



Another Royal Dilemma

“Royal Desires” series, BOOK 2

Robin Gideon

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Chapter One

St. Petersburg, Russia—October 1895

Sheik Yazid al-Firwaasi looked at the young woman in the carriage with him and, as he had so many times since he'd first taken her captive in the desert nearly a month earlier, had to remind himself that she was exceedingly valuable to him, but *only* if he allowed her to keep her virginity. Russians like Prince Boris Krellvinov weren't averse to paying great quantities of gold for feminine beauty, but they opened their purses only so long as a stolen virginity went along with the price.

Her name was Majedah, and she had been in the harem of Sheik Hazbavi, Yazid's enemy of more than three decades. She had been in the sheik's harem until Yazid and his army of men rode in on the attack a month earlier, scimitars hacking and slashing, daggers stabbing, bloody vengeance for a thousand slights both real and imaginary.

The slaughter had been total. Only the harem women were saved, and for many of them death would have been preferable to what Yazid and his men did to them immediately following the carnage. Yazid wasn't a man who believed in taking prisoners, especially not when those prisoners, should they escape, would surely come back one day looking for revenge. Yazid knew that the only harmless enemy was a dead one, and sometimes even that wasn't entirely true.

Yazid reluctantly turned his gaze away from the ebony-haired slave and looked out the window of his berlin carriage he had rented upon arriving in St. Petersburg via train. Snowflakes drifted in the chilly afternoon air. The carriage traffic was quite heavy in the city proper, and the sheik wondered whether this was always the case, or whether there were some festivities scheduled in St. Petersburg that he was unaware of. He wasn't fond of the crowded city, much preferring his homeland, where the poppy fields stretched into the horizon.

He turned his attention back to Majedah. She was short and slender, her face delicately featured with a small, straight nose, and a full-lipped mouth. Her hair was brushed straight back and held with a single blue ribbon at the base of her neck. As a *houri*, or harem girl, she did not wear any jewelry, so no gold earrings dangled from her dainty earlobes.

"How many languages did you say you can read?" Yazid asked, wanting Majedah to turn her gaze toward him. Her eyes, a rich, luminous chocolate brown, were the loveliest that he had ever seen. Though he had a dozen women in his harem, and all of them attractive, none of them could compare favorably to this one.

"Five," Majedah answered quietly, meeting Yazid's gaze for only a moment. "It was my duty to read to my master."

"A harem girl who has kept her virginity and can read in five different languages," Yazid said, his swarthy features curling into a smile, his eyes shining with a greed that went all the way down to his soul. "Surely, you are the only one of your kind in the world."

"I wouldn't know, master." She looked out the window at the bustling capital of mighty Russia. "For four years I have been with Sheik Hazbavi, and my knowledge of

the world was limited to the newspapers and letters that I read for him.”

Yazid looked at her profile and, as his gaze trailed slowly down her body, past the small rise of her breasts, hidden now behind a Western-style woolen jacket, down to her slender legs concealed by the heavy cotton skirts from her homeland, he thought of taking her virginity right there in the carriage. He could take her savagely or gently. The choice was his to make; he owned Majedah and could do with her whatever he wanted. In Yazid’s life and in Yazid’s land, women were chattel. The fact that he had ventured far from home to secure a profitable business agreement with a Russian of highly dubious royal lineage did not change Yazid’s view of the ownership of women at all. If the foolish Russians chose to let their women be free to create havoc in the lives of their men, that was their own problem. Yazid knew better than to let women have a say in the affairs of men.

“You have not asked why we have come so far,” he said, once again wanting the girl to look at him. “Aren’t you curious?”

Majedah’s voice was demure as she replied, “Of course, I am curious. But I did not think it was my place to ask such a question.” Her gaze went down to the small hands folded neatly in her lap. “You have punished me in the past for asking what you deemed were impertinent questions.”

“I have only punished you when you deserved punishment.”

“Yes, master. That is very true.” Having been properly trained to her life’s role, she looked Yazid directly in the eyes and added, “You are a just and righteous man, master. It was all my fault for displeasing you.”

He hadn’t marred her beauty when he meted out Majedah’s punishment, of course. Yazid’s never failed to keep an eye on the bottom line, and the fortune he planned to make from Majedah was considerable. As a commodity that could be bought at sold, Majedah’s great value was that she was an exquisitely beautiful *virgin*. The moment her virginity was gone, she lost her value.

Yazid turned away from Majedah and once again looked out the carriage window. It would be good when he had finally sold her, he thought. Majedah represented an enticement that was too strong, her beauty too compelling, for her presence to be ignored.

* * * *

Prince Boris Krellvinov leaned back in his leather swivel chair, and let his smile become lascivious. In his study with him were his most trusted—and most vicious—employees. There was nothing the three men wouldn’t do, provided enough rubles were slipped into their pockets.

“When he gets here, he’ll have my prize with him. He’ll have several of his own men with him, as well. When I give you the nod,” Boris said, smoothing his neatly trimmed mustache and goatee with a forefinger and thumb, as he often did whenever he was anxious or agitated, “I want you to leave this room, but don’t go far. I’m not buying into anything until the doctor’s examination.”

Kolik, the Cossack with ice water in his veins, was the man Boris most trusted whenever violence was necessary. Standing with his feet at shoulder’s width and his hands clasped behind his back, Kolik’s training with the Czar’s army was as clear as if he was in a soldier’s uniform instead of wearing the coarse tweed trousers and rough wool jacket of the peasant class.

“I’ll want you to keep a careful eye on the sheik’s men,” Boris said to Kolik. By singling him out, he once again confirmed without saying as much that Kolik had seniority over the other two men. “Don’t turn your back on any of them. They’re Arabs and they’ll cut your throat if you give them half a chance.” Boris shrugged noncommittally. In his line of work, murder was just one more method of achieving a desired result. “What I’ve been working on with Sheik Yazid al-Firwaasi will be bigger and more profitable than anything I’ve had going so far. And when I make money, everyone who works for me makes money.”

Boris saw then the greed flash in the eyes of the three men, and he knew he had chosen his muscle wisely. Kolik, Leonid, and Vasili were killers, to be sure, but that wasn’t how they saw themselves. When they looked in the mirror, they saw a businessman just trying to earn money with the most marketable skills he possessed. With Boris paying handsomely, he had a loyal workforce ready, willing and able to kill or maim if given the order.

Boris swiveled his chair to face the windows overlooking the city. At forty-seven, he was no longer a young man, but the prospect of actually owning another human being—a young virgin of such flawless beauty that he would be utterly enraptured, he was promised—had made him almost boyishly giddy with anticipation.

A black lacquered berlin carriage drawn by a mismatched pair of geldings reined to a halt in front of his three-story mansion in the heart of St. Petersburg’s most prestigious residential district. Boris pushed out of his chair, turned to his men and said sternly, “They’re here. You men know what’s expected of you. Keep your wits about you, and if everything works as I’m hoping it will, this will be the most momentous day in all of our lives.”

As Kolik and the others left his study, Boris sat back in his chair. He closed his dark eyes and for a moment breathed in deeply through his nostrils, then exhaled very slowly out through his mouth. It was a private ritual that he did to calm himself. No matter how excited he was to have a personal slave—someone completely unknown to the authorities so that her life or death was of consequence to him alone—he refused to let his emotions show in his expression or actions.

Boris had to wait exactly three minutes to hear the knock on his study door. “Come in,” he called out, remaining seated behind the enormous oak desk he’d had custom-made for him out of wood cut from the Black Forest of Germany.

When Boris saw Sheik Yazid al-Firwaasi, he was surprised that the man was as short as he was, and surprised that he was wearing Western clothes. He had expected to see a man in flowing white Arab robes with a turban on his head. Instead, the heavily bearded sheik wore a fashionable gray woolen double-breasted suit, with a heavy greatcoat.

A step behind the sheik was a young woman, slight of build, wearing a new wool jacket over what appeared at first glance to be traditional desert robes. On her feet were delicate sandals that left the upper surface of her feet exposed to the elements. From across the room, Boris saw that she was very beautiful and very scared. When she finally turned her dark brown eyes up to him, the gently molded perfection of her features made the breath catch in his throat.

“Good evening, my friend,” Boris said, speaking French, the one language both he and the sheik shared. He rose to his feet and walked around his desk to meet his guest in the middle of the room. He extended his right hand in greeting. “It is good to finally meet

you after all the telegrams we've exchanged."

"Yes," Yazid replied. "It has been a long journey, but I believe it will be worth it." He turned to the four dark-skinned, unsmiling men who had entered the room with him, and nodded toward a far corner. All the men crossed the room, then stood silently shoulder-to-shoulder. "I hope you don't mind my men remaining in the room while we speak. I trust them with my life, and it would be an insult if I should ask them to leave."

"Naturally," Boris replied.

With a nod to Kolik, his men went to an opposite corner and stood silently. This wasn't how he had planned for the negotiations to go, but he was too close to achieving his dreams of both owning a slave of unmatched beauty, and making a fortune from the weakness of others, to let anything divert him from his mission.

Boris moved nearer the girl. Even at very close distance, her tanned complexion was flawless. He felt his pulse quicken. Quicksilver thoughts of hearing her tormented screams as he forced her to bend to his wishes slithered across the surface of his mind. She was unspoiled, untouched, virginal...and soon she would be his property to do with whatever he wanted...

"Would you prefer to discuss the girl first, or our other business?" the sheik asked, taking the high-backed chair that faced Boris's desk. He crossed his legs at the knee, then adjusted his necktie, affecting the mannerisms he'd learned while at the university in England.

It was with some difficulty that Boris pulled his gaze away from the young slave. He went back to his desk, saying casually, "Business with the girl shouldn't take much time. Let's get that squared away, then we can discuss the other matter." Boris took his seat. The girl, he noted, stood slightly behind and to the side of Yazid, her subservience an aphrodisiac to Boris's burgeoning sense of supremacy and sadism. "I have forty thousand rubles cash with me."

The sheik appeared unimpressed. "You remember that I did say the payment had to be in gold?"

"Yes. It's in gold coin."

That brought a light to the sheik's dark eyes. "Very good. Well, my good sir, is she not beautiful, as I had promised?"

"And a virgin?"

"As promised." The sheik made a dismissive, waving gesture with his hand. "A simple examination can prove that my claims are honest."

Boris saw it, then. Fear. Her lips trembled for a moment before she pressed them tightly together. Though of a dusky complexion, her face went pale. For the first time since she had entered his study, the young girl looked truly frightened. Didn't she know she was being brought to St. Petersburg to be sold? The girl's fear pleased Boris, inciting in him a sexual response. He hoped to see much more of it in the near future.

"It's not that I'm not a trusting man," Boris replied, finding it difficult to not stare at the girl who would soon be his most prized possession, "but I would like my physician to do the examination."

"Of course."

Boris gave a nod to Kolik, who hurried from the room and then reappeared hardly more than a minute later with a white-haired elderly man in tow. The doctor had made a small fortune for himself providing discreet abortions to St. Petersburg's elite, making

sure that pretty peasant girls didn't give birth to bastards with royal blood in them, and that wealthy debutantes provided the requisite male heir *only* to husbands who had been selected for their business advantages.

A vein pulsed furiously in Boris's temple. As a man of property and wealth, he had used his social position for sexual satisfaction since his late teen years, but never in all those dalliances had he ever bedded a girl as lovely as the one now standing on trembling legs in his study.

"She speaks French?" Boris asked. French had been the language of choice for the Russian aristocracy since the time of Peter the Great.

"Indeed," Yazid replied. "As well as English, and three others."

As he looked at the girl, Boris felt his phallus twitch and begin to grow. It had been a while since he'd achieved erections easily—years, actually. That was part of the motivation for his willingness to purchase what had been promised was the most beautiful virgin in the world. He knew instinctively that with this cinnamon-skinned virgin vixen, all his performance woes would be a thing of the past. Just looking at her made Boris feel like a mere boy all over again.

To the girl, Boris asked, "What's your name?"

She looked him directly in the eyes for the first time and answered in a clear but timid voice, "Majedah."

"What's your last name?"

"I don't have a last name."

Boris smiled. "Just Majedah. I like that."

She cast her eyes toward the floor, but before she did, for a flickering moment Boris had seen annoyance—or even an emotion even akin to outright anger—flash in the backs of her chocolaty eyes. His initial reaction was fury! How dare the dark-skinned little bitch allow her anger to show? But his next reaction was quite different. He wasn't looking for her love or respect. Quite the opposite, in fact. And should she put up a good fight when his more perverted desires came into play, then her struggles would only increase his pleasures.

"She has fire in her soul," Boris said quietly. "I can see it in her eyes."

The sheik smiled and scratched his beard, looking at Majedah through hooded eyes that revealed little. "I consider myself a good judge of men," Yazid said, speaking slowly and precisely, as though choosing his words with great care, "and I believe you are man enough to douse the fire within this little houri. If I may be bold enough to suggest a method, I think you'll find that an English cricket mallet works wonders with a ungovernable woman's notions of where she fits in this world. The mallet is wide enough to never cut the skin when applied either to the buttocks or thighs, yet it is painful enough to deliver the"—he smiled and raised his eyebrows—"master's message."

Boris felt a tightening in his chest unlike anything he'd ever before experienced. "Master?" he breathed. The word elicited vivid images in Boris's mind of kings and sultans with vast ranges of land, and of people who lived or died upon his caprice. The notion itself was nearly enough to give him an erection.

"Master, indeed," the sheik replied, his tone curiously managing to be both servile and congenially conspiratorial.

In a tone high-pitched and tight with escalating sexual tension, Boris called out, "Strip this woman! I want the examination done immediately!"

With the merest movement of his hand, Sheik Yazid al-Firwaasi put his men into action. Majedah had hardly begun to defend herself when Bashir, Istaq, Habib, and Kadir moved from their position in the corner of the room, crossing the separation with long strides.

“No!” the girl cried out, her luminous brown eyes becoming even more large and round, her delicate hands ineffectual defense against men who were well acquainted with savage battle.

It took only a few seconds for Boris to realize that Majedah’s disrobing had been scripted in advance by the sheik, and that the girl herself had known nothing in advance. Yazid’s men moved with a certain choreographed precision that suggested this was not the first young woman they had forcibly stripped of her clothes. Boris watched, wide-eyed and transfixed, as the men took their proper places and displayed skilled that could only be acquired with considerable experience. One man grabbed Majedah’s right wrist and pulled it outward as another of the sheik’s men took her left and did similarly. A swarthy-featured man clamped a hand over the girl’s mouth to muffle her scream of protest and fear, holding her tightly as the fourth, with a dagger produced from inside his robes, cut her traditional cotton Arab robes from her body.

Boris watched the choreographed assault without blinking and very nearly without breathing. When his slave’s svelte body was revealed to him in all its naked glory, the bone-hard erection that had eluded Boris for months developed with startling swiftness and with all the subtleness of a rabbit punch.

“My god,” Boris whispered, “the girl is a goddess.”

She was barely five feet tall, and Boris doubted she weight much more than a hundred pounds. Though the startling beauty of her face was obscured by the broad-palmed hand that was fortuitously clamped over her mouth to prevent screaming, Boris had a completely unobstructed view of her petite body, and what he saw brought his erection to complete attention.

Her skin was blemish-free, and the color of strong tea laced liberally with cream. Her breasts, high and firm thanks to the advantages of youth and flattering genetics, were like half-sliced apples that moved tautly with the gyrations of her futile attempts at escape. The areolas were the size of a ruble coin and the color of the richest milk chocolate. The nipples—cylindrical and blunt—were elongated by fear more than lust, Boris suspected, though this awareness in no way diminished his ardor. The distinct line of her rib cage was a treat to masculine senses that had a predictable response from Boris’s newly reawakened libido. But most of all, what made the breath catch in his throat and caused his heart to race as it hadn’t since his teenage years, was her pubis. As free of hair as any he’d ever seen, with delicate-skinned labia that promised to be the texture of velvet.

Boris’s erection, for the first time in longer than he could remember, flamed into full extension with a rigidity that hadn’t been there since the pre-debauchery days of his early twenties. He felt on the verge of orgasm, like a boy at the half-conscious edge of a wet dream, and didn’t dare so much as step up out of his chair for fear that the friction of his drawers against his arousal would put him into an embarrassing ejaculation.

“Stop!” the sheik said. Though he did not raise his voice, the violence his tone implied created an immediate effect upon Majedah. Once she was motionless, to the white-haired Russian who had early in his career been a much-respected doctor, said, “Proceed with your examination. I believe she understands the consequences of further

resistance.”

Because his view of the examination was blocked, it took an act of supreme willpower for Boris to remain seated in his chair as the doctor did the examination to ensure Majedah’s virginity. The examination itself took only seconds, and the doctor was still on his knees when he looked over his shoulder and gave Boris an affirmative nod.

“If that’ll be all,” the doctor said as he rose somewhat unsteadily to his feet, already heading for the door, “then I’ll be leaving. This girl’s never had conjugal relations with a man. Of that I’m certain.” He stopped at the door and turned back toward Boris. “Can I assume my payment envelope will arrive tomorrow?”

Boris smiled and replied, “And it’ll be thicker than you expect.”

“If there’s anything else you might need in the future,” he said, casting his eyes toward the naked woman, “you know where to find me.”

Boris looked at Majedah, standing between two powerful men who held her arms outstretched while a third man had one arm around her waist and his opposite palm pressed tight to her mouth, and thought for a moment that he’d climax in his trousers. He closed his eyes and turned his head away, forcing himself to recreate the willpower that he’d had prior to Majedah’s entrance into his life.

“Is something wrong?” the sheik asked, though the tone of his voice suggested he knew quite well what had caused Boris to close his eyes and turn away from the girl. “I trust she has not displeased you in any way.”

Inhaling deeply, Boris turned not toward the sheik, but toward Kolik. “Bring the box,” he said in a strong, commanding tone. “You’d better get some help. That gold’s damned heavy.”

When Boris glanced at Yazid, he was pleased to see a ruddy flush go up into the man’s cheeks and ears. Even a man of Sheik Yazid al-Firwaasi financial status reacted favorably to substantial payments made in solid gold, which had value anywhere in the civilized world.

Boris looked at Kolik and said, “Take her to my room and lock her in.” Then he smiled at the sheik and added, “And now, let’s discuss how you can import sufficient opium to me in your bales of cotton so that my distributors have a steady supply of opium, my textile factories never run out of cotton, and the Czar never finds it necessary to involved himself in our little business.”

It wasn’t a little business, though. Boris knew that at a minimum, he could distribute through his opium dens two or three times the amount of opium he was now purchasing from his various importers. If he could important all his production needs from a single source, and do it in a manner that virtually guaranteed a supply that never suffered the financial setbacks of Czarist interception, his profit margin could expand exponentially.

Boris noted, with a certain amusement, that all four of his men had erections bulging against the straining fronts of their trousers as they hauled Majedah off to his bedroom. He had no fears that they might molest her as she was brought to his second-floor pleasure palace. There wasn’t a one of them who thought for a moment that he wouldn’t castrate any man who touched his most valued, and *expensive*, sex slave.

With the certainty that his *prize* was as lovely as he had been promised she was, a virgin, and someone completely unknown in St. Petersburg society assured, Prince Boris Krellvinov folded his hands upon his desk, looked at the English-educated Arab sheik who could deliver to him a virtually unlimited supply of opium which the Russian

population seemed to crave with a blood-need, and stated with calm confidence,
“Whatever our differences, I’m sure we can get past them and that these discussions will
lead to a world of wealth that neither of us, at present, completely comprehend.”

Chapter Two

Prince Dimitri Buzek pushed open the door to his lavishly appointed private carriage, and gave his best friend, Count Klaus von Essen, a beaming smile.

"Come in, my friend!" Dimitri called out, his dark eyes shining with unalloyed pleasure. "I have news you'll like to hear."

The count was a big man—several inches over six feet tall, and powerful across the chest, shoulders, and biceps—yet he moved with a fluid athleticism that suggested a much smaller man. He crossed the cobblestone street, dancing deftly around carriages and hansom cabs moving in both directions, and was inside Dimitri's carriage in seconds.

"Drive on, Viktor!" Dimitri shouted to his manservant, tapping the roof of the carriage with his walking stick as Klaus took his place on the rearward facing leather seat. "I've had word from Paris."

Klaus's icy blue eyes widened. "Is he dead?" The tone of his voice suggested the untimely demise of the person in question was something to be applauded.

"No, but he was in jail." He laughed heartily. "Prince Vadim Antropov, husband to the woman who has stolen our hearts—"

"For now he's Tatiana's husband," Klaus said quickly, "but he won't be by the spring of next year."

"Exactly. Anyway, Vadim got himself thoroughly swizzled in some brothel in Paris, then found he didn't have enough money for a hansom cab home. A gendarme saw him wobbling his way back to his apartments, and stopped him to ask questions. Vadim apparently decided he didn't need to answer any Frenchman's questions, and punched the gendarme right in the nose."

"No!" Klaus exclaimed. "I always thought he was too much of a coward to ever do his own fighting."

"Cheap wine made him courageous."

"And stupid."

"And stupid is right." Dimitri rubbed his palms together gleefully. "I can't wait for tonight. It's been ten days since last we've seen Tatiana." He combed his fingers through his collar-length black hair, smoothing the strands back off his forehead. "That's the longest we've been away from her since...well, since the first time we saw her in that alley."

Klaus looked at his Russian friend and cocked a questioning eyebrow. "And you've been faithful to her?"

"Absolutely!" The prince shook his head slowly, and his dark eyes took on a hazy, distant quality. "The three of us have been together for six months now. That's the longest I've ever been faithful to any woman in my entire life."

"When I was a boy in Dusseldorf there was a chambermaid six or seven years older than me that I was infatuated with. I lost my virginity to her." He nibbled on his lower lip for a moment. "Lost my heart to her, too, should the truth be known. I was faithful to her and really thought I was in love, as boys of that age will."

"What happened? You've never told me about this."

Klaus shrugged powerful shoulders beneath a silk suit and woolen greatcoat. "For

eight or nine months we had sex whenever we could squirrel away in the attic or the root cellar without someone looking for us. Then she decided that what she really wanted was to have my child. Even at the tender age that I was at the time, I knew that becoming a father wasn't in my plans. At least not my immediate plans. I told her I thought we should wait, and that's when she went to my father and tried to blackmail him for money."

"Did it work?"

"Oh, she got a lot of money, all right, but my father also made it pretty clear that if she ever set foot in Dusseldorf again, she would be making a mistake that she probably wouldn't be able to walk away from."

Dimitri looked out the window, kicked his feet out comfortably in the spacious carriage, and said in a voice more wistful than he would have thought possible, "Tatiana promised she wasn't going to be working late. I swear, if she's so much as a minute behind schedule I'll go completely out of my mind."

Klaus chuckled. "And this from a man who has never taken an order from a woman in his life."

"Like you're any different?" Dimitri shot back without a second's delay. He laughed then and said, "Face it, my friend, you're just as smitten with her as I am." His tone became serious as he added, "If you weren't, you wouldn't have been as damnably celibate these past ten days...just as I've been."

"Damn," Klaus said softly. "We're really in love with her, aren't we?"

Dimitri didn't answer, but he really didn't need to. Prince Dimitri Buzek and Count Klaus von Essen both knew what the truth was.

* * * *

It was nearly impossible for Princess Tatiana Antropov to accept the fact that she was a woman in love with two men. The reality that she was with equal ardor ravenous for two men was not a notion that sat comfortably with a woman who had been raised to embrace a wide-ranging assortment of insecurities and inhibitions regarding sex. The fact that her lovers were stunningly handsome men, gentlemen of accomplishment and considerable wealth, did not in any way ameliorate Tatiana's occasional bouts of self-doubt and guilt over behavior that would be the scandal of St. Petersburg should her intemperate sex life ever become public knowledge.

Though she was married to Prince Vadim Antropov, the loves of Tatiana's life were Prince Dimitri Buzek and Count Klaus von Essena. Vadim, exiled to Paris for a minimum of one year so that Tatiana could attain her divorce through the church and with the blessings of the Czar as an abandoned wife, had been the bane of her existence until that fateful night in April when Dimitri and Klaus came into her life and, quite literally, made her life worth living. They took her heart and soul, and though they were dominating men in every manner imaginable, they protected her as no man ever had. Within the sphere of their influence, Tatiana felt blissfully loved and safe from threats in a way that she had never before known. And, of course, there was a lovemaking. White-hot and fever-pitched. Sweaty. Delicious. Deeply penetrating. Doubly penetrating. Multi-orgasmic.

These thoughts were going through Tatiana's mind as she sat at her desk, trying unsuccessfully to concentrate on the weekly reports of income and expenses concerning her land holdings, the timber company she owned, and her various other assets, stock

holdings, and investments.

Time did indeed make the heart grow fonder, Tatiana now agreed. It had been ten days—ten long, interminable days—since she had been in the mutual companionship of Klaus and Dimitri. Ten days since she had tasted their kisses, felt their caresses. Ten days since she had felt her body opening to accept them.

For the past six months, at a minimum of three or four times a week, she had given herself both physically and emotionally to her lovers.

A soft knock at the office door was immediately followed with her secretary sticking his head inside the office. “Will you be working late again tonight?” Stefan Dubrelski asked.

“Not tonight, Stefan. I’ll be leaving at six o’clock sharp.”

“Very well, ma’am. I thought I’d put in a few hours on that Sevaltapol Mining project.”

“That’s fine. Don’t stay too late though. Your wife will start resenting me for all the hours you’re working.”

After Stefan smiled and closed the door, Tatiana turned her swivel chair away from the interior of her office and toward the windows overlooking the port of St. Petersburg. Closing her eyes, Tatiana let her mind wander, and the images of Klaus and Dimitri drifted through her imagination. Almost as though in a trance, she began slowly pulling up her gray wool skirt and white cotton petticoat.

Opening her eyes, Tatiana looked down at her legs, sheathed in white silk stockings. She brought her skirt higher still, exposing the delicate lace-trimmed white silk bloomers that came down to mid-thigh.

While holding her skirt in her left hand, Tatiana brought her right hand to the juncture of her thighs, touching herself intimately through a thin barrier of silk. The contact of silk against the pink lips of her labia brought a spontaneous warmth to her veins. She felt her nipples elongate.

For an instant she considered locking the door to her office, but this thought didn’t last long. Since her involvement with Dimitri and Klaus, Tatiana had discovered many things about herself—one of them being that she liked having a bit of danger in her life. Danger, the risk of getting caught acting licentiously, added significantly to her pleasure, heightening the strength of the orgasms.

A sleepy, dreamy smile curled her full-lipped mouth. She hadn’t really understood just how good the body was capable of feeling until she had been seduced by a dashing Russian prince and a roguish German count. She had experienced only a handful of self-administered orgasms prior to Klaus and Dimitri; now she considered herself neglected if she didn’t have at least one really good orgasm a day.

Tugging at the drawstring of her bloomers, Tatiana watched as she slowly unknotted the silken cord. A moment later, she was rocking from side to side to ease the bloomers down past her hips and bottom, then down her legs. When the undergarment was around her ankles, Tatiana touched her pussy softly with just the tips of her fingers. A soft, warbling sigh came from her throat as she felt the heated wetness of her own passionate readiness.

She watched, almost as though the hand belonged to someone else, as the tip of her middle finger eased between the lips of her pussy. The thoughts of Dimitri and Klaus had awakened her libido more than she had suspected. She pushed the digit in deeper, not

stopping until her palm was pressed snugly against tingling labia, and sighed softly at the pleasing friction.

With a sigh, Tatiana withdrew the finger completely. For a moment she just looked at her hand, the finger glistening now with the nectar of her passion. Then, very slowly, she brought the finger to her lips and sucked lightly on it. The taste of her own feminine essence caused a tremble of illicit desire go through her. She loved it whenever Klaus or Dimitri pleased her with their mouths, and she especially loved tasting herself on their lips afterward when they kissed her.

I've become a very wanton woman because of those men, Tatiana thought as she used the tip of her middle finger to very lightly tantalize her pink, erect clitoris.

She turned her chair just enough to look over her shoulder at the small clock on her desk. She still had one hour to go before she was to surreptitiously meet Klaus and Dimitri for their arranged dinner at the ever-discreet Mademoiselle Veronique's exclusive nightclub.

Tilting her head back to rest against the high-backed chair, Tatiana closed her eyes and caressed herself with slightly greater vigor. She had an hour to kill...a perfectly good hour to prepare herself for whatever plans Klaus and Dimitri had for her. Their desire for her was powerful, all consuming. Thinking about how explosive their lusts would be after an absence of ten days made a shiver go through the voluptuous blonde, and she caught her lower lip between even, white teeth to keep from moaning loudly enough to be heard outside the office.

They'll want me immediately, thought Tatiana as her fingertip grazed delicately over a clitoris rapidly awakening to the delights of self-administered passion. *They'll take me right there in the carriage, then they'll take me again when we get to Mademoiselle Veronique's.*

She slipped the finger full-length into herself, and long, curling lashes tapped against her pale cheeks as rich waves of luscious pleasure coursed through her veins.

I'm so ready to get fucked, she thought, then blushed at how her hunger for Klaus and Dimitri had changed not just the way she spoke in public, but how she thought in private.

Sounds of a conversation just outside her office door suddenly registered in Tatiana's consciousness. With both hands she slapped her skirt and petticoat down over her legs, and spun her chair quickly around so that she faced the door. Her bloomers were still around her left ankle when there was a knock at the door an instant before it opened.

"Can I change my mind about putting in extra hours?" Stefan asked. He was grinning like a misbehaving schoolboy, which lessened Tatiana's flash of fury at him. "I've just learned that the club's got a new billiard table, and some of us thought we'd see what it's like."

"Of course," Tatiana replied, her pale cheeks slightly pink from thwarted passion. She was thankful for the desk, because without it, her secretary would see that her bloomers were around her ankle. "Just don't stay at the club too long. You've got a wife that needs you."

"I promise. A single pint of ale, a single game of billiards, and then I'll be on my way home," Stefan said theatrically, with a hand over his heart.

He closed the door, and the instant he did, Tatiana pushed her chair away from the desk and removed her bloomers completely. She deliberated for only a moment about her

next moves before deciding to take action. She crossed the room quickly and, as quietly as possible, turned the key in the lock. Then she shrugged out of her gray wool jacket and, with hands that trembled slightly with anticipation, pulled the tails of her white blouse out of her skirt and unbuttoned the garment. The instant it was off, Tatiana pulled her camisole over her head and tossed it onto her desk where it came to a stop atop her bloomers.

Klaus and Dimitri...just thinking about them makes me wet...makes me want to do wicked things, scandalous things. She smiled to herself, seeing the elongated pink crests of her extravagant breasts seemingly held up on display by the half-cups of her underbust corset. *There isn't anything they could ask of me that I wouldn't do.*

She removed her skirt next, and finally her petticoat. Standing near her desk, reduced now to nothing but her silk corset, white silk stockings, and her side-button shoes, Tatiana spread her feet apart, closed her eyes, and as her right hand went to the juncture of her thighs, her left hand cupped a hand-filling breast, forefinger and thumb finding, pinching, and tugging lightly on a very aroused nipple.

It wasn't long before Tatiana's heart was pounding against her ribs, and her breath was coming in ragged, shallow gulps. With some effort, she stopped caressing herself, released her breast and withdrew the single invading digit. From the purse on her desk, she extracted a small silk envelope. From inside, she extracted the circular India rubber cervical cap necessary to prevent pregnancy.

As Tatiana inserted the cervical cap, her legs shivered and nearly collapsed beneath her. She was dancing on the edge of an orgasm, her body high-strung, all her senses fine-tuned and ready for pleasure. Ten days without Dimitri or Klaus was an eternity.

She put her hands on her hips and for a full thirty seconds simply breathed in and out slowly and deeply, forcing herself to become calm. Then, a sly half-smile tugged at her full-lipped mouth. She thought, *Klaus and Dimitri had better be ready the instant I get in that carriage. Sometimes I want to make love, but tonight...I just want to get fucked!*

The coarseness of the language of her inner dialog made Tatiana blush and shake her head slowly in amazement. Before she had been introduced to the multi-orgasmic ecstasy of being the center of attention in a *menage a trois* of passion, the princess had never considered using such a lust-laden word. Now, on occasion, no other word seemed more appropriate than *fuck*.

Tatiana's hands were trembling, but only a little by this time, as she put her blouse and skirt back on. She tossed her petticoat, camisole, and bloomers in the bottom drawer of her desk. Looking down, her erect nipples made noticeable dents in her blouse, their peaked arousal no longer concealed by the camisole. She wondered if her lovers would notice immediately that she was without undergarments except her corset and stockings.

Of course they'll notice, she thought, immediately answering her own unspoken question. *Dimitri and Klaus are connoisseurs of sex.* A shiver went through her. *I'm going to get it tonight...*

Chapter Three

Majedah had thought she understood what true villainy was. Her lessons on the subject had come early and savagely in her life. First there had been Sheik Hazbavi, who had bought her from her father. He was evil, to be sure, but opium had unmanned him, so at least Majedah had been able to keep her virginity, at least in the conventional sense.

Then Sheik Yazid al-Firwaasi and his clan of savages came galloping into the camp at night with their scimitars and daggers and pistols, killing Sheik Hazbavi and all his men. Only the women in Sheik Hazbavi's harem were spared.

When Yazid had learned that Majedah was a virgin, he let her know immediately that her value to him was stupendous—and that he would take her skin off in strips unless she cooperated with his plans. The various methods of slow death that Yazid described made Majedah shudder with revulsion, and she knew that here was a man even more vicious than Sheik Hazbavi.

But neither of those men, Majedah now suspected, were a match for Prince Boris Krellvinov. When Majedah looked into his eyes, what she saw wasn't merely lust or greed or even passion. There was something soulless about Boris's black eyes, something not quite human. He had paid a king's ransom for her—in gold—just so that he could own a beautiful virgin.

He'll kill me eventually, Majedah thought, with the cold-eyed logic of a woman who had been sold by her father into slavery, and now harbored very few romantic notions of the world being a good and just place. *But what will he do to me before he kills me?*

The unanswerable question made the girl shiver in fear, and she hugged her slender arms around herself, squeezing her eyes tightly shut against mental images too vile to contemplate.

She looked around her second story bedroom prison. It took obvious wealth to amass such a shrine to carnal activities. On the bedside tables were hurricane lamps with bases of gold, the flames turned very low to cast the room in a pale yellow glow. On the walls were paintings, graphically explicit and lurid, of men and women in various stages of coupling in all the activity's assorted ways. Even if Majedah had not directly participated in such activities, she had been tutored in them while in Sheik Hazbavi's harem.

The bed, placed in the very center of the large room, was a massive affair, the headboard and footboard hand-carved black walnut engraved with scenes of seduction and frolic of either Greek or Roman gods. The depictions of cavorting men and women, nymphs and satyrs, bordered on the pornographic. But the bed was stripped bare of blankets, a curiosity which frightened Majedah. She wondered whether the blankets were missing because the prince was a man who wasn't averse to tying his women to the bedposts, and then taking a whip to them.

Majedah walked to the windows and looked down at the streets of St. Petersburg. If she opened the window, she could throw herself out and there wouldn't be anything that the sadistic Russian prince could do to stop her. He'd have paid Yazid all that gold for her, and wouldn't have anything but a frozen corpse to show for his largess.

The prince's mansion was just one of many lining the boulevard. Outside, the streetlamps had been lit, casting halos of light upon the cobblestone boulevard as

snowflakes drifted slowly from west to east on a breeze blowing in off the water.

Majedah thought about her choices. She had been a mere child when she had first been purchased by Sheik Hazbavi, who liked the fact that she could read in several different languages, thanks to her schoolteacher mother, a Lutheran missionary's daughter, and her businessman father, a shrewd Muslim with a flare for making a profit no matter what the business venture was. Her early years, in fact, had been idyllic, the daughter of loving parents who paid special attention to the education of their children. But then her mother died, and her father didn't much see any reason to continue educating his only daughter, though he did, in fact, see to it that Majedah's two younger brothers continued their education.

When Majedah's father caught Sheik Hazbavi looking covetously at his daughter, he seemed to have made up his mind on what to do immediately, though the price he asked for was so high that it required three entire days of negotiations before his daughter was sold.

Pushing such painful memories away, Majedah took another step closer to the windows, now so close that she could feel a faint trickle of cold air squeezing between the window and the frame. Goosebumps formed on her copper-hued skin, and her small brown nipples tightened against the cold.

It won't hurt very much, Majedah told herself as she reached for the window frame. *Dive head first into the ground. A moment of coldness, then it'll all be over and you'll never have to suffer at the hands of this Russian monster.*

Majedah tested the window, and it lifted easily. Cold air rushed in, first hitting her lower abdomen. The sensation was so shocking that the breath caught in her throat, and for a moment she stopped raising the window. Then, marshalling her courage, she forced the window up as high as it would go. A wave of icy air and snowflakes swooshed into the bedroom, curling around Majedah's petite, naked form. She clenched her hands into fists and started to shiver, frozen in place with indecision, knowing she would rather be dead than at the mercy of a man like Prince Krellvinov yet unable to make that single, flying leap through the open window. She squeezed her eyes tightly shut and looked inside herself for the courage...and found it! One big leap, that's all it would take!

But when the young slave opened her eyes, the scene outside had changed slightly. Instead of an eerily silent empty cobblestone boulevard lined with palatial mansions of St. Petersburg's haut monde, she heard the clacking rattle of the steel-rimmed wheels of a big, black lacquered berlin coach coming directly toward her, pulled along by a matching set of beautiful chestnut Belgian mares.

It's a sign! Whoever is in that carriage is better than what's waiting for me one floor below! thought Majedah.

She looked around the bedroom. There wasn't a single article of clothing left in the room. Prince Boris had known, obviously, that he would have a naked captive locked away in this bedroom, and had planned accordingly.

Although naturally afraid of heights, Majedah eased herself out the open window and stood on the ledge, her heart pounding with frightening intensity, her entire body shivering with the cold, her nearly waist-length black hair flowing over her shoulders with the gentle breeze.

Majedah looked down and suddenly she felt dizzy. The ground was a long way away. She could jump feet-first...but the chances of breaking a leg, she suspected, were

too great to challenge.

The carriage rattled closer, coming straight toward her, moving slowly, its occupants in no hurry. The hackman driving the carriage wore a long coat against the snow, and had a large felt top hat—the kind that Majedah, when she had seen them for the first time upon arriving in Russia, had thought were so strange-looking. Soon the carriage would have to turn either right or left, Majedah realized, and her escape carriage would have left without her. But this thought was immediately followed with, *What if the carriage is coming here? Coming to Prince Boris's?*

Suddenly the idea of having more than just the monstrous Prince Boris in her life became a real possibility, and Majedah looked down at the ground and considered, once more, the possible advantages of leaping head-first to her death. In mere seconds her turmoil would be over.

But in her breast beat a strong and courageous heart. A hundred times in her young life she had been forced to do things that would crush the spirit of other women or girls—yet she had remained strong, true to her soul even if she had made “accommodations” to the man she was forced to call “master.”

She saw it then, out of the corner of her eye. A rainwater drainpipe went from the roof all the way down to the ground. If she could hold onto it long enough and creep her way down the side of Prince Boris's marble-faced home, then maybe—just maybe—provided her fingers didn't go numb from the cold, provided her toes could find purchase between the heavy slabs of marble...provided...

Walking on the narrow ledge, she made her way over to the drainpipe. Each passing second made her body shiver just a little harder. Each passing second made her fingers and toes just a little more insensate.

She grabbed the drainpipe, hesitated only a moment to summon courage and tamp down an irrational but nevertheless very real fear of heights, and spun around so that her feet were on each side of the drainpipe. Then, painfully aware that time was as much her enemy as Prince Boris, she started her descent, seeking purchase between the marble stones with her bare feet, her slender fingers clenching onto the drainpipe with a steely grip inspired by marrow-deep fear.

The first three steps went perfectly. On the fourth, her toes lost their purchase between the marble stones, and she half-fell, saved only by her hold on the drainpipe. But the near-fall had caused her naked body to come in contact with the freezing metal drainpipe, and the shock this caused to her system was intense.

She slid six feet down the drainpipe before she was able to stop her rapid descent. Her toes had gone numb by this time, but still she continued step-by-step downward.

Though no longer able to see the berlin carriage, she could hear its wheels against the cobblestones...and the sound was receding. Time was running out.

She took another step down, and this time when her toes lost their purchase between the heavy slabs of marble, her numb fingers could not maintain their grip on the drainpipe. With an agonized gasp of fear and fury, Majedah kicked herself away from the building and fell.

The drop was eight feet. It was jolting when her bare feet hit the frozen earth, but she did not break a leg or even turn an ankle. She was on the ground!

Majedah didn't take the time to look around to see if Price Boris had sentries posted outside his home. There was no time for that. If there were sentries, there were sentries

and they would stop her. If there weren't sentries, then she would get away. Either way, she didn't have any time to spare because the berlin carriage was moving farther and farther away, and Majedah—born in the desert and accustomed to excessive heat, not cold—knew instinctively that her body could not withstand much more. She was at the very limits of her endurance.

She started running. Her feet were so cold she couldn't feel the earth beneath them as she ran.

*

Dimitri was seated in the forward seat of the carriage, his top hat on the seat beside him, his vest flask of vodka in hand. He looked between the curtain and the window frame at the city outside, noticing that the snowflakes had become larger, heavier. St. Petersburg could be in for a blizzard by morning, he reflected, and then smiled, thinking that maybe he could spirit Tatiana away somewhere so that he could have more than just a few stolen hours with her.

"It's been ten days."

The words, spoken by Klaus sitting in the rear seat of the carriage, startled Dimitri out of his reverie.

Dimitri scowled and replied, "Yes, ten long, dull, passionless days. We've already discussed this, and bringing it up again isn't going to help matters any." He turned away from the window and looked at his broad-shouldered friend. "We've got to get her away from the city, somewhere where we can have more than just a few hours with her. We need a lust holiday."

Klaus turned his hands palms upward. "That sounds like a great idea to me. But we've got to plan it or there's no way we'll be able to get away from the office for a week without all hell breaking loose. And then there's Tatiana and that shipping company out of Amsterdam. Tatiana's certain the company's cutting her profits, she just hasn't been able to figure out how. It's amazing the number of investments she oversees." He shook his head, and his gaze became faintly troubled. "Vadim is looking for any excuse to come back to St. Petersburg, and we sure as hell don't want to give him that excuse." His Teutonic features shifted in a roguish grin. "Do you think she'll go for the idea?"

Dimitri smiled wolfishly. "We'll just have to convince her, won't we?"

"Damned right," Klaus replied, his smile quite different from his friend, but no less licentious. He pulled a heavy gold watch from his vest pocket and touched the stem to open the protective lid and reveal the flawless crystal face. "It's almost six. We'll pick her up at eight and be to Mademoiselle Veronique's no sooner than six forty-five, if we make a nice, slow, romantic trip of it."

"I told Viktor we weren't in any hurry," Dimitri explained.

Dimitri placed his palm on the seat cushion, then on the basket laden with wine and other victuals on the floor, testing the temperature. Both men still wore their knee-length coats, though they had removed their hats and gloves.

"Do you think it's too cold in here?" Dimitri asked. "Damn it, I should have had Viktor put a charcoal brazier in this a couple hours ago."

Tatiana's comfort was of critical importance to the darkly handsome Russian prince.

"I give you my personal word of honor that she'll be warm. In fact, she'll be very, very hot," Klaus said, flashing that dimpled smile of his. Then, with a dismissive shrug of his broad shoulders, he added, "Next time we'll be better prepared. Mademoiselle

Veronique's will be nice and warm. It's that damned ten days that's making us so edgy." He grinned. "Edgy and stupid."

The carriage began to slow. Dimitri felt his heart give a little leap in his chest, and he thought it utterly amazing that a man of his renown with women should be so thoroughly smitten. The beautiful Princess Tatiana Antropov had a way of making him feel very much like a green cub in affairs of the heart.

The carriage had not yet come to a complete stop when the door was opened from the outside. Without waiting for the steps to be put out for her, Tatiana grabbed onto both sides of the doorframe and leaped up into the carriage.

"Drive on, Viktor!" Dimitri called out to his most trusted manservant. A whip cracked instantly, and the twin Belgian horses got the berlin carriage rattling along a bit more swiftly down the boulevard before slowing once again.

When the carriage lurched forward, Tatiana lost her balance and tumbled to her left into Klaus's arms. An instant later, Klaus had her turned around so that she was on the bench beside him in a half-reclining position. His mouth covered hers in a possessive kiss.

Dimitri's first instinct was to leap across the carriage and join in on the action. After all, he was every bit as much in love with Tatiana as Klaus was, and over the past six months Tatiana herself had made it abundantly clear with words and actions that she was equally in love with both men. But on second reflection, he forced himself to remain seated. Could he calmly watch another man making love with the woman he loved? Though Klaus, Dimitri, and Tatiana had made love countless times in the past six months, Dimitri had always been a participant, never a passive, uninvolved third-party observer.

I'll sit here and just watch. I'll find out if jealousy rears its ugly head, or if I really can accept that my best friend is making love to the woman who has stolen my heart, he thought, testing himself and his own strength, as he so often did. *She's too important to me to have any doubts.*

Tatiana wore the knee-length coat made of exquisite, dark Russian mink that he and Klaus had given her when the weather had turned cool in early September. Dimitri watched as his friend unbuttoned the coat without ever once ending his kiss to Tatiana, his left arm around the back of her neck, his right hand easily freeing the buttons. As she squirmed in his embrace, Klaus opened the mink, then cupped her left breast, his fingers burying into the lush mound. Tatiana moaned with escalating passion, squirming in his embrace, her legs quivering slightly, kicked out toward the middle of the carriage.

Sit here, Dimitri demanded of himself. *Sit here and watch. There'll be time enough to have her yourself later on.*

For a man with very large hands, Klaus's touch was remarkably nimble, Dimitri thought. He unbuttoned the waist-length gray woolen suit coat that matched her skirt in just a matter of seconds, and then made short work of unbuttoning Tatiana's prim white blouse. When he tossed open the halves of her blouse, Dimitri was given a full view of her breasts above the half-cups of her white silk underbust corset. The areolas were pink-hued, quite round, capped by blunt, erect nipples just partially hidden by the lace trim of the corset's half-bust. Their lush extravagance, twin pale mounds pressed together and upward by the underbust bodice, caused a rush of heat to shoot through Dimitri's veins. For a moment his jaws were unconsciously clamped tightly shut, his teeth gritted with

such intensity he could have broken his teeth.

Sit! Just sit and watch! thought Dimitri. But he was by nature a man of action. He had always, even before his early teen years, been a man of action. To simply sit by passively was against every natural instinct in a young prince so favored by nature and blessed by the fortunate circumstances of his birth.

Klaus dipped his head down. He eased Tatiana's plump left breast up out of its half-cup, smiled, then sucked the pink nipple and areola between his lips. Tatiana's short, sharp cry of pleasure was oft-heard music to Dimitri, testing his resolve. When his gaze went from her breast being pleased by Klaus, up to her face, he caught her looking straight at him.

Tatiana smiled seductively, extended a hand, then curled her forefinger in toward herself. She was a princess summoning a subject. Like Dimitri, she was accustomed to making demands and having them followed without question.

"In a little while, my sweet," Dimitri said when a look of worried confusion showed on Tatiana's lovely features. "We've been apart for ten long, terrible days. For a moment or two, I just want to look at you."

As Klaus continued to suck upon her breast, Tatiana's smile turned sultry. Her gaze went from Dimitri's face down to the prominent bulge in the gray, pinstriped wool of his tuxedo trousers, lingered there for long moments, then crept slowly back up to his eyes.

"If you get to look at me, then I get to look at you," she purred. Looking down distractedly, as though she had just now discovered there was a handsome man nibbling on the tips of her breasts, she took Klaus's blond head in her hands and guided him to her other breast. When his lips captured her nipple, Tatiana uttered a cry of pleasure, and tossed her head back on her shoulders. "Hurry, Dimitri! This man's driving me crazy!"

Dimitri kicked his feet out in front of him, then unbuttoned the fly of his tuxedo trousers. His cock was very hard, and its dimensions were such that freeing it in its current physical condition was impossible. After several seconds of fumbling frustration, Dimitri unfastened his belt and then lowered his trousers and underwear to the middle of his thighs.

Looking over Klaus's head at Dimitri, Tatiana's jade green eyes glittered like jewels as she looked at what would soon be her very own personal play toy. She combed her fingers through Klaus's close-cropped blond hair and, to Dimitri, asked, "Can't I play with it now?"

Dimitri had discovered Tatiana's submissive streak early on in their relationship, and he caught the subtle hint of it now. Delay, he knew, profoundly heightened the pleasure one felt.

"Show my friend Count von Essena all your skills," Dimitri said, his suddenly a low, dictatorial rasp. "If the count is not pleased completely, then you will not be pleased at all."

Tatiana's eyes widened in surprise, and Dimitri saw how she struggled to keep from smiling. This was a new game for them that he had just invented, and Dimitri got the distinct impression that it was going to add a new facet to the three-cornered jewel that was their love life.

Klaus kissed Tatiana on the mouth again, and as he did, he began to slowly pull her wool skirt up her legs. Dimitri curled his fingers around the pulsing shaft of his arousal, stroking slowly, his dark eyes clouding over as desire evolved into raw lust. He watched

Tatiana's legs, encased lovingly in white silk stockings, slowly revealed to him, inch by inch. Dimitri was mesmerized. He envisioned himself as a man in a theatre, with Klaus and Tatiana actors in a very small, very intimate play, performed for an audience of one.

When Tatiana's dress reached the tops of her stockings, then went higher still to show the thin strip of naked skin above her stockings yet below her bloomers, Dimitri let out a low groan, and his right hand tightened around his erection.

A second later, his arousal grew significantly in an instant because Klaus had pulled Tatiana's skirt all the way up to her abdomen, revealing the moist, pink lips of her labia.

"No bloomers?" Dimitri said, as much to himself as to the players on the informal stage. "Aren't you just the wickedest woman in all of St. Petersburg? And to think that you're scheduled to have lunch with Czarina Alexandria just next week."

Tatiana couldn't answer because Klaus was kissing her, his mouth slanted over hers. Though Dimitri wasn't at the most advantageous angle to see everything, he suspected Tatiana was French kissing, which pretty much made speaking impossible.

Klaus blindly reached between Tatiana's wide-spread thighs. Significant experience with Tatiana, and with many other beautiful young women of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Dusseldorf, had taught him how to caress to achieve maximum stimulation. With his first and third finger, he gently eased apart delicate labia, exposing the pink, slightly erect clitoris. Using his middle finger, with a connoisseur's touch, he caressed Tatiana's clitoris.

"Oh! Oh, yesss!" Tatiana gasped, her lips against Klaus's as he pleased her with skillful caresses.

Dimitri suddenly realized that he was breathing quickly, shallowly, through his mouth. He smiled at his own complete rapture, shocked that merely watching could be so thoroughly stimulating. When he saw Klaus's thick finger separate Tatiana's moist lips and then push inside, Dimitri inhaled deeply and simultaneously released the hold he had on his arousal. His passion was overheating much more swiftly than he would have thought possible under such circumstances.

Tatiana was squirming now, her thighs shivering a little as Klaus worked first one, and then two fingers back and forth between the pink lips of her pussy. So arousing were her soft moans of passion that they might just as well have been a physical caress directly applied to Dimitri's raging erection.

While dancing her tongue with Klaus's, Tatiana reached between his legs and gave his trapped erection a firm squeeze. Dimitri clenched his hands into fists to keep them at his sides as he watched Tatiana, with fingers that trembled badly, struggling fruitlessly with the buttons of Klaus's trousers.

Her unsuccessful efforts triggered a swift response from Klaus. He batted her hand away, opened his trousers to expose his erection, then grabbed Tatiana firmly by the shoulders and turned her so that she was sitting in the carriage seat.

"No, not like this," Tatiana said quickly. "You sit and I'll sit on top of you."

With Klaus's shoulders being as broad as they were, it took some effort to switch places, but soon he was sitting in his seat with his beautiful tuxedo on and even his necktie still perfectly knotted—but his trousers were around his ankles, and his enormous erection was standing up thick and visually intimidating.

Again Klaus reached for Tatiana, and again she resisted him. Bunching her skirt up in her left arm, she turned her back to Klaus, straddling his outstretched legs, facing

Dimitri.

“Help me,” Tatiana said, her voice soft and passionate. “I need to feel you inside me.” She began lowering her hips, and then suddenly her eyes rolled back and her mouth opened, and though her skirts deprived Dimitri of the view, he knew that Klaus’s cock had entered her body. “Oh, yes. Just like that,” she purred. “I want to feel your cock inside me...while I look into Dimitri’s eyes.”

Dimitri wanted to say something, but he had to clear his vocal chords before he even made the attempt. His throat felt very tight, and Dimitri wasn’t at all certain he could formulate words.

“Ra—“ he began, then cleared his throat yet another time. “Raise your skirt for me. I want to see him going inside you.”

The princess presented a lurid, erotic vision for Dimitri, sitting only a few feet away on the opposite seat of the exquisitely appointed berlin carriage. With her skirt pulled up, and her blouse unbuttoned, her heavy breasts were exposed above the underbust corset, and as she began lifting and lowering her rounded hips, impaling herself upon Klaus’s thick, hard cock, her breasts bounced erotically.

“No camisole, no petticoats and no bloomers,” Dimitri said, a half-smile tugging at the right corner of his mouth. “My lady, were you expecting to be a sinner tonight?”

“I had rather hoped so,” she replied. “Sinning...” she raised her hips slowly “feels so good...” her descent was heavenly “with you two.”

Tatiana dropped down until she was sitting on Klaus’s lap, and the full length of his arousal was buried within her warm, slick, moist feminine embrace. Her eyes were barely open, just green slits of smoldering passion as she looked at Dimitri. She rolled her hips in a circular motion and another wavering sigh escaped her.

Dimitri watched as Klaus’s biceps bunched inside his suit coat as he eased Tatiana up, lifting her as though she weighed nothing at all. When he had lifted her so that only the very tip of his crown still separated the lips of her pussy, Tatiana bent her knees, intent on impaling herself again—but Klaus wouldn’t let her! With his hands tight on her hips, he held her there, suspended between having everything she needed and nothing at all.

“Klaus, let me down,” Tatiana said rather petulantly, twisting to look over her shoulder at the muscle-bound barbarian who knew just how to make her body burn with passion. “Don’t tease me like this.”

Dimitri watched and Klaus pulled down hard on Tatiana’s hips, forcing her to impale herself on his rigid manhood. When she was again seated on his lap, Tatiana whispered, “Oh, God!” and reached between her legs to begin caressing her clitoris. As she worked the middle two fingers of her right hand against the tingling center of all her most sensitive nerve endings, her eyes were locked onto Dimitri’s.

“Up and down now, princess,” Klaus said, getting Tatiana in motion once again. When she did as instructed, he added, “You’re so wet! You make me hard as stone!”

Dimitri couldn’t keep his hand away from his cock. Not when Tatiana was dressed as she was and behaving as she was. Each time she dropped down onto Klaus’s lap, her heavy breasts bounced and swayed, the pink areolas still moist from being sucked on, the nipples distended with lust.

“C-Come c-closer,” Tatiana stammered, looking at Dimitri as she bounced with increasing speed upon Klaus’s lap.

Dimitri watched as a blush brightened Tatiana's cheeks. He asked, "Is there something you want?"

She smiled wickedly and nodded her head while opening herself to accommodate Klaus's clublike arousal.

"What is it that you want?" Dimitri asked, the taunting quality of his tone now thoroughly undisguised.

Tatiana pointed at his erection.

"You want this?" Dimitri asked, running his fist up and down from the very base of the shaft all the way up to the flaring crown. A single, pearllike drop of fluid formed at the slitted tip. "You're certain this is what you want?"

Anger flared momentarily in Tatiana's green eyes, prompting a broad smile from Dimitri. He knew that she was a princess who liked to have whatever she wanted the moment she wanted it.

"Say it out loud or you won't get any of it," Dimitri teased.

"I want your cock," Tatiana said. Then, after several seconds, while she continued to impale herself on Klaus's cock, she said with theatricality but little conviction, "Damn you to hell."

"There's a very real possibility of that happening," Dimitri replied as he rose out of his seat, holding the waistband of his trousers with his left hand, and stroking himself with his right. "Am I correct in assuming that you'd like me in your mouth?"

"Damn you," Tatiana shot back. "Yes, that's right! I want to suck you, goddamn it!"

"You needn't swear so. I'll give you what you need."

But when Dimitri was near the door and Tatiana was reaching for him, the door suddenly was thrown open and a naked woman jumped into the carriage, knocking Dimitri to the floor.

Chapter Four

Majedah had not known what to expect when she jumped into the carriage. As she had ran toward it, she saw that it was a big carriage, beautifully appointed, and that the mares pulling it were some of the finest horseflesh to be found anywhere in the world. She had suspected that perhaps there would be several gentlemen inside—men like Prince Boris, on their way to a private gentleman's club where convivial conversation and strong liquor went hand-in-hand. Or perhaps inside would be a husband and wife with their family of several children. The berlin carriage was big enough to comfortably hold a good-sized family.

All of Majedah's benign assumptions were instantly dashed when, naked and bitterly cold, she opened the carriage's door and, with the very last of her strength, leaped inside the horse-drawn vehicle.

She crashed immediately into a tall man wearing a long black coat and sporting long, dark hair. She knocked him to the floor of the carriage and half-landed on him.

Her slender body was wracked with powerful spasms from the cold, but once inside the carriage, Majedah immediately felt the heat of the carriage against her skin. She also found herself staring at the dark-haired man's erection, which was mere inches from her face. His arousal was significantly larger than the erections made of hand-blown glass that Majedah had been tutored with while in Sheik Hazbavi's harem. She turned her eyes immediately away. Could the Fates be so cruel that they would allow her to successfully escape Prince Boris Krellvinov's velvety trap—only to get ensnared in another Russian's spiderweb?

She looked around quickly and saw that all the people in the carriage—two men and a single woman—had pale complexions, and all were in a state of dishabille. Fearing the worst, suspecting perhaps that she only had seconds to plead for mercy, Majedah said in French, "Please, do not kill me." And then in English, "Please, I mean you no harm."

A barking command from the coachman to the horses brought neighing cries from the twin mares, and the carriage came to a stop. The sound of boots striking the cobblestone preceded the carriage's door being thrown open wide and a long arm being inserted into the carriage. At the end of that long arm was a fist, and in that fist with a Smith and Wesson revolver chambered for Russian .44 caliber cartridges.

And it was pointed straight at Majedah's nose.

"Viktor, don't!" the pale-haired woman said sharply.

Her words had little effect upon the gun-wielding man. But when the dark-haired man said more calmly but with great authority, "Viktor, get the carriage moving. Something bad has happened to this girl. We need to get her away from here as quickly as possible."

"Yes, m'lord," the gunman replied, in Russian.

"And Viktor," the dark-haired gentleman added quickly, in French "we'd still like to go to Mademoiselle Veronique's. Just don't be in any hurry to get there. I get the feeling it may take a while to get to the bottom of whatever this story is."

Majedah wondered if the dark-haired man spoke French specifically so that she could understand him. The man Majedah now knew as Viktor tucked the big pistol back

into a holster under his left arm, then closed the carriage door.

The voluptuous blonde woman got off the larger man's lap—disengaging herself from him in a very physical, intimate sense, Majedah saw—and got down on the floor of the carriage beside her. Even though her blouse was unbuttoned and her breasts had been pushed above the half-cups of her corset, the woman seemed unconcerned with her own nudity. She immediately pulled her arms out of her mink coat and wrapped it over Majedah's naked, slender shoulders.

"What's your name, my dear?" she asked in French.

The muscle spasms of being so near hypothermia were powerful for a girl barely weighing a hundred pounds. But the instant she felt the silk lining of the mink coat against her bare skin—the lining having been warmed by the blonde woman's body during the vigorous exertions of lovemaking—she felt a strange sense of elation, as though this mink coat might somehow transport her away from Prince Boris and to a world of enchantment and safety.

"Majedah," she replied, after some hesitation.

"My name is Tatiana. Now get up on the seat. You can sit next to me. You don't have to answer any more questions until we get you warmed up," Tatiana said, already helping the girl up onto the seat where Klaus currently sat as he struggled to push a stubborn erection back into his trousers to button up. "Klaus, sit in front with Dimitri." There was steel in her tone when she issued the command. "And both of you, give me your coats. This girl's nearly frozen to death."

Majedah was surprised that, without complaint, both men pulled off their long greatcoats and handed them over to Tatiana. Under Tatiana's direct supervision, Majedah soon had the long mink coat put on properly. Then, with her back against the side wall of the carriage, she had one heavy wool greatcoat placed over her like a blanket, and the second greatcoat spread out over both her and Tatiana, with her bare feet in Tatiana's lap.

"I w-want to thank—"

"Shhh!" Tatiana admonished. "Save your strength. There's time enough later for explanations."

As Majedah warmed, lucid, coherent thoughts became easier to grasp. Beneath the greatcoat, she could tell that the voluptuous blonde woman—the one who called herself Tatiana—had adjusted her corset and had then buttoned up her blouse. On the opposite side of the carriage, the men—one tall, dark, and utterly gorgeous to look at, and the other shorter but enormously broad-shouldered, blond, and handsome in the manner of Viking barbarians—were still busy doing what they could to make formidable erections fit within the normal confines of tailored trousers. Majedah didn't have to be told that it wasn't a comfortable fit.

Though she was still shivering a little, the harsh spasms had stopped altogether. Majedah looked at Tatiana, was surprised that the woman's eyes were startling shade of jewel-like green, then looked away. A thousand questions now haunted her sense of relief. Who was this woman, this Tatiana, who had taken control and saved her? It was clear she had power over the men in the carriage. She had demanded of them their magnificently warm greatcoats, and neither man so much as uttered a single word of protest. Majedah had not known that in Russia, women could own harems as well as men. These two men were ostentatiously handsome, and Majedah had seen for herself that they were virile beyond reproach. She decided they must be owned by Tatiana. Why else

would they follow her orders without hesitation?

Majedah gaze went to the opposite side of the carriage. With the men sitting shoulder to shoulder, the carriage seemed much smaller at that end.

"I am Majedah," she said quietly. If they were Tatiana's harem, then she had much in common with them. And since they were strong, it was in her best interests to make friends. Having a new master put many things in disarray.

"I am Prince Dimitri Buzek, at your service, m'lady," the dark one said, his chocolate brown eyes warm and enticing. "I don't know what you're running from, but you're safe now."

"And I am Count Klaus von Essena," the other said. "Your enemies are now our enemies." He looked directly into her eyes and added, "That's a promise."

"You can believe them," Tatiana said, her tone laced with pride. "You can't imagine the hell that they rescued me from."

A prince and a count? Surely, Tatiana must have a castle full of gold to be able to buy a prince and a count for her personal harem!

Majedah's estimation of Tatiana escalated drastically. Not even Sheik Hazbavi, or Sheik Yazid al-Firwaasi could afford European royalty to be in their harem!

Tatiana asked, "Are you feeling a little better?"

Majedah turned enormous, grateful brown eyes toward her benefactor. "Yes, master."

Tatiana put up a hand quickly. "My name is Princess Tatiana Antropov. You may call me by my title, or my name, but please, never call me 'master.'"

Such strange people these Russians are, thought Majedah. They own royalty. The women buy harems just like the men do. But they don't want to be called 'master'...

*

Tatiana held the girl's bare feet in her hands on her lap, rubbing them gently, warming them in her massaging hands beneath two layers of greatcoats. It had taken ten minutes for the girl's shivers to subside, and another five minutes before Tatiana was able to convince Majedah that she could be trusted.

"Can you tell me what happened?" Tatiana asked, her French a soft purr of sound within the confines of the berlin carriage, the rattle of wheels against cobblestones the only sound from outside. "It must have been pretty terrible to make you run away, in the middle of a snowstorm, with no clothes on."

Tatiana listened very carefully as Majedah spoke of her life in the harem of Sheik Hazbavi, of the attack by Hazbavi's great enemy, and then of her capture by Sheik Yazid al-Firwaasi.

"My master sold me to Prince Boris Krellvinov tonight. The prince had to pay a great deal of gold because I am a virgin," Majedah stated quietly, matter-of-factly. "So now, Prince Boris is my master. He bought me."

"No man is your master," Tatiana replied more sharply than she had intended. She smiled to soften the impact of her words. "We let them think that, of course, but women like us know that it's not true at all." She flashed a smile toward Klaus and Dimitri. "I suppose I shouldn't have let you in on my little secret."

Dimitri raised his hands palms outward and said, "Klaus and I have known all along that you're in charge." His grin turned faintly licentious. "Though there are times when you don't really seem to mind taking a submissive position."

A slight blush came quickly to Tatiana's cheeks. "That is undoubtedly true, but this is not the time to get into the specifics." The princess's tone suggested further discussion would have unpleasant ramifications.

Tatiana turned back to Majedah, her hands gently massaging bare feet and slender calves beneath the greatcoat.

"Please forgive me if I ask an embarrassing question," Tatiana continued, her eyes emerald green and filled with sympathy, her voice so soft it was difficult for Klaus and Dimitri to hear her. "But in order for me to help you, it's best that I know your complete story. You...you said you were sold for a great deal of gold...because you're a virgin. But how can you be a virgin if you spent years in Sheik"—she searched her memory for a moment—"Sheik Hazbavi's harem?"

With the greatcoats pulled up to Majedah's chin and only her head sticking out, Tatiana thought she looked almost childlike, in stark contrast to the lurid, highly-sexualized story that she had been telling. There was a part of Tatiana which warned her that she didn't need any more complications in a life already made bewildering by a vicious husband in Paris, two gorgeous lovers in St. Petersburg and an overseas shipping company well in arrears on payments with owners who had a habit of keeping two sets of books in Amsterdam. But another part of Tatiana, that part guided more by her heart than her head, said that she should do whatever was necessary, whatever was possible, to ensure that this young, lovely waif of a girl never had to call any man 'master' ever again.

"Sheik Hazbavi smokes hashish or opium all the time and it had made him...I'm not sure what the word is in French," Majedah stated quietly, looking only at Tatiana and never at the big men in the rear of the carriage. Her eyebrows rose for a moment as the word came to her. "The hashish had made him like a eunuch. He cannot have sex like a man."

Despite her efforts to be neutral, or at least to not give any outward sign of emotion, Tatiana sighed when she learned that this lovely, naked girl with her feet in her lap had not been ravaged by some fat, old sheik. It shouldn't matter, she told herself, but it did.

"There were ten of us in his harem. Some of them were much older than me, but some were just a little older. I was the youngest." Her dark brown gaze flickered upward to Tatiana's only briefly. "Though the sheik could not make love, he had glass penises made for us. He called them—" Her eyes narrowed in thought, and then she uttered a word in Arabic.

"Dildoes," Klaus said quietly, translating.

Majedah's eyes widened, and she even looked to the back of the carriage at the men before quickly turning her attention back to Tatiana.

"Sheik Hazbavi liked to watch us making love to each other. Sometimes I would pretend to be a man, at other times I was a woman," Majedah continued softly. "He told us to penetrate each other everywhere with the glass. But never our—" She used another word in Arabic.

"Pussy," translated Klaus.

Tatiana shot her German lover a fiery look and replied acerbically, "I'm thrilled with your grasp of Arabic languages. I can just imagine why you had to learn such *arcane* words in a foreign language."

"I had a shipping contract a couple years ago and it was helpful to..." His

explanation drifted into silence.

This time in a voice so quiet that Tatiana had to lean closer to the girl to hear her, Majedah asked, “Did I say something wrong?”

Beneath the greatcoat, Tatiana patted Majedah’s silken calf and replied, “My darling girl, you haven’t done anything wrong. Some very wrong things have been done to you, but you are innocent of all wrongdoing. Now please...if you wouldn’t mind...would you continue with your story?”

But a new thought had crept into Tatiana’s consciousness, and tantalizing memories came to mind of a night six months earlier...in Mademoiselle Veronique’s private office, where the beautiful, mature woman—while Klaus and Dimitri held Tatiana’s arms outstretched by the wrists so that she couldn’t defend herself—sank to her knees and performance cunnilingus on her until Tatiana thought she would die if she didn’t climax. She did have an orgasm, and it was one of the most powerful ones she’d ever experienced. But afterward, it was unsettling to Tatiana that it had been so exquisitely erotic to look between her own naked breasts and see the face of a *woman* between her lewdly parted thighs, to feel a *woman*’s finger easing gently between lust-enflamed labia, to feel a *woman*’s tongue caressing her clitoris with such skill that she had no choice but to climax.

That memorable night she had been entirely and exclusively on the receiving end of the lesbian pleasuring...but occasionally, alone in her bed at night, Tatiana imagined what it would be like to kiss another woman’s mouth, to feel another woman’s nipple become erect while she licked and sucked, to taste a woman’s passionate essence as she whispered ‘Princess! Princess!’ over and over again as she caressed and teased.

Mademoiselle Veronique was nearly fifty years old. But though she was still remarkably beautiful, she was not young and vital. In short, she was not *Majedah*, the very essence of vitality. Majedah was alive and beautiful and naked and *so nearby*.

“...that you should have a harem.”

The sound of Majedah’s soft words drew Tatiana out of her reverie. Beneath the greatcoats, she patted the girl’s calf just beneath her knee and said, “Pardon me, dear. I missed what you said.”

“I said that I did not know that Russian women can have harems,” Majedah said quietly, simply. “Where I am from, the sheiks would never allow such a thing. The men keep all power for themselves.”

“Russian women owning harems?” Tatiana queried. “I’m sorry, but I’m not sure what you mean.”

With only her head showing above the greatcoats, Majedah nodded toward Klaus and Dimitri and said, “Your harem. The men, they are yours, are they not?”

In an instant, Tatiana felt the sting of embarrassment go through her. How could she *not* admit to Klaus and Dimitri being hers when she had been caught *in flagrante dilecto* by Majedah herself only a short time earlier.

“Yes,” Tatiana said quietly, with some difficulty. “But I’m not sure that you understand that they are...um...well, they’re my...” Her words drifted away.

“Harem?” Majedah inquired with artless simplicity.

A short, stifled chuckle from the rear of the carriage drew a furious, emerald-eyed glare from Tatiana. “If either of you men says a word right now, you risk serious injury—maybe even death.”

Klaus and Dimitri turned their faces straight down, hiding grins that were ear-to-ear and boyishly lascivious.

To Majedah, Tatiana said, “No, honey, they are not my harem.”

“But one is a prince, is he not?”

“Yes, he is.”

“And one is a count, is he not?”

“Yes, he is.”

“And you make love with them and they follow your orders, do they not?”

Tatiana looked away for a moment, disoriented by this young woman’s innocent and yet entirely damning series of questions. She finally said, “Yes, I do.”

“Then they are your harem. You make love to them when you wish, and they do as you command. That is a harem.”

Tatiana looked to the rear of the carriage. Dimitri and Klaus had their faces turned down so that she couldn’t see their smiles, but their shoulders were moving up and down as they fought against the peals of laughter that were fighting to be released.

Tilting her head back, Tatiana shouted up at the coachman, “Viktor, can we please get to Mademoiselle Veronique’s as quickly as possible?” And then, under her breath, “My God, I really need a drink.”

Chapter Five

Boris felt a sudden dull ache in his stomach, and his eyes narrowed venomously as he looked at his man Kolik. Boris asked, "She's not in her room? How can she not be in her room? She's naked and the door was locked from the outside."

The cassock's gaze was on the floor as he answered, "The window was open. We found footprints in the snow outside." He cleared his throat nervously. "Apparently she climbed down the drainpipe."

"She is naked and it's freezing outside. Is she insane?" Boris put fingers to his temples. He suddenly had a vicious headache, and the urge to take his wrath out on Kolik was suppressed only with an act of willpower. "The footprints you found—was she wearing shoes?"

Kolik shook his head. "She was barefooted. She can't have gone far."

"Find her. Find her immediately." The prince's voice lowered ominously. "Take Vasili and Leonid with you. Find my slave, and find that fucking sheik. For all I know, he set this whole thing up from the very beginning. My little slave is beautiful, so maybe Sheik Yazid wanted to keep her for himself. Either way, I'm not paying for something I didn't get." He stepped closer to Kolik. A blue vein pulsed in the prince's temple, and his left eye had a slight tick. "I paid a fortune for that girl. Find her and bring her to me. And when you find the sheik, bring him to me, too. Make sure you've got my gold with you when you return." His hands balled into fists at his sides. "And Kolik, act as though your life depends upon my being impressed with your efficiency...because it does."

* * * *

Tatiana set her fork and knife down on the table, and eased her chair back just a couple inches. The meal of grilled beefsteak, potatoes, sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, as always at Mademoiselle Veronique's, was delicious. The conversation, though sometimes strained given the circumstances of their first meeting, was even better.

Tatiana looked around the book-lined private office of Mademoiselle Veronique's. So much had happened in this room, so much of her life had been irrevocably and magnificently changed while she was in this room. After her initiation into *menage a trois* loving by Klaus and Dimitri, her lovers had managed to convince Veronique, through a mixture of charm and a significant exchange of gold, to put in a table and three chairs. Veronique's private office, in effect, became an extremely discreet place for Tatiana, Klaus, and Dimitri to eat, drink, and make love.

"We can't try to get her out of the country too quickly or we'll tip our hand," Klaus said, drawing Tatiana out of her reverie.

Tatiana took a sip of her tea and said, "Pardon?"

"If we try to get Majedah out of the country right away, Boris will find out about it. I know for a fact that he's got spies all through the ports." He looked at Majedah and gave her a smile. "So we'll have to hide her with us for three or four weeks. After that time, Boris will think she's slipped out of the city. That's when Dimitri and I can put her aboard one of our ships."

Tatiana looked at Majedah, sitting silently on the additional chair that Veronique had brought in, looking absolutely lovely wearing only the borrowed mink coat. To Tatiana, the girl appeared small and fragile and very vulnerable.

“Don’t worry, dear, we’ll take care of you,” Tatiana said, reaching out to pat the back of Majedah’s small hand.

“You are being very kind. I owe you my life,” Majedah replied, her French impeccable.

Dimitri poured more brandy into his glass, and Tatiana could tell that he was agitated.

“What is it, Dimitri?” Tatiana asked. Her Russian lover merely shrugged and took a large swallow of his brandy. “Please, tell me what’s wrong.”

Dimitri’s gaze flicked toward Majedah before coming back to Tatiana. “Helping Majedah’s only one part of the problem we’ve got. I’ve had some business dealings with Boris, and I’m telling you now that when I did research on the man, I found out some pretty ugly things. The man’s a sadist. He’s hurt women—more than a few. And knowing what he is means that we must do everything we can to see that he can’t hurt Majedah. But there’s also the opium he’s bringing in to St. Petersburg that we’ve got to think about.” He took another swallow of brandy, and Tatiana could tell that he was piecing together his ideas even as he spoke. “That opium’s poison, a real poison. I know the Czar hates the stuff, but there’s not much he can do about it. Especially not if Prince Krellvinov is importing it, because his family has had business interests with the royal family for generations. Enough profit can make a man even as rich as the Czar turn a blind eye toward certain things.”

Klaus leaned forward, his blue eyes intense. “So you think we should stop Boris’s opium shipments?” He chuckled mirthlessly. “I’ve done my own research on Boris, and what I learned is that he’s a man who keeps a grudge, and he’s got a nasty streak of mean in him. If we cross him, we’ve got to expect that we’ll have a vicious fight on our hands. A fight that could well get damned bloody.”

A shiver went through Tatiana as she looked at her lovers. She was unbelievably proud of both of them for being willing to help Majedah, and in their desire to thwart a poison from being brought into St. Petersburg. But the idea that their involvement could mean a *bloody* battle, shook her greatly. The genteel life of the Russian aristocracy meant wealth, luxury, and security—not personal battles that ended in violent death. At least that’s what Tatiana had always believed.

“Enough of that talk for now,” Tatiana said, forcing herself to smile. She hated violence in all its forms. “We’re all agreed that we’ll keep Majedah safe until we can get her out of the country. She’ll be safe living with me. That’s all we need to know for now.” She pushed her tea cup aside, and picked up her champagne glass. “Majedah, you need some wine. Everyone, let’s have a toast to Majedah!”

The girl’s long, ebony hair swirled around her mink-clad shoulders as she shook her head vigorously. Her eyes were dark and luminous as she said, “But I mustn’t drink spirits. It is forbidden.”

“Nonsense,” Dimitri countered, long accustomed to having other people change their behavior to suit his wishes. He poured a glass of champagne and set it in front of Majedah. “Besides, champagne isn’t drinking; champagne is life.”

Tatiana watched Majedah as she stared intently at the crystal glass filled with amber

liquid. The girl caught her lower lip between even, white teeth...and Tatiana asked herself what pleasures she'd experience when kissing that mouth. It was not a question that she wanted to ask herself because she wasn't at all certain she wanted to know the answer.

"Come on, Majedah," Dimitri cajoled. "Your past is behind you, and your future looks sunny. Have some champagne with us."

Tatiana found herself holding her breath in anticipation. Then, finally, she watched as Majedah's dark, slender fingers curled around the champagne flute. She picked up the glass cautiously, then looked directly into Tatiana's eyes as she lifted the glass higher.

"This is how you do it?" she asked with candid simplicity.

Tatiana raised her glass, her smile beaming as she replied, "Precisely." She touched her glass to Majedah's with a light *clink* and then did the same with Klaus and Dimitri. As Majedah brought the glass to what Tatiana considered were disconcertingly kissable lips, she said ambiguously, "Don't worry, my dear, I'll teach you everything you need to know."

They drank the toast, then a second, third, and fourth. Tatiana paid careful attention to Majedah, though she kept her scrutiny hidden. She noted that Majedah's second glass of champagne went down much quicker than the first. After just two glasses of champagne, there was a distinct, bright glassiness to Majedah's dark eyes, and the worry and fear that Tatiana had seen earlier seemed to have vanished.

"This champagne...it tastes very good," Majedah said, smiling sheepishly. She touched the tip of her nose with a forefinger. "But it makes my nose feel fuzzy."

The men hooted their approval, and received a censorious look from Tatiana because of it.

"Don't let them bother you, dear," Tatiana said, once again patting the back of Majedah's hand. Her fingertips lingered a bit longer than necessary this time, tracing featherlight, slowly expanding circles against soft skin. "After what you've been through, there isn't a person with a heart who would begrudge you getting a little"—she grinned mischievously—"fuzzy nosed."

Across the surface of her mind, Tatiana remembered what Majedah had looked like in that very first instant when she'd leaped into the carriage, quite literally just seconds or perhaps a few minutes away from freezing to death. The girl's body was very slender, her hips only delicately rounded, her breasts pleasantly developed, yet not nearly as lush and extravagant as Tatiana's generous bosom. Tatiana was surprised, when she discovered that she was lightly caressing Majedah, that the former harem girl did not immediately pull her hand away. Raising her startling emerald green gaze up to Majedah's, Tatiana saw mild inquiry in those dark depths, but nothing indicating either fear or displeasure.

"When I first met you several hours ago," Majedah said, speaking directly to Tatiana, her voice so quiet in Mademoiselle Veronique's back office that the other occupants all immediately stopped speaking, and Dimitri even held his breath to hear the next words carefully, "I was freezing to death, escaping from a master who was a monster. Sheik Yazid al-Firwaasi is a pig, and the only reason he didn't defile me was because he wanted to make more money from me, and virgins are a valuable commodity to be traded. And so I was then bought by Prince Boris Krellvinov. When I looked into his eyes, I couldn't see his soul. Do you know how scary it is to belong to a man who has no soul?"

“You don’t belong to him. You’re free,” Tatiana said, her voice clear and firm.

“You saved me. But in doing so, I prevented you, a harem owner, from entertaining yourself with your harem,” Majedah said, and there was apology in her tone.

Tatiana started shaking her head defensively, raising both hands to hold them palm outward. “It’s not really like what you’re thinking.”

But Majedah, either emboldened by the champagne or simply apologetic for having disturbed Tatiana’s *menage a trois*, continued undaunted. “If you would like your slaves to continue, I will sit quietly and not disturb you.” As though to prove her point, she rose swiftly, though a bit unsteadily, to her feet, crossed the room until she sat in the one forbidden place in the entire office—Veronique’s personal chair in front of her work desk. She sat with her legs folded beneath her, and if the desk hadn’t been between Majedah and Tatiana, the naked young woman would have once again been showing Tatiana feminine treasures that for most of the night had been hidden behind a mink coat. “Continue. I do not want to be a bother to you, and it was my sudden invasion into your world that prevented you from amusing yourself with your property.”

Klaus and Dimitri, while Majedah spoke, both pushed their chairs back and stood up. The faint half-smiles on their faces was lightly flushed, a combination of alcohol and rapidly escalating lust. Over the past six months, Tatiana had become familiar enough with her lovers to know that they wanted her sexually just as much as she wanted them. Having their first encounter in ten full days abruptly derailed was not the climax to the *menage a trois* they’d been looking forward to.

“Now wait a minute,” Tatiana said, softly and quickly. She watched as Klaus pulled loose his necktie; Dimitri shrugged out of his exquisitely tailed black cutaway coat. “I...I admit that perhaps having the two of you as lovers is...um...rather unusual, but that doesn’t mean that I’m so thoroughly wanton that I’ll make love to you with another woman in the room watching us.”

Majedah spoke up then, saying, “I promise to not make a sound.” A couple seconds passed before she added, “If you want, I can turn my back to you.” It was easy for Majedah, with her small body, to grab the arms of the chair and simply spin on her bottom until her back was to Tatiana. “Since you have saved me,” she said, continuing her very quiet discussion with Tatiana, “I am like Dimitri and Klaus; I am yours. Though I am neither a princess nor a countess.” She looked over her shoulder, “I must be lower ranking in your harem, then, if they are royalty.”

By this time, Klaus was down to his underwear and stockings. Dimitri was completely naked, and Tatiana was slowly backing away from them with her hands up, her head shaking slowly as she declared, “No...not in front of the girl...I’m not an exhibitionist, damn it!” softly, so that Majedah couldn’t hear.

The long, leather sofa—the one that had provided the cushioning for Tatiana’s first *menage a trois* with Klaus and Dimitri way back in April of that year—stopped her retreat. She nearly lost her balance, almost toppling backward onto the seat cushions, but she was able to right herself—but not before being bracketed with Klaus’s broad, amazingly muscular body on one side, and Dimitri’s tall, lean, leonine body on the other.

Whenever she was standing between her men, Tatiana always felt small. It wasn’t that she was a small woman, by any means. Six inches over five feet made her taller than average, and with her dramatic curves, she could hardly be considered petite. She felt her heart begin to race when she first looked up into Klaus’s deep blue eyes, then turned to

look into Dimitri's dark brown ones. It was always their eyes that told her what was going on in their heads.

Each man took a half-step closer to Tatiana then, and she amended her previous observation. Their eyes *and* their cocks. Both Klaus and Dimitri, having divested himself of clothing which, under the circumstances, had become extremely inconvenient, was sporting a rigid erection of formidable dimensions—and Tatiana felt them against her ribs.

“Kiss me,” Klaus said, cupping his hand around the nape of Tatiana's neck.

The words *They always work as a team!* registered dimly in the swirling chaos of Tatiana's mind when Klaus's lips sealed over her mouth at exactly the same time that Dimitri took her by the wrist and guided her hand to his throbbing erection.

As Tatiana kissed Klaus, his enormous hand warm and comforting against her cheek as his nuzzling lips and questing tongue sought entrance to her mouth, she curled her fingers around Dimitri's heated, rigid shaft and began to stroke. The warmth of his intimate body went straight into her own blood stream. When Dimitri's left hand cupped her breast through her blouse, his fingers instantly captured her erect nipple and tugged at it lightly. His right hand, meanwhile, was busy pulling up Tatiana's skirt to put even more fuel onto this lusty conflagration.

I could kiss him forever, Tatiana thought as Klaus's tongue danced slowly and expertly with her own. He seemed to know instinctively how long to keep his tongue in her mouth before retreating, and doing this in such a way that invited Tatiana to explore his mouth.

But she really couldn't kiss Klaus's mouth forever, or even for more than a minute or two, because Dimitri was far too impatient and passionate a man to ever let himself get too far removed from the main action. The moment Klaus's lips lost connection to Tatiana's, Dimitri grabbed her by the chin and rather forcibly turned her face toward him. Tatiana only had time to offer up either a soft gasp of protest, or a moan of pleasure, as Dimitri's mouth slanted down hard over hers, his lips firm and demanding.

As Tatiana sucked her Russian prince's tongue deeper into her mouth, she felt strong, commanding fingers unbuttoning her blouse. She didn't know whether it was Klaus or Dimitri who was opening her blouse, and over the past six months she had discovered that it was not knowing—the sensual mystery of it—that so monumentally heightened her excitement and made her nerves sizzle with readiness.

Her eyes were closed and a myriad of buttons on her blouse and skirt were swiftly coming undone, but the thought that suddenly consumed Tatiana's consciousness with equal measures of exhibitionistic excitement and icy cold inhibition was that Majedah was sitting in a chair hardly more than thirty feet away, and she was in all likelihood watching everything with wide-eyed horror.

Dimitri's lips were feasting on Tatiana's as her blouse was removed. Klaus, standing behind her, murmured something about his lover having such unquenchable lust that she didn't even bother with troublesome, in-the-way lingerie such as drawers. Her corset and stockings prevented skin-to-skin contact, but in no way obstructed access to Tatiana responsive breasts and tingling pussy.

“Are we that ugly to look at?”

The deep timbre of Klaus's voice, and the tone which was teasing and yet slightly confrontational, instantly brought Tatiana out of her fantasy world and back to the

present. She turned around quickly to face the object of that question, Majedah.

Majedah was sitting in Veronique's chair with her back toward the sofa. For several seconds, her shoulders moved, almost as if she was expecting to receive a lash. Seconds ticked by, and suddenly there was a new tension in the room, an aura that made it difficult to breath, a tension that was mysterious because it was only partially about sex.

"I...I did not want to intrude." Majedah's voice, clear and yet submissive, was barely audible. "I did not mean to offend."

Tatiana understood, then, perhaps a little of what it might be like to be a slave to a savage like Sheik Yazid. With calm yet forceful authority, and knowing that earlier Majedah had called her "master," Tatiana replied, "You may watch if you please; you may turn your head if you like. Majedah...you may do as your own desire for pleasure commands."

The interruption had taken no more than thirty seconds, but that was all the time it took for Tatiana's fire to be significantly doused. Klaus and Dimitri, always monomaniacal in their pursuit of the princess's physical charms, were just as aroused as ever.

"Sit, sit my darling," Klaus urged, nudging Tatiana toward the sofa as his fingers worked free the hook-and-eye closures running down the front of her white silk corset.

In a whisper that would not cross the room, Tatiana said, "I don't want to embarrass Majedah."

But when she turned her glittering green eyes toward the slender girl, Tatiana was surprised to see that she had turned around in the chair so that she face the sofa—and unless Tatiana was very much mistaken, she had unfastened at least one and possibly two buttons on the mink coat.

The instant Klaus had freed the last of Tatiana's corset hooks, the white silk opened and, with the garment's half-cups no longer supporting extravagantly sized and shaped breasts, they spilled out, pink-crested and wobbling tautly, erect nipples a distinct indicator of their owner's pleasure.

Standing behind Tatiana, Dimitri grabbed the loosened corset and pulled it down to the floor, taking with it the white silk thigh-high stockings attached to garters on the lower edge of the corset. After helping the princess get out of shoes and stockings, Tatiana was now completely naked, her lush body all ripe curves and planes, a Rubenesque physique perfectly designed to give and receive staggering amounts of pleasure, an entity designed by benevolent deities or fortunate nature that was the embodiment of femininity and capable of inspiring insatiable desires.

The men were impatient, but Tatiana didn't mind. They grabbed her and pushed her onto the sofa between them. She immediately put her arms around their naked shoulders, as she had done so many times in the past six months. She turned her face toward her darkly-handsome Russian lover, and received Dimitri's deep, soulful kiss. As his tongue explored her mouth, Klaus kissed her neck, then shoulder, then quickly worked his way down to the pink tip of her left breast. When his lips surrounded her nipple and he drew a firm, moist suction, Tatiana moaned loudly, her voluptuous body suddenly delivering a single, involuntary twitch as she kissed Dimitri with all the love and lust her soul possessed.

They know me, thought Tatiana. They know that I don't warm up as quickly as they do, so they always make sure that I'm wet before they proceed.

Back and forth Tatiana turned her face, first receiving Klaus's tingling kisses, then Dimitri's. Her arms stayed around their shoulders as she half-reclined on the sofa. As Klaus's tongue explored her mouth, Dimitri's kisses and caresses went elsewhere, to Tatiana's neck and to her sensitive earlobes, to the breast nearest him which he sucked on until the nipple was peaked, then tantalized as he used his teeth upon it, occasionally causing a hint of pain which was always soothed away with his warm, wet, caressing tongue. And as she continued kissing Klaus, Dimitri's caresses went downward, over her stomach, along her thighs that spread in wanton invitation before long, slender fingers eased over the small, soft thatch of pubic hair to caress lust-swollen labia and a clitoris aching for attention.

I'm going to die if I don't feel them inside me.

The thought came to Tatiana, but she didn't really believe that she would die, though there had been times when her lovers seemed particular focused on seeing to it that every nerve in her body was aroused to a fever-pitch before bringing the *menage a trois* to culmination—and this seemed to be one of those times. As Klaus continued kissing her mouth with distinctly favorable results, Dimitri had bent over at the waist and his long black hair tickled the insides of Tatiana's legs. His sharp teeth were nipping at the insides of her spread thighs, each little bite causing a mini-lightning bolt of pain, his bites always coming close to but never quite touching either the puffy, lust-moistened lips of her pussy, or her throbbing clitoris.

But then, without ever giving direct stimulation to her pussy or clitoris, Dimitri began kissing his way back up Tatiana's body!

Wrenching her face aside to end her kiss with Klaus, Tatiana, breathing deeply, gasped, "It's been so long since I've had either of you inside me! Don't make me wait!"

She looked down, through the tautly quivering mounds of her breasts, at Dimitri as he kissed his way along her stomach, moving upward. When their eyes met, she saw temptation shining like the Devil in his eyes...but there was something else in those chocolate brown pools of masculine seduction—something mischievous. Something that he and Klaus knew about; something that had intentionally been kept a secret from her.

"Don't tease me," Tatiana said, the desperation in her tone an honest emotion and not at all theatrical. "It's been ten awful days without you two!"

Seconds later it was with Dimitri who was kissing her mouth, while Klaus journeyed slowly southward, a connoisseur of pleasuring with his hands, lips, teeth and tongue. When he finally settled onto his knees on the floor of Mademoiselle Veronique's office, the breadth of his shoulders was such that rather than trying to spread Tatiana's legs so wide apart, he just placed her thighs upon shoulders thick with clearly defined muscles.

When Klaus's tongue eased between pink labia made slick with the nectar of Tatiana's passion, she uttered an intemperate "Oh, fuck, how I've missed your tongue on my pussy!"

Tatiana closed her eyes and just let herself...*feel*.

There she was, after ten lonely and passionless days, at last again with her men. And what was abundantly clear was that Klaus and Dimitri were showing every indication of being singularly focused on her pleasure. Her pleasure *first*. Later on, she had no doubt that they would seek their own satisfaction. But for right now, for this very instant in time, all that seemed to matter to her handsome Russian prince and German count was that her orgasms were satisfying and multiple.

Could there ever be anything else like feeling one handsome man's mouth on her nipple, sucking tenderly, while another handsome man's mouth was pressed to her pussy, his tongue moving upward to circle and caress a pink, erect clitoris before traveling south briefly, and then starting its erotic northward journey all over again?

But then Tatiana felt something she hadn't anticipated. At least, she hadn't anticipated such a thing with Klaus. She felt his fingertip, slick with the Danish lubricant that Mademoiselle Veronique kept available, against her tight, rear entrance.

Tatiana's eyes opened wide. She looked down between her quivering breasts to see Klaus, his eyes closed in concentration, his nose buried in the short curls of her pubic hair. What she couldn't see but could most definitely feel was the tip of Klaus's finger nudging against her bottom, pressing more firmly with each passing second...seeking entrance.

It wasn't Klaus's finger that had caused Tatiana's fear. She had been, as the saying went, a Greek virgin six months earlier when she had met her twin lovers. They had taken the time—more specifically, Dimitri had taken the time because he was far more interested in the activity than Klaus—to teach her the unexpected thrill of 'going Greek.' Though Dimitri's arousal, by any measurement, was impressive, it was his length more than his thickness that had made the breath initially catch in Tatiana's throat when she first saw what he had for her. It had initially hurt to have his lean, muscular chest pressed tight against her back, his breath hot against her cheek as he pushed his cock past her resistance, his strength and desire forcing her body to surrender, to succumb, to stretch and accommodate. When he had climaxed that first time in her bottom, Dimitri had apologized and said he'd never make love to her that way again.

But a week later, it was Tatiana who applied the lubrication invitingly. And when she stretched out on her stomach Mademoiselle Veronique's long sofa, all she said to Dimitri was, "Do it again...and whatever you do, don't stop."

The second time, as Dimitri speared his incredible cock between the globes of her ass, driving deep up her rear, Tatiana, despite the pounding against the sofa that she was taking, managed to get her right hand down between her legs. As Dimitri's lean, perspiring torso slapped moistly against Tatiana's buns and his long cock plunged deeply, she was rubbing her clitoris vigorously. She had hoped to climax at exactly the same time as Dimitri released his endless jets of sperm inside her. She did not succeed, climaxing a mere thirty seconds before the Russian prince, though he later claimed that her orgasmic contractions were what had spurred him on, pushing him over the edge of the abyss so that he had no choice but to release his cum.

But it was Dimitri who had enjoyed taking his pleasure from Tatiana in that taboo manner, not Klaus. Tatiana's German lover was also heroically endowed, though his orgasm-inspiring erection was significantly greater in girth than Dimitri's. True, he wasn't as long as Dimitri, but as Tatiana felt his finger pushing up past her tight ring of resistance, she knew that there could be only one reason for him to be applying the lubrication—and she wasn't at all certain she was ready to take the bludgeoning ramrod Klaus called an erection into her ass.

A minute passed. Then two. Klaus's lips and tongue never left her clitoris, and by this time there were two fingers well-lubricated with the Danish ointment pumping slowly and relentlessly into her taboo passage.

Tatiana felt the tightening, that strange, helpless constricting that she was powerless

to slow or stop. Through the black fan of her eyelashes, she was vaguely aware of Majedah being across the room, watching her with unblinking eyes, her face pale under the circumstances.

What does she think of me now? was the last conscious thought Tatiana had before the orgasm shuddered through her, as nerve pathways became overloaded with sensory input. The spasms were sharp, wrenching, painfully powerful when gripping her body, yet deliciously, wickedly satisfying in their afterglow.

And when the last of the contractions had finally passed through Tatiana's lush, naked, ostentatiously feminine body, she put a hand to Klaus's forehead and forced his head out from between her thighs.

"You've...got...to...give...me...some...time," she said between deep gulps of air. "I thought...I was going...to die."

Chapter Six

Majedah's emotions were tumbling. It wasn't as though she'd never been in sexual situations before. Quite the opposite, in fact. How many times had she been stripped completely naked, along with all the other slaves in Sheik Hazbavi's harem, and then done wickedly intimate things with and to the other women while the sheik watched from his throne, his eyes glittering and alive, his manhood oblivious to any and all feminine enticements? How many times had she taken one of the sheik's glass phalluses and pantomimed giving fellatio, or pushed the glass into another woman's slickly lubricated bottom? How many times had she herself taken a glass dildo into her bottom, acting under the whispered, venomous orders of an opium-smoking despot who possessed in his hands the power of life and death?

So it wasn't as though Majedah could say to herself that she'd never before witnessed anything sexual. But what *was* new, completely and frighteningly different from anything she had seen...was the men. Prince Dimitri and Count Klaus were not harem women, and their erections were not small and made of glass and proportioned for the erection that Sheik Hazbavi could no longer achieve. Their erections were long and thick and they seemed to grow with little or no provocation from Princess Tatiana.

Beneath the priceless mink coat, Majedah's small, brown nipples were jewel-hard and tingling madly. She had not known that men could perform the same kind of intimate kiss that the harem slaves had given her, and which she had given countless times. So when Tatiana's lush body began to thrash about as Klaus used his fingers, lips, and tongue upon her seething pussy, Majedah knew fully well that she was having an orgasm, and that it was a powerful one.

Greatly experienced in some matters of sexuality, and yet entirely naive in other aspects, Majedah wondered if an orgasm given by a man felt different than one provided by a woman.

Her thoughts were interrupted when the princess pushed herself off the sofa and, pink-cheeked from her recent orgasm, she crossed the room, her body a series of lush curves and hollows that Majedah envied. She put her left hand modestly between her legs.

"I must be a very wicked woman to allow something like that with you here in the room to watch," Tatiana said, her voice low and intimate. She reached for an abandoned glass of champagne on the dinner table. "I hope you don't hate me for it."

"You are my savior," Majedah said honestly. "You are my master."

Anger flashed in Tatiana's eyes for a split-second. "I'm not your master."

"I am sorry." Majedah was quite certain that she did, in fact, belong to Princess Tatiana, just as the harem men, Klaus and Dimitri, belonged to her. She wondered if perhaps there was something in the translation that she was missing. She spoke many languages, and no matter how skilled she thought she was, there was always something that came up, French to Russian, Arabic to English, that caught her by surprise. She whispered, "I do not want to make you angry."

Tatiana's mood softened as she drained the glass of room-temperature champagne, then refilled the glass from the bottle in the ornately engraved ice bucket. "You haven't

made me angry. This evening...it hasn't turned out quite like I had planned."

Majedah wasn't certain what to say. Whenever she showed the proper deference to this strange Russian princess who had saved her life, she was promptly punished for it. Yet she had much experience in Sheik Hazbavi's harem of what happened when slaves did not show the proper respect to their master.

Using the tip of her finger, Tatiana smoothed a thick lock of ebony hair behind Majedah's ear, and asked softly, "Are you hot? I know that's mink's *very* warm."

"Would you like it back?" Majedah asked, already shrugging the heavy, knee-length garment off her shoulders, exposing small, lusciously-shaped breasts. She was surprised at the swiftness with which Tatiana caught her and pulled the mink back properly onto her shoulders.

"I guess you'll just have to be a little warm for a while," Tatiana said, smiling now, which leavened Majedah's concerns.

"Oh, Tatiana! Haven't you forgotten something?"

Majedah heard the teasing good humor in Klaus's tone. When her gaze met with Tatiana's, the woman's green eyes were positively sparkling.

"Have you ever watched men and women together?" Tatiana asked.

"Only women and women. Sometimes as many as a dozen all at once."

For several seconds, Tatiana simply looked straight into Majedah's eyes, and the girl had the distinct feeling that she was being measured for something.

It was Dimitri this time who said, "Darling, there's a time for talk and a time for action. This is *definitely* a time for action."

"Pull a chair closer," Tatiana whispered, and Majedah felt a sudden quickening of her own heart. "And try to keep an open mind."

After Tatiana turned away, Majedah looked at the men in the harem she now was a member of. The sight of Klaus and Dimitri, each starkly masculine in his own way, made the breath catch in Majedah's throat. They were sitting side by side on the sofa, one long and lean, dark-skinned and gorgeous, with an erection in his hand that Majedah found frankly intimidating. The other was shorter, broader, more pale and powerful, and in his hand was an erection that pulsed with a vitality that was visible from fifteen feet away.

Tatiana walked to the sofa, took both Klaus and Dimitri by the hand, and tugged them up out of the sofa to a standing position. Majedah turned her back to them, took a chair from the dinner table and turned it around to face her enigmatic new female master.

When Majedah had turned around to face Tatiana, some ten feet away, it was instantly clear to the girl that she was, quite intentionally, to be an audience of one. This was no longer just a situation of a beautiful woman pleasuring herself with the two men that she owned, with Majedah being an unavoidable observer. Tatiana had arranged it so that she was standing between Klaus and Dimitri, who faced her, and she had positioned herself so that she faced Majedah.

Majedah's hands suddenly felt clammy. She clenched them into fists in her mink-lined lap. And when she crossed her legs at the knee, she had to stifle the small sigh of pleasure when she felt the smooth slide of leg against leg, and then the pressure of her thighs rubbing together, creating a hunger in her pussy.

Majedah watched as Tatiana wrapped her fingers around the shafts of the two erections that were pointed at her. Her gaze went from one hard cock to the other, then settled momentarily upon the small patch of pubic hair that Tatiana had allowed to grow.

Majedah closed her eyes for a moment, fighting against uncharitable thoughts. In her culture, religion forbade the growing of body hair, so girls pluck out their body hair as it first grows. It isn't long before the root of the hair simply dies. To have pubic hair would be considered poor personal grooming.

Very slowly, Majedah's gaze traveled upward. She saw the twin mounds of Tatiana's breasts, bobbing gently as she worked her hands over the two hard cocks. Seconds ticked by, and Majedah hardly breathed. Then, finally, her gaze went further upward to settle onto Tatiana's. The princess was looked straight into her eyes. It was a challenging stare, Majedah felt, as though Tatiana was defying her to look away.

Then, mischievously, Majedah winked. Though Majedah was often confused by European customs, having spent so much of her life under that harsh rule of her father, and then Sheik Hazbavi, she knew that a wink had a sly, mischievous meaning. She wasn't certain of the subtleties, but she did understand that the princess was including her into a very exclusive world where few were allowed.

Very slowly, with her emerald green eyes still locked with Majedah's, Princess Tatiana Antropov leaned slightly to her left, let her pink tongue crawl slowly out of a full-lipped mouth, and began licking the crown of Dimitri's cock.

Majedah flexed her thighs. It was the only way she could increase the pressure against her clitoris without actually touching herself. She wasn't sure what restrictions she had on her actions. Everything that was happening was so completely new and disorienting to her. The only thing that she was absolutely certain of was that she'd never seen anything quite so sexy as watching the beautiful Russian princess licking a magnificently formed, spectacularly-sized erection. Majedah's clitoris throbbed and ached, desperate for the caresses that had so often been self-administered, or provided by one of the other harem girls—caresses she now wished would come from Klaus or Dimitri, or even Tatiana.

And then Tatiana closed her eyes, turned her face directly toward Dimitri, and allowed him to feed his cock to her. He pushed in slowly, deeply, and though Majedah's experience was limited to glass replicas, Majedah could tell that Tatiana had taken the hard, manly flesh to the entrance of her throat.

Majedah's hands started to shake, and she squeezed them more tightly in her lap. Watching Princess Tatiana taking a jaw-stretching cock in and out of her mouth was the sweetest torture the young former slave had ever known.

*

Tatiana suddenly came to the bizarre awareness that she simply didn't have enough hands. She needed one hand for Dimitri's erection, and one hand for Klaus's. And, naturally, she needed one hand for herself. Her pussy was more than just moist, it was wet—wetter than she could ever remember it being without being caressed. And it was itching, tingling madly, all but weeping for some attention. A skillfully self-administered caress would soon have her once again twitching and trembling through a toe-tingling climax—if only she had another hand.

How many times had Tatiana, over the past six months, lovingly and lustfully sunk to her knees between her lovers to give them fellatio? More times than she could count. Not that she minded. One thing she had discovered about having Klaus and Dimitri as lovers was that, without fail, as far as sexual pleasure went, they always gave more than they got. It wasn't that Tatiana didn't try to hold up her end of the pleasure-giving

responsibilities, but being outnumbered two to one—and with men of such prodigal sensual skill as Klaus and Dimitri—the princess found herself endlessly trying but failing to give more orgasms than she had received.

Sometimes at night, when she was exhausted and sore, she wondered whether or not she shouldn't just bring her lovers to Mademoiselle Veronique's private office, where the table for three had exclusive clientele, make sure that Klaus had plenty of schnapps and Dimitri had plenty of vodka, then pleasure her lovers for hours and hours using nothing more than her hands, her mouth, and her breasts. At the end of the evening, Klaus and Dimitri would be drained and satisfied, and Tatiana wouldn't be sore.

Oh, but what a thrill it was to be so uncomfortable! To be loved, and loved, and loved some more until her tingling labia was slightly swollen and tender to the touch! If only all women could experience such rapturous pain!

Tatiana felt as though she alone possessed a secret that all women should know, and she wondered whether she was being selfish by not sharing her knowledge with all the women of the world.

Back and forth she bobbed, taking Klaus to the depths of her mouth and then rotating her face around his erection before pulling back slowly, very slowly so that he could feel her lips gliding along his shaft, until she release him completely. But then, before turning her attention to Dimitri, she flicked her tongue against the slit at the tip of his crown, and her lover's powerful body flinched as though jolted by electricity, letting Tatiana know that her oral ministrations were working their magic.

Presently, she turned to Dimitri once more to stroke her fist along the saliva-moistened length of his shaft several times before slowly and teasingly pushing her butter-soft lips over his crown and down the meaty length of him, taking his erection as deeply as she could before reflexes Tatiana had not yet learned to inhibit prevented her from swallowing him completely.

All this she had done before. She knew what her men tasted like; she knew how they responded when she pleased them with her lips; she knew how much stimulation was needed to make them hard, and how much was enough to make them climax. She had in the past six months intentionally driven each of them to the edge, watched them teeter on the brink as they tried to hold back climaxes that were rushing headlong, and then swallowed their passion. She had seen, too, them enjoying the lovely afterglow of a satisfying orgasm.

Princess Tatiana had done all of this before...but she'd never done it with an audience. Not an audience of one, who was young and beautiful with eyes like a fawn's and small breasts that were plump and firm and had areolas the color of the sweetest dark chocolate. Perhaps most tantalizing for Tatiana was knowing that Majedah was a virgin with men and yet vastly experienced in the sensual art of giving and receiving pleasure with women.

She's watching me, thought the princess, her eyes closed, her mouth filled to overflowing with Dimitri. *She's watching everything I do...and it adds to my excitement to know that she's there, so young and so very lovely, watching me every move I make!*

As Tatiana bobbed, across the surface of her mind drifted the memory of what it had felt like to be reclining on the sofa with her arms around her lovers, watching and feeling as Mademoiselle Veronique lovingly used her lips and tongue on her pussy. The orgasm she had experienced during her one encounter with lesbianism had been so powerful it

nearly frightened Tatiana.

“Enough,” Klaus said, his voice low and raspy with sexual tension. “There’s more that I want from you tonight.”

A shiver went through Tatiana’s voluptuous body as the men hauled her to her feet. There was decadent authoritarianism in Klaus’s tone that frightened and aroused Tatiana, triggering an immediate response by her submissive secret self. Tonight she was going to get ravaged; Klaus’s lust for her was nothing less than incendiary.

Dimitri stretched out lengthwise on the sofa, his long, lean body a visual treat for Tatiana. For several seconds she just looked at his erection, so long and magnificently formed and still glistening wetly from the oral pleasuring she had so willingly administered. Then she straddled his slender hips, putting a knee on the sofa cushions, her left hand on his naked chest, her right hand guiding the flaring crown of his cock to her moist labia.

“It’s been so long,” Tatiana whispered as she lowered her shapely hips. When she felt her entrance opening and the crest of Dimitri’s erection was inside her, she tossed her head back on her shoulders and sighed, “Sooo good!”

Even before she had taken all of what Dimitri had for her into her pussy, Tatiana looked over her shoulder to see what Klaus was up to. She found him picking up his trousers from where they had been discarded, and removing a small, square glass bottle.

“Use a lot of that, my darling,” Tatiana whispered, looking at Klaus as she settled onto Dimitri, taking all of his cock into her pussy. She watched Klaus as he poured the clear ointment onto the shaft of his erection. Shivering, Tatiana whispered, “You’re going to tear me in two with that damn thing.” Her eyes met Klaus’s, and without words he asked her if he should take his pleasure in a more conventional manner. “Whatever you do...once you start, don’t stop,” Tatiana said, courage and fear battling for supremacy within her. As Dimitri reached up and began tugging lightly on her nipples, Tatiana sighed and her eyelashes fluttered against cheeks that had turned pink with lust. “Fuck me, Klaus. Take me as though you can’t get enough of me.”

Tatiana turned her attention to Dimitri. With her knees up against his ribs, she bent forward, pressing the full mounds of her breasts more firmly into his hands, trembling as her mouth sought his. When their mouths met, Tatiana instantly thrust her tongue between his lips, her tongue dancing and frisking, playing over his lips and teeth and tongue. She was still kissing Dimitri when she felt Klaus getting into position behind her, his muscular chest against her back, the conical crown of his erection nudging her back entrance, his breath searing the side of her face as she French kissed his best friend.

She felt the rising pressure as a thick, blunt erection pushed harder, more insistently against her tight opening.

He’s too big!

It was a frantic thought. Tatiana stopped kissing Dimitri, turning her face aside. The pressure to open grew stronger and mild discomfort evolved into pain.

He’s just too big for me!

But an instant after this thought went through Tatiana’s brain, Klaus pushed forward, unyielding force in direct conflict with delicate tissue. Despite the liberal application of the Danish lubricant that Klaus had applied, when Tatiana surrendered to greater strength, a sharp blade of pain knifed through her body. She clenched her teeth and her lips pulled back in a grimace, her eyes squeezed fiercely shut.

There was momentary relief for Tatiana when Klaus retreated, withdrawing completely from her Greek passage. But the relief lasted only for a second or two because then Klaus was advancing again, the enormous crown of his cock forcing Tatiana's cheeks to spread apart, her rear entrance stretching to accommodate his incredible girth. On the second invasion, he thrust even deeper than the first, the unyielding, iron-hard shaft of his cock gliding between taut cheeks.

Tatiana had been simultaneously double-penetrated by Klaus and Dimitri before, but their positions had always been reversed from what they were right now. Klaus was soon fully buried in her ass. Tatiana moaned softly upon his retreats, as pleasure and pain became indistinguishable.

This is how I like it the best, thought Tatiana, picking her head up so that Klaus could kiss her on the temple as he buried his cock to the hilt in her ass. *Having both Klaus and Dimitri inside me, filling me completely...taking me...ravaging me...*

It took several revolutions before the men were able to move in unison, timing their thrusts in a rhythm that pleased them and thrilled Tatiana. She turned her head to the side, allowing Dimitri to kiss her right ear as Klaus kissed her left. Her voluptuous body was wedged between Dimitri and Klaus as the men strained to pump into her harder, deeper, filling her with their strength, their desire.

"Y-yes," Tatiana stammered. "F-fuck m-m-me."

There was no other sensation in the world quite like taking on long, hard cock into her pussy, and another one into her ass—simultaneously. She felt it all, the exquisite sensation of Dimitri's cock filling her pussy and rubbing smoothly against her erect clitoris while at the same time Klaus's clublike cock filled her backside, forcing her ass to spread further apart than ever before.

Klaus's hands were at Tatiana shoulders, pulling at her as he heaved and groaned above her, his chest against her back, his cock buried full-length inside her clasp of Greek passage. Beneath her, Dimitri was huffing and sweating as he struggled to thrust upward in time with Klaus, burying his erection inside the princess's slick sheath, giving her everything he had.

There was nothing that Tatiana could contribute, no move that she could make that would heighten anyone's pleasure. She positioned herself properly, with her weight on her knees and her hands by Dimitri's shoulders, but with Klaus pressing down against her back, she couldn't balance herself between her lovers, like she could when it was Dimitri who was behind her. She felt utterly and completely trapped, helpless against a lust that she had inspired in men who knew what they wanted and weren't afraid to take it. Tatiana's high-pitched moans and cries of desire mixed and mingled with the low, hoarse groans and grunts and labored gasps of lust that came from the men.

For perhaps the twentieth time since they had started, Klaus and Dimitri filled Tatiana, spearing their hard bodies into her until she held everything they could give. That was when Tatiana felt the tightening begin, the orgasmic clenches that she had not realized would be upon her so quickly. Pleasure and pain from her pussy and ass being plundered mixed and mingled into a single entity.

She opened her eyes and only then remembered that Majedah was there, sitting not ten feet away, her chocolaty eyes round and glassy.

"Fuck!" Tatiana gasped, her body wracked by spasms, her gaze locked with the young woman's as the orgasm peaked and then began to fade.

Klaus was next to reach the summit, his powerful body smacking moistly against the glistening cheeks of Tatiana's ass as he plunged deeply into her. Having reached full insertion a final time, he growled as his seed rushed from him.

Dimitri was the last to give Tatiana the slick, liquid evidence of his lust for her. It was a testament to his power that he could move, considering he was being weighted down by Tatiana's and Klaus's combined weight. Nevertheless, his lean hips worked like a piston, and had he pumped another ten times in Tatiana, she would have had yet another climax.

"Oh...oh, God...that was...amazing," Tatiana sighed, her body tingling from the afterglow of her orgasms, and cooling quickly. She was still sandwiched between Klaus and Dimitri, and she loved the way it felt to have their slowly dwindling erections still inside her body.

Klaus asked in a soft voice, "You're not too sore?"

Tatiana gave her head a little shake, and her silken hair fell into Dimitri's face. She said, "Not *too* sore."

"Sorry," Klaus whispered.

"Don't be," Tatiana replied instantly. "I'm not sorry one little bit."

*

Majedah had watched women having sex with each other many times in her past. There was nothing, she had thought, that she hadn't at some time in her life witnessed.

But that was before she was introduced to Prince Dimitri Buzek and Count Klaus von Essena. They weren't timid girls in some rich sheik's harem. They were men—big, strong, *virile* men—with erections that made the glass dildoes that Majedah had practiced with seem utterly and completely absurd.

Majedah felt the slick feminine honey of her excitement moistening the lips of her pussy. She had faked arousal so many times, it had been difficult, at first, to realize just how passionately excited she was becoming by watching a lovely princess get utterly ravaged by her male harem.

Klaus and Dimitri...they are what Sheik Hazbavi wished he was. They are the men that Prince Boris wishes he could be—but never will be, thought Majedah.

Tatiana was on the sofa, her lush, ostentatiously feminine body pinned between her lovers. The sound of heated flesh smacking wetly against flesh seemed to fill the room, echoing off the walls. It was a sound that Majedah had never really heard before in this exact same way.

She has very large breasts, thought Majedah, seeing how Tatiana's bosom was compressed against Dimitri's naked chest as he groaned and strained beneath her, thrusting upward to fill her pussy with his cock. And then, in stark discord with the previous thought, *If the princess is my master now, how am I to address her? She will not allow me to call her 'master,' but if she owns Klaus and Dimitri, then she surely must now own me...provided she doesn't return me to Prince Boris.*

A shudder went through Majedah. She squeezed her eyes shut for a moment, telling herself that Tatiana had made it very, very clear that she wasn't going to allow Prince Boris to have her under any circumstances.

When the young slave girl opened her eyes again, she forgot all about Prince Boris and even about Sheik Yazid al-Firwaasi because there before her, on a long leather sofa hardly ten feet away, were three beautiful people doing everything they possibly could to

give each other the ultimate sensual satisfaction.

What would it be like to be with Klaus? To be with Dimitri? I've taken glass shaped like an erection into my body, but never a real man, Majedah thought as she watched the threesome on the sofa giving to each other every ounce of energy they possessed.

Majedah had taken those glass dildoes into her ass, but those artificial penises were significantly smaller than the real erections that Klaus and Dimitri possessed. In the lust-disoriented recesses of her imagination, Majedah wondered whether she would experience pleasure or only pain if her body was forced to accommodate the formidable dimensions possessed by Tatiana's harem men.

The urge to touch herself, to caress her clitoris while watching Tatiana getting gloriously double-penetrated by her beautiful harem men, was so strong in Majedah that only the memory of the horrors of her earlier narrow escape prevented her from taking action to self-satisfy her lust. Besides, Princess Tatiana had not asked her to masturbate, and Majedah had been taught that she was not allowed to masturbate unless her master had given her the command to do so. The last thing that Majedah wanted to do was make her new master angry. An angry master might give her back to either Sheik Yazik or Prince Boris, and to be with either one of those men meant being in a living hell.

When she heard Tatiana's high-pitched cry of ecstasy, Majedah knew what it signified. And shortly after Tatiana's climax, the thickly-muscled, pale-skinned harem man above her groaned of his desire, and Majedah knew he was releasing his lust inside the princess's Greek passage. Lastly, the dark-skinned one with the slick, sleek body groaned and seemed to be trying to get up off the sofa, though Majedah knew that he was only trying to bury his penis as far into Tatiana as was humanly possible as his testicles released their treasure.

When it was over, Tatiana opened her eyes and looked at Majedah. The girl shivered a little, and wondered what it had been like to have two such big and powerful men making simultaneous love to her.

"Oh...oh, God...that was...amazing," Tatiana said quietly.

"You're not too sore?" Klaus asked.

Majedah wondered what punishment Tatiana would give the men in her harem if they made her sore because of their vigorously lovemaking.

"Not *too* sore."

"Sorry," the big German replied, but Majedah noticed that he was smiling.

"Don't be. I'm not sorry one little bit."

She is a good master to have, Majedah thought with confidence. If a harem man could make her sore, and yet she wasn't going to punish him, then surely that was the master that Majedah wanted for herself.

"Majedah, darling," Tatiana said while still being wedged between her lovers, "will you please give that bellpull in the corner a yank? I need Mademoiselle Veronique."

Though she wasn't at all certain her shaky knees would support her scant weight, Majedah crossed the room to the bellpull and tugged on it twice.

Chapter Seven

Prince Dimitri Buzek kicked his long legs out in front of himself, crossed them at the knee, took a sip of his vodka, then casually looked around the private gentleman's club. There didn't seem to be anyone paying attention to him or his conversation with Count Klaus von Essena, and that was vitally important. If what they had to say became public knowledge, there was the very real chance that people would start dying.

Klaus said, "You go first. What have you learned this week?"

"Since Majedah jumped into my carriage, there is a certain dissolute member of the Russian aristocracy who has put up a fortune—and I mean a true fortune in gold—if a young foreign woman is brought to him. No questions asked, he says. Just show up with Majedah bound hand and foot, and you are solvent for life. All of our dockworkers have heard about the reward, and they are keeping their eyes open."

"Do the dockworkers have any understanding of your involvement in the disappearance?"

Dimitri shook his head. "If they knew where Majedah was, they'd sell that information to either Boris or myself, whichever the highest bidder." He shook his head sadly. "They're not loyal on the dockyards, but they are consistent. They'll do whatever puts the most gold in their pockets." He took a swallow of his vodka. "What have you learned this week?"

"Sheik Yazid al Firwaasi is holed up at the Cosmopolitan Hotel. Know where that is?"

Dimitri nodded. "That's the new one near the czar's summer palace."

"Exactly. The sheik's apparently worried that Boris is going to try to steal back his gold. He's got himself surrounded with a dozen armed guards. Also, he's been sending telegrams every day trying to get his hands on a private ship that he can sail out of St. Petersburg on. He insists the ship have cannons." Klaus laughed. "Apparently, he's quite certain that if travels by train, Boris will have him killed. His only way out of St. Petersburg is by a private boat that's armed to the teeth with cannons."

"Why doesn't he just give the gold back?" Dimitri was getting tired of his adversaries and their endless greed. "He's got more gold than Midas."

"It's an honor thing, from what I've been able to tell. If the sheik gives the gold back, then he loses honor. And if Boris doesn't get his gold back, then *he* loses honor."

Dimitri issued a short, barking laugh and shook his head. "Neither man has any honor at all, yet they are willing to spend fortunes and kill each other just to save face." He laughed again. "What a pair of hypocrites!"

Dimitri's laugh drew the attention of a short, rather portly gentleman standing across the room near the fireplace. Right away, Dimitri wished that he had kept his emotions to himself because after only a second or two of deliberation, the stranger pushed away from the fireplace and headed across the room.

"Damn," Dimitri muttered. "I should have kept my mouth shut."

Klaus made an infinitesimal gesture with his enormous left hand and whispered out of the corner of his mouth, "Let me handle this. I know him."

Dimitri guessed the man's age at close to sixty, maybe a little less. Like all the club

members, he had the bearing, demeanor and clothes of a man with significant education and income.

As the man drew near, Klaus unfolded his bulky body out of the leather wingback chair and extended a meaty hand. "Constantine Ulinoff, it's been a while!" Klaus announced, his smile beaming.

The two shook hands. Dimitri watched as the older man's hand seemed to disappear inside Klaus's. Dimitri politely got up out of his chair.

"I don't know if you two have met," said Klaus. "Constantine Ulinoff, this is my good friend Prince Dimitri Buzek. The prince and I have some shared shipping interests." And to Dimitri, he said, "Constantine has a factory in Moscow that builds parts for my textile factories in Rostock and Leipzig."

Dimitri and Constantine shook hands. Constantine said, "I've been doing business with the von Essena family since Klaus was this tall." He put his hand down near his knee. "Take a look at that big man now and you'd never think he was ever little."

Klaus laughed good naturedly and asked, "How's the family?"

Dimitri saw the concern show briefly in Constantine's eyes before he masked the emotion. "The wife is fine. Good health, and all. I've got my son here with me in St. Petersburg. I haven't been able to find him a wife in Moscow, so maybe I can find someone suitable that he finds attractive here in St. Petersburg."

The information surprised Dimitri. He knew the size of the Ulinoff family fortune. With money like that behind him, it shouldn't be hard to find a girl from the right family who was willing to produce the necessary male heir to continue a family dynasty.

Constantine smiled, but it wasn't as warm as it had been earlier as he said, "I'll leave you young gentlemen alone now. You don't need an old man like me keeping you from your discussions of women and gambling. And don't tell me you weren't talking of women and gambling! I was young once and that's what we spoke of all the time."

Dimitri watched as Constantine walked back to the fireplace, signaling the porter that he wanted another vodka.

There was the strangest smile on Klaus's face when he put his hand on Dimitri's shoulder and said, "I think I've just figured out a solution to all of our problems."

* * * *

"What we've got to do is legitimize Majedah, turn her into someone who must be reckoned with," Klaus said, leaning back in his chair and crossing his legs. The lobster he'd just finished had been delicious, and he made a mental note to make sure that Mademoiselle Veronique let him know whenever she had a fresh shipment in. "Nobody knows her identity except Boris and that sheik." He made a swirling motion with his hand, unable to remember the man's name. "You know who I'm talking about."

"Sheik Yazid al-Firwaasi," Dimitri replied.

"That's the one. Anyway, Majedah is a woman without an identity, without a past. We can make her anything or anyone we want to. The point here is that we've got to position her so that Boris can't harm her in any way." He grinned. "So let's get her married to someone from our class, someone with a name." He grinned when Dimitri gave him a quizzical look. "Let's arrange a fast marriage of convenience to someone who needs a wife but doesn't really want one, someone who wouldn't make any demands of Majedah."

“You’ve got me curious as hell, and about as confused as I ever hope to be.”

“Remember that older fellow I was talking to earlier, the one looking for a wife for his son? The reason Constantine Ulinoff has had such a tough time finding a daughter-in-law is because his son, Mikhail, doesn’t like the ladies. It’s fairly well known that the boy’s a homosexual. He’s discreet about his escapades, mind you, but word gets around.”

“Does his father know?”

“He might understand it intellectually, but he refuses to believe it emotionally. So he pretends to not see what’s plain as day to everyone else.”

“Two questions: Why would the boy go along with it, and how do we pull it off?”

“If Mikhail gets married, his father will stop locking him in closets with unmarried women. I get the feeling that Mikhail would like that *very* much. And how we arrange the marriage is that we say Majedah’s pregnant—with Mikhail’s baby.”

Dimitri grinned. “Mikhail Ulinoff gets his father off his back by getting a wife, and Majedah gets the legitimacy of marrying into a prominent Moscow family. Nice. But there is that little problem of Majedah not really being pregnant.”

“She wouldn’t be the first woman to miscarry. Who could say she hadn’t been pregnant when she got married?”

“The church can be damned annoying when it comes to brides being pregnant on their wedding day. And don’t underestimate the czarina. She takes a *very* dim view of out-of-wedlock pregnancies, and she’s here in St. Petersburg now, not in Moscow. Trust me, my friend, there’s not much that happens that she doesn’t know about.” Dimitri reached for the vodka bottle. “You see, we’re in Russia, and I look at the world through the eyes of a Russian. You’re German, so you just don’t see things the same way. No matter how long you stay here, you’ll still be German and St. Petersburg society will still be Russian.”

“If Majedah has to get pregnant in order to be free from the sheik and that bastard Boris, I’m convinced that she’ll go along with the plan. Having a baby has got to be preferable to being Boris Krellvinov’s slave. You and I—we’ve got friends. We can think of someone suitable that Majedah won’t find odious, some man who will keep his mouth shut after the deed is done.”

This time Dimitri’s grin turned into a full smile. “Married to a prominent family, and giving birth to her husband’s baby. If Boris said anything about her real background, he’d look like a bitter buffoon.”

* * * *

It was nearly midnight before Princess Tatiana was able to touch the back of Czarina Alexandra’s forearm and, with the faintest nod of her head, indicate that she needed a moment of privacy to talk. The Romanovs had known Tatiana’s family for several generations, and had on several occasions done business together.

“If you will please excuse me,” the czarina said politely to the three dowagers with whom she had been discussing the weather. She took no more than a step away; the three dowagers, having a centuries-old understanding of social rank in the Russian empire, walked away. “Now Tatiana, my dearest, what’s troubling you? You’ve been trying to get me alone since this dreadful ball began.”

Since time privately with the czarina was always in short supply, Tatiana was disinclined to small talk. “Madam Czarina, there’s something very important that I must

ask your blessings for.” Tatiana’s green eyes studied Alexandra Romanov intently. “It is a matter of considerable delicacy, and it involves the church.”

The czarina’s pious attitude toward the church and faith were well known in the empire. Her power within the church was also common knowledge. Priests who opposed the czarina’s interpretation of the Russian Orthodox Bible often found themselves preaching in small churches far from the population centers of Moscow and St. Petersburg.

“Go on, my dear,” Alexandra said, her eyes narrowing. “I’m listening.”

“I’ve become friends with a young woman of unconventional background. She’s fallen in love, and would like to have a church wedding as quickly as possible.”

The czarina looked at Tatiana even more carefully. “Before I ask the other more relevant questions, let me ask you this: what do you mean by ‘unconventional background’?”

For a moment Tatiana nibbled on her lower lip. “You know that my husband, before he disappeared, had some business dealings with Count Klaus von Essena. Yes?”

“Yes, I was aware of that.” The expression on her face let Tatiana know that the czarina had also heard that Tatiana’s husband had abandoned her and traveled to France where he was living a dissolute life of nonstop debauchery.

“The count has an older brother, and that brother met a woman and together they had a child out of wedlock. This happened while he was in Egypt.”

The right corner of the czarina’s mouth twitched briefly. “That’s not what I would call unconventional. There is a lot of bad behavior between the archeologists and the local population at those digs.”

“But Klaus’s brother was already married at the time. He had a wife in Germany.”

“Oh, I see.” The czarina’s mouth pursed unpleasantly.

“The child has been cared for and she’s truly lovely, but being born a bastard and...” Tatiana’s words died away.

“Since you’re asking for quick wedding, can I assume that this unfortunate girl is following the same path as her mother? She’s gotten herself pregnant out of wedlock.” The final sentence was a damning statement, and the czarina’s mouth pressed into an even more unattractive thin line. “You know my stance on immorality.”

“Yes, Madam Czarina, I know how you feel,” Tatiana replied quietly. For the first time since she had concocted this scheme, she began to have serious doubts that it would be successful. “I also know how much the church respects your opinion, and that is why I’m asking for you to intervene on behalf of this unfortunate girl. She has found a good young man of honorable family and birth to be her husband.”

The czarina smiled, but it was a cold smile. “She was born out of wedlock and now she’s pregnant. The priest doesn’t want to allow the church wedding because it looks bad to reward sinners by letting them get married in a church.” Her eyes softened as she looked at Tatiana, but when she spoke her tone had all the flexibility of steel. “I want the child baptized. Is that understood? And the parents are going to give generously to the church coffers.”

“Yes, Madam Czarina, of course. Whatever you say.”

“Then the wedding will take place next Sunday at ten o’clock at my church.” The czarina opened her fan and waved it briefly before her face. “I really shouldn’t be helping you, my dear Tatiana, but I can be such an old fool when it comes to love. And I’ve

always had a place in my heart for you, ever since you were a girl.”

Tatiana smiled and replied, “Your secret’s safe with me, Madam Czarina.”

“I’ll arrange everything with Father Stavinsky. Make sure that I’m sitting in the front row on the groom’s side.” She paused a moment and looked directly into Tatiana’s eyes.

“A Faberge egg would be a suitable ‘thank you,’ under the circumstances.”

Tatiana just smiled. She knew that the czarina never did any favor without asking for something costly in return.

Chapter Eight

“That boy of mine sure surprised me,” Constantine Ulinoff said to Klaus. The old man’s chest was puffed out with pride as he stood on the steps of St. Petersburg’s famous Church of St. Sebastian. “I introduced him to a dozen fine girls in Moscow, and Mikhail didn’t like a single one of them. I brought him up here thinking maybe Cupid’s arrow would find him in St. Pete. And what does my boy do? He finds a girl all on his own.” He nibbled on his bottom lip contemplatively for a moment. “I sure do wish that boy’s mother had lived to see this day. She’d be proud of him. She’d be just as proud as I am right now.”

Klaus smiled at Constantine and reminded himself that the story people believed was that Majedah was his illegitimate niece by way of his older brother and some Egyptian woman.

“I’m glad my brother’s daughter has found herself a fine and handsome young man,” Klaus said, keeping a wry grin to himself. “Mikhail and Majedah seem like they’re really in love.”

“Don’t they though? Doesn’t the love they have for each other just shine?” Constantine was grinning broadly, and occasionally waving to friends as the throng of people entered the church. “We’ll we’d better get inside. The ceremony starts in just”—he pulled out a thick pocket watch—“ten minutes.”

“I’ll be in shortly,” Klaus replied. When Constantine walked away, Klaus went straight to where Viktor, Dimitri’s manservant and trusted bodyguard, was leaning against the south wall of the church, stationed where he had an unobstructed view of the crowd as they filed through the double front doors. Under his breath, Klaus asked, “Is he here?”

Viktor looked away as though he hadn’t been spoken to. He did not look at Klaus even as he answered. “Prince Boris Krellvinov walked into the church less than five minutes ago. He’s on the left side in the third to the last row.” He patted his jacket beneath his arm, where he kept the big Smith and Wesson in a holster. “I can’t imagine he would be stupid enough to make a scene in a church while the czarina and three of her daughters are present, but if he tries to get violent he won’t accomplish anything other than his own death.”

“If possible, avoid killing him.” Klaus studied Viktor for a moment, wishing he had a manservant as capable and competent. “Anyone else we should worry about? You’ve checked out the route?”

“The czarina has at least three bodyguards with her, blending in with the crowd. I can’t see how they could be a problem. As for the post-wedding route, the total time by carriage from the church to the father-in-law’s estate is less than nine minutes. Once at the estate, the bride and groom and their attendants go upstairs where rooms are waiting. They’ll have approximately thirty minutes to themselves before they’re expected to be at the reception in the ballroom on the main level.” Viktor looked at Klaus and gave him a half-smile. “Boris doesn’t have a clue on what’s going on. The only reason why he’s even been invited is because Constantine Ulinoff does business with him, and since Constantine was beginning to suspect that his son was a homosexual, to find out that he’s

impregnated a girl has got the old man puffed up like a peacock. He wants everyone who is anyone to see what his son has done.”

Klaus laughed softly. “Never in the history of the Russian Orthodox Church has there ever been a father more happy to learn that his son has impregnated a girl out of wedlock.”

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Tatiana looked at Majedah and said in a whisper, “There’s never been a more beautiful bride. Not ever.”

A team of seamstresses had worked virtually around the clock for six days to complete the dress with the twenty-four foot train. As maid-of-honor, Tatiana’s dress was certainly lavish, though it paled when compared to the bride’s collection of silks, satins, lace, and muslin, with a train that everyone agreed was stunning.

Turning to the mirror, Majedah looked at her reflection and said in a tone of voice that lacked confidence, “And I am not showing too much bosom?”

Tatiana smiled. Majedah was showing a little cleavage, but certainly no more than fashion dictated. As for herself, while the décolletage of Tatiana’s dress mirrored the bride’s, her more ample curves were ostentatiously on display. Tatiana was eager to see what reaction she’d get from Klaus and Dimitri. She hadn’t seen her lovers privately for one week—not since that fateful night when Majedah had jumped into the carriage, which led to time spent in Mademoiselle Veronique’s private office and turned into the most passion-filled hours of Tatiana’s life.

There was a light rap of knuckles on the door, a pause, then two more knocks.

“That’s the signal,” Tatiana said, giving the bride one last appraising look. “It’s time to walk down the aisle and get married.”

As she knew it would be, the church was packed. There wasn’t an empty spot in any of the pews. Just under three hundred people were attending what everyone knew was a hastily arranged wedding—and there was really only one reason for that.

Feodor Stimann, the best man, was waiting to escort Tatiana down the center of the church to the altar. In his early twenties, he was a big, beefy young man who looked uncomfortable dressed in his stiff, formal clothes. When Tatiana eased her hand around his arm as they began making their way slowly toward the altar, she squeezed his biceps and smiled a little beneath the thin white veil that covered her face. Feodor just might be as strong as Klaus, and Tatiana previously hadn’t even thought that was possible.

When they reached the altar, Tatiana released Feodor’s arm as they parted. She reached her assigned position, and immediately the church’s gigantic organ began playing the processional theme. Tatiana turned to face the audience and watched as Majedah took Klaus’s arm and began walking.

Majedah was halfway toward the altar when the idyllic afternoon wedding turned into something akin to a barroom brawl.

Prince Boris Krellvinov recognized the dark-haired, slender young bride, despite the white, transparent veil over her face. Rising to his feet, eyes bulging and his face instantly turning crimson, he pointed at Majedah and shouted, “That bitch can’t get married! I bought her! I paid good money for that cunt and I own her!”

Tatiana watched as Viktor exploded from his position in the back of the church, heading for Boris. But Viktor wasn’t the only man determined to put a quick end to any disturbance at the wedding. One of Czarina Alexandra’s bodyguards, wearing a tuxedo

just like most of the wedding attendees, was just one row behind Boris. He tried for a knockout punch to the back of the head, but Boris was a brawler, apparently sensed the attack coming, and ducked enough to miss the full impact of the blow.

It might actually have been better for the infuriated prince had he allowed himself to be quickly and cleanly knocked unconscious. By prolonging the fight, he was swarmed over by no less than four highly trained soldiers assigned to protect the Romanovs. These four men, never known for having highly-refined senses of humor or forgiveness, removed Prince Boris Krellvinov from the church. What the czarina's men left in the street some two hundred yards away resembled a man and was breathing, but with difficulty since many ribs had been broken, and seeing was impossible since both eyes were swollen completely shut.

After that, somewhat anticlimactically, the wedding continued exactly as planned and in just under eighty-one minutes, Majedah became the blushing wife of Mikhail Ulinoff.

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The carriage was waiting outside the church, a massive piece of carpentry and ironwork requiring six Belgian geldings to pull it. There was enough seating for ten, though there would only be four interior passengers going from the Church of St. Sebastian to the Ulinoff Estates.

As well-wishers waved, Majedah and Mikhail took the rear seat. With a sigh and a hope that trauma and conflict were not only finished for the day but for her entire life, Tatiana took her seat beside Feodor. Hardly had they taken their seats when the crack of a whip signaled the beginning of their short journey. The instant the carriage was rolling, Mikhail pulled down all the curtains, shutting out St. Petersburg and all its citizens.

Mikhail nearly jumped into Feodor's arms, forcing Tatiana to laughingly scramble off the seat to reposition herself next to Majedah.

"Oh, my!" Tatiana said softly as she watched Mikhail, as lovely a young man as she'd ever set her eyes upon, kissing passionately with Feodor who, ironically, was the best-man at his wedding to Majedah.

A full thirty seconds passed before Mikhail finally took his mouth from Feodor's. He took his proper position on the carriage seat, and when he turned his gaze toward Majedah's, his eyes were glassy with tears that threatened to spill down his cheeks at any moment.

"I can't begin to tell you how grateful I am that..." Emotion cut off his words, and Tatiana felt herself seize up inside as suddenly she, too, found herself fighting off tears. "I promise you this: you'll have a very generous allowance, and you'll want for nothing," Mikhail continued. "Nothing, Majedah, and I mean that. I'll need to have my own house now, and you'll have to live there with me, but I promise that you can pick out the house. There'll be two huge wings to the house and you can have one all to yourself and you'll never have to see me if you don't want." For a moment the emotions again overwhelmed him, and his slender-fingered hand slipped tenderly over to Feodor's massive, callused one. "You...you've saved me from a life not worth living."

Tatiana was touched by Mikhail's frank assessment of his life. There had been a time, just six months earlier, when she, too, had felt trapped and helpless, buffeted by cruel circumstances, forced to continually live a lie because her foul husband insisted upon making her life a living hell. But then Klaus and Dimitri came into her life. They

took over and simply changed everything. Now Tatiana couldn't imagine living without them. It didn't matter that she had fallen in love with two men at the same time, any more than it mattered that Mikhail had obviously fallen in love with a fine young man named Feodor. What mattered was happiness, passion, safety and stability. And though Tatiana had found it in the most unlikely of places and circumstances, just as Mikhail had, all that *truly* mattered was that both she and Mikhail had found *contentment*.

While Tatiana was happy to experience contentment, the feelings Feodor desired at that moment were rather more intense. Tatiana watched, open-mouthed with shock, as Feodor put his right hand to the nape of Mikhail's neck, and began pushing the slender young groom down. With his left, Feodor unbuttoned the fly of his trousers.

"Feodor! They're watching!" Mikhail exclaimed as his face was pushed down into his lover's lap.

"They won't mind," Feodor replied through clenched teeth as he pulled a partially erect penis out of his crisply creased trousers.

Whatever fighting Mikhail might have put forward stopped the instant Feodor had exposed himself. When Mikhail saw his lover's penis, he opened his lips and took the flesh deep into his mouth.

"Oh, God! You've got the hottest mouth in all of Russia!" Feodor sighed, his right hand still tight at the base of Mikhail's neck, forcing his lover to hold all of his burgeoning erection in his mouth.

Even though she herself was in the midst of a love affair that was, by any conventional standards, highly unusual, there was nothing in Tatiana's background to prepare her for seeing such a beautiful young man still in wedding attire performing fellatio, albeit with an obvious amount of embarrassment. Instantly, Tatiana's heart accelerated with excitement. As Mikhail began slowly bobbing up and down, dragging his moist pink lips along the shaft and head of Feodor's erection, Tatiana felt her own pulse throbbing hotly in her clitoris.

Glancing to the side, Tatiana looked at Majedah's profile. The new "bride" seemed similarly shocked and aroused by the men and their behavior.

Soft, masculine moans from Mikhail filled the enormous carriage as Feodor, still holding securely onto the new groom's neck, guided his up and down movements.

Tatiana noted, with an uncharitable sense of competition, that *both* of her lovers were more handsomely endowed than Feodor.

Feodor's erection had grown to full size when the coachman called out to the four big Belgian geldings, and the carriage startled slowing down. From the back of the carriage, where Viktor was standing at his protective perch, Tatiana heard him say, "Debarking in ninety seconds, Princess Antropov."

*

At the Ulinoff estate, with his hand lightly at Constantine's elbow, Dimitri leaned down to whisper directly into the older man's ear. "Just in case, I'll assign my man to the top of the stairs, between the two doors."

Constantine glanced at Viktor, then nodded. "I appreciate that, Prince Buzek. And listen, our families have never done business together and I thought—"

"You don't have to pay me. Consider this my present to your son and his new wife on their wedding day." Dimitri patted the old man's shoulder. "Go on now and see to your guests. I'll have everyone down at the reception in twenty minutes."

As Constantine disappeared into the constantly growing crowd of wedding guests, Dimitri turned around and saw Klaus standing at the base of the wide, marble steps.

"How long have they been in there?" Dimitri asked as he headed up the stairs with Klaus at his side and Viktor behind him.

"Ten minutes," Klaus replied.

Over his shoulder, Dimitri instructed Viktor, "Don't let anyone in. When the bride and groom are supposed to enter the reception, knock twice, pause, then twice more."

At the top of the stairs were two doors, one to the right of the stairway, one to the left. Viktor said, "The men are in the room to the left."

Dimitri opened the door and stepped inside, then stopped dead in his tracks. Feodor was standing with his hands on his hips; Mikhail was kneeling before him, delivering a blowjob with enthusiasm and experience. When the door opened, Mikhail bolted to his feet, his face instantly turning ashen. Feodor spun around to hide the erection sticking out through the fly of his trousers.

There was a door between the two rooms, and it was open. Standing in the doorway were Dimitri and Klaus, both looking stunning in their black tuxedos.

"Over here," Tatiana said to Dimitri and Klaus. "Let's let Mikhail and Feodor have some privacy."

As Dimitri and Klaus crossed the enormous room, Mikhail was already getting back down on his knees.

Dimitri stepped into Tatiana's room and closed the door. The room was a library with enormous racks of books and several desks where, apparently, Constantine's business paperwork was dealt with. Seeing Tatiana in a bridesmaid's dress, the white décolletage putting her bountiful breasts on display, had awakened his libido hours earlier. It was only now that he had a chance to be at least reasonably alone with Tatiana.

"We only have twenty minutes," he said, hurrying toward Tatiana, hardly noticing Majedah standing nearby.

"Stop!" Tatiana said sharply, raising her hands palms outward. "There's something I want to explain, and since we've only got twenty minutes before we're all expected to go downstairs to share this wedded bliss with three hundred of our closest strangers, I suggest you listen carefully and not interrupt."

Dimitri stopped. Klaus took a couple more steps closer to Tatiana, then he, too, stopped.

"This better be worth it," Dimitri said softly. "I've been dying to kiss you since ten o'clock this morning." The rather rapidly growing arousal trapped inside his black trousers was testament to the truthfulness of his declaration.

"As you both know," Tatiana began, her green eyes twinkling mischievously, "everyone in St. Petersburg thinks that Mikhail got Majedah pregnant, hence the wedding one week after the announcement of their engagement. As you also know—since it was your idea in the first place, Klaus—Mikhail is in love with Feodor, but the last thing in the world he wants to do is break his father's heart by admitting that he's a homosexual."

"We know all this!" Dimitri growled, a rapidly heating libido making him less than patient.

"You don't know everything," Tatiana snapped, a member of the Russian aristocracy in her own right, she was a woman not given to being interrupted. "For the past six months, the three of us have been engaging in a *menage a trois* that has left me more

satisfied—sexually and in all other ways—than I’d ever thought was possible. And many times, during the past six months, I’ve been in my office and couldn’t cross my legs at the knee because you two men wore me out.”

Dimitri shifted his weight from one foot to the other. His cock had reached full extension, and if he didn’t free it from his trousers soon, temporary insanity was a very real possibility.

“We’ve saved Majedah by telling a lie. We said that Mikhail has gotten her pregnant, and everyone has believed this lie.” Tatiana continued. She took a half-step closer to Majedah, placing her hand lightly on the young woman’s bare shoulder above the puffed sleeve of her wedding dress. “However, like all lies, the truth eventually comes out.” She smiled at her lovers. “Remember the conversation we had a couple days ago? The one where I said that there are times when a person has to make a personal sacrifice in order to do a greater good?” The men nodded in unison. “You see, I love you both very, very much. More than I ever dreamed I could ever love anyone, I love you two.”

Dimitri’s dark eyes narrowed. “Tatiana, what are *not* telling us?”

“Sooner or later, it is going to be patently obvious that Majedah is not pregnant. So that is a condition that needs to change.” She inhaled deeply, summoning courage. “You’re looking at a very lovely young woman who simply needs to get pregnant, and as quickly as possible.” Unconsciously, she glanced at the door leading to the room where Mikhail was currently entertaining himself with the man he loved. “And since the likelihood of her getting pregnant by her husband is unlikely in the extreme, what I’m proposing—“

“What *we’re* proposing,” Majedah said, cutting in quickly, her voice low and a little frightened, her eyes enormous.

“Yes, what *we’re* proposing is that we—the three of us—allow Majedah to join our little group. You needn’t worry about her being a virgin and tearing her maidenhead. I have a hand mirror in my bedroom, the handle of which was well-suited for the job. Over the past week, Majedah has entertained herself with it almost every day.” Tatiana made a gesture with her hands. “But before you answer, I want you to know that I’m not just giving her to you men for your entertainment. I have...selfish reasons of my own.”

Tatiana turned to Majedah and placed her forefinger beneath the girl’s chin to angle her face upward. Then, very slowly, she pressed her full-lipped mouth against Majedah’s. The kiss was gentle, tender. Tatiana used the tip of her pink tongue to trace the circumference of Majedah’s mouth before French kissing her. As they kissed, Majedah’s right hand drifted slowly upward, dark slender fingers gliding along Tatiana’s bodice to squeeze one plump breast through white silk. Tatiana moaned softly before breaking the kiss. She turned toward her lovers.

“What do you say, gentlemen? Can Majedah join us?” Her eyes danced from one man to the other. “She’s really quite taken with the two of you, though she’s kept her feelings to herself because she didn’t want to hurt my feelings.” She looked at Majedah and lightly stroked her face with the back of her hand. “If it isn’t love that she feels for you two, it’s certainly infatuation, and that’s not a bad way to start out. But it isn’t just you men that she has feelings for...just as it isn’t just you men that I’ve learned to love. Though Majedah and I haven’t known each other long, my feelings for her are very strong, just as hers are for me. So please...please, tell me you won’t get jealous if Majedah and I find pleasure in each other’s arms. I swear to you, I could never even think

of another man.”

“So the three of us become the four of us?” Dimitri asked.

Majedah smiled and Tatiana said, “One of you will become a father, though if we do this the way Majedah and I have planned, she’ll never actually know which of you is the father. We—Majedah and I—think it is best that way.” She looked at the girl and lightly caressed her cheek, then throat, with the back of her hand before turning back to the men. “You two were the one’s who introduced me to Mademoiselle Veronique, and she taught me that women can be...pleasurable. If three people can be together, can’t we find a way to make it four? And in the process, we can make Mikhail a very happy man by getting Majedah pregnant. And I want you to know right here and now, I haven’t made love with Majedah. I wouldn’t do that...not without your blessings. Well, my darlings, what do you say? Is there enough love in you for both me *and* Majedah?”

“Fuck,” Klaus said softly.

“Fuck,” Dimitri whispered.

“Rather indelicately put for two articulate men with university degrees,” Tatiana said with a smile. “Though I do concur with the sentiment.” She began slowly raising the skirt of her white lace dress. “Just stand there. I want to show you something.”

A muscle twitched in Dimitri’s jaw, and it took every bit of his formidable personal discipline to keep from rushing the fifteen feet to Tatiana and crushing her in his arms. He watched as the skirt lifted higher and higher, first revealing lovely ankles, then calves and knees, then shapely thighs...and higher still, until Tatiana’s freshly shaven pussy was exposed to his heated gaze.

“Majedah explained that where she comes from all the women remove their pubic hair the moment it starts growing,” Tatiana explained. “I saw the way you men reacted to her, so I thought I’d give you a treat. Do you like?”

“You know damned well we like!” Dimitri growled. “Now do we have to keep our distance? There’s not much fucking time left before we’ve got to go downstairs—and I mean that literally.”

“You mustn’t make a mess of our dresses or our hair,” Tatiana said, a flirtatiously teasing quality to her voice. “And one last thing. Remember how you were never allowed to climax inside me until I had specifically told you that I had my cervical cap in? Now that Majedah has joined us, the only rule that you must always bear in mind is that you must climax inside her...” She smiled wickedly as her words trailed off, her full lipped mouth the pinnacle of carnal temptation. “And it would be best if you climaxed inside her as many times as possible during her honeymoon!”

“That’s it! I can’t wait another second!” Dimitri growled, hurrying to Tatiana, grabbing her by the upper arms and planting his mouth down hard over hers.

Dimitri tasted the sweetness of his lover’s mouth, feeling the choreographed dance of her tongue against his, and he knew in his heart and soul that he’d never find another woman quite like her. Not ever. Only Tatiana could come up with a plan whereby everyone involved would get everything they needed. Everything!

Ending the kiss, he looked down into her eyes and whispered, “I love you, Princess.”

“And I love you, too, but right now what I need you to do is love Majedah,” Tatiana replied. She lifted up on her tiptoes to kiss the tip of Dimitri’s chin, then turned to look at the couple beside her.

Majedah’s small, petite body was dwarfed by Klaus’s mighty physique. As Dimitri

watched Klaus kissing Majedah's luscious mouth, he took the time to unfasten the buttons of his fly. The instant he freed his erection, Tatiana was on her knees, the heated wetness of her mouth engulfing the flaring crown of his arousal.

"So good," Dimitri sighed, putting his hand atop Tatiana's head.

She instantly caught him by the wrist. "Remember, you promised to not mess my hair," she said, looking up at him, mischief in her eyes.

"Then get up here," Dimitri replied, hauling Tatiana back up to a standing position. "I know where there's no hair to mess up."

*

Majedah had anticipated this moment all week long. Sometimes she had been frightened of what it would be like to actually be with a man. At other times she shivered with breathless expectation. Either way, *being* with Klaus and Dimitri was constantly in her thoughts. It had been Tatiana's idea to do away with her maidenhead, and though Majedah had, at first, thought this would be a mistake—hadn't Yazid made it very clear that her value to him was because she was a virgin?—she was glad now that the mirror's handle had removed that obstruction. The pain of losing her maidenhead had been minimal. Now there would be nothing but pleasure—she hoped—while in the arms of the men that she had fallen in love with, and Princess Tatiana was generously willing to share.

When Klaus dropped to his knees in front of her, Majedah raised the front of her dress. An instant later, she felt his huge hands briefly cupping her naked ass before they slid down the backs of her thighs, and then felt his lips against her pussy. Never given to cursing, Majedah gasped in ecstasy, then bit down hard on her lower lip to keep from using the same kind of coarse language that she'd heard Klaus and Dimitri using earlier.

A slithering tongue separated her tight, smooth labia. Majedah had, of course, experienced cunnilingus countless times, but the intimate, taboo kisses had always been delivered by another woman in the harem. Now they were being administered by a big, heavily-muscled German count...and knowing that it was a *man* giving her such intimate pleasure made Majedah shiver with pulse-pounding lust.

"Ohhh!" she moaned, her eyes closed as she leaned back against a large desk, half-sitting at the edge. "That...that feels even better than I had imagined it would...being done by a man."

With her eyes closed, Majedah concentrated on the sensations going through her as Klaus sucked lightly upon her clitoris. She felt light-headed and deliriously happy now that she was in the recipient of a man's skillful caresses.

She heard Tatiana whisper, "Do you like my pussy now that it's naked?"

It didn't seem to Majedah that the statement was directed at her, but she opened her eyes anyway. Looking down and to the side, Majedah saw that Tatiana was sitting on the desk beside her, with her dress pulled up high. Dimitri's face was between Tatiana's shapely thighs, his mouth pressed to her pussy, his nose against the freshly shaven skin that had satiny curls of hair on it earlier. Though Dimitri did not reply in the affirmative to Tatiana's question, his mouth required for more pressing matters, there was no doubt in Majedah's mind that the Russian prince was quite happy his lover was now clean-shaven.

And then she heard Tatiana say, "It's not that I don't appreciate your attention, Dimitri, but I think Majedah is the one who needs you."

Majedah felt dizzy, her body and soul passionately disoriented. It reminded her of the night at Mademoiselle Veronique's, when she had consumed alcohol for the first time in her life—a violation of her religion—and how her nose had felt 'fuzzy' and the surface of her skin seemed especially sensitive to even the slightest touch. That was the night she had watched virile men turning their passion toward Princess Tatiana.

While still on his knees, Dimitri stopped pleasuring the princess, and said to Klaus, "It's you or me, my friend. Who goes first?"

A shiver went through Majedah's slender body. Such bounty she now possessed! She didn't care whether it was Klaus first, or Dimitri. All that mattered was that they satisfied her libido's empty ache.

Klaus rose to his feet, his lips wet with Majedah's nectar, his eyes glittering with desire. "Lay back," he commanded. "We don't have much time."

The big German didn't wait for compliance. Instead, he put a hand to Majedah's shoulder and simply pushed her until her back was on the desk, and then he grabbed her ankles and put them up to his shoulders. His erection, fiercely rigid, was sticking out through the unbuttoned fly of his trousers.

"Easy with her," Tatiana cautioned. "You're a lot thicker than the handle of my mirror."

Majedah had seen Klaus's arousal before, so she knew what to expect. Now that she was on her back with the wedding dress and numerous petticoats bunched at her stomach, Majedah couldn't see Klaus's erection, though she felt him with infinite clarity. In her mind's eye she could see clearly the bulbous crown of his cock pressing against the slick, lubricated labia that had never been pierced by a man. She felt the pressure as Klaus eased his hips forward, and then a stab of pain as he entered her, forcing delicate tissue to expand farther than ever before.

Majedah gasped in pain, and Tatiana said quickly, "Don't worry, darling, he's a magician with women. It'll get better soon."

She felt relief at his retreat. On the second plunge, there was some discomfort, but mostly what she experienced was a glorious sensation of having a handsome and virile man inside her own body. The third time Klaus thrust, she felt his muscled torso slap against the backs of her upraised thighs, and she knew she had taken all that Klaus had to give her.

At Klaus's long, slow withdrawal, Majedah looked up at Tatiana and whispered, "I feel his magic."

Having sex with an audience watching her was nothing new to Majedah, but this was the first time in her life that it was arousing for her to be looked at while she behaved licentiously. Her gaze went slowly from Tatiana to Dimitri before settling on Klaus, the man whose erection was filling her slick passage.

"How does that feel now?" Klaus asked, his face flushed, the effort to control his desire to plunge furiously into the slender woman obvious in his features.

"Divine," Majedah replied. "Simply divine."

Klaus's arms were around Majedah's legs, his fingertips running up and down along the inside of her thighs, lightly caressing her through silk stockings. Though his fingers were running over her thighs, it seemed to Majedah that the sensations he created were shooting straight to her clitoris. It was only seconds later that she felt the tightening within her start, that first tingling warning which let her know she was moving swiftly

toward a climax.

Majedah looked at Klaus and remembered how he had thrown himself at Tatiana when she was taking him and Dimitri into her body simultaneously. She said in a passionate whisper, “It doesn’t hurt anymore.” And then, choosing her words carefully and for effect, she added, “We haven’t enough time to make love.” She looked for a moment into Tatiana’s eyes, and then knew what she had to say next. “Fuck me, Klaus. Just fuck me.”

The single coarse word tasted delicious on Majedah’s tongue and sounded wickedly erotic in her ears—and best of all, it delivered the results she was looking for. Klaus’s arms tightened around her legs and the long, slow, smooth revolutions of his hips became hard and fast, the impact of his body against the sweetly rounded cheeks of her bottom now bordering on violence.

Majedah was unaware when Klaus climaxed. For all the times that she had experienced an orgasm, it had always either been through masturbation or cunnilingus—never because she had a handsome man’s thick cock thrusting furiously into her wet pussy, the thick shaft rubbing smoothly against her clitoris to provide just the right amount of stimulation. The orgasm that rippled through her slender body caused powerful spasms in Majedah. During the throes of her climax, Majedah heard Klaus’s low, rumbling growl, but it was only after her own orgasm had finally subsided that she realized he had released his lust deep inside her.

Majedah had to blink her eyes several times before she could fully clear her vision. She found herself staring at the high ceiling of the library. When she tilted her gaze toward Klaus, she found it strangely erotic to see her own white-slippered feet up on his broad shoulders. He was gulping in air, and there was a satisfied smile on his lips. His face was flushed, and perspiration beaded on his forehead.

“Was it what you hoped for?” he asked.

“Better than I had dreamed possible,” Majedah replied honestly.

During her time in the harem, she had been told countless times that sex with men was an unpleasant experience, but that she must pretend to have a good time. Majedah didn’t have to pretend anything with Klaus.

Movement near Klaus’s hip drew Majeda’s attention. She lifted her head off the table just enough to see that Tatiana was on her knees in front of Dimitri, her lovely facial features distorted now as she took his long erection in and out of her mouth. Seeing Tatiana performing fellatio—still clothed in the bridesmaid dress with her hair pinned up perfectly with curling tendrils of silky locks falling down her temples—was the single most stimulating thing that Majedah had ever seen. She watched without blinking, hardly breathing, as Tatiana’s head and shoulders swanned back and forth, her eyes closed, her skill evident in Dimitri’s expression of utter bliss.

Klaus said, “I hate to disturb you, but Majedah needs you right now more than Tatiana does.”

Majedah never even had the chance to put her feet down. As Klaus withdrew from her warm, wet embrace, Dimitri took his place. His arousal, not as thick as Klaus’s though greater in length, slipped smoothly between the passion-swollen lips of her pussy.

“So...much...cock!” the young bride whispered, spacing the words out between hard thrusts of Dimitri’s hips, liking how it sounded to hear herself speak so bluntly of a man’s erection.

* * * *

The honeymooning couple—curiously accompanied by Tatiana, Klaus, Dimitri, and Feodor—took the count's private yacht from St. Petersburg to Kiel, Germany. From there they then took two private railcars to Dusseldorf for a week, then spent the next four months in those lavishly appointed railcars, touring all the major and even some of the minor capitals of Europe. Everyone who saw them agreed that the new bride and groom looked blissfully happy, though the details of just exactly whose bed they were getting so blissfully happy in was kept a secret.

Price Boris Krellvinov complained bitterly to anyone who would listen that he had been mistreated by both the czarina's bodyguards and by Sheik Yazid al-Firwaasi. While in his cups, he opined that perhaps the royal family had conspired with the sheik to defraud him of his money. Unfortunately for the prince, spies in the employ of the royal family were listening. The prince disappeared shortly thereafter.

Sheik Yazid al-Firwaasi, upon the "disappearance" of Boris, quietly left St. Petersburg under cover of darkness. Klaus and Dimitri sent a telegram suggesting that the sheik never return to Russia. Sheik Yazid took that advice to heart.

After returning to St. Petersburg, Majedah's baby, a little girl, was born nine months to the day after the wedding, the timing of which prompted Mikhail's father to boast that his son had not, as scurrilous rumor had it, impregnated his wife prior to their wedding.

Both mother and daughter survived the birthing process exceedingly well. The same could not be said for Klaus and Dimitri, who at various stages of the delivery appeared to be on the verge of emotional collapse. Mikhail, however, seemed genuinely pleased that he was now a "father," though he hadn't thought it necessary to be at home with his wife during delivery. He did apologize to his father for producing a daughter instead of a son, and promised to "do better next time."

The child was "the spitting image of her mother," though her skin tone was lighter, a fact which Majedah and Tatiana found endlessly amusing, though Klaus and Dimitri never quite saw the humor in it.

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 epubublishing world, and is scheduled to have a least a dozen titles released in 2009. She now writes the "Royal Desires" series of novellas, set in the worlds of St. Petersburg, London, Paris, New York and Boston in the 1890s. Visit Robin's website and do the questionnaire so she can find out what you most would like to read about.

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