of the men, stepped in front of Tatiana, moving close enough so that she could see his face in the dim light of the alley. A knife scar ran from his forehead, down over his left eye to his cheek before stopping at the corner of his mouth. There didn't seem to be a pupil in that eye, and it shone wet and white in the moonlight. In his left hand was a long-bladed knife.

“Let's have the purse,” he said, his tone almost conversational. When Tatiana hesitated, even though it was out of fear rather than a desire to keep her belongings, he raised the knife over his head and whispered, “You wouldn't be the first little bitch whose ears I had to cut off before she did as she was told!”

He did not raise his voice even to a normal conversation level, and that was part of what made his words so menacing. Tatiana had no doubt that the man's boastful threat was based on facts. Sadism hovered around him like a foul aura.

“Here!” the princess said, thrusting out her small silk purse. In her haste, she dropped the purse to the cobblestones underfoot. “T-Take it! I'll give you what you want!”

The thief hardly stood five-foot-six, and he was by no means a slender nor athletic man, and he was seldom entirely sober. But when the small silk purse hit the alleyway and coins jangled inside, he moved with astonishing speed, easily besting his companions to the purse. Speed, treachery, and a completely unrestrained willingness to use violence were the reasons he was the leader of the three-member gang of thieves.

Rising, the purse in his left hand and the deadly knife still in his right, he smiled at his captive.

“Going to be a good evening, I should think,” he said. He shook the purse and the coins tinkled inside. His two companions laughed. To Tatiana, he asked, “What brings a woman with money here? You don't look like a smoker.”

Tatiana shook her head and tried to speak, to explain the reason she was in a seedy back alley instead of in her own home, but though her lips moved, no words were formed in her throat. The gang leader chuckled malevolently and took a half-step closer to his beautiful captive.

“Maybe you're not a smoker. Maybe you're here looking for someone. Usually it's men that looks for women to buy, but you...” As his words trailed off he smiled, revealing a mouthful of badly decaying teeth. “Course, some men come down here

looking to buy pretty boys. If you're on the market for pretty boys, you're going to save yourself some money." He laughed, this time barking out his savage glee. "You just found yourself three pretty boys that's going to do you right and good in this here alley!"

It was a cultured male voice, sounding faintly Germanic though the words spoken were in Russian, that responded, "Perhaps not."

Boot heels clicked against the cobblestones. Two men, both tall, their silhouettes displaying long capes that fluttered like wings as they walked, stepped into the alleyway. Seeing them, Tatiana nearly fainted dead away with relief.

"This ain't none of your business!" the leader said, wheeling around to face the intruding duo. He had his big knife raised to shoulder height, ready to stab or slash. Seeing an advantage in numbers, his tone changed as he added, "But I bet you fine gentleman got money in your pockets. Let's see what you got, and maybe I'll see it clear to let you live."

Tatiana could not see the new men well, though even in darkness she could tell that they were dressed in formal evening attire. They were big men, she could see, one several inches taller than the other, but both at least six feet tall.

The shorter of the two, the one who wore a top hat, spoke then, his Russian with a hint of upper-class elitism bred into it. "You men have made a lot of mistakes in your life, but you've always been able to walk away from them. If you don't walk away now"—he smiled, his white teeth gleaming wolf-like in the moonlight—"you'll never walk again."

Tatiana could not say why the casually delivered threat was so frightening to hear. Perhaps it was because of the man's obvious breeding and education that the deadly threat made her shiver. Maybe it was because he had smiled, the facial expression in stark contrast to the violence he had promised. Whatever it was, Tatiana believed instinctively that this was not a man who issued empty threats.

With her attention on the tall, cape-clad figures, Tatiana hadn't noticed the leader of the thieves move—until he suddenly grabbed her by the arm and jerked her away from the wall. An instant later he had an arm thick with muscle wrapped around her body, and the cutting edge of his long-bladed knife against her throat.

"Either of you assholes move, I'll cut her throat!"

Tatiana's eyes rolled back in her head, and for a second or two her world began to spin as she felt herself losing consciousness. But then she inhaled deeply and blinked her eyes, and through a sheer force of will she brought herself back from the edge of fainting. This was not the time to be a weak woman, a voice whispered in her brain. She needed to be strong if she was to free herself from her husband. An instinct for self-preservation put a fire in her belly and a glittering light in her eyes.

"Don't cut her," the taller of the two gentlemen said, his German accent more pronounced when he spoke quickly. "That won't do anyone any good."

"Let's see the wallets! I want your money now or I'll spill her blood!"

One of the thugs started toward the gentlemen, assuming they would simply hand over their wallets. He stopped when he realized both men were holding pistols, and both pistols were aimed at him.

"P-Petyr ... shit ... Petyr," the guy stammered as he backpedaled quickly.

The gang leader—Petyr—put his hand over the plump mound of Tatiana's right breast, squeezed hard enough to make her wince, then cackled and said, "So you got

guns! So what? Drop the guns or I cut her throat!”

Tatiana was hardly aware of the coarse, callused fingers groping her breast. Under any other circumstances, she would have felt defiled by being touched by such a loathsome creature as Petyr, but she was numb with fear. With a razor-sharp blade to her throat, Tatiana—never a particularly spiritual or religious woman, though she attended services because it was expected of a woman of her station—found herself praying for celestial interference.

The shorter of the gentlemen, the one who spoke Russian without a foreign accent, took a step closer to Petyr. He made a patting-down motion with his left hand, as though to calm the knife-wielding thief while at the same time keeping a short-barreled revolver pointed at what little of Petyr was exposed behind the voluptuous, terrorized captive.

“Your name’s Petyr, I take it. Listen to me; I want you to be very calm. Is that clear?”

“Fuck you.”

“Are you calm? If you are not calm, people could get killed, and that would be a terrible thing.” He was close to Tatiana now, and when he smiled, she was shocked at how handsome he was, and at how casual he was under the circumstances. “Are you calm, Petyr? I need an answer from you.”

“I’m calm,” the thief said, the undercurrent of suspicion thick in his gravelly tone.

“Now be very careful with that knife. Is that clear?”

Seconds passed in complete silence. Tatiana tried to keep from trembling, but she couldn’t help herself. When she looked at the well-dressed man, he seemed perfectly at ease.

“Petyr, are you careful with that knife?” the gentleman asked.

“I’m careful,” was the quiet response.

The gentleman turned his gun to the closest thief and squeezed the trigger. In the confined space of the alleyway, the sound of the weapon firing was explosive. The gunshot was still echoing by the time Tatiana’s high-pitched scream of terror ended. The thief tumbled backward in the alley, stiff-legged with arms outstretched. When he hit the cobblestones, he did not move. The bullet had gone through his heart.

Petyr had seen death before, but he was visibly shocked at the cold-blooded killing of his friend. He turned his black gaze upon the gentleman and hissed, “You ... you just killed him dead!” His lips pulled back in a feral snarl of decaying teeth. “I ought to cut her throat for that!”

If the gentlemen were in the least bit intimidated by Petyr and his one remaining living friend, it didn’t show in their demeanor. Tatiana, her heart pounding and her ears still ringing from the nearness of the explosive gunshot, was stunned at the sudden violence and instantaneous death, but not saddened by it. She had no naive illusions as to what Petyr and his men had intended to do to her had the gentlemen not stepped out of the shadows like vengeful, righteous apparitions.

“Petyr, your friend was sacrificed to prove a point,” the Russian said, taking another half-step closer to Tatiana. He held his pistol at arm’s length, pointed at Petyr’s eye as he cowered behind his voluptuous captive. “The point is this: this is a fight you cannot win. The only question is how badly you’ll lose. If you let the woman go now, I promise you won’t be killed.”

Never before had Tatiana seen such steely nerve. She was frightened beyond words,

and she felt more helpless than ever before in her life but these men, these two expensively-dressed, velvet-caped men, carrying pistols in the worst neighborhood of St. Petersburg, were not frightened. At least they didn't appear to be. They were angry. They were determined. But they weren't frightened. Not even a little.

But Petyr was frightened. Tatiana could feel his body trembling. So fearful was he that he had even stopped molesting her, forgetting that his hand was on her breast.

The gentleman shook his head, and there was something akin to sadness in his features, like a man who cannot understand why a serf would behave in such a way as to guarantee severe punishment. He said, "You can't win. The only question now is how much you'll lose. If you don't let go of the woman immediately, you'll lose everything." A hint of a smile touched his lips. He nodded in the direction of the corpse lying only a few feet away. "Like your friend there."

The knife at Tatiana's throat began to shake. She felt the man shiver as though he'd instantly become very cold. Suddenly, he took the knife from her throat and pushed her hard at the Russian gentleman.

Both handguns went off simultaneously, with a deafening roar that caused a high-pitched ringing in Tatiana's ears. She turned to look at her attackers, thinking they must surely have been shot in the back. Instead, both men were on the cobblestones, each clutching at a knee that had been violated by a bullet.

"I promised they could live, and I was good to my word," the Russian explained, taking Tatiana by the elbow. "Come on, we've got to get out of here."

\*

Prince Dimitri Buzek hurried the woman down the alleyway. To his left and slightly ahead of them, Count Klaus von Essena was half-jogging, his head swiveling constantly in search of threats, the short-barreled pistol in his hand. Glancing at the woman, he took in her profile with the small, fine nose, the high cheekbones, the full-lipped, lush mouth. Despite trying his level best to remember that he was, in fact, at that very moment in mortal danger, Dimitri couldn't quite manage to keep his gaze away from the lovely, voluptuous woman he had just rescued. Her breasts were full and round, and when she hurried along beside him, the bouncing undulation was erotic enough to tempt a saint. And, as literally scores of women in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Paris, London, and Stockholm could testify to, Prince Dimitri was definitely no saint. In the midst of being seduced by him, more than a few women had been known to say things like "Sweet Jesus" and "Oh, God," but that wasn't necessarily an indication of Dimitri's pious saintliness. Quite the opposite, in fact.

He wondered who she was, and how she had managed to remain relatively anonymous in St. Petersburg. He thought he knew all the true beauties in the port city, yet this one, already in her early to middle twenties, was a complete mystery to him—a mystery he intended to solve before the evening was over.

His private hansom cab was only another street away. As they approached it, his personal valet, Viktor, was waiting with a hard look on his face. He had his right hand behind his back. In that hand, Dimitri knew, was a revolver. Dimitri was a crack shot with handguns, but he paled in comparison to Viktor, who among his many duties served as a bodyguard.

"There was some excitement," Dimitri explained with aristocratic understatement, a faint smile touching his mouth. It was easy to be cavalier now that he was at his carriage

and about to leave. Dimitri and Klaus had years of experience leaving scenes of ‘excitement’ hastily. “I’d rather we put some distance between ourselves and this neighborhood.”

“Anywhere in particular, my lord?” Viktor asked, his gaze assessing the curvaceous blonde woman with suspicion.

“I’ll decide that later.”

Dimitri got into the carriage, then Klaus. The coach was big enough for two large men—but *just* big enough. When the woman got in, she had to sit across their laps. Viktor closed the front doors, then wisely dropped the front curtain, enveloping the coach in almost total darkness. A slap of the reins got the big Belgian horse moving.

The woman was light, Dimitri noticed, her rounded bottom a pleasing distraction as she squirmed on his thighs, trying to find some position that was both modest and comfortable.

“It seems to me that this is probably an appropriate time to ask your name,” he said, his tone as casual as if the question had been presented at a formal banquet with hundreds of Russia’s bourgeois elite in attendance.

In the dim light of the enclosed carriage, the woman’s pale skin seemed to glow. Her face was very near Dimitri’s, and he saw now that she was even younger than he had first thought.

There seemed to be no place to put his hands which weren’t on the woman’s body. When his left hand came to rest on her knee, touching her through the wool skirt, she immediately took him by the wrist and raised his hand. Then, with no modest place to put his hand, she simply held it in midair.

Switching from Russian to French, Klaus said, “We’re only trying to help, Mademoiselle. I know you’re afraid, but you don’t have to be afraid of us. Trust me.”

Dimitri smiled. He felt the woman’s body become even more tense in his lap. Then she sighed and relaxed infinitesimally, as though she had made a decision. Her bottom had settled between his thighs so that he could feel her buttocks pressing against his penis, a fact which had caused that always-alert part of his body to awaken and begin paying rather more careful attention to fortuitous circumstances.

“I understand you quite well,” she said in Russian, simultaneously proving that she also spoke French. Dimitri’s curiosity was now thoroughly piqued with the woman on his lap who was, at that very moment, causing a rapidly developing erection to stretch down the leg of his trousers. “My name is...” she said before her words faded into silence.

Dimitri had never been a patient man and most certainly wasn’t patient when he had an erection trapped inside trousers. Rather sharply, he queried, “Well?”

The harshness in his tone caused the woman to flinch. She whispered, “Tatiana.”

“Tatiana. Just Tatiana?” Dimitri was hellishly curious as to how this lovely woman had remained hidden in St. Petersburg. It was obvious that she possessed both wealth and education.

She nodded. “Just Tatiana.”

“Hello, Tatiana. And since you’re just Tatiana, I’m just Dimitri.”

Klaus laughed softly and added, “Following suit, I’m just Klaus.”

Tatiana closed her eyes and inhaled deeply, and the briefest shudder went through her. “Prince Dimitri Buzek and Count Klaus von Essena. I’ve ... I’ve heard about you. I’ve even read about you.”



Dimitri shifted his weight a little beneath Tatiana. His erection was now quite well-formed, tenting his trousers and pressing against Tatiana's delectable bottom. Scant layers of cloth separated Dimitri's responsive cock from the source of its expanding dimensions.

The fact that Tatiana knew who both he and Klaus were didn't particularly bother him. The reputation he and his friend had for iniquitous excess had been earned one night at a time over more than a decade, and though some thought exaggeration played a role in the stories, in truth, the stories that were whispered by women told of only a fraction of the exploits enjoyed by the men.

Dimitri asked, "So, you know us then?"

"No, I know *of* you," Tatiana corrected. "I'm sure that's not the same thing."

Dimitri chuckled and replied, "Indeed."

Tatiana moved again, trying to find a comfortable position, sitting sideways in the carriage on Dimitri's lap with her legs between Klaus's knees. Seemingly finding no other place to her arm, she put it around Dimitri's shoulders. Whether she intended to put the distinctly extravagant mounds of her breasts so close to his face or not, that's what she did—a fact which caused a rather dramatic lengthening and thickening of his spectacularly formed arousal.

"It seems to me," said Dimitri, his face just inches from Tatiana's, "that since we've saved you from those men in the alley, putting ourselves in great danger and so forth, that there ought to be some reward in it for us. A kiss from you, I should think, is warranted."

She turned her upper body to look into his eyes, and when she shifted her weight, Dimitri felt the globes of her ass slide across the throbbing bulge of his enflamed cock. Her eyes widened, and he knew that she had just become aware of what her beauty and proximity had caused.

"One kiss," Dimitri continued, looking into lovely eyes that he now realized were the most unusual shade of violet that he'd ever seen. But since erections always made him impatient, it was with an undercurrent of command in his tone that he added, "That's not asking too much, now is it?"

## Chapter Two

For the second time that evening, Tatiana's heart was beating from primal fear. Only this time there was another emotion adding adrenaline to her system, making her hands shake and her insides feel jittery. Tatiana didn't want to put a name to the emotion, though she knew very well that what she was feeling was desire. Even more harrowing was the fact that she was painfully aware of *who had caused that desire*.

She knew all about Prince Dimitri and Count Klaus. She had heard of their exploits in the salons of St. Petersburg's beau monde, stories feverishly whispered of women discovering themselves capable of multi-orgasmic evenings after falling under the charm of the blond German count or the dark Russian prince. Rumors had the number of women seduced by these two men varying greatly, though the totals themselves were always extraordinary. Some claimed—usually envious men—the numbers were hyperbole. Whether the numbers were exaggerated or not, what was indisputable was that the women who shared their passion with these virile but profligate men did not regret the experience.

Neither Klaus nor Dimitri was inclined to discuss their own sex lives. It was the women they slept with who were doing the kissing and telling. Tatiana had two close friends—both trapped in loveless marriages—who had slept with the men and had told her about the experience. Tatiana had listened to her friends discuss how they had seemingly fallen under a libidinous spell, as though they'd been given a drug or had the new parlor trick called hypnotism used on them. The women compared notes, as it were, trying to decide which man was the better lover. Discussion was necessary because Klaus and Dimitri made a point of never seducing the same woman, sparing themselves potentially contentious sexual competitiveness.

These thoughts were ricocheting through Tatiana's brain as she looked down at Dimitri, hearing the authority in his tone as he asked with seeming innocence for a single kiss to reward him for his valiant rescue. But, of course, no kiss from Dimitri could ever be deemed innocent, Tatiana told herself. If for no other reason, the hard column of manly flesh pressing against her buttocks disqualified Dimitri from any boyish claims to innocence.

"Well, Tatiana?" Dimitri asked, his tone faintly mocking, as though she was a frightened girl needing to be goaded into being kissed for the first time.

She closed her eyes for only a second, and whispered into the darkness, "There are things that you don't understand."

"Tell me. Maybe I will understand."

But what could Tatiana say? That she hadn't had sex in more than two years? That she'd had only one lover in her life, and that he was her husband—who was now the terror of her existence? Tatiana knew that these men played at love. Sex, for them, was casual, frequent, and no doubt wildly entertaining. But it was always with transient partners, permanence being anathema in their lives.

Dimitri's voice, low and seductive, touched her like a caress when he said, "Look at me, Tatiana. All I'm asking for is a kiss. Am I that difficult to look at?"

That brought a smile to Tatiana's full-lipped mouth. Prince Dimitri had been born

with a staggering over-abundance of all the gifts any demi-god would expect from life. Gorgeous physical beauty, athletic grace, *savoir faire* and poise, and money. And, as she could now discern for herself, he also had a very large penis. This final awareness was one of the main reasons why Tatiana's breath came in quick, shallow gulps, and her mind was whirling dizzily.

Tatiana looked at the prince and replied in a whisper, "You're gorgeous ... but you've got plenty of debutantes to tell you that." The pink tip of her tongue made a brief attempt to moisten her lips. Though the attempt was unsuccessful—her breath was coming too rapidly to not have a dry mouth—it presented a wickedly erotic image to Dimitri. "I haven't..." She paused, since she had the choice of several words she could accurately use at this moment, "...been kissed in more than two years."

She watched as Dimitri's dark eyebrows arched in suspicion.

"I'm serious. I'm being honest with you. I haven't"—she thought of saying 'made love,' but whatever it was her husband did to her, it sure wasn't making love—"had sex in more than two years."

Dimitri angled his face upward, easing his fingers around the back of her neck to pull Tatiana down slightly. "Let me," he whispered, his breath warm and smelling minty from schnapps, "end your personal drought."

Tatiana tried to keep her eyes open. This wasn't the time to get starry-eyed, holding onto childish romantic notions of the world. But after all that she had been through since her marriage to Vadim, to have Prince Dimitri's warm, moist lips pressing lightly against hers was delicious. His fingertips traced slow, tantalizing circles against the back of her neck, her eyes drifted closed as she uttered the softest of moans. His kiss was heaven itself.

When Dimitri pulled Tatiana closer, his lips pressing more firmly against hers, warning bells began clanging discordantly in her brain. She sat upright instantly, ending the kiss with such swiftness that her head banged against the roof of the hansom cab.

"Prince Dimitri, I think you shouldn't..." Tatiana said under her breath.

She felt his erection beneath her. It promised the fulfillment of desires she'd never known. Everything about these men whispered of carnal pleasures beyond Tatiana's limited experience. She wished there was some way she could move so that she wouldn't be constantly reminded of their size and virility, but escape was impossible within the confines of the hansom cab's passenger compartment. When Dimitri continued to caress the back of Tatiana's neck, warm tingles slithered outward from his touch. She waited several seconds because the pleasure was such that she lacked the willpower to take immediate action. Then, finally, she took him by the wrist and removed his hand from her body.

"That was ... um ... a bit more of a kiss than I had agreed to." She still had one arm around Dimitri's shoulders, but with the other hand she patted her chest as though attempting to slow a heart beating much too quickly.

Klaus cleared his throat, drawing Tatiana's attention. She was suddenly very much aware of where her legs touched his thighs. In the poor light of the passenger compartment, his faint smile was roguish.

"And now it's my turn, my dear," he said, slipping his hand behind Tatiana's neck to pull her closer. With her legs between his thighs, kissing wasn't going to be easy.

Tatiana gave him a sheepish smile. He was bigger than Dimitri, the breadth of his

broad shoulders dominating in the confined quarters of the hansom cab. A tiny voice of logic and reason whispered in her brain that she was a married woman—granted, it was a sham of a marriage, but it was still a marriage—and that married women weren't supposed to go around kissing two gorgeous men.

It was with some surprise that she heard herself say, "Just one kiss" as she reached for Klaus to pull him closer.

Their lips met, and like simultaneously touching the terminals on a battery, electricity arced from Klaus's body into Tatiana's. She had taken him by the lapel of his jacket to pull him closer, but when Klaus's arm went around her neck, holding her securely as he slanted his mouth more firmly against hers, she released his jacket. Her hand turned until her palm pressed against his shirt front, as though she was going to push him away, but her hand would not do the bidding of her better judgment. Her fingers splayed out, experimentally testing the muscles hidden beneath the starched white formal shirt. The tiny moan of nascent desire that came from Tatiana was immediately swallowed up by Klaus's kiss.

Seconds passed before a tiny voice whispered inside Tatiana's head, warning her that she was going too far, that sexual intemperance was for other women but not for her. But it had been so long since she had taken any pleasure at all in a man's kiss, so many years since her husband's desire for her made her feel anything other than revulsion and hostility, that when the tip of Klaus's tongue lightly caressed first her upper lip and then her lower, Tatiana moaned her approval. And when his tongue sought entrance into her mouth, she acquiesced with a trembling sigh.

Tatiana had never responded so quickly or so favorably to a kiss. When her husband forced his tongue into her mouth, it always made her feel slimy, defiled in a way that was even worse than when he touched her body. But with Klaus, her body reacted instantly, a warm flush going through her, her nipples stiffening, her labia swelling and becoming dewy in anticipation.

*My God, this man can kiss!*

It was by no means a particularly comfortable position to be kissing, doubled nearly in half as she was, her breasts pressed against her knees as Klaus's tongue danced a duet with her own. Comfortable or not, Tatiana shivered as though from cold while her body grew rapidly and steadily warmer from Klaus's kiss.

*I could kiss these men all night.*

It was the sudden conscious awareness of what she had just thought that forced Tatiana to lean away from Klaus, pulling out of his grasp to end the kiss. Her eyes darted back and forth from Klaus to Dimitri as though truly seeing the two men for the first time.

"You ... I shouldn't have done that," Tatiana stammered, painfully aware that the situation was getting out of control but having no notion of what it was she could do to change circumstances.

Dimitri's hand once again went to the back of her neck, his touch gentle yet evocative. "I'm feeling short-changed. He got a much better kiss than I did."

Dimitri's face was kissably close to Tatiana's. She nibbled on her lower lip, unable to understand how these men could make her behave in ways so opposite to her usual disciplined ways.

When Dimitri pulled her down, Tatiana did not resist. He kissed her more firmly this

time, sealing his mouth over hers. Baring his teeth, he bit her lower lip with just enough force to hint at pain. When she gasped in protest, his soothed away the pain with his tongue. A moment after that, Tatiana was French kissing deeply with Dimitri, sucking his tongue deeply into her mouth.

As Tatiana felt the hem of her dress being raised, she wondered whether it was Dimitri or Klaus who was behaving so boldly. While her tongue danced erotically with Dimitri's, she felt strong fingers touching her calf, caressing her through her silk stockings. She shivered, surprised that she did not shriek out in fury at the effrontery. But there was something strangely erotic about being touched without knowing whether it was Klaus who was sliding his hand up her dress, or Dimitri. It took a full minute for her kiss with Dimitri to end, and by that time Tatiana's juices were flowing as never before.

"Wait ... wait ... please," she whispered, frightened at her body's traitorous response to these men.

But they didn't wait. Men like Klaus and Dimitri never wait. They take what they want because life is theirs for the picking. Since Tatiana's right arm was around Dimitri's shoulders, she really only had her left hand to defend herself with. She even tried to avoid their kisses, but her efforts were to no avail. And with each kiss, either from Klaus or Dimitri, Tatiana's will to deny them diminished.

Tatiana was kissing Dimitri, trembling with passion as his tongue caressed hers, when she felt Klaus's fingers easing inside the leg of her bloomers. She moaned into Dimitri's mouth as Klaus caressed slowly up her leg, touching her lightly through her stocking. When his fingertips moved higher still, above her stocking top to tantalize the velvet-soft skin of her thigh, Tatiana's moan filled the tiny carriage. And an instant later, when Klaus ran his fingertip along her moist entrance, caressing labia enflamed and slick with excitement, she cried out even louder.

She reached for Klaus's hand, needing to end his caresses. Fear and loneliness and sexual frustration, Tatiana now realized, had made her weak and vulnerable. But that was no excuse, the stern voice of self-discipline said, to behave so wantonly with two men she had met only minutes earlier, men who did not even know her name or station in society. Granted, they were gorgeous men, and their sensual skills were second to none, but these facts hardly gave Tatiana license to free herself of a lifetime of inhibitions, the angry inner voice complained.

Long, strong fingers curled around her wrist. Klaus pulled her protective hand to the side. Tatiana felt his strength, his suppressed power. His face was eerily pale in the darkened carriage. She was looking into his eyes when his finger, already slick with her juices, eased between lust-enflamed labia.

"Oh, God!" Tatiana cried out as pleasure, shocking in its intensity, slithered through her system.

Dimitri was holding her right wrist to keep her arm around his shoulders; Klaus was holding her left wrist. They were powerful men, and being held so securely, unable to defend herself from their bold caresses, made the thought of bondage slither over the surface of her mind, an enticing but forbidden temptation.

First just one finger eased in and out of her. Then it was two. Tatiana's overheating passions allowed the undulating passage to be slick and tantalizing. She kissed Dimitri, opening her lips invitingly, and was immediately rewarded with his tongue. Trembling with need, she shivered from Klaus's bold caresses on her clitoris.

She wrenched her face away from Dimitri and gasped once again “Oh, God!” But then it was “OhGodOhGodOhGod!” in rapid-fire succession as a relentless tightening began within her pelvis.

She knew what the tightening meant. Occasionally, when loneliness and sensual neglect became too great, Tatiana would close her eyes, dream of having a handsome lover, and caress herself. The only times that Tatiana had ever experienced an orgasm was when she was alone. The vicious and sensually-incompetent Prince Vadim had never been able to give Tatiana an orgasm. Early in their marriage, before she had learned the true depths of the man’s villainy, she had wondered whether he was even trying to please her. Her good friend Katya had assured her that women were quite capable of having an orgasm, just the same as men. But Tatiana never really believed this to be true until she experienced one, during the second year of her marriage, when she masturbated to satisfaction.

But the relief was always short-lived, and the excitement not nearly what she was experiencing now.

Pleasure built upon pleasure. The fierceness of her onrushing emotions was frightening, but Tatiana was incapable of asking these men to stop. She knew that she should be cursing them, despising them for what they were doing to her, but her words of protest and contempt never quite managed to find a way to be spoken.

And then the ecstasy turned to agony as Tatiana teetered at the edge of the precipice. “Klaus!” she cried out an instant before the climax shuddered through her. Five powerful, convulsive spasms caused her body to twitch as though she was receiving a high-voltage electrical charge directly into her body.

The problem with ascending the heights of emotions is that, upon satiation, the higher one has ascended, the farther and deeper one plunges. The highest of highs are always followed by the lowest of lows. Immediately upon finishing her first-ever climax caused by a handsome man, Tatiana was deluged with an onslaught of self-awareness and self-doubt. What had just happened? And why had she allowed it to happen? What temporary insanity had taken control of her life?

“Wait,” she gasped, breathing deeply from her climax. “Please stop. Please.”

She watched as Klaus eased his hand out from beneath the skirt of her fine wool dress. Tatiana, able to think clearly and lucidly at last, clamped her knees protectively together. She was unable to look directly at either of the men who had stolen control of her better judgment and willpower.

There was a harshness in Dimitri’s tone when he said to Klaus, “We’ve got to get her to the apartment.”

“Exactly,” Klaus agreed instantly.

Tatiana was shaking her head as she interjected, “No, I can’t go. I can’t be alone with you two.” She shook free her left hand from Klaus’s hold. She needed time to think, but she couldn’t find it within herself to part company with these enigmatic men just yet. “Do you know of any place where we can go that is public, but private?”

A shiver of apprehension went up Tatiana’s spine when Klaus and Dimitri looked at each other and said in unison, “Mademoiselle Veronique’s!”

\* \* \* \*

Klaus was pleased when Mademoiselle Veronique escorted them to the most

rearward booth in her establishment. While privacy for all the guests at Mademoiselle Veronique's was assured, being in the most remote, high-backed booth ensured that they would be undisturbed and unseen.

"No sense in changing poisons halfway through an evening," Dimitri said, sliding into the horseshoe-shaped booth's bench seat. "Veronique, I'd like a schnapps, if you'd be so kind."

"Of course," Mademoiselle Veronique replied, a professional half-smile a permanent fixture on her face.

"I'll have the same," Klaus said.

Tatiana made a small wave of her hands and said, "Nothing for me."

But Klaus said quickly, "Mademoiselle Veronique, why don't you pick out a wine that you think the lady might enjoy." His blue gaze was warm as it flicked over Tatiana. "Something delicate. Nothing too heavy."

"Of course," the proprietress replied.

Klaus let her get several steps away before he went after her, catching her gently by the elbow to stop her progress. When she turned to face him, the tall German bent low to whisper. What he had to say wasn't for Tatiana's ears.

"Do you have a backroom we might use?" he inquired.

Mademoiselle Veronique's eyes widened briefly. "Since when did you and Prince Dimitri decide to share women?" She wasn't at all offended, only curious.

"It's not like what you're thinking," Klaus replied. He and Dimitri were frequent visitors, and they had always brought a minimum of one woman each. It wasn't unusual for them to arrive with a woman on each arm. "We didn't plan for this to happen."

"In all the years that I have been running this establishment, I have never allowed anyone into my private office. No one." She gave Klaus a genuine smile. "I'm sorry, but I must say 'no' to you, my friend. To allow you and the prince to use my establishment for your assignation would be to set an unfortunate precedent. Others would want to be granted the same privilege. Before long, I would be running nothing more than a bordello. And what would the authorities say to me then? Even with friends like Prince Dimitri, I would be out of business, or worse." Her eyebrows did a little dance above amused slate gray eyes. "The woman you've come with—I don't think I've ever seen such beauty. Not ever. Where on earth did you find her, and how have you kept her under wraps? I thought I knew every lovely mistress in St. Petersburg."

Klaus smiled down at Veronique. She was nearly fifty, but still immensely pleasing to the eyes, having kept her trim figure. Her dark hair now held a touch of gray in it, but her eyes were still the brightest blue, and when she laughed it was the laugh of a young woman, not someone who had outlived one husband and all three of her infant children.

"There's not much I can tell you about her because there's not much that I know."

"Ah!" Veronique exclaimed with obvious delight. "A woman of mystery. How delightful for us all."

Klaus put his hand lightly on Veronique's shoulder. "Are you sure you couldn't bend the rules for this dissolute German count?"

"I am sorry, no."

"Then I'm going to need to console myself with schnapps. Lots and lots of schnapps. The lady refuses to be alone with us."

"Then she is obviously an intelligent as well as beautiful woman. The booth will give

you limited privacy. I can provide unlimited schnapps`." Veronique kissed the tip of her index finger, then brought it to Klaus's lips. "Now go to your friend and that mysterious young woman. I'll see to your needs myself." She winked mischievously. "This is the most discrete establishment in all of Russia. In the years I've been here, only one person spoke of who he had seen here—and I banished him for life the instant I found out."

Klaus laughed, bent low to kiss the proprietress on the cheek, then turned and headed back to the booth where Dimitri and Tatiana were ensconced. As he walked, Klaus brought his hand to his nose and inhaled softly. The aroma of Tatiana's passion was still on the fingers he'd used to pleasure her into an orgasm. His smile was wolfish...

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"You must believe me when I say I've never, ever done anything like this in my life." Tatiana turned violet eyes toward Klaus. She appeared to be on the verge of tears, and his heart went out to her. "You men saved me." She closed her eyes briefly and shuddered. "I was so scared when those monsters came out of the shadows, I thought I was going to faint."

Tatiana took a swallow of the champagne that Veronique had chosen. When she set the glass down, Klaus took the champagne bottle from the silver, ice-filled bucket and refilled her glass.

Tatiana gave him a look and said, "You're trying to get me drunk."

Klaus shook his head, picked up his cut-glass crystal goblet half-filled with schnapps, and replied, "No, I'm trying to get myself drunk." He winked at Tatiana, and her lips quirked in a smile she tried to suppress. "You've got the most luscious mouth. Has anyone ever told you that?"

Tatiana looked down at her champagne glass on the table. Only a small candle in the center of the table illuminated the three. "Stop saying things like that," she whispered.

"Why? It's true."

Tatiana lifted her eyes to Klaus's and said quietly, "Maybe ... maybe it is true. But even if it is, it doesn't make any difference."

"It does to me."

"You don't understand. I'm ... I'm married to an odious man." She closed her eyes. "Why am I telling you this?"

"Because you have to tell someone, and Dimitri and I are the perfect men to tell your troubles to. Maybe we can help."

"My hus-husband"—she choked on the word—"he's the most evil man in Russia. I ... I never wanted to marry him, but my parents said I had to." She smiled sadly, her gaze drifted down to settle onto her champagne glass. "I guess I tried to love him ... at least at first." Her eyes glistened wetly. "He makes happiness impossible."

"He has money, or a title, but I'm guessing he doesn't have both," Klaus said, getting a hollow feeling in his stomach. "Am I right?"

"My family has money, his family has the peerage." Tatiana nibbled on her lower lip for a moment. A tendril of honey blonde hair curled down from her temple. She unconsciously wound the silken strands around her forefinger absently. "He really wasn't too bad at first. But then ... he changed."

"What were you trying to do tonight?" Dimitri asked.

"Almost every night he goes to a gambling house and drinks. He gets drunk and then he goes to a house of ill repute." Her lips pursed briefly into a thin line. "I was hoping to



catch him doing something that would give me a legal reason to divorce him. The church ... and the Czar ... they let men divorce their wives for almost any reason, but the men can have as many mistresses as they want, and the wife can do nothing about it.” Her eyes, so deep a violet they were almost purple, lifted to Klaus’s face. “Every time I try to leave him, he threatens me. I ... I live a hellish existence.” She reached out and placed one hand over Dimitri’s, and another over Klaus’s. “He hates me, but he won’t let me go. He takes”—her eyes squeezed shut for a moment—“utter delight in torturing me.”

Dimitri suddenly leaned back in the booth and exhaled slowly. All eyes turned toward him, and he said, “Your husband is Prince Vadim, isn’t he?”

Tatiana closed her eyes and nodded. “He’s a monster. I can’t tell you how much I hate him. I’m scared to death of him.”

Klaus had heard of the odious prince, though he’d never met him personally. When Tatiana finished her third glass of champagne, Klaus once more reached for the chilled bottle. This time, Tatiana made no effort to prevent him from refilling her glass. The flaring lust he had felt for the blonde princess had been thoroughly dampened by the awareness of the hellishness of her life. He refilled his glass with schnapps. If he couldn’t get sexual satisfaction, he could surely get drunk.

### Chapter Three

Prince Vadim Antropov was drunk, but only a little, as he sat in Madam Stansky's salon, surveying the most recent prostitutes to arrive from the Balkans. He raised his glass, half-full with absinthe, and drained the licorice-tasting libation in two big swallows.

"I don't like them," he announced, viewing the young women attired in sheer lingerie, standing in a line like soldiers on inspection. "I told you, I want a slender girl, not one of those sows!" He looked at the women, and added viciously, "Oink! Oink!"

Only a very observant person would have noticed Madam Stansky's outward sign of anger directed at one of her most steady customers. Just the slightest tightening at the corners of her eyes gave testimony to the madam's emotional state.

"Look at the girl on the end. The blonde one in the pink peignoir. Is she not slender? And she's only been here two days." Madam Stansky's tone was both solicitous and salacious. She was a master of her trade. "Just two weeks ago she was on a farm near Smolensk with her family. Now she's here with me, unsullied and lovely and yours ... for a price. She's hardly been touched. Look at those lovely breasts. So perfectly formed."

"They're too big," Vadim announced, loud enough for everyone in the room to hear. "She's a cow." He poured more absinthe into his glass and dumped it down his throat. His gaze was filled with contempt as he glowered at the women, unable to see their inarguable beauty. Nastily, his lip curled upward in a snarl as he concluded, "And they're too fucking old."

"The blonde has just turned eighteen," Madam Stansky replied in quick defense. "Prince Vadim, surely you're not suggesting—"

A venomous look from Vadim silenced the former prostitute's defense of her wares.

Vadim pushed himself out of the brocade chair. He stood unsteadily for a moment, first looking at the prostitutes, then at Madam Stansky. The condescension and contempt in his bloodshot brown eyes was undisguised. "I'm going someplace where they've got pussy worth buying," he announced.

Madam Stansky, surveying the three-quarters empty bottle of absinthe, stepped closer to the prince, though she wisely kept out of arm's reach. "Prince Vadim, about your bill...?"

At five foot eight, Vadim was not significantly taller than the madam. But he felt much taller, and that was what was important to him. His eyes grew even darker as he replied, "I'll pay your fucking bill just as soon as you get some girls here that interest me."

"But you're already at nearly four thousand rubles, and you know my rules are that no one gets more than one thousand rubles of credit here."

Prince Vadim pulled a thick leather case from an inside pocket of his jacket. Madam Stansky's eyes took on a mercenary light, and she issued the first genuine smile for Vadim in a fortnight.

But it wasn't a money wallet. Rather, the leather case held the long, slender cigars that Vadim preferred. Seeing that she had been confused by the leather container, Vadim

chuckled softly. He was a man who liked to torment.

Madam Stansky's smile vanished. She squared her shoulders, and when she spoke next, there was case-hardened steel in her voice. "Prince Vadim, you have been a good and steady customer ... but the next time you show up at my door, show up with money. You no longer have any credit here."

Vadim lit the cigar with a wooden sulfur-tipped match. To prove how little he cared about Madam Stansky, he dropped the still-burning match to the exquisite Persian carpet underfoot, and stepped on it to ensure a burn mark.

"What makes you think I'll ever show up here again?" he asked, heading toward the door.

In an icy tone that was loud enough even for the prostitutes across the room to hear, Madam Stansky said, "You might find that St. Petersburg can be a very small city, Prince Vadim. I know what other establishments you frequent. Should they find out you're unwilling to pay the money you owe to me, I think you'll find that their doors are closed to you as well."

*The bitch wouldn't dare get me blackballed from the best whorehouses in St. Petersburg. She knows I'd cut her face for it!* Prince Vadim thought.

But as he stepped unsteadily out into the dark city street, the inebriated prince was coming to an inescapable conclusion: he needed vast quantities of money, and he needed it fast if he was to maintain his current lifestyle. His wife, he decided, had much more money than she needed. It had been nearly a month since she had written him a bank draft to cover his gambling loses. And with her—even if she did have blonde hair and big tits—at least he didn't have to pay for her pussy.

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Dimitri gave Tatiana a smile, then said to Klaus, "You've got to give her credit for having courage, going into a hellish neighborhood like that."

"Even if she went about it all wrong."

Looking at Tatiana, Dimitri said, "What made you think you could ever possibly blackmail a man like your husband into a divorce? You cannot blackmail a man who has no reputation to protect."

Tatiana looked down and replied, "Can we not say that word?"

Dimitri's gaze flicked over to Klaus. Without words, the two made a pact to never again say 'husband' in Tatiana's presence.

"Why don't you let Klaus and I look into the matter for you?" Dimitri continued smoothly, as though they weren't really talking about the happiness and safety of Tatiana. "We're much better versed in the world your"—he stopped himself quickly—"in the world he frequents. You don't understand the streets and back alleys of St. Petersburg. And I've got some of the best legal minds on retainer. We'll find a way to set you free from that monster."

Tatiana turned hopeful eyes upward to Dimitri. Softly, as though afraid that if she got her hopes up they would once again be smashed before her eyes, she asked, "Would you? Would you really?" Then, as though she'd suddenly been selfish, she added, "You can't imagine what it's like ... never knowing what he's going to be like when he comes home, never knowing when he'll slap me or spit on me. And his insults ... he calls me the vilest things."

Mademoiselle Veronique stepped up to the booth. She surveyed the empty schnapps bottle, and the half-empty champagne bottle, still in the ice bucket.

"More schnapps?" she inquired. The men nodded. "And champagne?"

"No," Tatiana said quickly. She placed a delicate finger on the rim of her glass. "At least not for me. I've had more than I should have as it is."

Dimitri looked at Mademoiselle Veronique and nodded. The proprietress turned and walked away, having waited for either Dimitri or Klaus to agree that it wasn't necessary to bring another bottle of champagne. She knew where her money was coming from.

"One more glass won't hurt you," Dimitri said, extracting the champagne bottle. He smiled warmly at Tatiana, who still had her finger protectively on the rim of her glass. "Just one more?"

Tatiana removed her hand. "You're a dangerous man, Prince Dimitri. I suspect that you could talk a woman into doing anything you wanted her to."

He shook his head, then combed fingers through his long, jet black hair, smoothing the silken strands behind his ears. "Obviously, that's not true," he said. "Klaus and I keep an apartment in the Kostav district for entertainment purposes. I wanted to take you there, but you refused. There's the proof that your assessment of me is false."

"But you do kiss divinely." Tatiana's eyes suddenly widened. "Oh, dear! Did I really say that aloud?"

The three laughed softly. Tatiana sipped her fourth glass of champagne, which was two more than she'd ever had in a single sitting.

"I'm not sure how to respond to that," Dimitri said.

"Just say 'thank you' and leave it at that."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

When Tatiana turned to speak with Klaus, Dimitri allowed himself the luxury of an unhurried examination of this young woman he had rescued from a muddy, mean alley in St. Petersburg's vice district. The very fact that her fourth glass of champagne had put a glassy sheen in her eyes told him that she was unaccustomed to any sort of drinking. How she had thought she could get damaging information on Prince Vadim was an almost ludicrous mystery, and a perfect example of her abject naiveté regarding the seamier side of life.

He knew of Prince Vadim Antropov and had heard the stories of his cruelty. Vadim was a man who picked his fights carefully and cruelly. Serfs, servants, workers of every stripe were mud under his boots, as far as he was concerned. Vadim particularly enjoyed taking a riding crop to women of the servant class who displeased him, Dimitri had been told.

A vision of Tatiana cowering in fear as Vadim lashed with his riding crop came into Dimitri's mind. The image was so vivid and repulsive that he had to close his eyes for a moment to compose himself. A deep sense of protectiveness was coming to life inside him, one he'd never before experienced.

Mademoiselle Veronique returned with a fresh bottle of schnapps. She filled Dimitri's glass, saw that Klaus's glass still was mostly full, then set the bottle down on the table. She left without saying a word. Mademoiselle Veronique was a proprietress who knew when to hold her tongue and be invisible.

As Tatiana continued talking to Klaus, Dimitri appraised the fullness of her breasts,

hidden beneath her high-necked black woolen dress. How could any man have such a wife, Dimitri wondered, and despise her? Even if she were a fool, which Tatiana wasn't, just being near such beauty would be satisfying enough to keep any man home at night.

Suddenly aware that Tatiana was looking at him, Dimitri lifted his gaze. There was humor in the purplish-blue depths of her eyes.

"You were staring at my breasts, Prince Dimitri." There was an amused half-smile on her lips, and not the least bit of censure in her tone. "Do you find them attractive?"

This time it was Dimitri's turn to grin. "As a matter of fact, yes."

Tatiana cupped the twin mounds from the underside to raise them slightly. The move caused the breath to catch in Dimitri's throat.

"Do you know what Vadim says these are? He says these are cow's teats. How do you think a woman would feel if her husband says she has the breasts of a cow?"

Tatiana issued a short laugh, but Dimitri saw the bitterness and pain in her eyes, and heard it in her false laughter. Even if she despised the man and everything he stood for, a woman couldn't possibly hear something like that said about her without feeling as though she'd been cut with an invisible knife's serrated blade. The wound wouldn't be clean and neat; it would be jagged and painful and leave an ugly scar that nobody would see.

Dimitri's hand unconsciously clenched into a fist, and he thought, *It's going to be a major disappointment for me if I don't get the chance to put a bullet in Prince Vadim Antropov.*

"What do you think, Klaus? Do I have the udder of a cow?" she asked, turning toward the German.

The men watched as Tatiana lifted her breasts even higher. She squeezed the mounds, her fingers pressing deeper, and Dimitri's penis, which had been at the ready since his first introduction to Tatiana in the alley, began growing with startling swiftness.

She turned back toward Dimitri, still caressing her own bosom, and asked, "Would these excite you, Prince Dimitri? If I took my dress and corset off for you, would you look upon me as a cow or a woman?"

A vein throbbed in Dimitri's temple. For a moment he asked himself whether Tatiana was behaving so brazenly because she had gotten intoxicated. It was an uncharacteristic thought, since he'd never before cared *why* a woman lost her inhibitions so long as she lost them.

Tatiana said, "When we were in your coach, I could feel that you had gotten ... aroused, Prince Dimitri." She pinched her nipples through the bodice of her dress, and long, dark lashes batted briefly against her cheeks. "Whenever that happens with—with you know who—I'm ashamed of myself. I'm sickened at what I've done to him. But with you"—her gaze darted to Klaus before returning to Dimitri—"with you and Klaus, it's different. I don't feel dirty because of it. I feel wanted. Pretty." She pinched her nipples a bit more firmly, and once again her lashes lowered. She uttered the softest of moans. "With you men ... I behave like a whore but I feel like a woman. A complete woman ... for the first time in my life." She closed her eyes yet again. "I am sinful with you two."

Simultaneously, Klaus and Dimitri slid on the horseshoe-shaped leather bench seat until they were sitting so close to Tatiana that their knees touched. Looking down between the table and Dimitri's body, she saw the swollen bulge of his captured erection straining against his trousers. When she reached for it, Dimitri caught her by the wrist.

“No, Tatiana,” he said, a sudden commanding quality in his tone. There was confusion in Tatiana’s violet eyes, and the dashing Russian prince smiled wolfishly. For the moment, he wanted her a little off balance. “There’s something you must do first.”

“Anything,” Tatiana replied with embarrassing haste. She was beyond decorum.

“Take your bloomers off, Tatiana. Take them off now and give them to me.” He watched as her eyes widened in astonishment. Raising his hand with the index finger extended like a private tutor admonishing his student, he shook his head and added, “I don’t want to hear another word out of you until you’re *accessible* under that skirt.” His inflection was a direct caress to her clitoris.

As Tatiana pulled up her dress, reaching beneath the skirt and petticoats for the drawstring of her bloomers, Dimitri and Klaus made good use of their time. While Tatiana rocked from side to side to lower the silk undergarment past the curve of her hips and down her legs, the men with her were busy unfastening buttons and opening flies.

“I can’t reach them,” Tatiana said when her bloomers were around her ankles. “The table’s in the way and you’re sitting too close for me to get to them.”

“Leave them where they are.” Dimitri’s voice had lost much of its smoothness. The fly of his tuxedo trousers was unbuttoned, and his cock, thick and long and almost quivered with readiness, stood out from his loins. “They’re of no consequence now.”

Klaus smiled knowingly and explained, “They’re silk, Dimitri. I knew she was a lady of means the moment I touched her stockings.” Klaus caught a lock of Tatiana’s hair at her temple and twirled it around his fingertip. “Only a landed lady can afford silk stockings and silk bloomers.” As if discussing nothing more intimate than if she preferred roses over daisies in the sunroom when she took her morning tea, he asked, “Is your chemise silk as well?”

Tatiana nodded. She looked straight into the German’s ice blue eyes and added with a hint of challenge in her tone, “As is the lining of my corset. Nothing else feels quite like silk against my skin.”

“An underbust or overbust corset?” Klaus asked.

“Underbust.” Her eyes closed, and a small quiver went through her as she added, “So that my nipples and areolas show.”

The words prompted action by the men. Each took Tatiana’s nearest hand and brought it to a formidable erection.

## Chapter Four

Tatiana wrapped the fingers of her left hand around the shaft of Klaus's cock and whispered, "Oh, my God!" And then, when Dimitri brought her hand to his enflamed erection, her eyes widened even more as she gasped, "You're both so..."

Klaus prompted, "Big?"

Tatiana looked into his eyes, just inches from her own, and she whispered, "Horses!" She looked at what filled her fists, then back up into Klaus's gaze. "That's what my friend calls it when a man is really, really big!"

It was Dimitri who chimed in with, "I'd whinny about now, but I'm sure I can't get my voice high enough."

The men each had a hand over hers, keeping her hands in place upon their erections. Tatiana felt giddy as the men began moving her hands, schooling her in how they wanted to be stroked. The giddiness, Tatiana knew, could only partially be blamed on the delicious champagne that Mademoiselle Veronique had selected. She was a little tipsy, but nothing more than that—not drunk enough to completely relinquish her entire sense of propriety. But she was with a beguiling Russian prince and a roguish German count, and that had to be the real reason sanity had left her.

"Believe me when I say that not only have I never done anything like this," Tatiana whispered, "I've never even *thought* about anything like this." She flinched at the concluding statement, knowing that it was correct to the letter, but not in spirit. In fact, Tatiana's dreams had often caused her to awaken with a racing heart and feelings of sexual intemperance, even though she had been alone in her bed.

Klaus slipped a hand between her knees, sliding her skirt and petticoats up her legs as he replied, "You're about to have your horizons expanded."

Dimitri, as he worked Tatiana's hand from the base of his enormous erection all the way up to the tip, added in a tempting purr that held luscious promise, "Expanded considerably, I should think."

Dimitri grabbed Tatiana's knee and raised her leg, lifting and pulling it to the side so that her leg was over his. As soon as Klaus did the same with her other leg, Tatiana was sitting with her legs spread wide apart, and had a cock filling each hand.

She rested her head against the high-backed booth and closed her eyes. She sensed the eyes of the men on her—*her* men, as she now possessively thought of Klaus and Dimitri—and she loved the way it made her feel. Her posture was obscene. Not just obscene, *publicly* obscene. Tatiana had no doubts of that. But it was the danger that added one more element of eroticism to Tatiana's out of control passions. She'd never before ever dreamed of doing anything sexually daring and adventurous. She'd never really thought it was in her nature to. Now she realized that adventurousness had always been in her nature, it was just Vadim who couldn't inspire it in her.

A hand reached the juncture of her thighs. Tatiana wasn't sure if it was Klaus or Dimitri who was touching her delicately, erotically. All she needed to do was open her eyes and she would have the answer, but *not* knowing added to her pleasure.

She stroked her hands up and down the two hard cocks, feeling the masculine heat going straight into her blood.

The soft “Oh!” caused Tatiana to open her eyes. She found herself looking up into Mademoiselle Veronique’s face. Tatiana clamped her legs together, and took her hands away from Klaus and Dimitri. She blushed crimson in an instant. When she looked up again at Mademoiselle Veronique, it was hard to tell whether the proprietress was frowning or struggling to keep from smiling.

Klaus gave Mademoiselle Veronique a somewhat sheepish smile. Tatiana noted that the woman was paying *very* close attention to Klaus’s erection. The table hid Dimitri’s cock from her view. When she lifted her eyebrows in inquiry, he slid around in the booth so that she could see his arousal.

“I had heard the rumor that you men were well endowed,” she said, keeping her voice low. There were men and women in the neighboring booths. “I’m afraid that the rumors have not done you justice. I haven’t been interested in men in more than a decade, but you two men are, quite simply, beautiful to look at.” She smiled. “If I were fifteen years younger...”

Tatiana smoothed her skirt down over her legs. She’d never been more mortified at her own behavior, nor more embarrassed, in her entire life. What madness had overcome her to make her behave so wantonly?

Mademoiselle Veronique put her hands on the table, leaning forward so she could speak even more quietly to the trio.

“You are one lucky woman, my dear,” she said to Tatiana. Turning to Klaus, she said, “For the first time since I’ve owned this place, I’m going to make an exception to the rules. I know that people are *always* making exceptions for you and Dimitri, so at least I know I’m in good company there. I’m going to open up my personal office to you. I’ve never let anyone in there. Nobody.”

She straightened, picked Klaus’s cape off the hook on the side of the booth and handed it to him, then with a nod of her head indicated she wanted them to follow.

“No. I can’t,” Tatiana whispered, her tone indicating she was at the edge of panic.

In a low voice that would brook no denial, Dimitri said, “You’re coming with me.” Then he smiled wickedly and added, “And you can take that to mean anything you want.”

Dimitri pulled Tatiana out of the booth. She tried to resist him, but he was much stronger than she. The instant she was out of the booth and on her feet, she stumbled, her right foot coming down on the flawless Chinese silk that was wrapped around her left ankle. The moment she lost her balance, Klaus grabbed her by the elbow. The next step Tatiana took freed her of her silk bloomers, which remained on the floor behind her.

“Wait!” she hissed, looking over her shoulder at the snowy white undergarment on the floor, stark evidence of her own indiscretion. She tried to stop Dimitri and Klaus from pulling her along, but she wasn’t strong enough to slow them down much less stop them entirely.

They had only a short walk, less than twenty feet to an arched door. Mademoiselle Veronique fished a key from the pocket of her skirt as she walked, inserting it in the lock while hardly breaking stride. She pushed the door open wide and stepped aside so that Klaus and Dimitri could enter, pulling Tatiana along behind them. Mademoiselle Veronique entered the office last.

“Stop! Wait just a minute!” Tatiana panted when the door to the office had closed with an eerie sound of finality.

Mademoiselle Veronique’s private office was nothing like what Tatiana would have



expected. There were no garish red lampshades, no red velvet pillows hiding semen stains on the furniture. Rather, the walls were lined with bookcases, and a single large mahogany desk was to the left, facing into the room. On the opposite side was a very large sofa, perhaps seven feet long and upholstered in navy blue brocade. The sofa was bracketed with two overstuffed chairs of identical upholstery. Rather than bawdy, the office whispered of solidity, stability and feminine strength.

"This isn't a whorehouse," Mademoiselle Veronique said with understated offense, reading Tatiana's expression. "You shouldn't be so shocked."

"I'm sorry," Tatiana replied. "I ... I'm just so confused and—"

She would have said more, but at that moment both Dimitri and Klaus tossed their capes onto one of the overstuffed chairs. When they turned toward her, she got her first truly unimpeded view of their erections, pale against the ebony trousers of their tuxedos, and the sight of such masculine abundance literally took her breath away. She put a hand to her chest and took a step backward.

"Oh, my!" she whispered.

Despite her experience in such matters, even Mademoiselle Veronique was impressed with the extravagant dimensions of her handsome customers.

"I haven't been tempted to touch a man in more than a decade." Mademoiselle Veronique's tone became low, spiced with sensuality as she concluded, "Until now." She kissed Tatiana on the cheek and whispered into her ear, "You seem to have an embarrassment of riches. You're a lucky young woman."

When the office door closed behind Mademoiselle Veronique, and Tatiana heard the lock sliding into place from the outside, the reality of what was happening hit her like a physical force. Tatiana had often, in the hazy world of half-conscious dreams, thought about what it would be like to be the recipient of the passionate ardor of two men, to feel their kisses burn and bruise her lips with their hunger for her, to feel two sets of powerful, masculine hands touching, probing, squeezing ... but those were just dreams that she never imagined might possibly come true. But then Dimitri and Klaus came into her life, and those dreams were become all too real...

"Wait ... just wait," she whispered. "I ... I've got to think."

Dimitri shook his head slowly as he shrugged out of his jacket and tossed it into a chair. "I've waited too long for you already," he explained, pulling loose his necktie. He looked down at his erection which was angled slightly upward and was pointing at the object of his desire. He smiled at Tatiana and added, referring to his erection, "*He's* waited too long, as well."

As though narcotized by their masculine beauty, Tatiana stood motionless, her mouth open just a little, her violet eyes distinctly glazed as Dimitri and Klaus undressed quickly, both men completely confident and at ease with his own nudity. Both men were obviously ready for Tatiana, though she wasn't so certain she was ready for them.

Klaus was taller, broader; Dimitri was shorter, leaner. One had almost snow-blond hair clipped short; the other had shoulder-length hair the color of a raven's wing. There was a puckered scar high on Klaus's left shoulder, and Tatiana suspected it had been caused by a bullet. A long pale scar along Dimitri's ribs on the left side had been caused by a knife. Tatiana had no doubt about that one.

They were young, powerful lions. And they were looking at Tatiana like they wanted to sink their teeth into her.

As they crossed the room to her, Tatiana put a hand to her forehead and whispered, "I've got to think. You've got to give me time to think."

Klaus, towering over Tatiana, said softly, "Thinking is the last thing you want to do right now." He pulled a pin from Tatiana's hair, then a second one. "This is a time for feeling, not thinking."

When Klaus pulled the third pin from Tatiana's hair, her honey blonde tresses tumbled over her shoulders and down her back. When he fluffed her hair with his fingers, Tatiana moaned softly. Her nerve endings all seemed supernaturally sensitized.

Dimitri cupped Tatiana's face in his palm, turning her toward him. When he kissed her, lightly pressing his lips over hers, she moaned again, her body swaying almost drunkenly.

She kissed them in turns, allowing Dimitri to explore her mouth with his tongue, then turning moist lips to Klaus for pleasuring. As one man kissed her, the other was busy with the buttons of her dress.

"This isn't fair," Tatiana whispered as Klaus and Dimitri pushed her dress over her shoulders and down her body, taking her petticoats down with them.

She stepped out of the garments while Klaus unhooked her corset. Tatiana's stockings, attached by garters to her corset, were removed, and finally her camisole.

"I feel like I'm drunk, but I know I'm not," Tatiana whispered. "Why am I letting this happen?"

They took her by the hands and guided her over to the sofa. There was nothing in Tatiana's personal history to prepare her or educate her as to what would be expected of her. This was far beyond anything she had ever done sexually, beyond even what she had fantasized about. Her adolescent fantasies of being seduced by a knight in shining armor never included *two* knights in armor *at the same time*. She was no virgin, to be sure ... but what does one do when being seduced by two men simultaneously?

They sat on the sofa. Klaus pushed his fingers into Tatiana's golden hair, turning her face toward him. As his mouth sealed over hers, Dimitri's warm lips captured Tatiana's nipple. She moaned into Klaus's mouth, a low, warbling sound of unprecedented passion. Strong hands touched her knees, pulling them apart to expose her to intimate caresses.

Tatiana spread her arms, putting one around Klaus's massive shoulders as she hugged Dimitri to the lush mound of her breast with the other. A caressing finger eased between her moist labia, pushing in slowly, careful to judge her readiness. Tatiana wondered whether it was Dimitri or Klaus invading her most intimate place. It didn't really matter. She adored them both equally, lusting after them with a primitive, primordial need that she had never before experienced or even knew was possible.

"That's it, darling Tatiana," Klaus whispered. "Just let yourself feel." He traced the perimeter of her mouth with the tip of his tongue, then eased down on the sofa. "Such beautiful breasts! So big and beautiful!" He opened his mouth wide, sucking as much of her nipple and areola into his mouth as possible.

Tatiana cried out in momentary shock when she felt Klaus take her breast into his mouth. To have two hot, wet mouths caressing her nipples simultaneously was an electrifying experience. Looking down, Tatiana was given the surreal pleasure of watching two handsome men feasting on the extravagant mounds of her breasts, sucking and licking and nibbling on jewel-hard, wickedly responsive nipples. She realized then that these men could make her come just from sucking on her nipples.

Dimitri eased off the sofa, settling on his knees on the floor. "Look at me," he said to Tatiana. "Watch what I do."

Tatiana leaned slightly to the side to have an unobstructed view of the Russian prince. When their gazes locked, he leaned forward slowly until his mouth was scant inches from her pussy. He blew softly on her labia for a moment, teasing her. And finally, when he pressed his mouth to Tatiana and thrust his tongue into her, she cried out in shock, her body jolted by the exquisite sensation of a skillfully delivered oral caress. She tried to close her legs, but Dimitri was much stronger than she, and he forced her knees obscenely wide apart as he dragging his tongue through the petals of her pussy until he reached her clitoris. He sucked the small, pink button of flesh between his lips, flicking his tongue from side to side.

Tatiana had very little forewarning of her orgasm. Dimitri had two fingers inside her pussy and was sucking tenderly upon her clitoris when suddenly the climactic spasms began. Tatiana gasped an obscenity as she arched her back, thrusting her pubis upward against Dimitri's tantalizing mouth. And when at last the spasms subsided, she slumped back down onto the brocade sofa, gasping for air, a faint sheen of perspiration glistening on her naked body.

"I thought ... I would die," she whispered.

Dimitri was smiling as she straightened his body, remaining on his knees on the floor.

"That was just the beginning," he said, guiding the flaring crown of his erection to her still-tingling pussy.

Watching the movement of powerful muscles just beneath the surface of the skin in Dimitri's torso, Tatiana whispered with frank honesty, "Your body is flawless."

Tatiana would have said more, but Dimitri pushed the crown of his erection into her, making an initial short invasion before quickly retreating. On his second thrust, he buried much more of his steely erection within her welcoming body, and she cried out in pleasure, feeling herself being invaded more deeply than ever before, her body immediately adjusting to Dimitri's extravagant size.

She did not realize that Klaus was no longer sitting beside her until he pushed his fingers into her hair and forcibly turned her face to the side. He was kneeling on the sofa, his cock hard and thick and distinctly intimidating with its size and obvious power. Tatiana wrapped her fingers around the enormous shaft and stroked from base to tip. A drop of fluid formed at the slit.

*I am a very bad woman,* Tatiana thought as she smoothed the slippery pearl of fluid around the head of Klaus's arousal with her thumb. *These men inspire me to intemperance. There must be a poison in my blood for me to want them so...*

Tatiana knew what he wanted from her. It was what her husband used to want her to do, back when he desired her, back when he hadn't despised her as he did now. With Prince Vadim, taking his penis into her mouth was something she was obliged to do, though Tatiana never took any pleasure in the act. But with Klaus, it was quite a different matter entirely. Tatiana wanted to see the passion and pleasure shine in his eyes as she sucked his cock, working her lips and tongue over his lust-hardened flesh to drive him insane with desire.

With her body rocking from the steadily increasing onslaught of Dimitri's hips, Tatiana opened her lips and Klaus pushed his cock between them. As she drew a firm

suction on Klaus, Tatiana wondered if he wanted her to swallow his passion, and she wondered, too, whether she wanted to. The mere fact that she even asked herself the question was testimony to how aroused these two men made her.

It was hardly the most comfortable position to make love, though Tatiana was unlikely to complain. Her head and shoulders were against the backrest of the long sofa, her hips at the edge of the cushions. Prince Dimitri was between her thighs, working his hips back and forth, driving the entire length of his erection to the depths of her sweetly clasp channel. Klaus was kneeling on the sofa near Tatiana's left shoulder, his frightening penis stone-solid and amazingly thick. When he pushed his cock between Tatiana's butter-soft lips, she was unable to hold more than just the crown and an inch of the shaft in her mouth. Trying to take any more of his erection between her lips meant taking him into her throat, and that was something Tatiana couldn't possibly do.

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Dimitri thrust forward, driving hard into Tatiana's receptive body. When his pelvis collided with hers, he paused a moment, his arousal fully embedded within her sweet, wet warmth. Looking down at where their bodies were joined, he withdrew slowly and watched his cock slide slowly out of her. In the back of his mind, Dimitri kept thinking that he shouldn't be this excited. Tatiana was beautiful, to be sure, but most of his lovers were quite beautiful. She had an amazing body with bountiful breasts that were large and firm, trim hips, and legs that were meant to surround a man's hips as they made love, but many of Dimitri's lovers had exquisite figures.

Dimitri kept telling himself that he had enough experience at seducing women that he should have a more cavalier attitude toward what he was now doing in Mademoiselle Veronique's private office. Except what his mind was telling him wasn't what his body was feeling. He was rapidly losing control of himself, his cock harder than he could ever remember it being. And even though he had only stroked his erection into Tatiana perhaps a dozen times, he could already feel the tingling in his testicles that warned him it wouldn't be long before he exploded.

Trying to calm his ardor, to cool his passion just a little, Dimitri turned his gaze away from where his body joined with Tatiana's. He looked at her face, in profile to him, but that did absolutely nothing to dampen his feverish senses, because the vision of eroticism presented to him was nearly enough to give him a climax right then and there. Tatiana's chin was nearly touching her shoulder, and her features were distorted as she took Klaus's thick cock back and forth between the soft fullness of her lips, her cheeks hollowed with the suction she provided.

"She's so fucking tight," Dimitri groaned, his teeth clenched. He had meant to sound casual, to appear as a man in complete control of himself and his surroundings, but the words came out piano-wire tight. The tension gripping his body and soul was quite evident.

He turned his gaze from Tatiana's face down to her breasts. Driving hard into her, he watched the way the ripe, heavy mounds rolled back and forth, the areolas pale pink and the width of his palm, the nipples cylindrical and distended, displaying Tatiana's passion.

*I shouldn't be this excited this fast,* thought Dimitri, angry with himself because he could feel his orgasm approaching at a galloping pace. Under normal circumstances with other women, his orgasmic discipline was a matter of legend. He could "pull the trigger," as he liked to call it, at his own discretion, whenever he wanted to. But with Princess

Tatiana, he could no more slow down his roiling emotions than he could change the phases of the moon.

Everything about Tatiana excited him. She was a treat to all the senses. Dimitri watched, transfixed with lust, as his best friend's solid cock distorted her delicate features with her jaws so wide open. She reached down with her right hand to use the pads of her first two fingers against her clitoris as Dimitri filled her sweet cleft with his cock. She had hardly touched herself for fifteen seconds, working her fingers in a circular motion, when suddenly her right leg extended, toes pointing straight out as her voluptuous body began shuddering through yet another climax.

Tatiana moaned around Klaus's jaw-stretching erection as she trembled, her body shuddering through orgasmic spasms.

It was more than Dimitri could take. He withdrew a fraction of a second before the thick, milky eruptions of sperm raced through the length of his cock to spew from him. The cum arched through the air, hitting the underside of Tatiana's right breast, leaving a gooey trail of cream down to the rectangular patch of silky blonde hair at her pubis.

Dimitri's orgasm had barely concluded before Klaus's started. Withdrawing from the princess's oral embrace, he angled his erection away from her face and erupted, his sperm sticking to the perspiration-moistened mounds of her breasts.

"I've never ... come so hard ... in my life," Dimitri said with more honesty than he had intended.

Tatiana was taking gulping breaths, exhausted from being the sole recipient of lusty attention from two extremely virile men. Her breasts, stomach and pubis were slick with the combined release of two men.

She issued a smile that was soft and weak, and said in a purr, "Dimitri, thank you for not climaxing inside me."

"You're welcome." He gave her his most charming rogue's smile. "It's what a gentleman does, and the pleasure was all mine."

"Not exclusively," Tatiana replied.

Dimitri thought, *Prince Vadim doesn't deserve to have her. She's a priceless jewel who doesn't realize how precious she really is.*

He heard a key being fitted into the door's lock. He hoped Mademoiselle Veronique maintained her amenable disposition toward the use of her private office.

## Chapter Five

Mademoiselle Veronique opened the door to her office, glanced over her shoulder to make sure that she wasn't being followed by either patrons or employees, then pushed the wheeled cart into the room and quickly closed the door.

When she looked toward the sofa, the young blonde woman, having been surprised by her entrance into the room, was frantically trying to figure out how to cover her nudity. But her clothes were on the floor halfway across the room, and when she covered herself with her hands, there was all that sperm on her breasts and stomach to deal with. Seeing the pale-skinned woman, her body gleaming with a combination of perspiration and semen, her whole body and being practically glowing from the aftereffects of carnal satisfaction, made Mademoiselle Veronique wonder whether she herself shouldn't come out of sexual retirement. The only men that tempted her were Count Klaus and Prince Dimitri. Either one could seduce a nun into iniquitous sin. Or, as the young blonde woman with the exquisitely shaped breasts had no doubt just discovered, perhaps having both of them simultaneously would be the ultimate thrill. For all of Mademoiselle Veronique's former libidinous excess, she had never been the fulcrum of a *ménage à trois*.

"Do not be embarrassed," Mademoiselle Veronique said, pushing the cart toward the sofa as the woman, bracketed by two large and completely naked men, squirmed in abject humiliation. "There is nothing you can say or do that would shock me." She stepped up to the sofa, smiling down at the woman, making a point of not looking at either of the men sitting on the sofa with her. "What is your name, darling?"

The pale woman closed her violet eyes, put her face in her hands, and said through her fingers, "Prin—ummm ... Tatiana. My name is Tatiana, and I've never been more ashamed and embarrassed in my life."

*Princess Tatiana Antropov?* Thought Mademoiselle Veronique. Though she was stunned to discover the identity of her newest patron, this did not show in her expression. Too many years of making a handsome living by guarding the lurid secrets of St. Petersburg's wealthy, powerful and dissipated prevented her from ever allowing that kind of surprise to show in her outward appearance. While she had never met Tatiana before, Mademoiselle Veronique knew of the princess's husband. Prince Vadim showed up at her establishment occasionally, always with a prostitute of varying quality and expense on his arm, boasting in a loud and blustery voice, giving denigrating demands to her staff as though he were the Czar instead of just another one of the legions of disgraced and impoverished Russian royalty. He had the title, and if his parents hadn't had the good sense to arrange his marriage to Tatiana through her parents, that's all he would have.

Mademoiselle Veronique was glad now that she had taken the time to fill a pitcher with hot water for her guests, along with the champagne and schnapps to fortify them. She had intended the soap, water and wash cloths for Dimitri and Klaus. After all, they were steady customers, they always paid their bills on time and they were known to give additional money for particularly attentive service. But now it was quite clear to Mademoiselle Veronique that it was Princess Tatiana who needed the soap and water most. Besides, with that body, she was an enticement even a saint couldn't resist. And for

Mademoiselle Veronique, it had been so *very* long...

She took the pitcher and poured steaming water into the matching porcelain bowl, then put a wash cloth into the water. When she sank to her knees in front of Princess Tatiana, the younger woman started fidgeting nervously, even more than she had earlier.

"Relax now, darling," Mademoiselle Veronique said in a purr. "Let me wash you. I'll take care of you."

"This isn't necessary," Tatiana replied. She received an arch look from Mademoiselle Veronique, and added quickly, "I can do it myself."

"Shhh! There's no reason to make such a fuss."

Mademoiselle Veronique took Tatiana by the wrist, lifting her hand away from her pubis. With the wet wash cloth she cleaned Tatiana's hand, paying careful attention to each individual finger. She rinsed the cloth, and then cleaned Tatiana's other hand. All outward appearances of Mademoiselle Veronique's actions were entirely innocent, though her heart was beating faster and faster.

"Let me take care of you, Princess Tatiana." Her gently confident gaze met the princess's suddenly anxious one. "Yes, I know who you are, my dear. There isn't much in St. Petersburg that I don't hear about sooner or later." She put her hands on the inside of Tatiana's knees and gently forced them apart before crawling forward. "Your modesty is charming but unnecessary. I'm only here to be of service." She smiled warmly, her expression only faintly colored by desire. "I'm quite certain you've had chambermaids taking care of you since you were a baby. If it'll make you feel better, you can think of me as your servant."

Tatiana's cheeks and ears were pink with embarrassment. She answered, "Yes, I have servants ... but I've never asked them to..."

"Shhh, my lady. You can ask anything of me." The timbre of Mademoiselle Veronique's voice implied that any and all sexual requests would be warmly received.

Using the damp cloth, Mademoiselle Veronique started with Tatiana's throat, gently and carefully wiping the delicate skin clean, rinsing the cloth out repeatedly in the warm water. As she began cleansing Tatiana's breasts, the younger woman started squirming again. Mademoiselle Veronique felt a spark of excitement blaze to life inside herself—the first sensual spark she'd felt in quite some time. As Tatiana squirmed, Mademoiselle Veronique paid rather more careful attention to cleaning the extravagant mounds of her bosom than was necessary.

Casting a critical eye toward the languorous, naked men bracketing Tatiana on the sofa, Mademoiselle Veronique asked with accusatory sarcasm, "Was this just you two men, or have you brought an army in here that I didn't notice?"

"Just Klaus and myself, I'm afraid," Dimitri answered.

"You men have made quite a mess of this lovely woman." She turned her attention to Tatiana and made a face. "Making love with men is an untidy business."

Tatiana put a hand over her eyes in embarrassment. She whispered, "I can't believe I'm hearing this. I can't believe I'm even here. And I most certainly can't believe what I've just done, or what is happening right now." She shuddered. "How did things get so far?"

Tatiana tried to sit up a little straighter on the sofa, but Mademoiselle Veronique put a hand on her stomach to stop her. She wanted Tatiana to stay where she was, half-reclining on the seat cushion with her lovely breasts spread toward the sides of her body,

her flat stomach with its indented navel teasing Mademoiselle Veronique to lick it, her shapely thighs straddling her as she knelt as though in homage to the princess's beauty.

After rinsing the cloth clean yet again, Mademoiselle Veronique had finally reached Tatiana's sex. Slowly and carefully, she began washing the golden pubic hair, wiping away the residual sperm that had matted the soft hairs. When she was at last finished, Mademoiselle Veronique surveyed her handiwork and felt her own pussy getting warm and wet for the first time in years.

"This woman is a goddess," she said, her dark eyes roaming slowly over Tatiana's splendid nudity. "I don't believe I've ever seen such flawless beauty. Her skin is like satin."

Mademoiselle Veronique, kneeling on the floor between Tatiana's wide-spread thighs, leaned over the princess, heading toward the pink tip of her left breast. Tatiana gasped and quickly put her hands on Mademoiselle Veronique's shoulders, stopping her progress. Dimitri and Klaus acted quickly then, putting Tatiana's arms around their shoulders, each grasping a wrist. They held her securely with her arms outstretched over their broad, naked shoulders, her golden body on display and completely accessible to their hostess.

"No need to go anywhere, darling," Dimitri said, his fingers tight around Tatiana's wrist. "Mademoiselle Veronique is, I suspect, only trying to be helpful."

Klaus chuckled and added, "A polite guest should accept hospitality from her hostess. Besides, I'd like to watch ... and there's really no reason for you to resist."

Tatiana squirmed on the sofa, but the men were very strong, and they restrained her with little effort. Her quivering breasts and ineffectual struggles were an aphrodisiac to Mademoiselle Veronique. Her gaze went slowly over Tatiana, drinking in the princess's beauty before dancing left and right. When she noticed that both Klaus and Dimitri were once again developing erections, she was confident that she was not trespassing on territory her customers considered proprietary. Mademoiselle Veronique's long-dormant flair for exhibition, she decided, was satisfying a sense of voyeurism in Klaus and Dimitri.

"I've brought something for you," Mademoiselle Veronique said in a purr of words, leaning away from Tatiana, sitting on the backs of her heels. "Klaus thought it might be a good idea."

She extracted from beneath a towel on the cart a silk purse. Reaching inside, she produced a small piece of India rubber.

"A Dutch cap," Tatiana stated quietly, recognizing the contraceptive cervical cap. She smiled dreamily. "How thoughtful of you, Klaus."

Mademoiselle Veronique's eyes met Tatiana's. "A Dutch cap works better than Greek sponges, and they are more comfortable." Her gaze drifted to Tatiana's breasts, then down to her pussy. By the time she was once again looking into the princess's eyes, Mademoiselle Veronique's breathing had quickened considerably, and her hands were trembling faintly. "Perhaps it would be best if I helped you with it."

Mademoiselle Veronique caressed the princess's vagina lightly with her fingertips, and Tatiana whispered, "Oh, God ... what's happening?"

Dimitri, holding securely onto Tatiana's wrist so that her arm would remain around his shoulders, answered, "Not God, just Mademoiselle Veronique. Relax and enjoy. Besides, I always enjoy a good show."



Mademoiselle Veronique touched Tatiana's pink-lipped entrance with a caress that was feather-soft. Tatiana flinched.

"I've never ... never even considered..." Tatiana whispered, her escalating passion and confusion plainly evident.

"Relax now. Let me take care of you," Mademoiselle Veronique purred.

She set the small rubber cervical cap on Tatiana's stomach, and then placed both of her hands on the inside of the princess's thighs so that her thumbs were close together. Gently, she used her thumbs to ease apart delicate tissue, exposing the inner pink flesh and the small, pulsing clitoris.

As Tatiana squirmed, Mademoiselle Veronique studied her sex with a connoisseur's eye. After several seconds, she said, "You poor child, you're swollen. These brutes have ravaged you." Her gaze lifted to Klaus, a flash of anger in her eyes conveying all she needed to say without words. "You should be wetter than this for me to put the cap in," Mademoiselle Veronique whispered to Tatiana, her gaze clouding over with desire. "You've got to be wet or the cap won't slide in properly." She shuddered in anticipation, then said with blatant dishonesty, "I *only* want to help."

With a sigh of contentment, Mademoiselle Veronique lowered her shoulders even more and brought her mouth to the delicate pink lips of Tatiana's pussy. She eased her tongue between the slick folds of tissue, licking upward until she reached Tatiana's clitoris. There, she circled the button of flesh briefly before flicking her tongue over it.

Tatiana might have said something. Perhaps she only moaned. Mademoiselle Veronique couldn't discern what the words were—if, in fact, they were actual words—and frankly didn't much care. Even if Tatiana had begged her to stop what she was doing, Mademoiselle Veronique wouldn't have because her body was responding instantly to caressing lips and tongue. The princess's body was responding favorably to lesbian caresses, whether she was happy about it or not.

Mademoiselle Veronique pressed her mouth against Tatiana's pussy, her nose getting tickled by short, slightly curly blonde hair. She worked her tongue through the princess's fleshy cleavage, careful to remain gentle despite her own rapidly escalating passion. Tatiana's labia were still swollen from vigorous activity, and as Mademoiselle Veronique had seen for herself, both Klaus and Dimitri were magnificently endowed.

Opening her eyes, Mademoiselle Veronique looked at Tatiana through the mounds of her breasts. In the young princess's eyes was a mixture of anxiety and awe, fear and arousal. She might not like the fact that she was responding powerfully to having a woman's tongue tantalizing her pussy, but that didn't stop her body from reacting exactly as Mademoiselle Veronique had hoped.

Mademoiselle Veronique pulled away from Tatiana. When she smiled, her lips glistened with Tatiana's slick honey. "What are you thinking, my dear? I want to know what you're thinking ... before I make you come."

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Tatiana looked into Mademoiselle Veronique's eyes and thought, *This is sooo wrong! She's a woman! I should be screaming my head off!*

But she didn't scream. She didn't even protest. And other than the almost continual purring moans of carnal delight that came from her, the princess said nothing at all. When Mademoiselle Veronique resumed the oral caresses, working her tongue between Tatiana's labia and whipping her tongue over the lust-hardened clitoris, the unalloyed

pleasure was such that there was no question whether the princess would have an orgasm. The only uncertainty was when Tatiana would climax, and just exactly how powerful it would be.

Tatiana tried to pull her wrist out of Klaus's grasp. He tightened his grip on her wrist, holding her securely. Though she never would have admitted it, the princess enjoyed the fact that Dimitri and Klaus were holding her arms outstretched, preventing her from defending herself against Mademoiselle Veronique's advances. Being so thoroughly dominated by Klaus and Dimitri allowed the princess the patently false alibi of helplessness. It wasn't her fault that Mademoiselle Veronique had decided to force her lesbian attentions on her, Tatiana decided, conveniently accepting her own hypocritical self-justification.

Mademoiselle Veronique leaned away from Tatiana. Her smile had a certain feline quality to it, her lips shimmering with the nectar of Tatiana's pussy. She asked, "What are you thinking, my dear? I want to know what you're thinking ... before I make you come."

Tatiana shook her head weakly. The surface of her skin tingled from head to toe. Her heavy breasts quivered as she took erratic gulping breaths. "This is wrong," Tatiana at last whispered. "You're a woman!"

"Yes, my darling, I am a woman, and so are you." A dark eyebrow lifted mockingly. "And you are *sooo* delicious."

With that, Mademoiselle Veronique resumed devouring the princess's pussy with a slow, sensual approach to pleasuring that made Tatiana feel as though the top of her head was going to come right off. It didn't, of course, though she did arch her back, lewdly thrusting her pelvis forward to mash her pussy against Mademoiselle Veronique's mouth when the orgasmic spasms pulsed through her. Tatiana didn't even try to pretend that she hadn't enjoyed every single second of Mademoiselle Veronique's attentions, though the lesbian aspect of the orgasm was deeply unsettling.

Mademoiselle Veronique picked up the Dutch cap from the sofa cushions where it had fallen from Tatiana's stomach during her orgasmic gyrations. With her right hand, she eased a single finger inside Tatiana. The finger slid in smoothly, the path slick with lubricating honey.

"Ohhh!" Tatiana sighed. "I know it shouldn't feel so good to have a woman touching me, but ... My God, Mademoiselle, you're so gentle ... if I'd ... I'd only known..."

Using two fingers, Mademoiselle Veronique inserted the Dutch cap. Tatiana shivered on the sofa, her nerves electrified, her body ready to receive pleasure from even the most unlikely source.

"Now you won't have to worry about those barbarians making you pregnant," Mademoiselle Veronique said quietly, with a feminine authority only years can give. She kissed Tatiana's abdomen, then played her tongue in the princess's belly button for several seconds before getting to her feet. "Enjoy yourselves. And don't be too rough on her. Just remember that you're big barbarian men, and she's a lady, and a small one at that."

Princess Tatiana, her arms over the shoulders of Klaus and Dimitri, looked into their eyes, and then down at their erections. Both men were, quite literally, up for more loving...

\* \* \* \*

“You wouldn’t believe the pigs she was trying to pawn off on me,” Prince Vadim said to Vladimir. “She said they were young and fresh, but I could see they’d already been used by men. She’s such a liar.”

Vadim looked at the pimp, then at the girl seated across the small table from him. She was just twenty, though she appeared older than that. After having worked in Vladimir’s stable for several years, she was beginning to take on a hard, embittered, utterly cynical appearance. The girl was from Istanbul, Vladimir had claimed, though Vadim was suspicious because pimps quite often tried to make their girls sound foreign and exotic.

“You say you want me to find a thin girl? One who you can do with what you will?” Vladimir’s eyebrows lifted fractionally as he looked at the dissolute prince. His voice dipped conspiratorially. “One without any pubic hair?”

Vadim nodded. “I’m tired of old sows with their big tits. I need someone young and fresh.”

With a nod of his head, Vladimir dismissed the bored prostitute. After she had walked away, he leaned closer to Vadim, and when he spoke, he kept his voice very low, even though there was no one else in the bordello’s lounge to overhear what he had to say.

“Instead of young girls, why not try some young boys?” Vladimir asked. “I can get you some from Turkey. Very young. Slender. No body hair. Very lovely to look at.” He spread his hands palms outward in a gesture of complete openness. “Best of all, nobody will miss them. You can buy a couple from me. If they disappear no one will complain.” There was a wicked gleam in his eyes. “They’ll be virgins. You can do anything you want to with them. Anything.”

Prince Vadim felt the blood drain from his face. Young boys? Lovely young boys? Vadim had never really given boys much consideration as far as sex objects went, but once the subject was raised by Vladimir, it put a lightning bolt of excitement in his veins.

“How much are we talking about?” Vadim asked.

A bead of perspiration formed on the prince’s forehead. He suddenly realized he had unexpected options regarding sex partners. The fact that he could do with the boys *anything he wanted* was an added incentive. He could take his riding crop to them, and there wouldn’t be anything they could say or do to stop him. A rush of desire surged through his veins, the feeling more powerful than any he had experienced in two decades or more. But he was a man in constant financial straits, particularly most recently, and he wanted to get the most value for his expenditure.

Vladimir wagged a palm. “Not an amount you couldn’t come up with.”

“If I buy more than one, say two or even three boys at one time, what would the advantage be to me financially?” He tried to keep the savage glee from his tone. The concept of *buying* someone was so much more tantalizing than simply *renting* a body for a number of hours. A whole new universe of perverted pleasures had suddenly opened up for the prince. “And you’re sure they’ll do as they are told? I can do anything to them I want?”

Vladimir’s smile was without warmth. “Buy two, and I’ll give you the third boy for free.” He shrugged blandly. “As for what you do with them, once I’ve been paid, they’re your property. It is not for me to tell a prince what to do with his”—he smiled sadistically—“slaves.” He raised a single finger heavenward, and lowered his voice even

more for breathless emphasis. "But no credit, my dear Prince Vadim. I can sell you all the boys you want, but you must have the money."

Vadim closed his eyes as a small shiver worked up his spine. He needed money, and he needed it quickly. Princess Tatiana had better open her purse wider than she had in the past, or she'd taste his fists for sure.

\* \* \* \*

*Will this be the sixth orgasm, or the seventh?*

It was an interesting question for Princess Tatiana to ponder as she rocked back and forth on her hands and knees on the sofa, in the process of being spectacularly double-penetrated. Behind her, on his knees, Klaus's powerful hands were on her naked hips to hold her securely as his torso collided with the rounded cheeks of her buttocks, his cock spearing deeply into her receptive body. Kneeling in front of the princess, also on his knees, was Prince Dimitri, his erection beautifully formed and filling her mouth.

The sound of passion so physical it was nearly violent echoed off the walls of the private office. Each time Klaus slammed against Tatiana's buttocks and his cock filled her tight channel, she uttered a little squeak, the sound high-pitched, coming through her nostrils. Klaus's shaft was extremely thick, heavily veined and extraordinarily solid as it tugged at her labia and rubbed against her clitoris, pushing her relentlessly toward her climax.

"Tight," Klaus said with a groan, pummeling the princess's backside as he thrust into her with greater force, his own excitement peaking rapidly. He raised his right hand from Tatiana's hip, then brought his palm down hard on her bottom, his hand striking loudly.

Tatiana flinched in pain and gasped when she was spanked the first time by Klaus. By the time Klaus delivered the fifth stinging slap to her ass, now delivered alternately with both hands to turn her bottom a bright pink, her insides tightened and she began to climax. Intense pleasure and mild pain had become indistinguishable for Tatiana's overloaded sensory system. Her spine arched, first upward and then downward violently, as a tsunami of contradictory emotions pulsed through her.

Sheathing her teeth with her lips, Tatiana was careful to not injure Dimitri as he fed her his erection in short, jerking movements of his hips. She could fit less than a third of his length into her mouth. It was impossible to concentrate solely on giving the sinewy Russian pleasure with her lips and tongue when her own body was wracked by powerful orgasmic seizures.

Tatiana needed time to collect her thoughts and recover her energies after yet another draining, satisfying orgasm. But Klaus and Dimitri were both too far along in their pleasuring to stop. They had already passed the point of no return. Dimitri thrust into her mouth hard, the crown of his erection striking the opening of her throat with such force that Tatiana sputtered, nearly choking on his jaw-gaping dimensions.

Dimitri pushed his hands into Tatiana's luxurious, golden hair, his fingers curling around the silken locks to hold her tightly, keeping her in position to receive his lust. Tatiana felt strands of hair getting pulled from her scalp as Dimitri held her with savage determination. He pumped into her mouth harder, with more energy and less control. His teeth were gritted, lips pulled back to reveal white teeth in a leonine snarl.

The men came simultaneously, their desire peaking on the same thrust, Klaus pouring out his passion inside Tatiana's clasping feminine channel as she drank Dimitri's

thick eruptions...

\*

Princess Tatiana, sitting in the chair beside the sofa, began crossing her legs at the knee. Almost immediately she felt a twinge of pain. She winced, then placed both bare feet on the floor again. Her vagina was sore, her labia pink and decidedly swollen from recent excessive passion. It was the sweetest pain Tatiana had ever known.

Tatiana had a long, black cape around her shoulders. It was Klaus's cape, or perhaps Dimitri's. When she inhaled, she caught the aroma of her own exertions as well as the masculine scent of the cape's owner. Sitting in Mademoiselle Veronique's private office, Tatiana felt a strange sense of serenity at having her lover's cape covering her from shoulders to ankles.

Klaus, leaning back on the sofa, his powerful body glistening with perspiration, his lounge indolent and at ease despite his complete nudity, exhaled a slender stream of cigarette smoke toward the ceiling, and said, "We've got to get Prince Vadim out of her life, and permanently."

Dimitri, seated in the chair on the opposite side of the sofa from Tatiana, replied, "Don't underestimate Vadim's family. They've got a reputation for absolute ruthlessness. They've lost their fortune, but not their pride." He took a hefty swallow of schnapps from his crystal glass. "Vadim is a swine, but to his parents he can do no wrong."

"I don't care what it costs me," Tatiana said. "I've got to be free of him. The Czar and the church ... they will try to stop me unless I have a reason they'll accept to grant me a divorce."

Klaus leaned to the side, patted Tatiana's knee through the cape, and said, "It isn't a question of whether Vadim has a weakness—everyone knows he's got a thousand of them. What's important is to find exactly the right weakness to exploit so that when we tell him he's got to leave you alone, he knows he has no choice but to do what we tell him."

A soft, slightly tremulous smile curled the corners of Tatiana's mouth. "You'd do that for me? You'd really protect me from Vadim?"

"Yes," Klaus answered. But then added almost immediately, "Dimitri and I will do exactly that."

"He's the kind of man who wouldn't hesitate to put a knife in your back. Don't for a second think he's not capable of murder." As much as the princess wanted her detestable husband out of her life, she couldn't let these two men she adored march naively into her own private war. "I've lived with his monstrous behavior for years. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad if I just learned to—"

"No!" Dimitri interjected sharply. "There's no reason for you to not live the life you want." He shook his head and made a crisscrossing motion with his hands. "You don't deserve anything other than happiness."

Tatiana felt tears pool in her eyes, but she refused to shed them. It had been such a crazy and chaotic evening that all of her emotions were heightened, both the good and the bad, the joyous and the sorrowful.

It was Klaus who said, "We'll figure some way of making him leave you alone." He smiled, but it wasn't a friendly expression in the least. "And if he won't listen to reason, then I'm sure that Dimitri and I can figure out how to change his mind."

"He's a dangerous man," Tatiana said softly.

Dimitri looked into her eyes and said quietly, "So are we."

\* \* \* \*

By the time Vadim made it back to where he had left his coach and driver on the side street from the opium den, it was six o'clock in the morning. He was nearly completely sober by that time, but not even liquor or exhaustion could prevent him from feeling anything less than adolescent exuberance. The thought of buying three young, slender, waiflike boys for his very own pleasure to do with whatever he wanted was almost more than even his experienced, debauched imagination could comprehend.

But his carriage, the black lacquered one that he had purchased that spring along with the matching black geldings, wasn't waiting for him. Only his driver waited at the curb.

"Where is my carriage?" Vadim demanded, his eyes widening, a murderous gleam forming in their dark depths.

The coachman, about fifty and wearing livery that was quite obviously several years old, was pale with fear. His voice trembled as he explained, "Men came, my lord! They said you owed them money, and so they took your carriage." He reached into the pocket of his oft-patched jacket, pulling out a slip of paper. "I was told to give this to you."

Vadim took the note and opened it. He recognized the handwriting, the smooth black lines of ink on the crisp watermarked paper. His banker had written: "Prince Vadim, this carriage and the horses will be sold to settle, in part, your debt. To retrieve them for market value, please see me by Friday next. Signed, Igor Larianovich."

Crumpling the paper in his fist, Vadim turned on his driver. "And you just let him take my carriage?"

"There was nothing I could do, my lord! There were four of them, and they had guns! They were from the bank!" the driver implored.

"You fool! You cowardly fool!" Vadim started toward him, his hands clenched into fists. "I'll kill you!"

The driver started running as though the devil himself was after him. It was a fair assessment of the threat he faced.

## Chapter Six

“I’ve already given you your money for the month,” Tatiana said to her husband. “What did you do with it all?” She issued a short, bitter laugh. “As if I don’t know! You’ve spent it on whores and drinks and gambling, like always.”

Tatiana had been sitting at her desk, going through her ledger regarding expenses and income from her various land holdings and the two textile mills, when Prince Vadim barged into her bedroom. It was nearly two-thirty, and he had just now dragged himself out of bed. Wearing a heavy robe of royal blue, he looked even more haggard than usual. Tatiana wondered what debauchery he had indulged in the previous evening, then felt a pang of guilt since she had spent hours in the loving embrace of two exquisitely virile and sensually talented men.

“I need money, Tatiana, and you’re going to give it to me.” He put his hands on the desktop, bending over to glare hatefully at his wife. “I need thirty thousand rubles, and I need it now.”

“Thirty thousand?” Tatiana exclaimed. “That’s nonsense! That’s three times what I give you every month!”

Vadim looked down at Tatiana’s open ledger, and she quickly closed it. She had no intention of ever letting him know just how much money she was worth, what her typical monthly income was, or what foreign investments she had made with her inherited wealth. Tatiana had maintained legal control of the properties she had inherited from her parents. Though it was against custom for a woman to retain property after marrying, the use of several highly paid lawyers had allowed Tatiana keep control of her lands and the income generated from them. Vadim had simply assumed that once Tatiana was his wife, he would then have complete access to her savings as well as income. Though he fumed and raged after their marriage, Tatiana refused to let Vadim take control of her properties.

Lowering his voice, Vadim said, “Listen, you tight-fisted bitch, I need thirty thousand rubles and I need it right now.”

His eyes were more bloodshot than usual, Tatiana noted. And there was a desperation to him that she’d never before witnessed. On the few occasions that Vadim had become physically violent with her, he had always been drinking. He wasn’t drinking now, but Tatiana felt a stab of fear go through her exactly as she had three months earlier, an instant before he slapped her with an open hand, striking her so hard she fell to her knees.

“I can’t give you that much,” Tatiana said, her tone significantly more deferential to her husband now that she was frightened of him. “I’d have to get permission from Mr. Humisov at the bank, and from my solicitor.”

“Why?”

“Because that’s the way my finances are set up. Any withdrawals over a certain amount must be approved and signed for by myself, my banker, and my solicitor.”

“I never should have let you get away with that bullshit when we got married. I’m your husband, goddamn it! I should be the one running the estates.” He straightened up, his red-rimmed eyes filled with hatred as he looked at the young and pretty wife he loathed with every fiber of his being. “What you did isn’t right, Tatiana. Not at all. And

the day is going to come when I'm going to make it right. Do you hear me? The day will come."

"I will get you some money," Tatiana said quietly. She put her hands in her lap so that Prince Vadim wouldn't see they were trembling. She knew from experience that he pounced on any sign of weakness. "It will take a few days though."

"A few days?" he repeated quietly. "You don't have that much time."

Vadim's brow furrowed, and his lips pulled back to reveal his teeth. He slowly walked around the big, rectangular mahogany desk. Tatiana rose to her feet, though it did little to prevent her from feeling intimidated by the man who was her husband in name only.

"Get the money, Tatiana. All of it. I need thirty thousand rubles, and do not tell me you haven't got it in the bank, because I know better."

He smiled then. Tatiana would later realize that his smile should have been her warning, since he hadn't smiled like that at her in years. But he smiled—and then his right hand made a short arc, his palm connecting solidly with her cheek with such savagery that Tatiana didn't even feel herself fall back into her chair. She was dazed by the slap, and in her ears was a high-pitched whining sound.

"I'll take these, for now," Prince Vadim said as he pulled the diamond earrings from his wife's lobes. Each clip with a full karat and a half in weight.

Tatiana was too stunned by the slap to stop Vadim from plucking off her earrings. He already had them in his pocket before she found her voice.

"Those have been in my family for three generations," she protested. "They were my grandmother's."

"Now they're mine." His eyes narrowed venomously. "Write a draft for me, bitch. Thirty thousand. Now."

"I can't. Even if I did, it wouldn't do any good. Mr. Humisov at the bank wouldn't cash it." She rubbed her stinging cheek, blinking her eyes to clear her vision.

Vadim faked slapping Tatiana a second time, and when she flinched, wrapping her arms around her head defensively, he laughed heartily.

"Get my money, you cunt," he whispered, breathing deeply. "You think a little slap is the worst I can do to you? Think again. Think very hard because there isn't much the courts or the Czar is going to do to a husband for disciplining his wife."

When Tatiana turned violet eyes filled with contempt up to Vadim, he slapped her a second time.

"Never look at me like that again," he said.

Vadim was chuckling as he walked out of his wife's private bedroom.

\* \* \* \*

Dimitri looked at his best friend, sitting across from him in the four-passenger berlin carriage, and said, "Klaus, would it be asking too much of our friendship for you to just walk away from Princess Tatiana?"

Klaus took off his Hamburg derby, tugged at his earlobe, and replied, "Funny thing you asking that. You see, that's the exact same question I have for you."

"I wish to hell I had seen her first, then I could lay claim to her."

"If you had seen her first, I would be the gentleman and stay the hell away from her, but you were with me when we met her, so if there is going to be a decision made on who



she wants to be with, it is going to be made by the princess herself.”

Dimitri nodded. “That’s the way I see it, too.” He smiled. “Nothing personal, my good friend, but I’m hoping like hell she picks me.”

Klaus pulled the coach’s window curtain aside to look out. When he spoke, his tone was distant, distracted. “It’s been a week since we were with her, and I haven’t hardly looked at another woman. I was at the museum the other night and saw Natalya Kruitz with Anna Strenikoff. They made it quite clear that I could have them one at a time or both together. Before meeting our delectable Princess Tatiana, I would have jumped at the opportunity to bed those women. Both are attractive; both are married; neither is looking for money or a husband. But when I was looking at them I kept seeing Tatiana’s face in my mind. I ended up making some absurd excuse about having an important meeting with you that I couldn’t miss. That’s when I met you at the club.”

“And proceeded to suck down damned near two bottles.” Dimitri chuckled. “I wondered why you were pouring the vodka down your throat.”

Klaus gave his friend a weak smile. “It just wouldn’t do to have word get around that I’m turning down invitations for a good romp. I’ve worked hard to earn my bad reputation.”

“Here’s a confession for you,” Dimitri said quietly as his private, four-horse carriage headed toward the Kremlin. “Two nights ago my valet brings me an envelope. I recognized the handwriting right away—it was from Lizaveta Dumminov—and I set the envelope aside. I didn’t open it for a full day.”

“What did she want?” Klaus asked. He chuckled and added, “As if I couldn’t guess.”

“She wanted me to come to her”—his eyebrows waggled above eyes glittering with amusement as he concluded in French—“*appartement*. She keeps it just for trysts, and apparently her husband doesn’t know a thing about it.”

Klaus whistled softly. “Lizaveta is gorgeous. You must have been damned tempted.”

“Oh, I was tempted, all right ... but I didn’t act on it. I could have had one of St. Petersburg’s true beauties, and instead I stayed home and read my way through half my library.” Dimitri was shaking his head slowly, as though he found his own actions an unfathomable mystery. “In the past week we’ve both turned down offers of sex because of Tatiana. Have you any idea how stupid that is?”

“Sure I do. The trouble is, once a man gets a taste of Princess Tatiana, all other women seem pretty bloodless, don’t they?”

“Exactly!”

“Exactly, indeed.”

Dimitri thought for a moment, then said, “So let’s make a pact. Neither one of us will go see Tatiana privately. Either we see her together, or we don’t see her at all. Agreed?”

Dimitri leaned closer, extending his hand. He shook Klaus’s hand, sat back in his seat, and moved the curtain again. It was a cool day and the wind had picked up. The breeze off the Bolshaya River was cold and moist against his face.

“You don’t suppose we’re falling in love with her,” Klaus asked, “do you?”

Dimitri sighed. “I sure as hell hope not ... but I’m feeling things I never felt before. Damn.”

Klaus chuckled, reached into his inside jacket pocket for his silver flask of brandy, and replied, “Damn, indeed! Now let’s have a drink on it.”

\* \* \* \*

The breeze off the Bolshaya River seemed particularly cold to Tatiana, but the chill only prompted a smile from her. Wearing a mid-calf length mink coat, she pulled the collar a little more tightly around her throat, and hunched her shoulders, for a moment burying her face in the exquisite chocolate brown softness of the fur.

She had taken her landau carriage to her church, and then dismissed her coachman. The exhibit at the church, she had said, telling a plausible lie, ended at nine o'clock. The coachman could either return home or spend the next several hours in a *taverne* if he wanted. Tatiana had smiled indulgently and told her coachman he didn't have to be entirely sober to drive her home, but he couldn't be blind drunk, either. Then she handed him a two ruble coin, and when he beamed his happiness, she knew that he wouldn't be sober for the ride home.

In the two weeks that had passed since her ill-fated attempt at catching her vile husband "red-handed" so that she might have some grounds for divorce, she had found herself daydreaming much more than usual. In the past, whenever she fantasized, the men in her dreams were always faceless. She could see their bodies, their physiques, their clothes ... but never their faces. But for the past week, whenever she let her mind wander, the faces of her fantasy men were as distinct and vivid in her mind as if she was looking at a photograph—of Klaus and Dimitri.

She never thought of them individually, never just Klaus or just Dimitri. She always thought of them collectively. Six times her servants caught her daydreaming of her lovers, and six times they had stated with some concern that she was flushed and questioned whether she was feeling well.

"I'm perhaps feeling a little under the weather," Tatiana would say.

"Is it the Prince, my lady?" the servants would ask, keeping their voices low. Prince Vadim's reprehensible behavior was no secret to the staff.

Tatiana would nod because she knew that then the questions would end. She always felt guilty for the deception, being innately against deceit of any sort, but what was she to tell her household staff? That she had begun an affair with two of the most eligible bachelors in Russia? That even the most fleeting thought of them caused her clitoris to tingle and her pussy to get dewy? That a hundred times a day she remembered what it had felt like to be on her hands and knees, taking Dimitri's big cock deep into her mouth while Klaus fucked her from behind? Or perhaps she could mention that a very lovely woman of mature years—very nearly fifty, Tatiana had discovered—had licked her pussy until she came so hard she thought her bones had melted, and then inserted a Dutch cap so that pregnancy was impossible?

Not likely.

"Might I offer you a lift?"

So entranced was Princess Tatiana with her reverie that she had not noticed the big, black, lacquered berlin carriage moving along the street beside her as she walked. She looked up to find Dimitri and Klaus inside the carriage.

"Yes, you can."

Dimitri called for his coachman, Viktor, to stop. When he opened the door, Tatiana paused a moment to check up and down the street, making sure she didn't recognize anyone. It wouldn't do to be seen getting into the private carriage of one of St. Petersburg's more infamous roués.

"Sit next to Klaus," Tatiana said, standing at the door to the carriage. "That way I

can look at you both.” When Dimitri moved, Tatiana stepped up into the carriage, taking the rearward facing seat. The carriage immediately began moving. “When I got your note, I read it a dozen times and then burned it in the fireplace.” She smiled. “Who wrote it for you? The handwriting was too feminine to be either of yours.”

“Mademoiselle Veronique was gracious enough to assist us in our plan to see you again,” Dimitri explained.

Princess Tatiana flushed slightly at the mention of the woman’s name. Tantalizing memories of how she had passionately responded to Mademoiselle Veronique’s masterfully delivered cunnilingus was something she tried hard to not think too much about.

The men were wearing black business suits of the finest quality, and for a moment Tatiana just sat quietly and looked at them, amazed at the suppressed, masculine power they exuded. With the curtains down, it was quite dark in the spacious berlin carriage, but Tatiana knew that even in the most brilliant sunlight, Klaus and Dimitri were stunningly handsome men, each in his own way.

“We’ve come up with a plan,” Klaus said.

A stab of fear and anticipation went through Tatiana. Dare she get her hopes up and imagine a life without Vadim? Trying to sound very calm, though her emotions were most certainly quite the opposite, Tatiana asked, “What plan would that be?”

“Vadim has markers all through the city,” Klaus began. “He has gambling debts, wenching debts, and he has liquor bills in at least a dozen public houses throughout St. Petersburg. What Dimitri and I want to do, with your permission, of course, is to buy up those markers. That way Vadim owes the money to me and Dimitri. By consolidating all his debts with us, it’ll give us greater influence over him.”

“You’d do that for me?” Tatiana asked, her voice barely rising above the sound of the horse’s hooves and the rattle of metal-rimmed wheels against cobblestones. “It would cost you a fortune.”

Dimitri grinned and said, “Luckily for you, Klaus and I have several fortunes to spend.”

Tatiana’s mink coat had opened slightly. She closed the coat around her legs. “I could give you the money.”

Klaus shook his head. “We don’t want your money.” He said it in his customary way, which didn’t allow for rebuttal. “Once we buy the markers, we’ll make it known that anyone extending him more credit will become our permanent enemy. What happens after that, we’ll just have to see. If Vadim decides he can live without his drugs and whores, we won’t have much influence over him. But I am doubting that he can go long without his indulgences.”

Tatiana looked away. With a fingertip she moved aside the curtain and looked out at the river, her mind spinning as she considered the possibilities of happiness that would be open to her once her husband was no longer a threat.

She said, “I come from a very old and respectable family. I don’t want a scandal. I cannot do anything that would bring shame to my family name. To get my divorce, I want everyone to know just how swinish a man Vadim really is.” She closed her eyes for a moment. “As you well know, his family can be very, very dangerous, and his parents think Vadim can do no wrong.”

Dimitri said, “We are making some discreet inquiries into them, as well.”

Tatiana whispered, "You're really going to do this, aren't you? You're really going to figure out some way of releasing me from that horrible, horrible man?" When Klaus and Dimitri nodded, each half-smiling, each as determined as the other to save her, Tatiana's lips trembled and she nearly started crying. But then, after only a few seconds, Tatiana recovered control of her emotions. In a clear voice she stated, "Did I mention recently that in my opinion you're the greatest men in all of Russia, and that I adore you both so completely it frightens me?"

\*

If there was a more beautiful woman in Russia, Klaus couldn't imagine who it might be. Seated across from him in Dimitri's custom-built four-passenger berlin coach was Princess Tatiana, wearing a mink coat that covered her from the neck nearly to the ankles.

"You look lovely," he said to Tatiana. "I've thought about you a thousand times this past fortnight."

"And I've thought about you two constantly," Tatiana replied. She pulled off her kidskin gloves and stuffed them into the pocket of her mink coat. "I didn't know I could behave ... well, like I did." The darkness of the carriage could not hide her blush.

"Uninhibited?" Dimitri prompted.

Klaus watched as a devilish twinkle came into the princess's amazing violet eyes. She unfastened the collar button of her coat, then another one. "Yes," she said, continuing to release buttons. "Uninhibited."

Tatiana was opening the mink coat slowly, and as she did, Klaus's heart began racing. There was something in her eyes, in her demeanor, that subtly teased his senses. When she finished with the last button near her knees, the princess tossed open the two halves of her coat. Beneath the coat she wore an underbust corset of black silk, and attached to the corset's garters she had on black silk stockings. She did not have on bloomers, and the small, rectangular patch of golden pubic hair seemed, to Klaus at that moment, like a holy temple, a shrine to the majesty of carnal urges.

Klaus started toward Tatiana, but she put her hands up quickly. "No," she said. "Just sit there for a moment." Her eyelashes fluttered briefly against passion-flushed cheeks. "I've never, ever done anything like this. But once I thought of it, I couldn't get it out of my mind. I couldn't stop thinking about the two of you." She pointed toward their belts. "Lower your trousers for me, please. I want to see what you have for me." Her tone was oddly formal, like a child politely asking for a gift.

Highly motivated, the men uncharacteristically followed orders without hesitation or complaint. Within seconds their trousers were down and their flaring erections were standing up, the long shafts pale in the darkened carriage.

"I want to watch you touch yourselves," the princess whispered, her hushed words lewdly delivered. She gave her head a little shake of amazement. "I can't believe I just said that."

Klaus stroked himself, his eyes open wide, drinking in Tatiana's beauty. When she reached a hand up to lightly pinch her left nipple above the half-cup of her corset, his cock grew larger, reaching full extension in only a few seconds, completely filling his huge fist. When Tatiana touched her pussy, easing her middle finger between labia glistening with her feminine honey, Klaus groaned low in his throat.

"If you think you're going to keep me away for long, you're in for one hell of a

disappointment,” Klaus growled.

Softly, Tatiana asked, “Would you make me satisfy you?”

Klaus nodded. “And if you’re not careful, you’ll get another spanking from me.”

At the promise of a spanking, Tatiana moaned softly and her finger completely disappeared inside her silken feminine passage.

“Get over here, princess,” Klaus said. “On your knees.”

This time it was Tatiana’s turn to act quickly. She slipped off the seat and knelt in the carriage, straddling Dimitri’s right leg and Klaus’s left leg with her knees. Her hands were shaking slightly as she reached for her lovers, wrapping her fingers around shafts that throbbed lustily and were solid as stone—solid for *her*.

Cognizant of the princess’s fascination for submission, Klaus grabbed her by the hair and pulled her closer. “Suck me,” he said, forcing her head down.

He watched, wide-eyed with wonder, as Tatiana opened her mouth wide, taking his solid cock deep into her mouth. When the heated wetness of her mouth enveloped the head of his arousal, Klaus let out a low, throaty groan of primitive lust.

“That’s it,” he said, forcing her head up and down. “Let me feel those lips.”

He released the hold he had on Tatiana’s golden hair and settled back a little in the big coach to enjoy some happily administered fellatio performed by perhaps the most beautiful woman he’d ever encountered.

After two minutes of just being merely an observer, Dimitri said, “Over here, princess. There’s another cock that needs your sweet loving.”

She made a whimpering sound of passion as she released Klaus’s erection. Leaning over Dimitri’s thigh, she licked the head of his erection several times before pushing her lips down over it. The count found it amazing that he could watch the princess sucking the cock of his best friend and yet not feel in the least bit jealous. As possessive and protective as he was toward Tatiana, he didn’t view Dimitri as a threat to either the feelings she had for him, or he had for her.

Klaus leaned forward, reaching down to caress Tatiana’s breast, catching her lust-hardened pink nipple between his middle finger and thumb. He pinched and tugged on the nipple, and he knew that she liked what he was doing because she began bobbing faster over Dimitri’s cock, the sounds of her lips traveling along his shaft and her passionate moans filling the carriage.

Twenty seconds later, Tatiana was again leaning over Klaus’s thigh, sucking his erection deep into her mouth before rotating her face around the thick column of aroused flesh. As he watched her pleasuring him, Klaus promised himself that he would do whatever it took to free her from Prince Vadim’s savage domination. Whatever money it would take, whatever laws had to be broken, whatever measures were necessary—he would take them.

“Up here,” Klaus commanded, grabbing Tatiana by the upper arm, hauling her bodily upward.

Klaus groaned when Tatiana straddled his hips, then guided his engorged member to her entrance. She lowered herself slowly onto him, tossing her head back on her shoulders as she engulfed more and more of his erection.

“You so thick!” she whispered.

Even before she had settled onto Klaus’s lap and had fully impaled herself on his cock, Tatiana leaned to the side, pulled Dimitri closer, and kissed him hotly on the

mouth. Klaus watched as Tatiana kissed his best friend, simultaneously tantalizing his streak of voyeurism even as she pleased him with her pussy.

Reaching around her hips, he cupped her naked ass in his hands. He squeezed her tightly, and Tatiana whimpered as she sucked Dimitri's tongue deeper into her mouth. With a little shake of her hips, Tatiana at last descended the last inch, accepting all of Klaus's erection. He pushed down on her hips, fighting to bury even more deeply into her welcoming sheath before pulling her up to enjoy the silken caress of her slick inner walls and slippery pink lips gliding along the shaft of his cock.

Tatiana ended her kiss with Dimitri. She put a hand to Klaus's cheek, caressing his mouth lightly with her thumb, and whispered, "All I've been able to think about is making love with you two." She lifted up until only the tip of Klaus's cock still separated her labia, paused several seconds, then began a slow descent once more. "I know that sounds terrible, but it's true." Klaus watched as she guided Dimitri's mouth to the pink tip of her exposed breast. "I'm yours," she continued. "Ask anything of me and I'll do it. Take me any way you want me, but please, please, please take me."

And then she began to shudder as an orgasm swamped her senses. She French kissed Klaus as her excitement boiled over, her hips suddenly jerking erratically in a forward-and-backward moment as her pussy contracted around his invading flesh. Seconds later, when the spasms had finally stopped, Tatiana leaned into Klaus, panting as she collected her senses.

"That was fast," Klaus teased lightly, kissing her cheek as she pressed the plump mounds of her breasts against him.

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Tatiana was motionless, sitting on Klaus, feeling his enormous cock literally pulsing with wanton life deep inside her pussy. The orgasm that she'd enjoyed had hit her with startling swiftness. She hadn't realized just how hair-trigger her passions were until the climax washed over her like floodwaters.

She was glad now that she had shown the courage to be sexually daring. Her first idea had been to be completely naked when meeting Dimitri and Klaus, to wear only her long mink coat. But then she realized that her bare legs above her shoes would draw attention. She needed to wear stockings, and to keep her stockings up, she'd need garters. That led to her wearing the corset. Though not completely naked, it didn't seem that her lovers were disappointed with her sartorial decisions.

"Let me catch my breath," Tatiana whispered. She put her hands on Klaus's powerful chest and leaned away from him to look into his eyes. "Tell me you don't think I'm a slut."

"You're not," Klaus said quickly.

Tatiana kissed him then because she desperately wanted his respect. As his tongue slithered between her lips, she blindly groped for Dimitri's erection, and was soon rewarded with the enormous shaft filling her fist.

She ended the kiss, then whispered to Klaus, "Don't worry, I'll be back. I want Dimitri now."

Tatiana's mind was spinning. Her behavior was incomprehensible to her, as though the passions inspired by Klaus and Dimitri were a mysterious narcotic that could make her feel sensations she couldn't otherwise feel, giving her the courage to do things she otherwise wouldn't even fantasize about. She lifted her hips, easing herself off Klaus,

letting his perfectly formed erection slip free from her vaginal embrace. Then, not moving very far at all, she straddled Dimitri's lean hips and guided the crown of his arousal to her pink-lipped, moist entrance.

As she began lowering her trim hips, impaling herself slowly on Dimitri's unyielding erection, she looked into his chocolaty gaze and whispered, "Tell me you love me. Even if you don't mean it, I want to hear you say it."

"There's no need for me to lie," Dimitri replied. "I *am* in love with you."

Tatiana shuddered, feeling Dimitri's cock pushing deeper into her pussy as the full impact of his declaration of love struck her.

"Oh, yesss!" Tatiana whispered, dropping onto his lap to engulf all of his erection within her tight channel. "That's what I wanted to hear." She pushed her fingers into his long, coal black hair, and kissed him fiercely on the mouth. "Fuck me," she said then. "Fuck me like you will die if you don't!"

Tatiana had known that she couldn't make such a bold demand to men like Count Klaus and Prince Dimitri without paying a price—but it was a price she was only too glad to pay. It wasn't long before Klaus and Dimitri were sitting on opposite sides of the carriage. Tatiana was straddling Dimitri's lean hips, her back to him as she bounced on him, taking his cock to the depths of her pussy as she, leaning far forward, sucking passionately on Klaus's jaw-gaping erection.

It was Dimitri, this time, who began spanking Tatiana's sweet bottom, his broad-palmed hand striking her ass as she bounced on him, taking his thickly-veined cock full-length into her cunt each time she dropped down upon him. She came twice more, her voluptuous body shivering, glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration.

As she bounced on Dimitri, she took Klaus out of her mouth. With violet eyes glazed with multi-orgasmic desire, she looked at him and said, "Come for me. I want to swallow your cum." She shook her head. "I can't believe I just said that."

He grabbed her by the hair, forcing her head down over his erection. Princess Tatiana felt the tug against her scalp, and the stinging slap of Dimitri's palm against her buttocks. With Klaus pulling her hair and Dimitri spanking her bottom, Princess Tatiana came a third time, and then a fourth before her lovers reached the pinnacle. And when, at last, Klaus could take no more and he unleashed a torrent of cum against Tatiana's tongue, she swallowed his passion lustily, happily, doing that which she never dreamed she would willingly do.

Dimitri's groan of desire as he climaxed deep inside Tatiana gave her as great a sense of satisfaction as if she herself had come for a fifth time.

She wanted to please her men. She wanted them to love her, adore her ... and fuck her.

"There isn't anything you can ask of me that I won't do," she said quietly, when the passion had subsided and her heart was finally beating at a normal pace.

"Love me," Klaus said.

"No," Dimitri then said, the single word coming out like a gunshot. All eyes turned toward him. He smiled. "No, Tatiana, don't love Klaus. Love us both. Me. Klaus. Together. The three of us."

"I never imagined something like this would happen to me."

"Neither did we," Dimitri replied. "But first things first, we'll set you free from Vadim. We can figure the rest of the details out later."

Tatiana slithered off the seat cushion, kneeling once more on the floor of the berlin carriage. She kissed Dimitri's penis, catching the distinct aroma of her own feminine scent on him.

"I want you again," she whispered.

Tatiana was only a little surprised at how quickly she was able to arouse full erections from both Dimitri and Klaus when she resumed giving them the pleasure of her lips and tongue.



## Chapter Seven

“I told you they would be beautiful,” Vladimir said.

Prince Vadim looked at the three dark-skinned boys, and a shiver of anticipation worked its way up his spine. The three boys—from Turkey, Vladimir had said—were indeed quite beautiful, their hair long and black as midnight, their bodies slender, their chests without hair. In their dark eyes was a nascent wariness, a suspicion that perhaps the promises that they’d been given of wealth and pleasure might not be true.

“I’ll write you a bank draft,” Vadim said, reaching inside his suit coat pocket.

Vladimir shook his head. “I’m sorry, but with the Czar’s policies being what they are, I only accept cash.” He took out a heavy stainless steel pocket watch and thumbed open the protective case. “It’s not yet noon. There’s plenty of time for you to get to your bank.”

Vadim clenched his teeth for a moment, angry with the pimp, angry with a world that wasn’t showing him the respect he deserved. It hadn’t been easy to get Tatiana to write the bank draft for thirty thousand rubles. She had refused until he threatened to blacken her eyes. Only then had she reached for that heavy gold-nibbed pen on her desk.

“I’ll be back no later than two o’clock,” Vadim said, adopting an air of nonchalance, not wanting Vladimir to realize just how excited he was to be buying three boys. “Make sure they’ve been cleaned up and are ready to come with me.”

Vladimir smiled coldly. “Oh, they’ll come with you, my friend. You can count on that.”

Prince Vadim shivered as he thought about the carnal pleasures that would soon be his.

\* \* \* \*

Dimitri looked at Madam Stansky and said, “I will pay you ruble for ruble for any marker he’s signed. You won’t be out so much as a kopeck.” He leaned back in his chair, looking the madam in the eyes, wondering just how far he could trust her. “But before I pay you, there’s something I want your word on.”

“And what would that be?”

“No more credit for Prince Vadim. From this day forward, he pays cash.” Dimitri folded his hands on the table. “In fact, I would appreciate it if you wouldn’t allow him entertainment here even if he does have cash.”

Madam Stansky smiled then. “He’s got markers signed for almost four thousand rubles. You’ll pay for that?”

Dimitri nodded. “I will pay for every marker. But from this day forward, he is blackballed. Agreed?”

Madam Stansky smiled. “I took his money and I extended credit to him, but I always hated that son of a bitch.”

Dimitri reached into his jacket pocket for his wallet. “Most people do.”

\* \* \* \*

“What the fuck are you telling me? You won’t cash this bank draft?” Prince Vadim said, keeping his voice low. A vein pulsed hotly in his temple. He glared at Mr. Humisov, trying to intimidate him. “Do you know who you’re talking to?”

“Yes, Prince Vadim, I know exactly who I’m talking to,” the bank president replied. “And I am sorry to have to be the one to give you the disappointing news, but the truth to the matter is that your wife has cancelled payment on that bank draft. I simply cannot cash it or even deposit it into an account.”

Vadim got out of the chair, his hands clenched into fists. “Listen, goddamn you, Princess Tatiana is my wife and she wrote the bank draft to me. It’s my fucking money and you’re going to give it to me.”

Mr. Humisov pushed out of his chair. “I’m not going to be browbeaten by you or anyone else, Prince Vadim,” he said with quiet authority. “Not in my own office, I’m not.” He adjusted his necktie, and the look he sent to the prince was filled with disrespect. “The money isn’t yours, it is your wife’s. You are not authorized to get into her account. If you don’t like those facts, I suggest you bring it up to Princess Tatiana.” His gaze went up and down slowly over Vadim as though in assessment. “Get out of my office. Get out of my bank. Get out now.” He smirked contemptuously. “You’ve married well, but don’t for a second think that you’re worth anything yourself. Without your wife, you wouldn’t have two kopecks to rub together.”

“We’ll see about that,” Vadim replied.

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“What an absolutely lovely mauve dress, my dear,” Czarina Alexandra Romanov announced. “It brings out the startling color of your eyes.”

“You are too kind,” Princess Tatiana replied. “I did wonder if it wouldn’t be a little too revealing, especially for a luncheon event.” The U-shaped décolletage showed the luscious bounty of Tatiana’s bosom, though she had noted that there were several other women with similar necklines, but none were endowed quite as extravagantly as she. “You don’t think I’m being too immodest?”

Though notorious for her rigid sense of decorum, the Czarina closed her fan with a flourish and shook her head. She leaned closer to Tatiana, and her voice dipped slightly. “If I were as lovely as you, I wouldn’t be afraid to let the world see it.”

Tatiana looked over the Czarina’s shoulder just in time to see Prince Dimitri and Count Klaus enter the ballroom. The sight of them, each dressed formally for the unveiling of the newest family portraits of the royal family painted by the latest in vogue artist, Sigmund Kolb, caused the breath to catch in Tatiana’s throat, and her heart to suddenly accelerate.

Alexandra turned to follow Tatiana’s gaze. When she saw that it was Dimitri and Klaus who had drawn her guest’s attention, she smiled knowingly. “They are beautiful to look at,” the Czarina said with quiet confidentiality to Tatiana, “but you’ll only get your heart shattered if you fall for either one of them.” She opened her fan and placed it near her mouth as she continued, keeping her voice very low. “The number of ladies those two have seduced is positively scandalous. Look at how the women tag along with them. And look around at all the other ladies following their every move with their eyes. Those two have their pick of ladies wherever they go.” Her lips pursed tightly in reproach. “I even spoke to Nicholas about those two men.”

Tatiana looked away from her lovers and back to Alexandra. “You spoke to the Czar about them?” She sounded indifferent to news of Klaus and Dimitri and their indiscretions to those that might overhear, but she wasn’t in the least. Everything about those men was of profound interest to her.

Alexandra shrugged her slender shoulders. “Nicholas has business interests with both of them. I had wanted him to talk to Dimitri and Klaus, but he wouldn’t.” She closed her fan in a gesture that suggested the subject was closed. “Have you tried the smoked salmon? It’s one of my chef’s specialties.”

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“What the hell do you mean?” Vadim demanded, standing in the doorway to Madam Stansky’s establishment. “I want some answers, and I want them now.”

“Prince Dimitri bought your signed markers from me,” the madam answered. “Now you owe him the money, not me.” She smiled viciously, quite obviously enjoying Vadim’s distress. “And even if you did have rubles falling out of your pockets, you could not spend it here. Prince Dimitri made it very clear: anyone doing business with you becomes his personal enemy. Do you really think someone in my position is going to make enemies of a man like Prince Dimitri?”

“He can’t do that to me.”

“He can’t?” Her tone was mocking. She lifted an eyebrow. “Prince Vadim, *he already has.*” She smiled with almost sadistic glee. “The word is out. Anyone taking your money or giving you credit becomes the enemy of Prince Dimitri and Count Klaus. Who in St. Petersburg would want to go to war with those two men?” She rubbed her palms together. “I think you’ll find that all doors are now closed to you, Prince Vadim.”

“This is St. Petersburg,” Vadim thundered. “I own this city!”

But the madam only replied, “You don’t own shit.” Then she closed the door in his face.

\* \* \* \*

It took ten minutes before Tatiana could “casually” make her way over to where Klaus and Dimitri stood in the ballroom, each with a glass of wine in hand, munching on freshly sliced cheese, cold cuts, and fruit.

*The Czarina was right. They are beautiful ... and they’re mine,* Tatiana thought, looking at her lovers standing fifty feet away.

The two couldn’t be any more different. Klaus was the big barbarian from Germany with gigantic fists and a velvety touch; Dimitri was the dark, enigmatic Russian prince who could make a woman shiver and get wet just by looking at her. Since becoming their lover, Tatiana’s inquiries into their past had proven enlightening—and a little disturbing. She had known that they were promiscuous, but upon investigation she discovered they were far more profligate than she had imagined.

*They’ve had so many women in their lives, could they ever be satisfied with just me? I’ve fallen in love with them. I never wanted to love them both, but I do and there’s no use denying it. I’ve got to tell them, let them know of my love ... but then what? What will Klaus and Dimitri do then?* Tatiana wondered. These were the questions that haunted her waking thoughts. She didn’t want to be in love with two men at the same time—certainly

not two men notorious for only playing at the game of love. But a woman has only so much control over her heart, the princess decided.

As Tatiana approached, Klaus looked her way. Even from a distance, Tatiana saw the spark of desire in his ice blue eyes, and her heart did a little flip. And when Dimitri turned his chocolaty gaze toward her, she felt the tingle of passionate readiness flutter through her pelvis. As her heart accelerated, Tatiana forced herself to appear calm.

“Good afternoon, Prince Dimitri, Count Klaus,” she said, her tone casual and friendly.

“Good afternoon, Princess Tatiana,” they said in unison.

Tatiana’s violet gaze flicked left and right. For once, Klaus and Dimitri didn’t have a gaggle of women surrounding them. She could talk without being overheard.

“Have you done it?” she asked, her tone hushed, anxiety coloring the single sentence.

Dimitri nodded. “I’ve assigned four men to guard your home. I’ve given my men orders to shoot to kill.”

“Your solicitor is taking a full inventory of all your possessions as we speak,” Klaus said. “Vadim cannot remove anything without your written authorization.” He smiled, but it wasn’t a friendly expression. “Dimitri’s bodyguard, Viktor, is at your house. He’ll bring Vadim to us. You won’t have to speak to him. Dimitri and I will handle everything.”

“He ... he’ll be out of my life forever? I’ll never have to see him again?”

“Never again,” Klaus said. “I promise you that. I lo—”

For a frozen moment in time, three hearts stopped beating. Had Klaus been just about to declare his love for Tatiana? It seemed as though he had been started to speak the word, but then his Teutonic disdain for open displays of the more gentle human emotions seemed to have come to the fore, and he silenced himself. Knowing the man she loved, she didn’t push him on the subject, not needing to wheedle the word out of him to satisfy her own insecurities. Tatiana closed her eyes for a moment, fighting against tears of joy that couldn’t be shed because she was surrounded by people who would never understand a woman falling in love with two men.

“I’ll never be able to reward you sufficiently for what you’ve done,” the princess whispered. “I was afraid that he’d be in my life forever.”

“Before nightfall, he’ll be on a train headed out of St. Petersburg,” Dimitri said. “You’ll never see him again. He cannot touch you, your money, or your possessions. And he will soon enough only be a dim, unpleasant memory for you.” He took a sip of wine, glancing around quickly to make sure he wasn’t being overheard. “Russian law has it that any woman abandoned by her husband for a year has the right to petition for a divorce. In one year’s time, you’ll be free of Vadim and there’ll be no public censure against you, either. No one will criticize an abandoned woman seeking a divorce.”

“Thank for everything. I’ll never be able to thank you enough.”

Then Tatiana watched as both Klaus and Dimitri gazed down at her breasts, and the relief that she had felt moments earlier shifted toward a more libidinous emotion.

“Beautiful dress. Is it a Worth?” Klaus asked, referring to the widely-sought dress designer.

“Yes. Do you think it is too revealing?” The pink tip of her tongue moistened her upper lip as though readying it to receive a kiss. “I love the way I feel when you look at

me,” she said to her lovers. “I feel precious and wanted and sexy and if you asked me to get down on my knees right now in front of all these people, I’d do it. I’d do it without a second of hesitation because every time you look at me my pussy gets wet and I start to tingle all over and I think I’m getting addicted to your cocks.” She put a hand to her mouth as though to physically silence the words that were rushing from her. “I’m shameless where you are concerned.”

Before either Klaus or Dimitri could answer, two women—a mother with a daughter of marriage age—stepped closer. They gave Tatiana only the briefest of glances before beginning an animated conversation with the eligible bachelors.

\* \* \* \*

Seeing Mr. Humisov, the banker, for the second time in one day was shocking enough. Seeing him taking inventory of the artwork in the library made it even worse.

“What the hell are you doing here?” Vadim demanded. “Who the hell are all these people in my house?”

“Prince Vadim, so good to see you again,” Mr. Humisov said, holding a ledger in one hand and a pencil in the other. The sarcasm in his tone was undisguised. “To answer your questions, I’m taking stock of everything of value in this house. These men are assisting me.” His thin lips pressed into a nasty smile. “Should you try to remove anything from this residence, I will have you arrested. You may have stolen your wife’s diamond earrings and pawned them for a fraction of what they were worth, but you won’t do that with anything else that she owns.”

“I own it, too!”

A tall, slender man in a pinstriped gray suit, wearing pince-nez at the very tip of his long, slender, beaklike nose, stepped forward. “My name is Igor Nelikoff, and I am an attorney representing Princess Tatiana’s interests. What you own will be determined in a court of law. Until that time, nothing can be removed from this residence,” he said.

“We’ll just see about that,” Vadim shot back. He grinned. “You little prick. I’ll crush you under my boots like a bug.”

The attorney’s gray gaze measured Vadim contemptuously. “I have been practicing law in St. Petersburg for over thirty years, and I am not easily intimidated. See those men over there? They look a little large to be bank employees, don’t they? They are here to see to it that what is in this house stays in this house. If you try to steal anything, they will stop you using whatever means they deem necessary.” He smiled malevolently. “You hold no winning cards, Prince Vadim. And if you try to fuck with my client, I’ll take your skin off in strips. Not literally, of course, but it will feel that way to you.”

Suddenly Vadim smiled. Tatiana’s treachery had caught him by surprise, but Vadim wasn’t completely without a means of income.

“Where is my wife?” he asked Nelikoff. “I am her husband and I have a legal right to see my wife.” Vadim had expected the attorney to at least show some surprise in his expression, but the righteous gleam in his eyes never even flickered. A sudden hollow feeling formed in Vadim’s stomach. “Where’s my goddamn wife?”

“I couldn’t tell you, Prince Vadim,” Igor Nelikoff replied. “I do not know where she is, only that she is with men who are armed and guarding her and that she’s quite safe.” The look in his eyes was icy. “Even if I did know where your wife is, I wouldn’t tell you.”

“You’re hiding my wife?”

Nelikoff shook his head. “No, I’m not. Princess Tatiana is merely keeping ... um ... a less public profile.”

Boot heels clicking against the hardwood floor drew Vadim’s attention. He turned to see a man coming toward him purposefully. He was a tall, unsmiling man with broad shoulders and an air of menace about him. Vadim’s sense of foreboding became a bit more intense.

“Prince Vadim, my name is Viktor. I am under the employ of Prince Dimitri.” He turned sideways and made a gesture with his hand. “If you’d like to come with me, I have a carriage waiting for you outside. Princess Tatiana is at the palace for the unveiling of a new portrait of the royal family. I am to take you there.”

Vadim’s eyes were murderous as he said, “The bitch I married is going to wish to God that she’d never picked a fight with me.” He turned toward Mr. Humisov and Igor Nelikoff, then spat on the floor at their feet. “You men haven’t heard the last of me.”

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“This is called the Mauve Room,” Tatiana explained, stepping deeper into the small room cluttered with furniture, hundreds of books, three tall Swiss-made grandfather clocks each more than a hundred years old, and a wild assortment of bric-a-brac from all corners of the globe. The Czarina liked to spend her money freely when she traveled. “It’s the same color as my dress. If I don’t move, do you think I’ll blend in and nobody will notice me?”

Klaus closed the door quietly. Tatiana watched as he searched for a key to the lock. “There isn’t a key,” she said, reading his mind.

Dimitri unbuttoned his white jacket, sliding his hands inside to put his hands on his hips, arms akimbo. Tatiana felt the heat of his dark gaze going into her blood stream, touching her, arousing her.

“This is insane,” Tatiana said as the men suddenly rushed her.

She kissed Dimitri first, but only because he pulled her into his arms before Klaus had the chance to. Tatiana was right where she wanted to be—sandwiched between her lovers, feeling their powerful bodies pressing intimately against her, their hands bold and demanding.

When Dimitri ended the kiss, he pushed Tatiana back into Klaus’s arms. “Hold her,” he said sharply. “Hold her tight.”

A soft gasp came from Tatiana. These had always been commanding men, but now they were acting thoroughly dictatorial, and their dominance of her heightened her desire to be submissive to them. Klaus’s arms went tightly around Tatiana from behind, his broad hands cupping the full, quivering mounds of her breasts.

“Yes! Oh, yes!” the passionate princess whispered as Dimitri got down on his knees in front of her.

It took only a matter of seconds for Tatiana’s skirts to be lifted, her bloomers removed, and one leg to be lifted up onto Dimitri’s shoulder. Then his tongue was slipping between the rosy lips of her pussy, separating the petals on its northward journey until he whipped Tatiana’s erect clitoris with his tongue.

The electrifying pleasure caused Tatiana to toss her head back on her shoulders. Fortunately for Klaus, he was so tall that her head only thumped against his muscular

chest.

“Don’t ... don’t stop!” Tatiana whispered, feeling her senses overheating with truly startling speed.

Klaus’s fingers buried deep into Tatiana’s breasts, squeezing the heavy mounds so tightly it almost hurt. Her soft white flesh billowed upward, threatening to spill out over the décolletage of her low-cut lavender gown. Having her arms pinned to her sides with Klaus’s powerful arms completely surrounding her body was like being in bondage, and the awareness of this gave Tatiana the most erotic sense of being submissive that she had ever experienced.

“Make me come,” she whispered, the lewd request burning in her ears.

Prior to meeting the Russian prince and the German count, she could not have imagined ever saying such libidinous things. But with them, trapped by their magnetic allure, in complete and utter bondage to the way they made her feel more alive than ever before in her life, making such a lustful request seemed the most natural thing in the world to do.

Klaus took one hand from her breast and grabbed her chin, forcing her face to turn upward and to the side. A moment later, as Dimitri sucked hungrily on her clitoris, Klaus kissed Tatiana fiercely, slating his mouth down over hers, immediately tasting her. His tongue forced its way between her lips, claiming her mouth, his tongue dancing with hers to force Tatiana to respond.

The voluptuous woman’s hands clenched into tight fists at her sides. She sucked Klaus’s tongue even deeper into her mouth as the tightening within her became painful. And then she came, her climax gripping all her senses, her body shivering as the harsh contractions buffeted her body.

“Stop,” she whispered when the last spasm signaled the completion of her orgasm. “No more, Dimitri.”

Dimitri tossed her leg off his shoulder, his eyes intense as he rose to his feet. Glancing down, Tatiana saw the enormous bulge of his erection, locked inside the black fabric of his trousers.

Tatiana was just about to get down on her knees to give to her lovers the kind of oral pleasuring they were so willing to give to her, when from the hallway just outside the door to the Mauve Room in the royal palace, she heard Czarina Alexandra announce, “And this is the Mauve Room. It’s a small room, but I’ve tried to make it comfortable by putting lots of little baubles in it.”

Tatiana kicked her bloomers, which had been on the floor where Dimitri had discarded them, into the corner, and prayed that she and her lovers could calmly join in the Czarina’s tour of the royal palace.

\* \* \* \*

“Sir, I have him outside.”

Dimitri looked at Viktor. His bodyguard’s expression was, as usual, completely neutral. He asked, “Did he make a fuss?”

“I was prepared for much worse.”

Dimitri looked over at Klaus. “Ready to explain the facts of life to Prince Vadim?”

“With pleasure.”

They walked down the long hallway, and then out through the front doors of the

royal palace. Vadim was standing outside the carriage, smoking a long, slender cigar, his body tense. When he saw Dimitri and Klaus, his brow furrowed.

“What’s the meaning on this? I was told my wife was being brought to me,” Vadim said with a sneer.

Dimitri stepped up to Vadim, moving close enough that the shorter man took a step backward.

“Listen very carefully and say nothing unless I ask you a specific question,” Dimitri said.

“Fuck you,” Vadim snorted.

“Klaus and I have bought most of your markers in St. Petersburg. We’ve also put the word out that you’re not to be extended credit under any circumstances.”

“I have plenty of money. What do I need—“

Klaus’s enormous right fist shot out, connecting solidly with Vadim’s chest, knocking him backward into the carriage. Vadim’s mouth opened as though he was about to shout, but Dimitri clamped a hand over his lips.

“Don’t draw attention to yourself, or it’ll only be worse for you,” Dimitri said quickly. He removed his hand from Vadim’s mouth. Fear had replaced contempt in Vadim’s eyes. “You are leaving St. Petersburg for Paris, and you are leaving right now. You’ll be set up with living quarters that will be comfortable, and you’ll receive a monthly allowance of five thousand rubles from Klaus and myself.”

Vadim rubbed his chest. Klaus hadn’t come close to using all of his strength, but the single straight punch to the sternum had staggered him terribly.

“You will get your monthly allowance and be able to live comfortably,” Dimitri explained. “In exchange for that money, you are to never again set foot in Russia, never contact Princess Tatiana under any circumstance. Is that understood?”

Vadim squared his shoulders. “I won’t do it. You can’t blackmail me into leaving my own wife.” His eyes narrowed in hatred. “My family has connections with the royal family. The two of you goddamned well know that!”

Dimitri raised his hand, lifting his index finger and waving it from side to side like a school teacher admonishing a young student. “That’s true, but you’re not taking into account something very important.”

“Not that I give a damn, but what’s that?”

“That we’ll kill you if you’re not on that train to Paris.”

Dimitri watched as the blood drained from Vadim’s face.

Klaus moved a half-step closer and added, “Maybe you’ll get your throat cut in an alley somewhere, or you’ll end up drowning in the Neva River, or maybe you’ll just disappear. But trust me, if you’re not on that train to Paris, you will die.”

Dimitri turned away from the ashen-faced prince. To Viktor, he said, “Take him to the station and see that he gets on.”

Viktor opened the carriage door. “Please get in,” he said to Vadim.

As the carriage rolled away toward the train station, Dimitri looked at Klaus and said, “I can’t wait to see the look in Tatiana’s eyes when we tell her Vadim’s out of her life forever.”

“He’s out,” Klaus replied, “and we’re in.”

**The End**



**About the Author:**

When first starting out in the fiction-writing business, Robin wrote a dozen highly acclaimed historical romances for a New York publisher. Her novels have been translated into German, Chinese, and Romanian, and are sold worldwide.

With her novel of Inter-racial love, “Cheyenne Desire,” she was named 3rd Best All-time by Amazon.com for Sexy Romances. For her novel of passion on the ancient seas, “Viking Ecstasy” she was the featured author/artist for the nationally syndicated TV show “CBS Sunday Morning” in 2006.

She has now turned her fiction sights on the epubliishing world, and is scheduled to have a least a dozen titles released in 2009.

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