



Code of Captivity

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Category: Erotic, Romance

Description: Dark and taboo. Please read the TWs in the Forewarning. This is not a romance but a 'tail' of twisted trauma.

Ania Zaitseva, known in the hacking world as The White Rabbit, has always been one step ahead of her enemies—until now. When a job goes wrong, she unknowingly breaches the security system of Adrik Ilyin, the most feared Bratva boss in the underworld. By the time she realises her mistake, it's too late. The Bratva is already hunting her, and for the first time, the rabbit is running for her life.

Adrik Ilyin is a monster in human form—ruthless, calculating, and merciless. The breach of his system is a personal insult, and he won't stop until he finds the hacker responsible. When he captures Ania, he doesn't kill her. Instead, he decides to keep her, not just for her skills, but as his pet. Forced into a life of submission, Ania must navigate Adrik's cruelty and her own growing attraction to the man who sees her as nothing more than his possession.

As the lines between captor and captive blur, Ania begins to uncover a side of herself she never knew existed. Ania must confront the truth—she may have been caught, but part of her wanted to submit to her Master.

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Prologue

Ania

I frowned at the screen as my green coding filled the screen. My heart always pounded at this part, but there was something about this job that was odd. I couldn't find anything on the person who requested the job, and the anonymity made me nervous. The final payout was substantial, and that was what persuaded me. A notification popped up in the corner of my screen. Someone had clicked on the attachment that I'd sent in the email. I cleared my screen and quickly accessed the user's computer.

The files were in the exact location the buyer said. I quickly applied the coding and began to break through their antivirus software. I grabbed my energy drink, downing half the can before continuing my work. Once I was in, I sat back, downloading all the files while watching the code on the screen.

Someone was trying to dislodge my malware software by running an antivirus programme. My virus was unique and usually undetectable. I'd accessed government systems using my creation without any problems. I continued to tap away on my keyboard because it was too late for them. Once I was inside their system, I had control. The files were in the process of downloading, with 16% remaining.

Almost done, and I could get out of there.

As soon as the files were done, I clicked on it, but it was encrypted. I needed to steal the key. What was so important that it had so much security?

I rubbed my eyes and began typing code so fast that it whizzed on the screen. I toggled to my other window to cut out some of the additional coding I needed before transferring it to my current page.

When I found the key, I snatched it up and removed it from their system. Usually, the other party never knew I'd been in and out of their system. I rarely damaged the system or the hardware, but in this case, the damage was unavoidable.

I began to work on the encrypted files. The data made no sense it was coded because there were letters and numbers mixed together. I accessed the other files and it had similar coding. I started with the common denominator and worked most of the night to break it all down. This wasn't what I was paid to do but I needed to know whose system I'd hacked.

By early morning, I realised that I had hacked into Adrik Ilyin's system and stolen files containing accounts of all his criminal dealings—dates, locations, amounts, and names. I deleted everything, but not before I copied it onto a drive. It was my insurance because when the head of the Bratva found me, I was as good as dead. The man was fucking homicidal. I pulled my phone out to instigate my safety protocol.

Me:I messed up, real bad. If you haven't heard from me for a while, I went underground. If I don't get in touch with you after six weeks to confirm my safety, then Adrik Ilyin has me or has killed me. You know what to do. Thank you for being a true friend to me when I needed one the most.

My hands were trembling, but I couldn't give in to the fear. Rurik was a client but a good man, considering he was a wealthy businessman. He was a rare anomaly in a world full of greed and survival. I sent the accompanying email, which had my data, funds and will on how to distribute my wealth. He held the key to unlock it.

I was the infamous White Rabbit, and I had collected a considerable amount of funds

over the years. I had several hideouts under various names, and although I used safety measures to protect this location, it was never against someone like Adrik Ilyin—the youngest and most brutal Bratva pakhan in the Brotherhood's history.

I had never worked for a criminal organisation, not even when I first started out. The problem with working in the shadows was you got to know all the monsters. Adrik was one of Russia's most prolific, and no one could touch him.

I scrubbed my computers, grabbed my go bag and set the fire. There was no time to be sentimental and watch my base go up in flames. I pulled my hood up and ran to my motorbike.

It was time for this rabbit to run.

Chapter 1

Adrik

Failure was never an option for anyone in my Bratva brotherhood. My predecessor, Yuri Velichko, discovered this the hard way. The old man was weak, but he made me the most powerful man in Russia through his harsh lessons. Through his men's sadistic tutelage, I evolved to become who I am today. Anyone who crossed me suffered the consequences of doing so.

“V Bratve neudacha nevozmozhna,” I said to Níka in a cold voice devoid of the fury that simmered beneath the surface. Failure is not an option in the Bratva.

The man who compromised my entire operation for a titty email knelt before my desk with his head hung in shame. Killing people was second nature to me, from my first sloppy kill at the age of twelve to becoming more—creative over time. I needed them to suffer. It was never about money in the band of brothers. It was all about respect

and power because, without it, people thought you were weak.

“Hold his head,” I snapped, and Pyotr moved forward to lift Níka’s head by using a handful of his hair.

The stench of fear was seeping out of his every pore. His face was covered in dirt, sweat and blood. It was his wide, bloodshot eyes that gave me the most pleasure. The desperate look in them, knowing he would perish within seconds. They had a quality of crazed wildness when he saw my dagger. Everyone in the room knew his fate was sealed.

“Slabost' nepriyemlema,” I said before I plunged the pointed dagger through his nasal cavity until it hit the top of his skull. Weakness is unacceptable.

His warm blood ran down my hand, and I watched his eyes twitch until the final twinge of light vanished, leaving a vacant look. My grim satisfaction didn't last long because it wasn't enough. I pulled my dagger out and reached for the cloth Pyotr held for me. Níka’s lifeless body fell on the plastic sheet as I cleaned the blood from my hand and dagger.

“Otchet,” I said as I sat behind my desk to look at my laptop. Report. Díma stepped forward as two others began to roll up Níka’s corpse.

“Denís believes it to be the work of a hacker named the White Rabbit, Pakhan. We are searching for the individual, but by the time Denís got a location for us, the hacker was gone, and the place had been torched,” he said, keeping his eyes lowered.

A rabbit? I’d heard of this hacker a number of years ago, but I was unable to find the individual who had refused my invitation to work with me. It would seem that fate handed me an opportunity.

“Put a bounty on the hacker's head, use legitimate channels and the dark web. Tell Denís that I want the word spread in every part of Russia. I want the hacker breathing,” I said to Díma. “Once we have the hacker kill Denís.”

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I wasn't a computer scientist, but Denís was responsible for our online security. Due to the number of enemies in my midst, a simple antivirus wasn't enough for me. He wasn't a member of the Bratva, so his death was inconsequential.

“Da,Batushka,” he said before he turned and nodded to his captains to leave.Yes, Father.

“A wolf hunting a rabbit. It seems appropriate, Pakhan,” Gavriil said as he waved his hand for his men to leave.

Thevolkand thekrolik. I almost smiled.

Gavrill and Díma were both equal in the position of my second in command, but Gavriil joined my side at the age of seventeen. He was the one person who was unwavering in his loyalty. The other was Viktor, my personal guard. He was there when I was a scrawny, emaciated child. We had a blood oath before we were officially part of the Bratva. The captains reported to them, and their role was to collect my profit from the various businesses under the Bratva’s control.

Trust? I trusted no one, and the last Pakhan made the mistake of trusting me. It did not end well for him. Gavriil may have vowed his loyalty to me, but it was in exchange for the position I gave him.

“We need this hacker,” I said, tapping my fingers on the desk. “TheKrolikrefused me many years ago, but now they will have no choice. Do we know if it is a man or a woman?”

“Anyone who has used the hacker’s services has never had face-to-face contact. It was always done remotely. The person hides behind a screen,” Gavriil said with a frown. “I will utilise all the manpower we have.”

I nodded at him, watching him leave before I pondered on the belyy krolik.

White rabbit.

It would be more advantageous for me if the hacker were a woman. Women are weak and easy to exploit. Either way, they would do whatever I wanted them to. I had my ways of motivating people. It was my gift.

“What do you want me to do, Batushka?” Viktor said, stepping out of the shadows.

“Keep your ear to the ground, my friend. There is more happening here than meets the eye,” I told him.

His slow smile appeared, and an unholy light was lit in his eyes because he knew we were on the hunt for a traitor. I had my sights on the two people who stood to gain the most from my destruction. Gavriil and Díma.

If I was the father of agonising pain, then Viktor was death incarnate.

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The barber’s Adam’s apple bobbed up and down like a yo-yo. When I glanced at his hand, a slight tremor made the blade unsteady. I glanced at Viktor, who rolled his eyes and stepped back. Between my presence and Viktor’s scarred face standing over me, it would make any normal person nervous.

I closed my eyes and felt the blade move over my skin. It was the final stage in

ensuring my beard was groomed to perfection. Personal hygiene was an obsession since I grew up in filth—the thought of it made me feel sick. I still felt the hunger gnawing at my insides until I ate rotting food from the garbage. The layers of grime covered my skin, along with the stench of the house. At times, it felt as if it were inside my pores.

“Any word on thekrolik?”

“Whenever we get close, she hops away,” Viktor said, causing my eyes to snap open.

“The woman is—resourceful.”

“A woman? Interesting. Have they found her next location?”

“They are still working on it.”

“Make sure I am the first to know as soon as they have a location,” I said, closing my eyes again. After all, a rabbit is a wolf’s natural prey.”

I had enough men on the ground for me not to get involved in the majority of my operations, but this was a personal attack on me. The sex of the person didn't matter to me when someone crossed me. I was all about equal opportunities when it came to personal matters. There was an implosion of ideas regarding what to do with thekrolik, each one more depraved than the last.

It wouldn't take long to tear thekrolik's mind apart.

Chapter 2

Ania

They wouldn't stop coming for me, and two of my hideouts had been burned in the

last three weeks. The current one might last longer if I didn't show my face. There were cameras everywhere, and I was sure they were now using facial recognition programmes to track me. I hadn't logged onto anything since that night. I sold my bike and bought a different one to avoid detection through the number plate. The worst part about being on the run was the lack of sleep.

This was my last property. It was at the city's edge in a rundown part of town. I'd covered the hallway with broken glass and set up two motion detectors to flash lights inside the apartment. My escape route would be to jump out of the window, but since it was two floors up, I'd left a large open bin beneath my window for a softer landing. It wasn't ideal, but I was running out of options.

I knew too much about the Bratva leader. He created misery and death wherever he went. There was nothing they didn't have their hands in: human trafficking, drugs, arms and gambling. The man profited from people's suffering. He was not someone I ever wanted to be involved with. When my reputation brought attention to me, the organisation approached me, but I quickly shut their invitation down.

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After taking a shower and having a simple meal, I put on my clothes in bed with my go-bag on the floor beside me. It took me a while to relax my mind and body. I stared at the patch of mould on the ceiling until I fell asleep. It didn't matter. I'd lived in worse places.

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The lights flashed, and I jerked upright to swing my legs off the bed. After shoving my boots on, I placed my backpack on and edged toward the door. It could be a neighbour or a cat that set the sensor off. When I heard the glass crunching and someone curse, I knew it was time to go.

While I ran to the window, I mentally prepared to jump down the two floors. I slid the window open and stuck the block of wood in it to keep it from falling down on me. It looked all clear outside, and my bin was still in place. I heard my door crack open as they began to use force. I climbed out of the window just as there was a crashing sound. I took a few deep breaths, trying not to look down before pushing myself off, but I dangled in mid-air.

“Privet, malen'kiy krolik.”Hello, little rabbit.

The voice was deep, and the words were slow, with exaggerated pronunciation.

“Pozhaluysta, otpustite menya,” I whispered to him without looking up. Please, let me go.

“You accessed my data. You stole from me. I think we both know you aren't going

anywhere,” he said coldly, dragging me back through the window.

I ducked my head in time, but I didn't get a chance to stand up because he dropped me on the floor.

“Viktor put her in the trunk. I don't want the stench of this place in my car,” he said.

When I looked up, I counted five men, six if I counted the Bratva boss, but he was already out of the room. I was scrambling to my feet when a large bearded man reached for me. He didn't use my bag or the scruff of my neck to grip me. His fingers took a fistful of my hair and began to drag me out of the apartments. I screamed when I felt the burning pain on my scalp, but I quickly stood up and tried to keep up with his pace.

“I can see why someone stabbed you in the face,” I screamed at him.

I tried to push his hand away as we approached the stairs, but he yanked harder, causing me to trip. He dragged me down the stairs with my legs hitting each cement step. When we got to the landing, I tried to stand up, but he did the same with the next step of the stairs. He was ripping my hair out from the roots. My hands were occupied trying to free my hair, and I saw the cement wall too late. He smashed my face off the corner of the wall, and everything went black.

It didn't matter because I was dead either way.

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When I woke up, everything was black. I thought the brute might have blinded me, but as I touched the floor and followed the walls around the cell, I realised that they had me in a sunless room. The reinforced metal door and the filth in the room indicated this was where they held their prisoners. I was either in a basement or some

industrial building.

“Hello, darkness, my old friend,” I whispered. “I remember you well.”

I sat on the cold floor, grateful my boots were still on my person. My face ached, but I didn't dare touch it because my hands felt dirty. The room smelled of urine and excrement. If I didn't vomit to death from the stench, an infected cut would do the job. They would interrogate and torture me before they killed me. The man—Viktor, was an enforcer, but Pyotr and Sergéy had taken over his job. They needed two men to replace the brute, and I could see why.

There were his two top men, Gavriil and Díma, with the squad of enforcers, captains, and soldiers beneath them. The accountant had a top position, but he was an older man. Someone within his organisation hired me, and he would want a name that I couldn't give him. He only gave me the code name Fox.

Once they found out I knew nothing, they would kill me. I thought of how hard I fought in this life, and for what?

Rurik was a good man. He would follow my last wishes. He was the only human I trusted, and he probably knew it because he was the only one I ever told my real name to. I tried to think of my mother, but like always, it was no good. Her memory was vague, and they never kept any pictures of her.

I breathed through my mouth and prepared myself for what was to come. The world never did me any favours, and I didn't expect to survive this. I rested my head on the wall. It was probably smeared in shit, but at this point in time, I didn't care.

I was doomed.

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A groan escaped from my dry mouth and lips when I moved. My head had fallen on my knees, causing my neck and shouldersto ache along with my face. My empty stomach growled in hunger, and I wondered how long I'd been here. I didn't remember falling asleep, but that might be due to a concussion. I stopped myself from touching my face again. What I did remember was having to piss in the corner of the damn cell.

I stood up and stretched out my back. Luckily, I was wearing a vest top with a T-shirt and a hoody. They had my bag, but this wasn't a surprise. A thought occurred to me, and I dug into my hoody pockets to find two hard candies. I carefully unwrapped one and, using the wrapper, put it in my mouth, savouring the citrus-flavoured treat. It wouldn't get me far, but it was better than nothing.

I tried to suck on it slowly, wanting it to last and savour it. The tactic didn't work, and it was gone too soon. I began to pace around the cell, keeping the cold at bay, and to think. I had the thumb drive with his data on it, but I'd not sent it anywhere and certainly not to the Fox.

Think, Ania, think. How can I get out of this shithole?

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The small cell became a suffocating void, the stench of human waste clinging to the darkness. My world had shrivelled up to the cold, damp floor and the deafening silence that constantly rang around my ears.

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Time blurred as I replayed my capture—my hacking, the Bratva’s brutal hands, the sudden plunge into this nightmare. I don't know how long I had been in here, but the hallucinations crept in: whispers, footsteps, distant clangs.

“Hello? Is anyone there?” I called out, my voice hoarse.

But there was only a resounding silence—never an answer. My mouth was parched, the hard-boiled candies from my pocket long gone. The persistent hunger clawed at my gut, and my mind teetered on collapse.

Fear consumed me, a relentless tide of despair. I imagined Adrik’s cold eyes and the Bratva’s reputation for brutality. Would they interrogate me, or had they already decided that I was disposable? The uncertainty clawed at my insides, a gnawing dread that left me gasping in the stifling darkness.

I lay down on the filthy cold floor and closed my burning eyes. Hope flickered out, replaced by grim acceptance. Curled in the void, I was no longer a hacker, no longer a person—just another broken soul waiting for the end.

Chapter 3

Adrik

I sat at my desk, the dim glow of my computer screen casting sharp shadows across the room. Papers were strewn across the surface, reports and encrypted messages demanding my attention, but my focus kept slipping. My mind wandered back to the cell within the compound, to the hacker—the White Rabbit—who was defying every

expectation.

I drummed my fingers on the desk, scowling at the fact that she had penetrated my thoughts. By now, most prisoners would be broken, their resolve shattered by the suffocating darkness, the silence, the stench. Begging, crying, pleading for mercy—I'd heard it all before. But not her. Not this one.

It annoyed me, this stubborn defiance. Who was she, this auburn-haired ghost who refused to break? I hadn't gotten a good look at her during the capture—just a flash of her hair, the glint of fear in her eyes before I walked away. The crazy woman had been ready to jump out of the window. She was resourceful in her need to survive—littering the hallway with broken glass.

Yet here she was, lingering in my thoughts like an unsolved equation. My jaw tightened as I leaned back in my chair, the leather creaking under my weight. She was supposed to be a means to an end, a loose end to tie up, but her resilience was...intriguing. Unsettling. It pissed me off, this curiosity was like an irritating splinter I couldn't ignore.

Pushing myself to my feet, I straightened my suit with a sharp tug—enough waiting. If the cell wouldn't break her, I would. I needed answers, yes, but more than that, I needed to see her face to understand what made her different.

As I strode down the dimly lit hallway, my footsteps echoing against the walls, a faint smirk tugged at the corner of my mouth. The White Rabbit had held out longer than most, but no one could withstand me forever. I would see to her personally.

Viktor was guarding the building, ensuring no one would enter her cell to either free her or kill her. He saw me approach and took one last drag from his cigarette before pushing it into his can of soft drink. He had been rough in bringing her out of her apartment, but this was no surprise to me. An attack on the Bratva—on me in any

form was unacceptable.

“Any change?” I asked, curious to know if she was suddenly begging for her life.

“There has been no change since my last report, Pakhan,” he said before he opened the door for me.

I stepped inside the building, and Viktor walked past me to unlock the door. We reached the cell, and I pulled out my handkerchief to cover my mouth and nose while he opened the door. My eyes adjusted to the dark, and I saw her lying on the dirty floor. Her hoody was up, but her hair covered her face.

“Check her pulse,” I snapped at him.

Viktor crouched down beside her to move her hair away from her neck and placed his fingers to check her pulse. Her face was bruised on one side, and she had a cut at the bridge of her nose.

“She is alive but most likely dehydrated,” he said, remaining beside her.

“A stubborn littlekrolik,” I mused. “It’s time we got some answers. Tie her up in the interrogation room and leave two water bottles there.”

“Any food?” he asked as he lifted her, throwing her over his shoulder.

I frowned at the sight of her dirty jeans. Her hoody was probably stinking as well.

“No food, and leave the windows open,” I said before going back outside to get some fresh air in my lungs.

I stood for a moment wondering what the fuck was wrong with the woman who’d

spent three days and nights in a shit-infested room without begging for mercy—my mercy. Was she truly willing to die? I took a few deep breaths of air before preparing myself for the stench in the room.

Viktor had tied her up to the wooden chair. Her ankles were bound to the legs, and her arms to the armrests. The barred windows were open, and I reached for a bottle of water.

“Hold her head up,” I said, not wanting to touch her. “You did a number on her face.”

He shrugged but kept her head upright. I poured the bottle of water over her face, and she began to splutter as it ran down to her hoody. She blinked the water out of her eyes, but the bright light was too much for her. Her eyes closed again, but not before I saw her warm mahogany eyes.

“I am Adrik Ilyin, Pakhan of the Bratva. Do you know why you are here?” I asked coldly, remembering what she did.

“Da,” she croaked out but kept her eyes closed.

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“Give her some water,” I said to Viktor.

Viktor held her by her chin as he trickled some water into her mouth. She began to gasp and quickly drank the water. I ran down her chin, but it didn't matter because she was already soaked. Her dark hair had the same reddish tinge as her brown eyes.

I dragged a chair from the corner, scraping it along the concrete floor until I was close enough to intimidate her but far enough not to vomit from the smell. Viktor moved the bottle away, and it took her a moment to close her mouth. Her cognitive and motor skills would be fully functional in a few hours.

I waited patiently until her eyes flickered open, but she frowned and narrowed her eyes at the lighting before scrunching her face up. The tube lights were old and not particularly bright, but after remaining in darkness for three days, they must seem as bright as the sun.

“Name,” I said.

“Ania Zaitseva,” she said as her eyes began to open.

“Why did you hack into my data?”

“It was for a job. I had no idea that you were the target,” she said before looking away uncomfortably at the floor.

“Who gave you the job?”

“Someone called the Fox,” she said, glancing up. “I-I don't know their identity.”

I glanced at Viktor, who was standing behind her. He grabbed her by the hair and yanked her head back until she struggled against the rope around her wrists.

“Argh. Please. I swear to you, I don't know who it was. They told me exactly where to look and what to download. It is someoneyouknow, not me.”

“The great White Rabbit couldn't find an identity. I find that hard to believe,” I said, watching her struggle and gasp in pain.

“They never logged on again. I tried my best to track the person down,” she said before closing her eyes again but began to pant through the pain.

I raised my hand, and Viktor released her hair.

“What did you do with my stolen files?” I asked, watching her. This time, she hesitated before wincing as she spoke.

“I kept a copy for insurance. Nothing else,” she whispered with her chin resting on her chest.

“I expect this back,” I said tightly, trying to control my anger.

“It's stitched inside my bag.”

I glanced at Viktor, who nodded and assured me that her bag was secure.

“Why didn't you beg for mercy in the cell?” I asked softly, leaning over to examine her with my elbows resting on my legs.

She raised her head slowly, blinking a few times before she stared back at me.

“How could I beg for mercy when I know you have none?” she said just as softly.

I sat back in my chair until the old wood creaked, studying her. There wasn't a single tear in her eyes. She wasn't begging me for her life.

She was either a brave or stupidkrolik.

Time will tell which of the two she was.

Chapter 4

Ania

I stared into his cold blue eyes. They almost made me shiver because I had never seen such lifeless eyes. The man looked immaculate. There wasn't a hair out of place, not on his head or his professionally trimmed beard. He wore a dark navy suit with a deep burgundy tie, reminding me of stale blood. The crisp white shirt beneath the tie reminded me of how filthy I was in my current state. I was grateful for the fresh breeze coming from the open windows.

Adrik Ilyin was living proof of how monsters could reside within a pristine exterior. I made the mistake of looking into his eyes again. They were utterly devoid of light. This man had red flags written all over him.

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He was evil and soulless.

“You will work for me,” he said. “Your duties—”

“No,” I said automatically without thinking, and I swallowed when his eyes narrowed on me, but looking at them, they darkened as his pupils grew.

“You are willing to die?”

“I will not work for someone who causes so much misery to others,” I said, focusing on his tie.

“Throw her back in the cell. It might give her some time to reconsider,” he said, standing up.

I closed my eyes because I almost begged him to kill me. The tears that I held back now coated my eyelashes and threatened to flood me. I felt the ropes being untied while I struggled to contain my emotions. Viktor dragged me back to the cell but didn't use my hair this time.

But that wasn't why I felt gratitude toward him. It was for the two bottles of water he tossed into my cell before he slammed the metal door shut—the metallic sound of my death knoll.

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The misery of darkness began all over again, but this time, it was worse because the

memories of my past demons haunted me. I wondered if I should have sold my soul to the devil to be rid of the torment. He would only let me live until I had something to offer. When I was no longer any use to him, he would eliminate me. I'd lived in fear before and refused to do it again.

"I refuse, Adrik Ilyin," I whispered in the silent, shit-infested darkness.

My back hit the wall, and I sank to the floor, uncaring of the dirt. He meant to break me. All I had to do was cling to my sanity and not descend into hell beside the devils and monsters. I closed my eyes and began to hum the first song that came to my mind.

Chapter 5

Adrik

I handed Viktor his glass before I filled mine up. By the fifth day of her captivity, I cracked and sent her some protein drinks along with a few bottles of water. It left me fuming that the little hacker had medancing to her fucking moral tune. I drained my glass and topped it up again, ignoring the burn at the back of my throat.

"How was she?"

"A complete mess. She thought I was someone else and started screaming the place down," he said, taking a sip from his glass. "The rabbit is weakening."

"Rabbit," I said, repeating his words as a sick thought flashed through my mind. A sick version of a Playboy Bunny. "When is the doctor due?"

"Friday," he said with a slight smile. "What did you have in mind?"

“Something that will break her,” I said with a smile before sipping my drink.

I had two days to bring her back to life, and then I would decimate her again. No was not a word that I would accept. Her skills would open many doors for me. I could gather dirt on anyone I wanted. She had cracked international government systems, but most of all, she could be vital in helping me snare the traitor in our midst.

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Viktor carried her into the house and took her upstairs. The maid ran a bath while Viktor sat her on top of the toilet. Ania looked around in confusion while Viktor held her upright by her shoulders. The maid knew better than to look around. She did her job and immediately left.

“Take her hoody and jeans off,” I said to Viktor, unwilling to touch the soiled clothing.

The cut on her nose had begun to heal, and a scab covered it. The injury didn't look as severe, as the swelling had gone down. The purple bruise on her cheek had faded slightly. Her boots and clothes were discarded. She sat on the toilet, shivering.

“I've got it from here,” I said as he stood up from removing her jeans. “Take the boots and clothes with you.”

By the time I turned the shower on, he was gone, as were her nasty clothes and boots. I held my breath and pulled her T-shirt up, but she wore a vest beneath it, so I gathered both before yanking them off her.

“Stand up,” I said, but when she didn't respond, I repeated the words only louder. She stood up, but her hand clawed the wall for support.

I slid her black cotton underpants down her thighs until they lay on the white tiles. She frowned at me, but her eyes looked dazed and confused. I held her elbow and guided her into the shower.

“Wash your hair,” I said loud enough for her to jump into action.

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The shower had no base but a simple floor-to-ceiling pane of glass to prevent water from splashing out. She had her back to me as she washed her hair. The shampoo suds covered her head as she scrubbed her scalp. I began to relax as she removed the offensive stink and grease from her hair.

My eyes trailed down to her ass before moving up her back again. She was around 5ft 3 or 4 with a slim build. Starving her might have made her lose some weight, but she would regain it. When she began to scrub her body with her hands, I reached over to turn the shower off, pulling her out and guiding her to the bathtub.

I held her arm as she climbed into the warm water. Her arms covered her breasts, but I caught a glimpse of her pussy. She had a small patch of brown hair that needed to come off. She sat down in the water with a groan before she lay back, her face relaxing as the heat engulfed her.

I removed my suit jacket, hanging it on the discreet hook close to the bath before rolling my shirt sleeves up. The white rose body wash bottle sat on the bath's edge beside the washcloth. I opened the bottle and sniffed it, deciding it was better to smell like a floral garden than the manure used on the ground.

After soaking the washcloth, I poured a generous amount of the body wash on it before rubbing it together until there was a lather. I lifted her arm and began to wash her. As I began to wash her skin, she cleared her throat.

“Harder,” she whispered. “Get it off me.”

When I glanced at her face, she wasn't looking at me. She had a distant look in her

eyes—no, she was disconnected.

“Harder.”

I began to scrub her skin with hard and brisk movements until her skin turned pink, but there was only relief on her face—no pain. I rubbed her skin raw, her shoulders, breasts, belly, back and legs, feeling relieved myself that the stench was off her.

Now—now, it was time to play with her.

I pushed her wet hair back before pouring the body wash on my hands. Her nipples were dusky pink, a colour that darkened once I scrubbed them hard. The perky breasts were not quite a handful, but there was plenty to feast on—and torture.

“Poor little rabbit,” I said before cupping her breasts. “Trapped by the wolf.”

I watched her eyes when I pinched her nipples between my fingers and thumbs, smiling when her rich brown eyes widened. The hiss of pain when I tightened my grip made my dick stir.

“With nowhere left to run,” I said, trailing my hand down to her pussy.

She clamped her thighs together and grabbed my arm, looking at my various tattoos before she reached my eyes.

“Bad rabbit. This wolf wants to touch his rabbit’s cunt,” I said, forcing my hand between her legs until I reached her pussy. “This dirty little cunt needs washing.”

Her thighs slowly relaxed, and I began to rub her cunt, moving my fingers back and forth, digging into her soft flesh. I reached beneath her to feel the rough skin of her asshole, spreading her cheeks open with my insistent fingers. I cleaned her asshole as

hard as I did her pussy.

“There we go. Both of these holes need a good clean,” I said when she closed her eyes so tightly that her face scrunched up.

I returned to her pussy, and this time, when I dug my fingers in, I felt her slippery arousal between her lips. With a smirk, I pulled my hand away, standing up to dry my hands with a towel.

“Stand up,” I said, putting the hand towel down to reach for the bath towel.

I studied her body, and it wasn't as gaunt as I thought it would be. She would make an adequate fuck toy. I dried her body and hair before running a comb in her hair to get the tangles out. It wasn't a task I was used to, but my insistent tugs made quick work of it. I gripped her elbow, and she stepped out of the bathtub.

“Get on your hands and knees and crawl, little rabbit,” I said, walking to the bathroom doorway and turning to watch her.

Her chest was moving rapidly as she breathed with her eyes frozen on me as her discombobulated brain tried to process my request.

“NOW!” I bellowed, my voice vibrating around the bathroom.

The scared little rabbit dropped to her knees.

Chapter 6

Ania

When he shouted at me, I realised this was all happening, and I wasn't in the stifling

cell having another hallucination. I dropped to my hands and knees so fast that my knee bones hurt as they hit the hard tiles. When I glanced up at Adrik, he stood, leaning on the white doorframe with a smirk on his face. His tattoos stood out against his white shirt and surroundings, but I tore my eyes away from them.

“Crawl, little rabbit,” he said, and I closed my eyes for a moment and began to move.

My brain felt like a pile of confusing mush. The movements were slow when I crawled on the floor, keeping my eyes on his feet as they turned and walked away from me. I followed them onto a wooden floor where I could smell food. My mouth began to water at the prospect of real food. When I looked around, I saw Adrik sitting on a bed with his legs spread open.

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“Come and kneel between my feet,” he said, pointing to the floor.

I glanced at the small table beside him and saw a steaming bowl of food sitting there. My hands and knees moved of their own accord until I sat up between his legs.

“Keep the back of your heels touching your ass when you kneel before me,” he said, his voice as cold as ice.

My mind raced as I tried to focus on the task he had given me. It took a few attempts to get my feet to behave, but I did it. When I looked up at him, he held a black leather strap in his hands.

“Can you read this?” he asked, turning it over to show me a small silver plaque on the leather.

Krolik Property of Adrik.

There were metal studs on either side of the plaque. I was confused until he began fastening it around my neck—he was putting a collar on me.

“Nyet, pozhaluysta,” I whispered, but barely a croak came out. No, please.

He didn't respond but moved my hair away before he tightened the collar around my neck. His body leaned down until his white shirt almost touched me.

“Do you feel it? The weight of my collar. It's not just leather and metal. It's a promise—a reminder that you belong to me. My little hacker rabbit. My pet,” he said,

his voice a low, venomous whisper before he moved back to stare at me.

My fingers touched the metal plaque before tracing the leather around my neck.

“Please, you can’t—I’m not an animal—” I said in a trembling whisper, only for him to cut me off.

“Oh, but you are. You crossed the Bratva. You thought you could outsmart me, didn’t you? Little rabbit, hopping through the dark web, nibbling at my secrets. But now...now you’re caught,” he said with a smirk, but his eyes glinted with a dangerous light. “Iownyou.”

“I-I didn’t know, I—” I said desperately as my heart began to race.

“Ignorance is no excuse. You breached my organisation, my world. And in my world, there are consequences. You’ll learn that soon enough,” he said, cutting me off again. Only this time, his sharp words were tight in anger, and the threat that lingered at the end made me panic.

“This collar is just the beginning. A symbol of your new life. A life where you obey. Where you will serve your owner,” he said as his cold narrowed on me.

“You’re a monster,” I whispered with my hand dropping from the collar and my head slumping down until I could only see the dark floor and his feet.

“Monster? Oh, littlekrolik. You have no idea what I’m capable of. But you will. Every time you disobey. Every time you try to run. Every time you even think of betraying me...you’ll learn. And the lessons will be...unforgettable,” he said, hissing the vicious words out until I thought my heart would burst from fear of his words.

I kept my head down because I didn’t want him to see the tear that escaped and rolled

down my cheek.

“By the time I’m done with you,krolik. You will be begging to work for me,” he said, his voice full of icy-cold malice.

“Why are you doing this? Why not just kill me?” I said, my voice hollow with despair as more tears rolled down my cheeks.

“Because death is too humane for me to consider. And you,krolik...deserve so much more,” he said in the same chilling, calm voice.

My entire body trembled in dread. The thought of food made my stomach turn, and I didn't move for a long time, even as I heard his footsteps on the floor or when I heard him close the door and lock it.

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I was locked in that bedroom for two days, but a maid delivered me my food and water. When I tried talking to her, she wouldn't even look at me, let alone acknowledge me. Since I didn't want her to get into trouble, I stopped trying to talk to her.

Adrik hadn't been back since he put the collar on my neck, but I had regained a fraction of strength and resolve. I was still jittery after being in the horrid cell but I was grateful to be clean again and have access to a bathroom. He hadn't left me clothes, but I wrapped a towel around me. I tried to block out the way he touched me in the bathroom and the bone-chilling threats that followed.

The collar buckled around my neck was a constant reminder of him. It was not locked, and I could remove it at any time, yet the fear stopped me from reaching back to touch it, let alone remove it. His sinister words remained with me until I began to

jump at each sound outside of the door.

I teetered on the edge of a sword, waiting for the door to open and my tormentor to make good on his word. I wished and wished that I had never taken the job, but it was a useless wish in light of the living nightmare I was trapped in—the never-ending inevitable terror of what the Pakhan would do next.

???

They came into my room fully armed in their suits. Viktor moved toward me, and I jumped off the bed with a yelp. He ripped the towel off me before twisting my arm behind my back while Adrik watched from the doorway. His cold, lifeless eyes showed no emotion before he turned to walk away.

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“Walk,” Viktor said, pushing my arm up painfully.

I followed Adrik through the house. I couldn't focus on my surroundings because of the pain in my arm. The bastard was going to dislocate my arm from the socket. We went outside, and when I saw the building with the cell, I tried to stop walking, but Viktor was merciless and drove me forward. I was no match against the big brute.

Adrik opened a door—a different door, but as he opened it, I knew whatever was inside this door would change me. The fear made me push back at Viktor, but he shoved me inside, and I fell on my hands and knees.

The floor was clean, and there was a scent in the air that my brain tried to remember. The room smelled like a hospital. It was clinical and clean with a hint of antiseptic. I looked up and saw a man strapped into a chair with a metal hoop around his head. He was gagged, but I recognised the desperation in his eyes.

There was movement, which made me tear my eyes away from the terrified man and toward the man holding an instrument in his hand. He wore a plastic visor over his face and a white disposable apron. I glanced at the instrument again and realised it was a small surgical saw for precision cutting.

The man held it by a black handle, but the flat saw at the top was unmistakable. The victim, strapped in the chair, had his head shaved. I began to back away, but a fist in my hair and legs behind me stopped my backtracking.

“If she closes her eyes, stick a needle in her eye. I only need one of her eyes to function,” Adrik said.

“Da, Pakhan,” his loyal dog said, dragging me closer to the horror scene.

The man in the chair looked older than Adrik and Viktor. There were tears running down his bruised and bloodied face, but it was the sheer desperate terror in his eyes that froze me in place. It was the sight of his anguish that momentarily made me forget, and I closed my eyes.

A swift slap from Viktor made me open them up again. I barely felt the sting in my cheek as I processed what was happening. When I focused my eyes, I saw an empty syringe in his hand as he stood beside me.

“I would advise you to keep your eyes open at all times, or this needle will go inside your eyeball,” Viktor growled before he pulled the small plastic cap off the needle with his teeth.

I couldn't take my eyes off the sharp point of the hollow needle. The entire situation made my eyes roll to the back of my head.

“Don't even think about passing out, or you will be next on that chair,” Adrik's voice boomed around the makeshift medical room of horror.

I kept blinking and realised that I couldn't breathe. A part of me sorely hoped that I was having a heart attack because I wouldn't endure this ordeal. I wouldn't survive the madness of these depraved monsters around me.

Chapter 7

Adrik

To watch the little rabbit hyperventilate was amusing. She didn't know what pain and suffering was. Not like I did. She didn't know what true starvation was—to linger

between life and death. I once had hope when Yuri offered me food, but I didn't realise that the food he fed me came at a cost. He made me who I am, and for that, I slit his throat, giving him an easier death than he deserved.

"Do you know what a craniotomy is, krolik? It's a procedure. A window into the mind. The soul. I've always been fascinated by what makes people tick. What makes them—break," I said, my voice calm and as clinical as the room.

"Please... you don't have to do this. I'll do whatever you want. Just—just don't—" she said, her voice trembling with her eyes wide in terror.

"Shhh, little rabbit. This isn't about punishment. Not anymore. This is about understanding. About control. You see, I need to know what makes you so—resilient. What it will take to break you," I said, mocking her with a cajoling voice.

"This isn't control—this is madness. Y-You're a monster," she said as the panic raised her voice.

"Perhaps. But monsters are made, not born. And you, my dear, are about to meet the monster within me," I said before pointing to the traitor. "This? This is justice. He betrayed me. Betrayed the Bratva. And betrayal... requires retribution."

The rabbit was correct. I am a monster. I am the monster that this world created.

She shook her head in disbelief as it fully dawned on her that I could place her in that chair. Her eyes were locked onto the traitor, and I knew her services were as good as mine.

"Vadik, take the gag off before you begin. I do enjoy the screams," I told the doctor, who followed my instructions.

“Please, I’m sorry! I’ll do anything—” the traitor said, his voice hoarse.

“You were paid handsomely by the Bratva for a purpose. To allow our permits to go through and our goods to move freely. You got greedy, and this is a result of betraying the Bratva—betraying me,” I said to the soon-to-be-dead police official before nodding to Vadik.

When the drill whirled into life, a high-pitched scream made Ania flinch. The saw drowned out the traitor’s cries. I looked away from her when the sound of the saw met with bone. The wet, grinding crunch that made the rabbit’s stomach heave. The traitor screamed a raw, guttural sound that echoed off the walls.

“Fascinating. Isn’t it? The human skull is stronger than you’d think. But it’s not strong enough. Watch closely, little rabbit,” I said casually as if discussing the weather.

Ania’s breath came in shallow gasps. Tears streamed down her face as she watched the horror unfold. It was satisfying to finally see those big, fat drops of tears pouring out of her. The traitor’s screams faded into whimpers, then complete silence.

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His eyelids flickered, and his facial muscles began to twitch, with crimson streaks of blood running down his face—the same slick blood on the doctor's white gloves. The doctor worked with precision, removing the top of his skull as if it were the lid of a teapot to expose the fragile pink brain tissue beneath.

"See, little rabbit? This is what happens to those who betray me. This is the price of disobedience. Remember that," I said, wanting her to break, but remember who was responsible.

Vadik set the drill aside, picking up a smaller instrument. Ania can't look away, frozen, trapped in the nightmare that I created for her. I glanced at Viktor, but his eyes were gleaming with a twisted fascination as he watched the doctor.

What a sick fuck! But we both loved to watch when the light went out of their eyes.

"Now, let's see what secrets you've been hiding," Vadik said with a dark chuckle as he picked up a scalpel.

"You will be having a small procedure with the doctor. An explosive one should you try and hop away from me," I said to her as she whimpered. "I trust you understand the new terms of your employment?"

The traitor began to speak, but the words merged into one another as the doctor sliced away. The words became incoherent babbles until his mouth opened, and drool began to drip down his lips. There was a vacant look in his eyes as Vadik worked on his brain. He couldn't have timed it any better as the rabbit started to sob, beautiful gut-wrenching sobs that sent shivers of delight through me. She collapsed on the floor

with her forehead touching the grimy floor.

Ania's body trembled as Viktor yanked her upright by her hair, her sobs reduced to hollow, broken gasps. Her face was pale, streaked with tears and smudges of grime from the floor. But it was her eyes that struck me the most—those once-bright, defiant eyes now dull and lifeless, like the glassy stare of a doll. They were empty, void of the fire that had once burned within her. It was as if the horror of what she was witnessing had extinguished something deep inside her, leaving behind only a shell.

“Do you understand?” I growled at her, my voice dangerously low, insistent on her answer.

Ania's lips parted, but no sound came out. Her gaze flickered to the traitor on the chair. Her eyes returned to me, but they didn't truly see me. They were distant, haunted as if she were staring through me into some unimaginable abyss.

“Yes...” she said, her voice a broken whisper.

The word was barely audible, but it was enough. My lips curled into a satisfied smile. Though her empty gaze concerned me about her future performance, it didn't take away from my ultimate victory. No one said no to me.

There wasn't fear in her eyes. It wasn't defiance. It was something far worse—surrender. The kind of surrender that came from a soul already halfway to the grave.

“Good. Remember this moment, little rabbit. And remember—you belong to me now,” I said, stepping closer to her.

Ania didn't respond. Her eyes remained fixed on some distant point, unblinking, unseeing. The spark of life that had once made her unique was gone, replaced by a

hollow emptiness that even my cruelty couldn't penetrate.

She was broken.

And I had been the one to break her.

???

“This is diabolical, even for you, Batushka,” Viktor said after he returned from dropping the rabbit off to our gospozha. “I left Pyotr with her as you instructed.”

Madam.

I took no offence to his words because he meant them with reverence by calling me father.

“You know I am a sore loser. I needed her intact for a number of reasons,” I said, thinking about her naked body that the madam would be working on cleansing from the inside out. “She named herself a rabbit, and now she will become one.”

“She bought the idea of an explosive being inside her,” he said as I nodded for him to help himself to a drink. “When she woke up, she kept touching the back of her head.”

I smirked, remembering when she passed out, thinking we were planting an explosive device inside the base of her skull.

“A simple tracker that she won't be able to remove,” I said.

Viktor shook his head and drained his vodka back in one go like a savage.

Chapter 8

Ania

Adrik dealt in the flesh trade. I'd seen all the data for his operations, but to be in the place where they trained the woman sickened me to my core. Some were willing participants, but most looked scared. And who wouldn't be with such a cruel madam in charge? She was as vicious as every swipe of her cane. The truth was that when I lay on my lumpy mattress at night, listening to the other women cry—the pain from her cane made me feel alive.

The man's muffled cries at the end still echoed in my mind. His terrified expression as the sawing began was a sight I would take to my grave. The image of the doctor's hands, slick with blood, the sound of the saw grinding against bone—it was all etched into me, a living nightmare I could never escape. I touched the scar along the base of my skull. Pyotr shadowed me wherever I went, but I wondered if he could detonate the explosive inside me.

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I let the madam and her sadistic team prick and prod me. They stuck various objects inside me, and I didn't bat an eyelid. When they told me to hop like a rabbit for them, I did it despite their laughter and wore everything they told me to. I learned all the poses they insisted on, and above all, hygiene was drummed into me. Time passed, but there was no telling how long I had been there four days. Ten days? A month?

I was alive, but I was not living.

???

“This is my reputation on the line, Krolik,” Madam said before she fixed my ‘ears’ which was essentially my hair coming out of the leather gimp mask.

The two tubes at the top of the gimp mask allowed my pigtails to be fed through them. The mask was laced at the back with two holes for my nose and one for my mouth. I was completely blind in this mask. The collar, mask and fluffy white rabbit tail in my ass were all I wore.

“Make sure you obey the Pakhan’s every word as gospel, understood?” she said before swiping the cane in the air.

“Da, gospozha,” I said quickly.

“God help you,” she muttered under her breath.

I remained on my knees until I heard the door open and footsteps that grew closer. The shift of tension in the room told me that the Pakhan had arrived.

“Any problems?” he asked smoothly as I began to sweat beneath the mask.

When my hands began to tremble, I gripped my knees. The memories of that day came flooding back to me. I tried to take long, deep breaths through the mask.

“None at all,” Madam replied.

“Present,” he commanded, and I lifted my arms, locking my hands where the explosive sat, straightening my back while I spread my legs open.

The silence was killing me, but I would take the blinding gimp mask over the filthy cell.

“Open.”

I cringed, suddenly grateful for the mask, and opened my mouth the way Madam had taught me to.

“Table.”

I moved onto my hands and knees, arching my back to stick my ass out while gripping the floor.

“You may close your mouth, Krolik,” he said with amusement tingeing his voice.
“Stool.”

I closed my mouth and crouched down to mimic a footstool.

“Inspection.”

I carefully stood up to keep my balance while not being able to see and spread my

legs before locking my hands into place behind my neck and remaining still.

“What do you think of Krolik 2.0, Viktor?” he asked, not hiding his glee.

“A definite improvement, Pakhan,” Viktor said in his usual lifeless tone of voice.

“Leave us,” he said, and I heard movement, but then he spoke again. “You too, Viktor.”

When the door closed, I heard him circle me, walking around me and inspecting me. He stopped behind me, and I felt his hand on the fluffy bunny tail.

“Welcome to your new life, slave,” he said beside my ear.

I swallowed but didn't dare move. His hand moved from my tail before tracing his fingertips around my body as he moved to stand before me. I didn't need to see him. I could feel him all around me, suffocating me. His fingers moved down my belly and past my waxed pubis toward my pussy.

“You have two jobs, Krolik. To service me and to find the Fox,” he said as his finger moved along my pussy until he pushed his finger inside of me. “The rest of my instructions will follow.”

Tears escaped from the corners of my eyes, and they began to soak the mask. I wasn't crying because of what he said. It was the fact that my body was responding to his touch, doing what it was trained to do. He slid his finger in and out of my pussy, with my arousal easing his path.

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“Good,Zayka,” he said, his voice low and husky. “It seems you were a good student.”Bunny.

I was relieved when he pulled his finger out of me until he spoke again.

“Open,” he said—a single word, but I mindlessly obeyed. “Now, suck. Taste your wet bunny cunt.”

I closed my lips around his digit and sucked before licking him clean, doing everything they had taught me to do—to be.

His soft, triumphant chuckle echoed around the room while I tasted myself. Additional tears joined the previous, saturating my mask when I ached for more—more of his touch and more of his humiliation.

I was a product of his creation—another dead, unfeeling monster in his sick, twisted world. I died a little more inside when I acknowledged the sickness within myself. I couldn't remember when the collar he put around my neck stopped suffocating me—the sign of his ownership.

The tiny flicker of eternal hope I used to cling to was finally snuffed out.

Chapter 9

Adrik

I took my handkerchief out and wiped my finger on it before inspecting the

transformed beauty. The sightless, obedient bunny who I could utilise at any given time made me want to rush home. The mask around her face was just as I'd imagined. Her body had filled out nicely, and the rabbit tail in her asshole made me itch to play with it. The three-week crash course into submission had worked wonders.

The doctor had drawn blood from her and planted an IUD inside her. The Madam had polished the rest of her up to the highest standard. Even her nipples seemed to pout upwards, trying to draw my attention, but I held back. I planned to devastate her when she came on my dick. To humiliate her in ways she couldn't imagine.

"Relax,Zayka," I said before shrugging my suit jacket off while her arms dropped down to her sides.

I put her hand into the armhole of my jacket before placing it over her shoulders. She moved her arm and slipped it on as the other sleeve covered her. I buttoned the jacket. It shouldn't have mattered to me, but I didn't want anyone to see how perfect my creation turned out to be.

When I opened the door, Viktor stood blocking the doorway. He moved aside, but I nodded toward my new bunny.

"Bring her to the car, and do not damage the goods," I said sharply as he looked inside the room.

"Da," he said with a smirk on his face.

I was in too good a mood to reprimand him. I strode to the car where Andryúsha waited for us. Once seated in the car, I looked at the building where she had stayed. Pyotr was dismissed, and he reported there'd been no attempt by anyone to contact her.

“Take the fastest route home,” I told my driver before glancing at the window again.

Viktor had my bunny draped over his shoulder as he jogged down the stairs. I smiled because he followed my instructions. The only time my bunny would ache was after a good long fucking or a whipping. They wouldn’t leave the kind of scars that were on my body, but she would grow to love whatever I did to her.

The possibilities were endless.

Viktor tapped on the window, interrupting my sick bunny fantasies. I stabbed the button to roll the window down.

“What?” I snapped at him impatiently.

“Is she going in the trunk?” Viktor asked with a straight face as he crouched low enough for me to see her tail stuffed ass on his shoulder.

“Put her in the backseat and fuck off back to base with Pyotr,” I said before rolling my window up.

I didn't need to hear his laughter.

???

I led Ania to my office, and once she was inside, I locked the door behind us. She didn't move from the spot until I led her to the thick rug in the middle of the floor. I unbuttoned my jacket and hung it over my arm.

“Kneel,” I said, watching her graceful movement as she knelt down, placing her hands flat above her knees.

Sensory deprivation could be used to torture, or in my bunny's case, it could be used for extreme pleasure. However, since I was a sick son of a bitch she would need to wait.

“Everything in my world is transactional, Zayka. There is nothing I wouldn't do to remain in power. You've only seen a fraction of what I am capable of,” I said, touching the two tubes her hair came out of before feeling the silky strands slip through my palms. “Show me what you learned. Ready to please.”

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She spread her legs apart, placing her hand flat on the floor and opened her mouth. I unzipped my trousers before slipping my hand down my waistband to push my boxers down. Once I pulled my leaking cock out, I used the tip to trace it around her lips.

“Such a good fuck bunny,” I said before pushing my cock into her open mouth.

I wrapped her hair around my hands twice to get a good grip before using her hair as two handles. The tip of my cock began to hit the back of her throat. Sex was usually a hindrance for a man in my position. I used some from our stock that the Madam sent me. She knew my tastes and never sent anyone timid. Ania was far from timid. My little fuck bunny was a survivor.

“You’ll be my perfect little fuck toy,Zayka,” I said before I pulled her head toward me and thrust my dick down her neck.

Her slippery throat opened up after a gurgling and choking sound. It was a tight fit, but she still had a great deal to swallow. She placed her lips around me and hollowed out her cheeks before she began to use her tongue on my hard dick. I fought for control, allowing her time to adjust and for me not to ejaculate inside her.

“Yes, little bunny, enjoy your Master’s cock,” I said before moving my hips again.

Only this time, I didn't stop. I dragged her mouth up and down the length of my dick, thrusting into her each time I pulled her onto my dick. She was blind but for the feel of my cock violating her neck.

“Cock suckingshlyukha,” I said, slamming myself against her masked face. Whore.

I groaned as my balls hit her masked chin. The resilient rabbit was reduced to a toy—a toy for me to use and abuse. My grip on her hair tightened, and I began to fuck her violently, slapping my trousers against her face, driving deep into her neck with each swing.

The complete power and control of her was the most heady sensation I’d ever experienced. The filthy sounds coming from her as she struggled to accept my length only made it better.

“Good fucking whore, take my dick,” I gasped as I pummelled her masked face.

Her hands moved to my legs as she held onto them. I wanted to hold off cumming, to keep fucking her mouth like a savage, but I could feel my balls become taut and my cock harden. Her teeth grazed my cock before she widened her mouth.

“Take your reward,” I said, thrusting back and forth, each one harder than the last, until I pulled back and sprayed my cum inside her pretty pink mouth.

“Yes,” I hissed, untangling a hand from her hair to pump it up and down my dick, watching my cum pool in the back of her throat. “Tongue.”

She stuck her tongue out, and a spurt of cum landed on it before sliding down to the back of her throat. I smiled at my obedient fuck bunny before cleaning the tip of my cock off against her tongue.

“Show me your reward, Zayka,” I said, pulling back.

Her hands fell away from my legs, placing them on the floor before she opened her mouth to show me the mouthful of cum and spit.

“Swallow,” I said, and she did exactly that.

She gulped it all down and even licked her lips, touching the edges of her gimp mask.

“Clean me, and then you may relax,” I said, pushing my dick back into her mouth.

I let her suck and lick my entire dick before I stuffed my balls into her mouth. She took it all beautifully and didn’t stop until I commanded her to. I patted the top of her head before I tucked myself back in, zipped my trousers up and went to my desk to catch up on some emails.

Chapter 10

Ania

I sat on the rug as I heard him tapping away on his laptop. He took a few calls but when there was silence I could hear the birds tweeting outside or the occasional footsteps outside the office. I used every distraction that I could to avoid thinking about what happened. This was my life now. Working for him and letting him use me however he wanted.

My pussy clenched thinking about his enormous dick. I hadn’t expected him to be so thick and long. Madam and her team made me practice on six to seven-inch dildos, but he was longer than them. My ears pricked up when he ordered two black Ruben sandwiches. The food came, and I heard him eating, but I stayed kneeling where he left me.

I heard him roll his chair on the wooden flooring until it hit the rug. He was close, and I tried to stop myself from shivering, but it didn't work.

“Open,” he said, and I obeyed.

He put a piece of the sandwich in my mouth. The bread was dense, the meat salty, and the cabbage dressing was a perfect mixture of sweet and pickled. He continued to feed me until my belly was full.

“Thank you, Master,” I said when I heard him get up. It felt strange talking through the mask hole.

He paused but didn't say anything before he walked away, taking his chair with him. A few moments later, he was back feeding me a straw to suck on. The action left me feeling confused. Was I his slave, pet or both?

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My stomach turned when I remembered the man on the chair—the traitor. I took a few calming breaths, not wanting to go back to those terrible memories. I focused on the sounds in and around the room. It didn't matter what he wanted me to be because I would obey. The scar tingled at the base of my neck, and I touched the plaque on my collar.

Rabbit, Property of Adrik.

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I stumbled but he caught my arm before reaching behind me to pull on the laces that held the mask in place. He pulled it off, easing my hair out as he took it off. The cool air instantly hit my damp face and I blinked in the dim light. The main light wasn't on just a lamp. It wasn't the same bedroom that I was in last time. This one was much more spacious.

“Through there is my bedroom. If you need anything, don't leave your room alone. Until the traitor has been found, you're a target,” he said as I studied his face.

There wasn't a hint of the monster from the medical room.

“Yes, Master,” I said, looking at his feet.

“Go and use the bathroom to wash up,” he said before walking toward the connecting door to his bedroom.

As soon as he left, all the tension left my body. I went into the bathroom, which was

stylish in white, silver, and black. There was no bathtub but a walk-in shower. I washed my face, brushed my teeth, and removed the tail to give it a wash before using the toilet. Once I was ready for bed, I searched the cabinet and found the lube to stick my tail back in.

Fuck the Matrix. The White Rabbit. What was I thinking?

I shoved the damn tail into my ass. When I went into the bedroom, I stopped a few steps in because he was sitting on my bed under the covers. His chest and arms were littered with tattoos, much like his hands. There was so much of him. He could probably snap my neck like a twig. I have no idea why he needed to plant an explosive inside of me.

“Are you going to stand there staring at me all night?”

“I’m sorry, Master,” I said, rushing to the bed to await his instructions.

“Get on the bed and move into the humble position,” he said, rubbing his beard.

I climbed onto the bed and spread my legs before kneeling down with my hands flat on the bed, placing my face and shoulders on the bed. When Master moved, I was tempted to look up, but I didn't. He moved behind me and rubbed his hands over my ass cheeks, hips, and thighs before he slapped me.

I gasped at the unexpected blow, but like Madam’s cane, I enjoyed the pain. He slapped my other side, and my pussy and gut clenched. His fingers gripped my hip before he began to slap my ass, continuing until it stung, and I was panting for air against the bedding.

“A nice bunny spanked ass,” he muttered to himself as he used his palms to rub my abused flesh.

He lifted my tail up and ran his fingers along my wet pussy, pausing before he spread me open, and I felt his cock rub against my pussy.

“Beg for my cock,Zayka. Tell me how badly you need your Master to fuck your wet little slit,” he said, slowly moving back and forward.

I closed my eyes, forcing my mind to go blank, to remember my training and I took a deep breath.

“Please use my pussy, Master. Fuck me with your hard cock. This dirty bunny needs it so badly, Master,” I begged, hoping it would be enough for him.

“Dirty bunny, indeed,” he murmured, easing the head of his cock inside me. “A nice tight little cunt. Open up for your Master bunny.”

I pushed back, and he slid a few inches inside me. He didn't reprimand me. Instead, he held my hips and thrust into me.

“Good little fuck bunny. Such a tight cunt,” he groaned when I clenched around him. “Hold your position.”

His hands dropped over me and onto the bed. I understood why he said for me to hold my position because when he began to fuck me, his body slammed against mine, almost flattening me to the bed. I braced myself and pushed my ass in the air. His cock was surging in and out of me, rubbing me in places that had never been touched.

“Yes, give me that soft bunny cunt,” he said as he moved faster.

I started to moan and cry out as the pleasure intensified. “Please, use me, Master.”

“Sex doll, now,” he barked as he pulled out.

I moved onto my back with my knees raised and put my feet flat on the bed. He grabbed my legs and pinned my knees onto the bed as he spread me open. The pain of his fingers digging into me added to the pleasure. When he eased his cock inside of me, he looked at me.

“Hands beneath your head,” he said before he lifted his hips up and slammed down.

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My hands didn't reach my head as a silent scream left me breathless. He was in too deep, but he didn't stop. He raised himself up and did the same again. The rhythm was steady, but it didn't stop the pain. I managed to place my hands beneath my head while he stared at me.

Oh, God. He was staring into my eyes as he used me.

“Whose cunt is this, bunny?” he asked, smacking his pelvis against mine.

“Y-Your-Your’s, Master,” I stammered with each deep thrust, staring into those monstrous blue eyes.

“Yes, this is my new home. Inside my new cum dumpster. Ready, willing and oh, so wet,” he said as my eyes began to flutter. “Yes, you dirty whore, cum. CUM!”

I wailed as I came between pleasure and despair. He pulled the pleasure out of me without even trying. Even as I began to cry, my pussy clamped around him. It was a sickness, a rot that had taken root deep inside me, spreading its tendrils through my very soul.

His face twisted into the cruel, vile human I knew him to be. He knew what he was doing to me, and he was getting off on it because behind the cruelty, there was pleasure. His sharp, deep thrusts continued until his face became distorted.

“Good cunt,” he roared before driving deep inside me, and his hot cum erupted.

He came inside me while I lay there crying. No one had made me hate myself like

this since I was a child.

Chapter 11

Adrik

Every so often, I would glance at her screen, but all I saw were random numbers and letters in green. Other times, the codes were in white, blue, red and green. I gave her access to her backpack hoping we could find out who the Fox was.

The image of her cumming on my cock, weeping during and after she came, was seared into my brain. Her body was telling her one thing, but her mind another. Each element was tearing at one another, and last night was a beautiful result of that torment. I loved being a sadistic fuck.

“How many of your men are computer literate?” she asked, looking away from her laptop.

I glanced at her naked tits before raising my eyebrow at her.

“Master, sorry,” she said, her cheeks flushed pink as she apologised.

“They all know how to reset a router for the wifi,” I said to her. “What have you found?”

“Not a lot. A possible location but when I checked it out it turned out to be an internet cafe,” she said with a frown.

“I can use that. Send me the details.”

I received an email from her.

“Is that safe to open?” I asked sarcastically.

Her blush ran from her cheeks to her chest but she nodded and looked away. I sent the details to Viktor. He replied instantly with some additional information about a man looking for mykrolik. I looked the man up and he was a billionaire. A powerful man in his industry. As far as I could there were no corruption allegations against him or his company.

“There’s been a man snooping around, asking questions he shouldn’t. Rurik Abrosimov,” I said, waiting for her reaction.

Her fingers froze over the keyboard.

“Who is he, Zayka?” I asked ever so softly, but the thought of her being with another man, giving him what I owned, was unacceptable to me. “Who is he to you?”

She jumped when I raised my voice.

“A friend. Rurik is a friend. I-I’ve never met him in person,” she stammered.

“And why would a man who’s never met you request an audience with me?” I asked, and her eyes widened.

The throat I wanted to ring gulped just above my collar. The shining plaque with my name on it caught my eye. I grabbed her neck, gripping my fingers and thumb around her.

“I’ve known him for years, and I’ve done a lot of work for him. He is a businessman. We gradually became friends by corresponding with one another.”

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“Friends,” I scoffed. “He wants more.”

“No, he isn't like that. He has children and a partner. Rurik would never—he is a good man,” she said solemnly.

“A good man, and what would you know about men?”

Her eyes closed for a moment before she opened them and looked into my eyes.

“When you have met enough bad ones, you can recognise the difference,” she said. “Rurik Abrosimov is a rare but a good man.”

“I think I will meet with him,” I said, watching her eyes flicker with fear. “Yes, I want to meet him and see for myself.”

“Please, Master—”

“Inspection,” I said, releasing her neck.

She stood up, walked to the front of the desk, linked her arms behind her head, and spread her legs open. I stood up and unbuckled my belt, watching her as I pulled it off.

“It's such a pity you're stuck with me,” I said, slapping the flat leather against my hand as I walked around the desk. Let me show you how bad I am.”

The first strike of the belt came with a sharp crack as I whipped her across her breasts

until she gasped in pain and her hands jerked from her neck. The sting bloomed instantly, a fiery line etching itself across the soft flesh of her breasts. Slowly, the pristine white began to flush, a delicate pink rising to the surface like the first blush of dawn. I paused as my eyes traced over the mark.

The second strike followed, and the pink deepened, spreading like watercolour on paper. Her skin now glowed with a warm, rosy hue, the heat radiating in time with her quickened breaths. Each stroke of the belt was deliberate and measured. With every impact, the pink intensified, painting her in shades of surrender, reaffirming my subjugation of her. I moved behind her to begin the same process on the blank canvas of her ass.

“Bend over,” I said, my voice thick with desire.

She stepped forward before spreading her legs again and bent over the desk, placing her cheek on some files with her palms lying flat on the desk. Her naked pussy peeked out from beneath the tail, reminding me of how I destroyed her last night by simply cumming on my dick. My cock thickened and began to stiffen beneath my clothing.

I wielded the belt and coloured her ass cheeks in the same manner as her chest. The contrast was striking: the delicate, almost translucent white of her untouched skin against the rosy streaks left by the belt. My bunny’s breaths came quicker now, her fingers clutching the desk beneath her. I paused to run my hand gently over the flushed areas, feeling the warmth beneath my fingertips.

It wasn't enough. I wanted her to feel me inside and out. I walked around my desk to get some wet wipes, hand sanitiser and the lubricant. When I inspected my artwork, there were deeper marks that bloomed where my belt had cut into her skin. She would feel me everywhere when I came inside her asshole. I pulled a wet wipe out and laid it on my desk before taking the lube.

“You're going to hold your asshole open for me to fuck. You'll feel every inch of me deep inside your filthy hole, but you will cum for your Master. You will cum no matter how much it hurts,” I said, pulling her tail out and placing it on the wet wipe.

Her fingers moved behind her, and she pulled her ass open for me. I touched her pussy, and it was soaked from the pain of my belt.

“This—this is what you were meant for, Zayka,” I said, looking at her wrinkled star-shaped asshole. “To be used, fucked and for you to cum on a monster's cock like a nasty little fuck toy.”

I spat the degrading words out while reminding her that I was not a good man. I was the worst.

Chapter 12

Ania

My cheeks burned not from the belt but from his words. I lay awake for hours last night trying to sleep, but each time, I would jerk awake. The cold lubricant dripped onto my ass. The Madam had told me to ensure I performed an enema to keep myself clean for my master. It was part of my weekly ritual.

The sound of him unzipping his trousers brought me back to the present. After a few moments, he put the lube back on the table. I don't know what his problem with Rurik was, but I didn't want him to get hurt, not when he just found his children. I relaxed my ass when I felt Master's cock slide between my ass cheeks in the hope that he would leave Rurik alone.

“Does my filthy whore need her Master's cock in here?” he asked as he placed the tip of his cock against my entrance.

I pulled my cheeks apart, gripping my burning skin.

“Yes, Master, please fuck me in the ass,” I said, staring at the pile of papers on his desk.

“What a dirty whore. An ass slut in the making,” he said, but there was no anger in his voice, only amusement. “Take it,Zayka. Take it in the ass.”

He pushed the head, squeezing it in, the lube eased his efforts, and I closed my eyes at the pain of his entry. I gasped before I began to pant through the pain as he forced his way deeper.

“Yes, swallow it all up inside that filthy asshole,” he said, pulling back only to push deeper.

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He did this several times until the pain flourished. I breathed through it until the sharp edge of the pain began to wane away. He pushed my hands away and gripped my ass cheeks until I gasped in pain when his fingers dug into me.

“My dirty little bunny. You're taking me so well. Time to liven things up,” he said as he began to move faster.

He was plunging in and out of my ass until I clawed at his desk. With every smack of his soft trousers against my belted ass made me groan. I couldn't understand if it was in pain or pleasure. He moved his hands to my hips to hammer into me, fucking me with long deep thrusts.

“You're going to cum with my dick in your ass,” he said, plunging deep inside my guts before pausing and grinding himself against me, forcing me to feel every part of him inside me.

His hand moved between my legs, rubbing his fingers on my clit, making me cry out. They moved along my pussy, pushing inside me, making me feel him in both of my holes. Sweat began to coat my body. There was nothing I could do to stop him. I clenched my eyes shut as I gave myself into the violent pleasure.

“So fucking wet,” he said before fucking me with his fingers and nudging his cock in my ass until I began to groan at the dual assault.

“You're going to cum like a nasty whore in heat. You will cum for your Master!” he shouted before he pulled back and slammed himself inside me.

His fingers left my pussy to rub my clit again, and just as he slammed into me the second time, I fell apart as I came for him—just like he commanded me to. It seemed to invigorate him as he continued to fuck me through my orgasm as my ass helplessly clenched around his deep thrusts.

“There are no good men,” he snarled, pulling his hand away from my pussy to hold my hip. “Only monsters.”

His thrusts were shallow, but he moved faster, and I closed my eyes, but the sound of him grunting with effort while he pushed me along the desk until I opened them again. There was nowhere to hide.

“Good whore. Now take my cum in your ass, fuck toy. I’m going to plug my cum inside you,” he panted before he thrust another two times until slamming me with a third.

His long groan of relief accompanied his cum spewing inside me. Hot spurts hit my insides as he pressed against my whipped ass. I was relieved that it was over and hoped that he wouldn’t kill Rurik.

My heart ached, knowing that he was looking for me, trying to help me. To know that someone in the world cared about me was more than enough for me. The monster was wrong. There were good men but they were few and far between.

“You will give me everything you have on this man, and I will know if you hold anything back,” he said, his voice cold and harsh.

I shivered as the sweat began to cool on my body. The man was still inside me while threatening me.

“Yes, Master,” I said, my voice emotionless.

He didn't say anything but pulled out of me and reached for my tail. He pushed it back inside of me before moving away.

"Kneel and ready to please," he said, and I dropped down to the floor, turning around to face his crotch with my mouth open.

I knew what he was doing and why he did it. The monster in him craved my humiliation.

"Suck me clean," he said, pushing his cock into my mouth.

I moved as fast as I could, trying to get the task done without retching or thinking about it, uncaring for the taste of lube in my mouth. My self-hatred was ever-growing, surpassing my hatred of the man who instigated it all. The man who disrupted my life in the dark shadows. He held my head, digging his fingers into my scalp as he began to fuck my mouth.

"Lick my balls like a hungry slave," he said, holding my nose pressed against his trousers. I kept my throat open, breathing through my nose as I pushed my tongue out to lick him, listening to his soft chuckle. "Good bunny."

The damaged part of me secretly craved his approval, the way he stroked my head and called me his bunny—the few seconds of warmth after he came. This was my life, dying a little more each day.

Craving the approval of my abuser.

My Master and monster.

Chapter 13

Adrik

The internet cafe ended up being a dead end. The only footage in the surrounding area showed a man wearing a cap, but his face was turned away from the camera. The rabbit had worked her magic in hacking into some prominent parties' data, enough for me to exploit their services. She gave me a full report of Abrosimov, which Denís double-checked. The bastard was as clean as the media portrayed image, lauded for his work around the world.

There was a knock on the door, and I looked away from my laptop, glancing at my fuck bunny in her gimp mask, kneeling on the rug. It had been two days since I fucked her ass in my office.

“Come in,” I shouted, just to watch her jump.

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Viktor came in with a file in his hand. The accountant was going through all the transactions for our operations because if someone was looking to overthrow me, they were collating wealth in order to facilitate an attack. Someone was skimming. I held my hand out and took the file.

“Are we keeping Denís?” he asked before glancing at Ania.

“For now. Any word from our informant?”

“Nothing so far. The Fox may have retreated for now,” he said with a frown.

“And the ones we have been tailing?” I asked.

“Still nothing unusual. They haven't met with anyone or been to any obscure places to access the internet,” he said.

“Keep our men on them,” I said, pondering on the five men I suspected were after my seat or in cahoots with one another. “Their devices were all clean. The bunny checked them out.”

“How's she working out?” he asked with a smirk.

“I've never had a more obedient fuck toy,” I said to him, but my eyes were on the bunny in question.

“That's a pity. Vadik would have liked her on his chair again,” he said.

Her head dipped down as she heard the doctor's name.

"The next person in his chair will be the traitor. Keep the security tight on all high-value shipments."

"Da, Pakhan," he said before turning to leave.

Once the door closed, I glanced at the time. I could check the accountant's file later. Tomorrow, I had a meeting with Gavriil, Dima, the enforcers, and the captains. I wanted to check everything prior to the meeting.

"Hop over here, Zayka," I said to my hot little slave. She hopped like a rabbit until she neared my desk. "Stop and inspection."

She stopped and stood up, locking her hands behind her neck. I stood up and walked around her. There were a few marks left from my belt, faint dark lines across her breasts and ass. I pulled the chained nipple clamps from my pocket and clipped one onto her nipple.

She hissed at the pain, smiling. I clipped the second one on and let the chain between them dangle over her tits before flicking each nipple to hear her gasp in pain. The black clips were a contrast to her dusky pink nipples and pale white tits.

"Ready to please, fuck toy," I said, watching her drop to her knees, placing her hands between her open legs to part her lips for me.

I unzipped my trousers and pulled my cock out before easing my balls out.

"Lick my balls," I said, placing my dick over her masked face and my balls in her open mouth.

She began to lap them up, licking beneath the heavy sack, swirling her tongue around them. I never told her to stop, and she continued to lick me until my cock lengthened along her face.

“Suck.”

She immediately sucked my ball into her mouth, avoiding any teeth as my slippery wet ball vanished into her mouth. I played with her hair, watching my dick strain over her masked face as she sucked my other ball into her mouth.

It was always a beautiful sight to watch her debase herself. There was still a touch of mental resistance on her part no matter how obedient she was, I knew it lingered within her.

“Suck and lick them both,” I said wanking my cock as she got to work.

I spat on my dick a few times, with some of it landing on her gimp mask before I started rubbing the length of my cock while licking and sucking on my balls. The combination of her mouth and my hand was simple yet exquisite. I began to pump my hand faster and harder until my balls started to tighten.

“Open,” I barked at her as my cock stiffened.

I shoved my dick in her mouth, still wanking the base, ensuring that she would receive a full load from her Master. Her lips wrapped around me as she sucked my cock. My cum shot into her soft wet mouth as her tongue swirled around the tip of my cock.

“Good, fuck bunny, keep it all in your mouth.”

She moaned, and I felt her lips press down on me to prevent any of my cum from

escaping. I closed my eyes as the last of my cum hit her tongue as it licked my cock hole. She was the best slave I'd had, yet it wasn't enough for me. I slowly pulled out of her.

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“Open,” I said as she tilted her head up before opening her mouth for me to see my white cum in her pink mouth, another sight that I couldn't get enough of. “Swallow.”

She swallowed a few times before licking her lips.

“What do you say, bunny?”

“Thank you for my reward, Master,” she said clearly and loudly.

“Follow my lead,” I said, holding one of her pigtails.

I went back to my desk and nudged the chair out of the way.

“Get under my desk, ready to please,” I said, releasing her hair to watch her feel around the desk before she got into place. Once her mouth was open, I unfastened my trousers before I sat down, pulling myself into place. “Keep my cock warm while I finish my work.”

The pain in her nipples would be a constant reminder of who she was dealing with. I waited until my dick was in her mouth before I picked up the file to focus on my business while reminding my little fuck bunny who she belonged to.

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Later that night, I went into her bedroom, but she wasn't there. I was about to check if the main door was left unlocked when I heard the shower running. After flinging my shorts on her bed, I went to the bathroom door, using a finger to push it open. The

door slowly opened up, and she was washing her hair with her back to me.

I eased in from the side before grabbing her shoulders until she jumped and let out a shrill scream.

“It’s only me, cock sucker,” I said, referring to her under-desk duties. “You did such an excellent job today that I couldn’t resist another hole to fill up in myKrolik.”

“Yes, Master,” she said with a little nip in her voice.

I reached around her and gripped her nipples. She immediately gasped in pain. The nipple clamps had done a number on her tits. I’d never come across anyone that I wanted to own or hurt as badly as I did Ania, and every time I saw or felt her resistance, it irked me.

“Try again, cunt,” I said viciously, pinching her nipples until another scream echoed around the bathroom.

“Sorry—sorry. Yes, Master,” she said between panting through the pain.

I released my hold on her nipples, and she raised her hands and started to massage them.

“PoorKrolik,” I said before turning her around, moving her hands away to look at her nipples.

They looked red and painfully swollen. I traced my belt mark across her breasts before reaching her collar.

“I’m meeting yourfriendin ten days,Krolik,” I said, raising my eyes to meet her terrified dark ones. “Your meddlingdeadfriend.”

She disappeared, dropped to her knees and held my ankles with her head bowed down.

“Please don't kill him. He meant well. It was all my fault I left him a—a message saying if he didn't hear from me in six weeks to donate my money,” she cried, choking on a sob and gripping both my feet. “Please, Master, he won't do anything. I-I will talk to him. I'm begging you.”

“Hmm. You do look good down there,” I said, leaning back to look at her crouched on the floor. “What are you willing to do for him?”

She glanced up at me, blinking the water away from her eyes.

“Anything. He has a family—I will do whatever you need me to,” she said, moving her hands to my legs.

“Do you understand that I am a sadist? I derive pleasure from the suffering of others,” I said with a cruel smile.

She nodded. “Yes, Master.”

I stepped closer, the water cascading down my body, my eyes locked onto hers.

“You say you understand, Krolik, but do you truly? Do you feel it in your bones, in the very core of your being? I don't just want your obedience—I want your surrender. I want to break you open and see every part of you laid bare before me.”

Her hands fell away from me, and she sat up, looking at me with her big, sad brown eyes. I'd seen the glimmer of what she could become, but now I had her exactly where I wanted her.

Chapter 14

Ania

I'd met monsters before, but this one wanted everything. As the water continued to rain down on me, it washed away the tears as I stared into his cold, calculating blue eyes. He wouldn't hesitate to kill Rurik. I nodded my head, knowing he could kill me at any given moment, but he wasn't done with me—not yet.

"I...I want to give you that, Master. I do," I whispered to him, but my statement sounded uncertain even to my ears.

"Do you? Or are you still clinging to some shred of yourself, some pathetic little hope that you can keep something from me? Tell me, Zayka, what are you hiding?" he said, tilting his head while keeping his predatory smile on his face.

He ripped me away from my life and could kill me in an instant from the explosive in my head, yet he wanted more.

"Nothing, Master. I swear it," I pleaded, but he moved fast, and his hand shot out, gripping my chin with a bruising force.

"Liar," he hissed, his voice low and dangerous. "I can see it in your eyes. You hold back because you're afraid. Afraid of what I'll do to you. Afraid of what you'll become if you give yourself to me completely. But that's exactly what I want, Kroluk. I want to strip away every last defence, every last piece of you, until there's nothing left but me. Do you understand?"

“Yes, Master,” I whispered, my voice trembling. “I understand.” Tears welled in my eyes, but I didn’t pull away from his harsh grip.

“Good girl,” he murmured. “But understanding isn’t enough. I need you to prove it to me. I need you to show me that you’re mine—completely and utterly mine. Can you do that, Zayka? Can you give yourself to me without reservation?”

I chased away the fear and cleared my throat.

“I can, Master. I will,” I said, ignoring the pang in my heart.

His smile widened, and a dark gleam in his eyes appeared, staring at me until he finally spoke. “Then let’s begin.”

He helped me up before turning me toward the tiled wall.

“Wall,” he said, and I immediately placed my hands on the tiles and pushed my ass out. “Madam did a good job in training you, but there is always room for improvement. You need to learn to love pain.”

“Yes, Master,” I said, remembering why I was doing this. “I will learn.”

He reached for a bottle and a few moments later he put it back on the shelf. His fingers trailed down to my asshole, and he pressed his finger against my hole, forcing his way in. I shook away my apprehension and relaxed my muscles. When he pressed a second digit in, I pushed out.

“Good little fuck hole,” he said, pressing his palm over my belly before sawing his fingers in and out of me.

I winced when he began to get rough, plunging a third finger in and stretching me

out. His hand moved up to my breasts. My nipples still ached after he removed the nipple clamps, but I didn't say a word when he began to tug on them. I closed my eyes to the memories that I kept locked away, terrified of Adrik finding them and what he would do to me with them.

Instead, I leaned into the pain, ignoring my tears, guilt and shame. My shuddering breath became smoother, and when he pinched my nipple while pushing his fingers inside my ass, I moaned not in pain but in pleasure. I pushed back, chasing his fingers as he pulled back.

“There’s my little pain slut,” Master crooned before he reached for my other nipple. “This—this is what I wanted.”

“Yes, Master, please give me more,” I whispered, pushing past the shame.

“Yeah? Do you want me to make it hurt, bunny?” he whispered against my wet hair, squeezing my nipple so hard that my pussy clenched and my ass tightened around his fingers.

“Yes, Master,” I said, my eyes snapping open when he pulled his fingers out of me.

He instantly moved his cock between my cheeks. His hands rubbed my back before he squeezed his cock into me, pushing into my asshole. I could feel his hard muscles against my legs as he moved closer.

“I’m going to make it hurt so good, bunny,” he said, leaning over me to place his hands on the wall.

I held my breath, dangling between suspense and knowledge of what he was about to do. He held himself inside of me. No lube, and whatever body wash he used would have been washed off. He thrust into me, burying himself inside me, stretching my

ass out as a guttural cry escaped.

I began to pant as he fucked my ass. His hand clutched my ass cheek while he swung his hips back and forth. The pain became pleasure, and I pushed myself back onto his cock. It was like an out-of-body experience. I was present, but I also wasn't.

He groaned, grasping my breast while leaning over my back, using his grip on my body to fuck me deeper. His hand squeezed my breast so hard that the pain blossomed and, without warning, erupted deep within me. I cried out clawing at the walls. I barely heard his laughter because I had descended into the throws of my orgasm, gasping for air.

He fucked me harder, faster, and so deep that his balls smacked against my ass cheeks. His fingers pinched my nipple again, and he began to grunt with each thrust until he stiffened behind me. I squeezed his cock and was rewarded with his hot cum inside my asshole.

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I waited until he finished before standing upright, pulling away from him to kneel in front of him and sucking his cock. I moved my head up and down his cock, sucking and licking my ass off him, taking him as deep as I could.

When I glanced up at him, he was smiling.

“Good fuck bunny,” he murmured. “That was the warm-up.”

???

I followed him into his room. After the shower, he stuck my tail back into my ass, stating that he wanted his cum to stay inside of me. His bedroom was much larger than mine but very minimalist in style. He had a bed, nightstand, couch and a modern-style ottoman at the foot of the bed. The decor was all white and pale grey with a touch of black. His room was more modern than the rest of the house.

“Lie on the bed in floor position,” he said, and I climbed onto his pristine sheets.

The man had to be OCD because the room looked like it belonged in a show home. I lay down with my face and handson the pillows while stretching my legs out straight. I glanced at the door he vanished into before closing my eyes and stretching myself out. My nipples rubbed against the soft bedding, but the ache gave me comfort.

A sudden crack made me jerk up, and I froze when I saw the whip in his hand. It had a polished wooden handle, but the whip looked like it was made of black leather. He whipped it in the air again and cracked it before bringing it down. The comfort with which he handled it told me he had used the weapon many times.

“Are you ready to surrender, Bunny?” he asked, trailing the whip on the floor.

“Yes, Master,” I said clearly, even though fear and excitement leapt within me, twisting in my gut until I felt sick. I swallowed it all down and took a deep—

The whip whistled in the air and struck my back. The eye-stinging pain took my breath away as the shock of the strike was still being processed. My hands clutched onto the pillows, but I heard the sound of his whip again, and it struck my lower back, catching my ass. My cry was muffled by the pillow as the raw, searing pain of his whip burned me again.

I was tempted to touch my back to check if I was bleeding, but the whip cracked down on me again and again and again. I was squirming around in pain, almost ready to beg him to stop, but I couldn't. There was too much on the line to risk. He whipped my back, ass and some of my thighs. I was sobbing into the pillows by the time he stopped.

He placed the whip beside me. The leather section curled up with the wooden handle to the side. I felt the bed dip from his weight but he didn't say or do anything. His fingertip trailed down where he struck me.

“Don't worry, little bunny, you're not bleeding,” he murmured. “You managed to take ten lashes of my whip. Good slave.”

Ten? It felt like fifty.

I sighed with relief, knowing it was over, but the pain was living and breathing on my back. I heard a noise before he started to rub something over my injured flesh. My eyes closed, and I sagged into the bed, not realising how tense I'd become.

“Thank you, Master,” I whispered.

Chapter 15

Adrik

“Thank you, Master,” she whispered, making me pause from rubbing the numbing cream to her back.

“For?” I asked casually, resuming my task.

She sighed again, hugging into my pillow as if to draw comfort from it before answering me. “For whipping me and the medicine you're applying.”

Her night wasn't over yet, but I took my time applying the lidocaine. It would take effect quickly. I loved the marks on her skin and the fact that she took my whipping without moving. The painful thin lines crisscrossed her upper back, reaching her plump ass cheeks. Once I finished applying the cream, I used a few wet wipes to clean my hands.

“We're not quite finished, Bunny,” I said, looking at her fluffy white tail before reaching for my whip. “Humble position.”

She moved slowly at first but quickly kneeled on the bed with her face and shoulders on the pillows. Her legs were spread, and her pussy was on display. I traced the tip of the wooden handle along her pussy, listening as she held her breath. When I pushed it between her lips and rubbed the smooth polished handle into her cunt until she gasped. I pulled it out to inspect the shining clear dew from her pussy.

“My good little fuck bunny is quite the pain slut. You deserve a reward,” I said, pulling her fluffy tail out, wrapping it in the wet wipes and placing it on the floor.

Her asshole was still red from my rough use of it in the shower. I pressed the handle

against the tight little hole until it began to ease in.

“My cum will be your lube,” I murmured as I watched the wooden handle sink into her asshole.

“T-Thank you—Master,” she said, stuttering over her words.

I smiled at the sight and sound of her complete surrender. It wasn't enough to torture her or even the threat of death of a non-existent explosive stitched into her head but to use someone she cared about in order for her to finally concede defeat.

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“Hold your ass open for me. Take your reward, my little anal whore,” I said as her fingers reached back to pull her ass cheeks, giving me the perfect view of her stretched hole.

I started to fuck her asshole with the wooden handle, using four inches of it, pushing it in and out of her straining hole until I saw my cum stain the wood.

“Does that feel good,Zayka?” I asked, my voice low and husky with rampant lust.

“Yes, Master,” she whispered.

I pushed the handle in deep before removing my shorts, standing above her to see my perverse handiwork. The very whip I used to cause pain, stuffed lewdly in her asshole with the black leather trailing between her open legs, was a sight to behold. She didn't know it, but she was a rare treasure, one that I claimed as mine and not one that would ever escape.

“But you need more, don't you, pain slut?” I said, slowly kneeling behind her.

She hankered down and tilted her hips to offer herself to me. “Please fuck me, Master. I need it. I need you inside me,” she groaned.

I grazed my fingers over her sopping-wet cunt. She wasn't lying. I lifted the whip to rest it over her back and rubbed my dripping cock along her pussy, teasing her before twisting the handle in her asshole. Her moans echoed around my bedroom, and she begged.

“Master, please. Fuck my pussy, fill it, cum inside me. I like it when it hurts,” she said, twisting her face into the pillows while rocking back toward me.

This was an unadulterated submission like no other. I pushed the handle in before rubbing my hand down her whipped back, reaching for a handful of her hair to yank her up onto her hands.

“Don't worry, my pain slut, I will make sure it hurts,” I growled before pushing inside her pussy, feeling the hardness of the wooden handle as I began to stretch her cunt out.

The feel of her soft velvety cunt enveloping me made my nostrils flare as my vicious nature took over. I gripped her neck and hair, raising her up before I drove my dick upwards, bumping into the wooden handle between us to fill both her holes up simultaneously. I felt her cry vibrate beneath my fingers.

“I'm going to violate both of your holes tonight, Zayka,” I said against her damp hair before grinding myself against her ass, rotating my hips to force her to feel every inch of me inside of her.

My eyes widened when I felt her gush around my cock. I let go of her hair to grip her neck with both hands, causing her to sink onto my cock. I braced my knees and tightened my fingers around her neck, feeling my collar. The feel of the thick leather reminded me that I owned my little Krolík.

“Hurt for me,” I whispered before I let myself go.

I drove into her, ploughing my way in, ignoring the stab of the wooden handle between us, fucking into her cunt as if my life depended on it. Her cries of pleasure and pain were muffled as I choked her with my grip. I pumped my hips sadistically back and forth.

“Pinch your nipples and rub your cunt,” I snarled, pounding against her whipped stuffed ass. “Do it hard. Make it hurt, little pain slut.”

I wanted to howl and roar when, a few moments later, her body shook and stiffened as she came. Her garbled sounds were restricted by my chokehold, but her cum made it possible for me to fuck her deeper.

I had no intention of cumming anytime soon and eased into the task ahead.

To leave her cunt aching in pain. For her to feel me. Only me. Not some Russian businessman. Fucking cunt. I wanted to kill him. Violently. Strip his skin off slice by slice. Split his sternum open and pull his beating heart out with my bare hands.

The thoughts only made me fuck my bunny harder.

Chapter 16

Ania

His vicious pounding smacked his pelvis into me with each thrust, pushing the wooden handle into my asshole. The dual assault made my limbs tremble, and even after I came, I wanted more, needed more. His painful grip around my neck held me suspended in the air but made me rub my clit again. I pinched my nipple so hard that I choked. Pain blossomed all around me as I circled my fingers around my wet clit.

“You’re mine, Ania,” he growled, his voice low and guttural, like a predator claiming its prey.

My eyes widened at his use of my name and the dark possessiveness in his voice.

“Say it, little whore,” he demanded, his breath hot against my ear as he pulled me up

with his fingers tightening possessively around my neck.

He began to grind his pelvis against me, filling me so completely with his long thick cock and that dastardly wooden handle—the pleasure was breathtaking.

“Only yours, Master,” I rasped, trying to think of the words he needed. “I belong to you.”

“Good, fuck bunny,” he said, panting in my ear. “Does it feel good to have both your holes violated, pain slut?”

“Yes, Master. I-I love it.”

He released my throat, but before I could fall, he placed his arm around my neck and reached for my breasts. His fingers found my nipple.

“Do you want more?” he asked in his cruel, sadistic tone.

“Always,” I whispered the challenge, holding his arm, anticipating the pain.

He gripped my nipple and twisted it until I screamed, but before I could recover, he started to fuck me again. I couldn't decide if I was in heaven or hell but since Adrik was with me it had to be hell.

He pummelled me from behind, and with every jab, my body shuddered, fucking me so hard that my breasts swung. All I could do was take him. He reached for a pillow before he pushed me onto the bed, stuffing the pillow beneath my belly. I gasped for air when his arm released my neck. He moved above me, placing his hands on the bed before he resumed fucking me.

“You’ll never escape me—escapethis,” he said, slamming himself into me so deep that I saw stars and felt the deep bruise within me.

He was relentless, hammering into me, each thrust driving me higher and higher to another monumental orgasm. With every thrust, the weight of his heavy body smacked against my ass, jolting the wooden handle of the whip. I pushed back to feel more.

“Cum for me,” he growled, yanking my hair.

The final bite of pain shoved me off the cliff, my vision blurred, and my pussy and asshole began contracting around the wood and his cock until he roared as he slammed down on me. The feel of his hot thick cum squirting inside of me dragged my orgasm out. He never stopped moving inside of me until he had drained every last drop inside me.

I lay flat on the bed, exhausted and sore but satiated in a way I’d never experienced. He sat up and began to pull away from me, his cum dripping down my pussy. I jerked when he used his fingers to rub it around my sensitive skin, biting my lip before a moan escaped me. He eased the wooden handle out, and I heard him toss it on the floor somewhere.

When his hands gripped my waist, I wasn't expecting him to flip me onto my aching back. I glanced at his face. His hairline was damp, and his perfect hair was tousled, but his eyes were on my body until they met mine. Those icy blue sadistic chips, and he moved up my body, placing his knees on either side of my shoulders.

“Open,” he commanded, not taking his eyes off mine.

I opened my mouth but looked at his messy wet cock, smeared with our combined cum. Wet and creamy with a musky scent. He placed the tip of his cock between my lips.

“Taste us, bunny. Suck our cum off my cock,” he said with a dark smile and an unholy look in his cold eyes.

I pushed my tongue out and lifted my head to swallow him as deep as I could, wrapping my lips around the circumference, licking him, sucking him and unable to look away from his hypnotising eyes.

Bitter.

Salty.

Sweet.

Oh, so sweet.

His eyes narrowed on my face, darkened like a raging thunderstorm, and he growled before thrusting his cock down my throat. Tears ran down the sides of my face, but I blinked them away and continued to suck on him. I placed my hands on his ass, feeling the muscles move as he rocked his hips, pushing his dick further and further down my neck.

“After all that, you’re still a hungry little fuck bunny—incredible,” he said when his balls rested on my chin.

My response was to lick his shaft while looking at his pelvis. The man was well-groomed everywhere. When he began to soften, he slowly pulled back while I kept my lips tightly wrapped around him, sucking him clean on his exit.

He didn't need to say anything when he rested his balls over my lips. I licked them clean, sucking them one by one, bathing them with my tongue until he groaned. When he moved back, I glanced up at him, and for the first time, I noticed the scars beneath his tattoos. They were old and deep; some were ragged, while others were smooth.

There were various images of Bratva stars and a colourful dagger with a black serpent staring at me, but some were swirls, patterns to hide the long scars. He usually kept his clothes on or took me from behind, and he left my room almost immediately. I thought back to the first time when he'd pinned me to the bed. I hadn't looked away

from his face to look at his body.

He crouched over me and kissed my neck. I blinked in shock at the gentle kisses, but I should have known better. Like a wolf in the wild, his teeth sunk into my neck while he painfully sucked on the flesh trapped between the sharp teeth. His prickly beard rubbed against my neck and shoulder, adding another layer to the sensation of discomfort. His warm body pressed against me, and I ached.

“Master,” I moaned as my hips lifted, only to be trapped by him pushing me back to the bed, pressing me down until my back ached, reminding me of his whipping.

He raised his head lazily, staring at my lips momentarily before he spoke. “What do you need, fuck bunny?”

I bit down on my lip before spreading my legs apart. “Please, can I have more?”

“It will cost you,” he said before his tongue flicked out to lick his lips.

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“Cost?” I asked, confused.

“A small price. A little more pain,” he said, his eyes burning with a feverish intensity as he stared down at me. “That shouldn't be a problem for you.”

I shook my head, ignoring all the danger signs. “No, Master. I can—will bear the pain.”

“My good little pain slut,” he said, his lips curling into a wicked smile as he watched me squirm beneath him.

I gulped as he stood up and stepped towards the closet. I was left gaping at the grotesque tattoo of half a wolf's face, but beneath the upper teeth was a hooded skull with two axes underneath it. I homed in to see if his back was scarred, but he vanished into his closet of doom.

I was touching my neck when he returned. He had some thin chains in his hand and a white tube. I winced when I saw all the black clips attached to the chains. He climbed on the bed laying the items down while I was left wondering what the fuck was wrong with me.

Chapter 17

Adrik

She was as greedy as I was, and the temptation to test her endurance was an uncontrollable urge within me that I wouldn't fight. I knelt over her waist and clipped

the delicate chain onto her collar. My eyes caught the dark patch of skin where I bit her. Before the night was over, I would have the tattoo artist booked for tomorrow. Every part of her would be desecrated by me, marked, and owned.

“These tortured beauties can take a little more,” I said, clamping the black clip over her nipple, watching it squeeze her pert bud and hearing her hiss of pain.

I placed the second one on her before dragging my hand to catch the third clip. Smiling, I dropped it.

“Sex doll,” I said as she placed her hands flat on the bed.

I stood up to see her spread her legs, knees raised and her feet flat. I moved between her legs, inspecting her wet pussy before pulling her labia outer fold to place a clip on it. Her body jerked, and she almost lifted her hips off the bed.

“Arghhhhh...” she cried out while I reached for the final clip. I held the delicate flesh before placing the clamp as my pain slut panted through her discomfort.

My cock was beginning to harden, but I wasn't done teasing her yet. She needed to be desperate before I gave her what she desired. I flicked the clamp with my finger, listening to her groan before rubbing my fingers down her wet pink flesh.

I moved back to her breasts, lifting the chain with one finger and tugging on it, watching the grimace of pain on her face. I dropped the chain to crouch over her again, looking into her dark eyes full of delicious pain. So delicious that I felt the need to fuck with her.

“I should have brought the needles out,” I said with a smirk.

When her eyeballs looked as if they would pop out, I chuckled, but her expression

was so horrified that I started to laugh, not remembering the last time anything had amused me.

“Poor little bunny. I was joking. I don't want to break my fuck toy,” I said, smiling when she looked bemused with her sad doe-like eyes.

Her eyes closed, and her face relaxed. The tension left her body, and I returned to the mark I had left above her collar. The symbol of my ownership. My cock jerked between us, and I licked the darkening bruise, sucking the abused flesh until she pushed her breasts against my chest.

She gasped in pain, and I left her neck to travel down to her breasts. The tips of her nipples were bright pink, and I traced my tongue around the tortured tip, flicking it before sucking on it. I gripped my hand around her other breast, squeezing it hard enough for her to cry out my name.

“Master, Master—”

I would never tire of hearing that word come out of her mouth. It made me suck the nipple and clamp harder, grazing my teeth over her breast. I moved on to the other nipple, releasing her breast only to grip the opposite one. Her cries and gasps, the way she writhed beneath me, silently begging for more, made me ravenous.

“Did you enjoy the wooden handle in your asshole, Bunny?” I asked, lifting my head up.

She nodded while breathing heavily, her clamped breasts rising and falling. I shifted between her legs and reached for the lube. Her eyes followed my actions, and she licked her lips. I rubbed the lube on my dick generously while glancing at her clamped pussy. She was in for a surprise.

“Yeah, you did. You enjoy a good, hard, ass fucking,” I said, lifting her legs up before pressing them down on the bed. The position tilted her asshole up, and I spread my legs so my cock was in position. “Hold your knees and keep them on the bed. I want to see all four of your clamps while I fuck your ass.”

She did as she was told and I moved in to pierce her asshole open.

“Yes, thank you, Master,” she said as her asshole began to give way. “Oh..ah—”

The tight ring gave way as the thick head of my cock sank in. I didn't hesitate to push deeper, the lube made me slide in, and after four or five thrusts, her asshole was sucking me in. I held her ankles before swinging back and forth, using slow, steady, but deep penetrating movements.

Her head rolled back exposing her collar while I continued to fuck her defeated asshole, leaving just the tip inside her each time I swung back. She clenched her feet each time I drove into her.

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“Is this what your asshole needed? My cock?” I asked, reaching for the chain holding her nipple clamps together.

“Y-Yes, M-Mas—ter,” she said as I tugged and lowered the chain.

“But you need a little more, don't you?” I asked swinging my hips a little faster and her asshole gripped me tighter.

She was too far gone to answer, so I began to tug on her chain. Until then, clamps stretched her nipples out, raising her breasts as she cried in pain. The black silicone began to slip, and the clips came off, releasing her nipples.

“Ahhhh, thank you, Master,” she wailed.

I unclipped the ones on her cunt before taking the small clamp and clipping onto her clit and hood until she screamed. Her asshole began to choke my dick, and I dropped down on her, ramming my dick into her ass.

“You're doing so well. Keep taking it...just like that,” I said driving into her like an animal, plunging into her pain tightened asshole.

She was shaking her head on the pillow, her eyes closed, her mouth open with only one mantra.

“Master, Master, Master...”

With each deep thrust, I was flaying her asshole until it loosened again. That was

when I began to hammer into her, smacking my balls against her, ravaging her insides until she was unable to speak.

“Cum for me, ass slut. Cum on your Master’s cock like a good fuck toy,” I rasped, examining my name on her collar. “NOW!”

She came apart, her ass shuddering against my hips, trying to clamp down on me in but I roughly thrust into her straining asshole pulling back and slamming back into her slippery dark hole until her scream rang in my ear. She began to milk my cock with her asshole until my cum shot into her.

“Fuckkkkk,” I growled as my body tensed, my cock twitching inside her ass as I emptied my balls inside of her.

I lay on top of her, feeling the sweat between us but strangely not disgusted by it or our combined scent.

“Thank you, Master,” she said hoarsely.

As much as Rurik Abrosimov pissed me off he’d been the final key to unlocking all of my bunny’s potential.

“Who owns you?” I asked tersely.

“You do, Master,” she whispered.

“Don’t ever forget it, slave.”

I heard her swallow before she nodded against my shoulder only then did I take the clamp off her clit. When I pulled myself out of her asshole it gaped open but as my cum began to drip out I grabbed her tail and plugged her back up.

“You can let go of your knees now,” I said, realising she was still holding them.

She groaned, trying to straighten her legs before she flipped onto her belly. Most of the whip marks were on the top part of her back or her ass, leaving a nice canvas for a tattoo on the lower section. I gathered everything up to take into the bathroom before cleaning myself up. When I returned to the bedroom she still lay on her belly.

“Get under the covers,” I said tightly before reaching for my phone to text the tattoo artist.

I wasn't used to sleeping with anyone but the dagger beneath my pillow, yet I didn't want her to sleep in the room next door tonight. When I put my phone down, I noticed she was on the far side of the bed, which was a relief and an irritant. I switched the lamp off and climbed into bed, lying in the dark, listening to the sound of her breathing. I turned my back to her and slipped my hand beneath my pillow to touch my dagger.

Old habits died hard.

???

I was rudely awakened by a strange sound, I reached for my knife, ready to pounce until I realised that the Krolík was the one who was crying. I turned the lamp on to see she was still asleep but in the throes of a nightmare. When she didn't wake up I shook her until her eyes snapped open. She saw my face and tears began to roll down her cheeks.

“T-The man—in the chair. His head—,” she stammered as more tears welled in her eyes. “Please, Master. Don't hurt my friend.”

“We made a deal. I will keep my end of the bargain. Make sure you keep yours,” I

said before reaching out to switch the lamp off.

I should have sent her back to her room.

Chapter 18

Ania

Master gave me his T-shirt and a pair of jogging pants that drowned me but since he didn't want my bunny tail or breasts out on display for the tattoo artist it had to do. The man had brought his own padded table but I could feel his nervous energy as he worked on my back. I didn't blame him with Master sitting at his desk two feet away from us.

The insistent buzzing noise continued the pain wasn't bad unless it hit where the whip mark was. Master insisted on getting it done today against the tattoo artists advice. Apparently, the entire tattoo was supposed to be done in stages. I blushed thinking about last night, but I shook it off. Rurik deserved a happy life with his children and a new start with their mother. Although I wish he would cancel his meeting with Master. He had a short temper and a number of men who would take lives without blinking an eyelid. I glanced at the murderous hands.

I couldn't take my eyes off them. Well, his tattoos. He had the Bratva star on his pointer finger and a black rectangular shape with a cross in the middle. The next finger had two bones crossed over, and the smallest finger was two triangles with the points facing each other like an hourglass. It had some kind of symbol over it, but I couldn't make it out. I knew the top part of his hand had a five-point star saying 'death to trash,' but that was for the police. Then again, this was Adrik Ilyin. He probably meant it for all humans—those cruel, harsh, well-manicured fingers.

“Did you need something, bunny?” Master asked causing me to glance away from his

hands. “You’re looking—hungry.”

The truth was the needle in my back, plus looking at those large hands and what they did to me last night, was affecting me.

“How much longer will it take?” Master asked impatiently tapping his fingers on his desk. The buzz from the gun stopped and the man cleared his throat.

“It shouldn't take any more than another thirty minutes.”

Master nodded, and glanced at me before he focused on his work again. I closed my eyes and tried to drift away from the dark thoughts of my new life as a Bratva slave.

???

Master was inspecting my back while Viktor led the tattoo artist out. As soon as the wooden door closed Master yanked the white T-shirt off my head and pushed the jogging pants down until they slid to the ground. He traced the tattoo on my back. The skin was stinging with a prickly sensation. The man had left Master some aftercare instructions.

“Do you want to know what is on your back, bunny?” he asked bending me over his desk.

“Yes, Master,” I said resting my elbows on the desk.

“Adrik’s pain slut,” he said, stroking my ass. “This is what I want to see when I fuck you, Bunny.”

I couldn't even react to his words because what I thought didn't matter. My vivid nightmare last night left me shaken. It took me a long time to get back to sleep after

envisioning Rurikin the evil Doctor's chair. I shivered, remembering the blood and the sound of the saw.

"Yes, Master," I said softly. If the Pakhan wanted complete submission, then that is what he would get.

I thought of the pictures Rurik sent me of his children. They deserved a father who loved them and would protect them at any cost. I dipped my head and discreetly wiped the tears from my eyes.

Master slapped my ass. "Good Bunny. Get my clothes on and hop upstairs, strip and lie on my bed."

"Literal hopping on the stairs, Master?" I asked with a frown because that seemed unnecessary.

"No, it was a figure of speech, silly Bunny," he said. "I will be up shortly I have a meeting."

"Yes, Master," I said stretching my back out. The tattoo had taken a long time.

There was a knock on the door as I finished putting the clothes back on. It was Viktor again. The man pissed me off to no end. He was every bit as brutal as the Pakhan.

"Viktor, escort bunny to my room. I don't want anyone sniffing around her while we have everyone our meeting," Master said but he looked at Viktor a little strangely.

I couldn't put my finger on it and looked at the other brute, but he was as stoic as he always was.

"Da, Pakhan," he said before he held the door open as if he were a reformed

gentleman.

When I stepped outside, I saw a few men at the far side of the hallway. They stopped talking before looking me up and down. I turned to see if Viktor was coming, but he was speaking to Master. The men had similar tattoos to Viktor; they all had the three-dimensional Bratva stars.

“Come along, Krolik, I don't have all day,” Viktor said walking past me, leaving me to glare after him.

He had darker hair than Master and black eyes like a fucking demon. He was a big bastard and I ran after him to catch up to him.

“Wait where are we going?” I asked when he walked away from the staircase.

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“Batushka thought you might need a carrot to nibble on while you are in his room,” he said as he walked toward the kitchen.

I cursed a plague on all his electronic devices before I smiled when I had a better idea. For now, I raided the kitchen. I made a quick sandwich, grabbed some fruit and a couple of bottles of water. He took the bottles of water from me and I was about to complain when I realised he was helping me.

“A crayfish must be whistling on the mountain,” I muttered to him as we went upstairs.

“Rabbits shouldn't be allowed to talk,” he said continuing up the stairs.

He couldn't be married or have a partner. He was a miserable bastard. When we reached the Master's room, he opened the door for me, waiting until I stepped inside to hand me the bottles.

“Do not leave the room. This is for your safety,” he said narrowing his eyes on me.

I took the water and swung my hip on the door to shut him and his miserable face out.

Fucking Bratva.

After checking my back. I left the food on the ottoman to explore Master's closet. It was expansive inside, and the man had countless suits and shoes. Everything was pristine. I opened another set of doors and found floor-to-ceiling shelving full of shoes. Who needed that many shoes?

When I reached another door, I knew it was the one because it had so many rabbit outfits, tails, ears and masks. Most of them still had the tags on them. That's when I saw the chains; there were whips and a square paddle on the shelves. I lifted a weird metal clamp and paled when I realised he'd been taking it easy on me with the smaller clamps. I leaned down to open a drawer full of lingerie holding up the skimpiest thing I'd ever seen.

Someone suddenly kicked me, and I flew across the floor, banging my head on the open door. Before I could get up, someone was on top of me, choking the life out of me. I clawed his face, aiming for his eyes, before I stuck my thumb into his eye socket. He drew his hand back to punch me when Viktor appeared out of nowhere and grabbed him by his neck.

"Krolik, meet Lissa," he said with an evil smile.

"The Fox," I whispered, staring at the man with only one eye open.

"Díma, you made this far too easy," Master said, stepping forward to hold his hand out for me.

"Pakhan, I can explain—"

"Silence!" Master snapped at him, cutting him off.

I placed my hand in his and he glanced at the lingerie on the floor. "Naughty, Bunny."

My cheeks flushed as he pulled me up before looking me up and down. "Keep my bed warm. I will see to you when I get back," he said with the dark promise in his eyes.

Between the whipped back, tattoo and the recent attack, I was done for the day. I glanced at the man with sandy blonde hair and Viktor. I'd been the bait. They set me up. I followed them out of the closet and watched them leave.

"Get him in the cell and put Sergei on as a guard," Master said as the door closed, his voice cold and deadly. I will be there shortly."

I remembered the disgusting cell and cringed. At least it wasn't me in there this time.

Chapter 19

Adrik

"It's a pity the rabbit didn't gauge his eye out," I said to Viktor as we reached the final step.

"I should have gotten there faster," Viktor growled before punching Díma in the gut. He began to bend over, but Viktor pulled Díma's gun from his waistband and pointed it to his head. "Move."

I let them leave but agreed with his sentiment. We both should have been there before he touched her. With Bunny rummaging through my closet, it might have saved her life because it took Díma a little longer to find her.

Viktor made sure she was seen and heard when he called her rabbit. We watched and waited with the cameras set up, using Ania as our bait. Díma hadn't been able to resist—his one chance to eliminate the one person who might have identified him.

The meeting was kept brief, and Gavriil was shocked by the news of Díma's deceit. Pyotr and the rest were solemn but silent. I stared at the faces of the men before I spoke.

“As a child recruit, I know the hell Yuri put some of us through. There is a reason why there is an age limit for any new members. I increased the pay through the ranking to ensure equality. Being part of the Bratva is sacred. If you don't like how I run shit, join another organisation.

Gavriil stood up. “Yuri Velichko was a traitor to the brotherhood. I am always with you, Batushka,” he said, slapping his right hand over his chest.

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The rest of the men nodded, and Pyotr glanced at me. We didn't need to acknowledge the past, but we killed many men within the organisation when I took over. Yuri Velichko might not have participated, but he damn well knew what took place.

After a brief rundown of recent events, I ended the meeting. Gavriil stayed behind and joined me for a drink.

“Did you suspect me?”

“I suspected everyone, but you should get help for your porn addiction,” I said before having my much-needed drink. Bunny did a good job searching everyone’s devices.

He smirked and shrugged his shoulders. “It’s difficult to keep a steady relationship.”

I thought of my hacker bunny and her new tattoo. It was difficult to maintain a normal relationship while being part of the Bratva, but normal relationships were overrated.

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When Viktor didn't come back to the house, I knew he was making Díma comfortable. Sergei nodded and opened the door for me. Once in the outbuilding, I followed the screams. Díma was tied to the same wooden chair as theKrolikhad been in. After an initial assessment, he was intact, minus some fingernails and a swollen face.

“Díma, was it worth it?”

“Yes, you killed my cousin,” he spat out.

I glanced at Viktor. “Boris Pankov.”

“He deserved to die along with the others,” I said with a smile. “You will join him soon enough. Find out how he intended to use the information and if he has leaked any current information he had access to.”

Viktor raised an eyebrow. “You're not staying?”

“I have a naughty Bunny to attend to,” I said, ignoring his smirk. “Set up a doctor’s appointment for him in eight days.”

“Da, Pakhan.”

If he lasted that long in the cells, I thought of how Bunny survived. At the time, I was furious at her refusal to work for me. She should have broken by the second or at least the third day at a stretch. I couldn't deny that she was stronger than many men who'd been in the cell. But was she strong enough to survive my abject cruelty?

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She lay curled up in my bed when I returned to my bedroom. I removed my jacket to lay it on the ottoman and worked on my shirt as I watched the sleeping bunny. Rather than wake her up, I took a shower and lay beside her, wondering what made her different and why the question persisted. I fell asleep clutching the handle of my dagger, dreaming of killing the men who once tortured me. Only this time, they had Bunny in their grip.

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Soft, hot, and floral is what I awakened to. Somehow, throughout the night, we ended up in the middle of my bed. I was about to move back, but with her body pressed against mine, my dick had other ideas. There was enough light coming through the windows to allow me to see her new tattoo once she was on her belly. I reached out to grab the lube and wipes from the nightstand before I eased her onto her stomach.

The dark covers were a contrast to her smooth, lily-white skin. I peeled them down to uncover my name before seeing the rest. There was nothing artificial about how she took pleasure in cumming while in pain. I eased her fluffy white tail out of her asshole as she began to wake up. I knelt over her thighs, lubricating my dick. “Dobroye utro, pain slut,” I whispered. Good morning.

I parted her ass cheeks, staring at her asshole before admiring the tattoo artist's work. Each word was perfect and just how I'd imagined.

“Good morning, Master,” she said, her voice low and husky from her slumber.

I reached to take her hands and placed them on her ass. She immediately spread her ass for me. I leaned down and moved her hair away from her face.

“Don't worry, little pain slut, I didn't use too much lube,” I whispered in her ear, smiling when her breath hitched.

I sat up on my knees and rubbed my cock over her asshole, tracing the tip over it before grazing its length back and forth, teasing her.

“Spread them wider, stretch that little fuck hole open for me, Bunny,” I said, lifting my dick up to see her fingers inch forward and pull her skin back. “Yeah, show me how much you need it. Let me see that hole.”

She groaned and pulled harder until I pressed the tip of my cock against her asshole,

which looked like a target. The headslipped in with ease, but I moved it in and out, loosening her hole. It felt so damn good.

“Oh, yes, Master. Please, give it to me. Fuck my ass, Master,” she panted, pulling her flesh back until her asshole opened some more.

“Damn, my Bunny is hungry this morning,” I murmured before lazily thrusting forward, screwing more of my dick inside of her.

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She groaned and pressed her face into the pillows. I knew what she needed—what we both needed. I yanked her up onto her knees, standing up to slap her ass. When an immediate pink handprint was left on it, I smacked it until it became flushed with colour before doing the same to the other side.

“Spread your asshole again, Bunny,” I said with my eyes on her tattoo. “Show me how much you want me to make it hurt.”

She reached back and pulled herself open for me again. Her hands were a lovely contrast to her reddened ass cheeks.

“That’s it, Bunny. Hold that hole open for me, and I will feed it,” I said as her asshole opened up.

I crouched down, aiming my cock into the centre of her hole, and started to slide into her. She pulled herself open wider, allowing the thick girth to sink deeper.

“Ohhh...Master, Master, Master,” she began singing.

I didn't stop this time, slamming into her until I almost hit her hands. I leaned over her to grip the headboard before I began to saw in and out of her with my length while she held herself open for me. She raised her asshole up, offering it to me like a filthy ass slut.

I started to stab into her gaping asshole, smacking against her hands with each deep thrust until she was wailing.

“Thank you, Master. Thank you for fucking me in the ass,” she cried, and I closed my eyes, trying to stop myself from cumming from her words.

I pushed her hands away and stared at her dark brown and red hair spread across the pillows as she moaned from being fucked. When I glanced down, I noticed it was a straight line going into her ass. I gripped the bed and rammed into her smacking her ass until she grunted.

Her ass stayed upright as I pounded into her with ease. With each hard thrust, she grunted, moaned and cried, but I didn't stop slapping my pelvis against her.

“O Bozhe moi,” she cried out and started to spasm around me. Oh my God.

I held myself inside her until she was done before I resumed fucking her. There was no resistance left in her asshole, and I plunged as deep as I wanted as I fucked her.

“Good little fuck hole,” I growled as I felt my balls grow taut, and I slammed down into her destroyed open hole. “My. Fucking. Asshole. MINE.”

I came long and hard, holding onto the wall and bed as I rocked my dick inside her while ensuring she took every last drop of my seed. When she moved her head, it assured me that I hadn't fucked her to death.

“Your little ass sure can take a pounding, Bunny,” I said, suddenly feeling drained.

I moved her hair away from her face again, but this time, there was a strange sensation inside me when she smiled. I frowned but shrugged it off, glad she had her eyes closed.

“Thank you, Master,” she said with a giggle.

I smiled at the childish sound and pulled myself out of her to get her tail. After cleaning it down with a wipe, I pushed it into her asshole, which still had a slight gape left in it.

“There, now you look like my Bunny again,” I said, brushing my fingertips over my name on her back.

I left to wash up in the bathroom, and she was under the covers facing me when I returned. Her eyes roved over me to look at my swinging dick as I walked to the bed.

“Get your mind out of the gutter, Bunny. We are going back to sleep,” I said with a yawn. “I’ve created a monster,” I said, climbing into bed.

“How do you know there wasn't one already there?” she asked softly as I laid my head on the pillow.

I turned to look at her, but she had a distant look in her eyes. Wherever she was, it wasn't with me, and I didn't like it. I pulled her toward me, and she glanced at me in shock.

“I’m theonlymonster you should worry about,” I said, placing my arm around her waist.

Chapter 20

Ania

It wasn’t as much fun working for the Bratva. Over the next few days, he gave me a list of people to work with. I couldn’t pick and choose my projects, but so far, all the people I pulled dirt on had it coming to them until I came across a politician who had thousands of images of children stored. Some were so horrific that I slammed both

laptops shut before I began to retch. I blindly looked around for the bin, barely reaching it in time. I emptied the contents of my stomach and sat on the floor, wiping the sweat from my forehead.

“Is she pregnant?” Viktor asked only to dodge a glass thrown in the air by Master, but Viktor caught it in the air. “It was a valid question. She is aKrolik, after all.”

“What is it, Bunny?” Master asked, standing up.

I shook my head and pointed to the laptops.

Viktor walked over to stand beside Master as he opened the laptops.

“Ublyudok,” Viktor muttered. Motherfucker.

“Can we hand it in to the police anonymously?” I asked

“Nyet,” Master said, rubbing his beard. “We never involve the police, but I need him to get my work done, and we can deal with him in our own way.”

“As in, eliminate him?” I asked hopefully. If the man was well connected, a police report might not work. I’d encountered this more times than I could count, and when I followed up on the cases, not all police in all the various countries did anything about it.

They both looked at one another before looking at me, making me tug on the edge of my T-shirt.

“Such a bloodthirsty Bunny,” Master drawled. “Viktor will take care—eliminate him once we get what we want.”

“Thank you, Master,” I said, sagging in relief.

I turned around to take the bin out of the room, but Master stopped me.

“Leave it. You’re not dressed appropriately. Viktor will take it out.”

I grinned but tried to smother it before I turned around, but Viktor's groan made me smile. He walked toward me and yanked the bin from my hands. His phone began to vibrate, and I had to look away before I lost it. I left his number on several gay forum websites. I'm sure he had plenty of hot men calling him with the advert I left about him.

"I forget how fragile women are," Master mused as he sat down again.

"I'm hardly fragile, Master," I said with a frown, thinking about all the fucked up shit he put me through.

"Emotionally."

"And men don't have emotions?" I asked curiously as I sat back down.

"I don't," he said, avoiding my eyes to look at his screen.

"Not even for Viktor?" I asked since he seemed to have a bond with him.

"Simple camaraderie," he said.

"And if he died?"

"I would make Pyotr my guard."

"Did you feel anything when you saw those pictures?"

His lips were pursed tightly. "No," he gritted out. "Get back to work."

He was lying.

“Yes, Master,” I said quietly because, in a few days, Rurik was due to meet Master. I was grateful that they would deal with the politician, and that was enough for me because I couldn't erase the images I found from my mind. The young girls coming into Adrik's whorehouse training centre didn't seem to be vetted for age, but this wasn't a subject I could address at this point. Perhaps I was gullible to still have hope.

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He was in a dark mood tonight. It followed him around like a gloomy cloud hanging over his head, and when we got upstairs, it was confirmed when he went into the closet. I pulled my T-shirt up to add some moisturiser to my tattooed back. He could have made it much larger, but the overall design was classy, with the Russian wording creating a square with his name on top.

Master came out of the closet holding a black bag and a black mask with long bunny ears. He had a grim smile on his face as he tossed the bag on the bed. The bag looked heavy, and when I looked up, he was gone. However, he came out of the bathroom with towels. He spread two towels out on the bottom of the bed before turning to look at me.

“Take my T-shirt off and put on your bunny mask,” he said as he unbuttoned his shirt cuff.

“Yes, Master,” I said, rubbing the excess cream into my back.

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I took the T-shirt off and walked to the bed to get the mask, trying to peek in the bag, but whatever was in it was covered up. The mask had holes for the eyes, nose, and mouth, and it had similar lacing to the other one.

This was made of a softer material that stretched out. I pushed my hair back and slipped it on, deftly lacing it up since I had gotten used to the other one. Once it was on, I moved it around to get the holes in place. I sank to my knees, feeling the bunny ears move with me.

“You always know what to do,” Master said but the undertone in his voice told me my presumptions even though correct annoyed him.

“I’m sorry, Master,” I said, keeping my head down.

“There you go again, anticipating my needs,” he said, walking toward me. “Clever little fuck bunny. Stool.”

I crouched down into the stool position, wondering if male menopause was a thing. He was thirty-five or six, a touch young for it. His information was more challenging to find than some of the others. I held my position when I felt a weight press down on my shoulder blades. It was his foot. I was a literal footstool for him.

“You do look good down there,” he said before he lifted his foot off me, but he trailed it down my tail to my pussy.

I blinked at the floor, focusing on the grain of the wood because he was pushing his toe into my pussy. He pulled away to rummage through the bag. I yelped when he

picked me up and put me on the towel-covered bed. I might as well have been a piece of furniture.

He placed something over my collar at my throat before he strapped my wrists in and hooked it to the material beneath my neck. With my arms secured, he moved onto my legs, pulling them out before bending them toward my head, but he strapped my ankle to the material beneath my neck. He did the same with my other ankle. The straps were longer than the ones on my wrists, but they kept my thighs spread open, my knees bent, and my feet strapped in the air to my neck. This was not looking good for me.

“We can't forget about your nipples,” he said, climbing on the bed.

He lifted me by my throat, and I saw he had removed his shirt. His head ducked down, and I felt him attach a clamp over my nipple. The pain ricocheted within me, but after the initial pinch, it began to blossom as it always did. He attached the second one, and I hissed as the glow of pain joined the first. When he lowered me back to the bed, my clamped nipples brushed against the towel, making me moan.

“You're going to be a good Bunny and wait for me while I shower,” he said, climbing off the bed. “You will not cum until I give you permission.”

Which would have been fine if he hadn't stuffed a vibrator inside my pussy.

Chapter 21

Adrik

I took my time in the shower, enjoying the ritual of cleansing myself, but it also gave me some time to reevaluate the day's events and understand why I was agitated. The fact that I gave my fuck Bunny a task that she would fail miserably at fed my dark

sadistic needs. The need to punish and torment. I wanted her blood. I wanted to whip her bloody, slice open her skin with my dagger, and when her blood oozed out of the wound, I wanted to lick it up to taste her insides.

She was plaguing me in ways I relished and despised, like a disease slowly infecting me, changing me. And I had let it happen. Let her carve cracks in my armour with her quiet defiance, her bruised but unbroken spirit. Worse, I'd enjoyed it. The way her breath hitched when I pushed too far, the way her eyes flashed with fire even as her body trembled. She was the perfect masochist to my sadist, always leaning into the pain I inflicted on her.

I clenched my jaw and ground my teeth together, turning the shower off before reaching for a towel. Her deep, dark eyes peered through her Bunny mask, watching me as she did in my office, trying to look past the monster in me. I rubbed the towel over my face, drying my hair, before taking a few deep breaths.

She couldn't begin to imagine the things I did to survive. I took what I wanted and treated the world as it treated me, with contempt. From vagabond to Pakhan, was no small feat. My fucktoy needed to remember her place. She was here for one sole purpose. To serve me.

I dried myself off and wrapped the towel tightly around my waist, running my hands through my hair before washing off the excess strands of hair on my hands at the sink. I glanced at the mirror before touching a scar on my chest, remembering each lash and how I thought they would kill me through their fury.

My Bratva training was extreme. Yuri Velichko's men created monsters. By the time I was fifteen, I was already an effective killing machine, slicing up the next man who came to take a piece of me. They learnt I was no longer the weak, starving boy. The whippings came each time I killed my abusers, but the pain never reached me. The vicious cycle only stopped when they left me alone.

The memory should have burned. It should have clawed at my chest like a living thing, tearing open the scars that I kept buried. But instead, a familiar hollowness spread through me, slow and suffocating, like ice crystallising in my veins.

My breath evened—too calm, too controlled. This was the old armour, the one that had kept me alive. The one that had turned my heart to stone long before I'd ever held a blade.

My fingers twitched, the old hunger rising—the need to break her, to prove I still could, to remind us both that this thing between us wasn't salvation. It was ruin. And ruin was all I knew how to give. I calmly dried my hands before exiting the bathroom to hear her tortured cries. It was a good start to my evening.

Her restrained hands were clutching my bed covers, with her hips grinding against the bed, seeking relief. The long black bunny ears bobbed as her head reared up, and she came with a series of cries. She took a few deep breaths before her facesagged on the bed, and her hands released the bedding. I stood in the doorway, waiting, watching as the hum of the vibrator continued. She began to curse, but they were muffled against the bed.

“Nyet, nyet...” she mumbled before she gripped the bed covers again.

“What a naughty little Bunny,” I said as her head shot up. Her rich, warm eyes peered through the holes of the mask.

“I'm sorry, M-Master. I-I tried to—” she said before abruptly stopping as the vibrations ramped up.

“I gave you a simple instruction,” I said, walking toward the bed, taking a pillow from the head of the bed before gripping her throat and placing it beneath her clamped tits.

I released her neck, and she fell onto the pillow with a grunt of pain. When I reached the bottom of the bed, I moved the tail out of the way to see her wet pussy. I pulled the black vibrator out of her, and the damn thing was dripping.

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“Open,” I said, moving back to her face while I turned it off. The insides of her mouth looked brighter with the backdrop of the black mask. “How many times did you cum on this to get it this wet?”

I didn't wait for a response but pushed the entire vibrator into her mouth, listening to her gag before she wrapped her lips around it. The outer part of the vibrator that was designed to straddle her clit rested on her lip and chin. She raised two fingers up from the bed.

“You came twice?” I asked to confirm her answer.

She nodded, with her ears flopping around as she did.

“Suck it clean,” I said calmly as she nodded again with wide and alert eyes.

I got on the bed and watched her cheeks hollow out as she sucked on the vibrator. To watch her debase herself for me thrilled me but also enraged me at the ease with which she did it. I wanted this, her complete submission, yet she seemed to have power over me.

“Do you think you understand me?” I said, my voice low and dangerous.

She stopped sucking and stared at me before shaking her head.

“Do you think you're special to me?” I said cruelly, gripping her masked chin.

She shook her head again, but my grip restricted the movement.

“I think you do,” I said, pulling the vibrator out of her mouth to check how clean it was before shoving it back down her throat.

I stood up to give her what she wanted—what I wanted. To drag her under, drowning us both in the only language we spoke fluently—pain. I got the lube and the crystal-handled leather tassel whip out of the bag. She was looking back, and I showed her the mushroom-tipped crystal handle.

“You can guess where these 9 inches are going,” I said to her with a cold smile. “Punishment for not obeying your Master. Then again, an anal-loving ass slut like you will love to suck it all up along with the pain. It’s nowhere near as thick as my cock, though.”

She groaned and dropped her head down while I moved behind her to remove her tail, wanting the leather to strike every inch of her ass. The familiar excitement made my heart pump faster. The thought of inflicting pain with my whip, causing her skin to heat and burn, made my hand itch. I trailed the whip down her ass and pussy, watching the numerous tassels land between her open legs before glancing at the thick straps around her ankles. She wouldn’t be able to move much in her restraint harness.

Poor Bunny.

I lifted the whip, gripping the cold, hard handle and brought it down on her right cheek before frowning and twisting it to swing it in a circular motion to ensure a continuous strike on the same spot. The whip's tassels kissed her skin before biting—a caress turned carnage. I increased the power behind each motion as her flesh reddened and her bunny ears bobbed. Her garbled moans began, and I moved to the other side. Each lash of the black leather tassels against her flesh soothed a part of me, but it was never enough for me.

I spread her legs out, using her knees to stretch her out before whipping her thighs,

catching the soft inner flesh until she jumped. The sound of the tassels hitting her flesh made me rock hard. I didn't need to look at my towel to verify my arousal because my dick was trying to fight its way out. I held the tassels in my hand and released them, flicking her core until she cried out when they hit her cunt.

When I started from the beginning again, I put more force into my strikes, covering her ass with blows until her legs tugged against the restraints, causing her to rear her head up.

“Arghhh—oh, Master,” she cried as she freed herself from the vibrator.

I ignored her and worked on the rest of her ass, moving to her thighs and even her feet until she was begging for forgiveness. Each hard crack of the whip slapping against flesh made her jolt and moan.

“I'm sorry that I came. I—Ahhhhhh—” she screamed, cutting her words off when I caught her pussy again. The pink wet folds seemed to beg for more, so I let her have another for good measure.

She laid her head on the bed, groaning. I began to lube the handle up, smearing the crystal from top to bottom while gripping the leather tassels. I glanced at the ottoman and smiled as a devious thought crept in.

I was far from being done with my little fuck toy. She would remember who she was dealing with.

A predator.

A wolf that devoured its prey and a monster who wanted to ruin her forever.

Chapter 22

Ania

I stretched my aching back muscles but knew he wasn't done with me yet. There was no way I could have stopped myself from coming. He spent forever in the bathroom. The vibrator was a different method of torture. How did he come up with this level of twisted shit? I wondered how many other women he did this with but was instantly repelled by the thought.

Do you think you're special to me?

His words rang in my ears. I wasn't special to anyone. It was a depressing thought, but when I felt him pull my aching ass cheek to one side, I knew the dildo handle of the whip was about to enter my ass. I took a deep breath when I felt the hard wet handle press against my asshole.

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“This dirty little asshole is always hungry for more,” he murmured before pushing the phallus-shaped tip inside my ass.

The hard bulbous tip slipped in with ease, and Master began to push it further, making me moan.

“That’s it fuck toy. You were a bad little Bunny. This is what happens to naughty little fuck bunnies who don't obey,” he said, pushing the hard handle in deeper.

“I’m sorry, I tried, but—” I began to say until he started to fuck me with the handle. “Ooh.”

I began to moan and feel the deep ache inside of me again.

“You dirty little ass slut, you'remydirty ass slut,” he said, speeding up his movements, dragging the handle against my insides, violently sodomising me.

The sick twisted whore in me pushed my ass up for more pain. “Yes—Ahhhh.”

“Thank you, Master. Thank you for fucking my ass with your whip,” I cried out to him, keeping my ass relaxed as he continued to push the handle in and out of me.

“Yes, you take it. Take it all, Bunny,” he said, pushing it so deep that I felt his hand at the end of the handle.

My muscles began to clench around the handle, but then he stopped. I felt him pull one of the towels beneath me. A few moments later, he lifted me up by the waist and

transferred me to the ottoman. I was still left on my belly, and I tried to move my hands but forgot about the short straps. Master's white towel appeared before me.

"Open," he commanded, and I opened my mouth while he tugged the towel off to unveil his erect cock, throwing the towel on the floor.

He stood up to straddle the ottoman and pushed his heavy cock into my mouth. There was no easing into me. He held my head up and thrust into me, hitting the back of my throat. He swung his hips with a groan before tilting my head up to fuck my throat.

"Come on, Bunny, let me fuck your throat," he said, moving back only to force his way past my throat.

I blinked the tears away and relaxed my throat as I felt him stretch the back of my throat to lodge himself inside it.

"You were made to be used like a fucking whore," he growled, swinging his hips back and forth, causing my spit to dribbledown my lip and onto the mask. "That's all you are to me, Bunny. A set of holes to use and dump my cum into."

I closed my eyes at his cruel words, and even as he continued to use me, it didn't stop me from enjoying it. Tears burned in my eyes as I tried not to let them fall out of my tightly clenched eyes. He didn't care as he brutalised my throat, battering his cock down my neck. Hell, he probably knew that I enjoyed it, but it left me wallowing in self-depreciation.

His words cut into me like knives, but I'd swallowed sharper ones before. The ones I'd carved into myself for years: Worthless. Unlovable. Born to fail. Yet somehow, his voice made them feel fresh again. A tear escaped, hot, wet and dripped behind the mask I hid behind. So why did it hurt?

I craved this—how his contempt mirrored my soul's darkness. The way his hands, cruel as they were, anchored me to the present, drowning out the ghosts of older pains. But then...why did my chest ache?

Because part of me was still stupid enough to hope.

The realisation was worse than any slap to my face. Hope for what? That he'd see me—really see me? That this monster, who wore brutality like a second skin, would ever treat me well?

Pathetic.

I was pathetic.

I arched into his grip, a silent plea for more. If he couldn't give me tenderness, I'd take his hatred. It was all I deserved.

“Yes, chlenososka, you are here to serve,” he said with a mirthless laugh while his fingers moved down to my throat, gripping me only to fuck me faster. Cock sucker.

I took it all. His harsh, degrading words, every thrust of his cock, and I opened my eyes to see him looking down at me. I stared into the cold blue eyes, defiant. His lips tightened, and his eyes narrowed on mine. Without looking away, he slammed himself deeper until his balls hit my face, punishing me for not breaking for him.

“Lick my balls,” he snapped angrily, pressing his pelvis against my face, holding me hostage.

I closed my eyes and swallowed, my throat rippling around his cock while sticking my tongue out to lick his balls, grazing them with the tip of my tongue. I swallowed again and again until my tongue reached more of his balls. He groaned and pulled

out, leaving me gasping for air and blinking my tears away.

He was gone until I felt him between my legs. He spread my legs until my knees came off the ottoman, but the restraints held them chained to my neck. His cock pushed into my pussy. I focused on the dull pain from his whipping, my raw throat and aching nipples until he began to fuck me with the handle.

I began to cry out at the twisted pain and pleasure as he thrust into my pussy. He left me open and exposed with nowhere to hide but behind the mask of an animal. He pulled back the handle and his cock before thrusting them back in. He fucked me fast, slow, deep and shallow, teasing me and punishing me until I began to crest, only to pull away. He pushed the handle back inside of me before he appeared before me.

I opened my mouth in anticipation as he straddled the ottoman. Without a word, he used the rabbit ears to tilt my head up, placing his cock on my outstretched tongue.

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“You’re going to taste how much of a whore you are,” he said triumphantly.

I stared at the thick cock covered with my juices and cum. The veins seemed to be throbbing, and I began to lick beneath his cock. He suddenly drove his hips forward, but I was ready and open. He gripped my head with both hands and fucked me so hard that his pelvis slapped my face with each thrust. He grunted with effort as he violently swung his hips back and forth.

There was an urgency this time, and I felt my heart beat faster. I used my tongue each time he plunged down my throat, savouring the taste of us. My garbled moans proved I was the whore he called me. He pulled out of my neck and began to pump his fist up and down his cock.

With a roar, he sprayed my mask with his cum. I blinked in shock as his hot cum hit my eyelid. I closed my eyes, feeling more cum splash against my other eye. He groaned before rubbing himself all over my masked face. His cum slid down my eyes, seeping into the mask.

“There, little Bunny. Now you look like a cum stained whore,” he said coldly.

He unclipped my hands and feet. The straps fell away like dead weight. He removed the clamps from me and placed me back on the ottoman. I barely had time to stretch my aching limbs before a towel hit my back—a utilitarian gesture, no different than wiping down a weapon after use.

“Clean yourself up,” he said, but his voice wasn’t raised. It wasn’t rough with the usual after-sex rasp. Just...detached. Like he’d already forgotten my existence. “And

go to your room.”

The towel stuck to my sweat-slicked skin. I wanted to hurl it back at him. Instead, I wiped myself down with mechanical motions, my fingers numb. His room smelled like sex but felt like a crime scene.

“Yes, Master,” I said in a steady voice.

I stood, legs trembling, and forced myself to walk out slowly. No flinch. No hesitation. Let him think it didn’t gut me. The door clicked shut. Only then did I realise that he hadn’t even watched me leave.

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The following day didn't melt the ice around the cold bastard. He left me kneeling on his office rug wearing my sightless gimp mask, uncaring of the various household staff or his men coming and going from his office.

When would he realise you can't break what is already broken?

Chapter 23

Adrik

After two days of no sex, I was furious. My men stayed away from me, and Viktor’s silent smirks didn't help my rage. It made me want to shoot the bastard in his face. I kept her for work for a few hours before making her kneel blindly before me. With a stifled sigh, I looked away from her to my laptop, back to the photo of Rurik and his new bride.

The gossip article speculated on the two children as the bachelor billionaire got

married. I already knew the two brats were his. They looked like him. The world was overpopulated. Why would anyone want to breed more filthy humans?

I glanced at Bunny, who shuffled on her knees before straightening her back, sticking those perky damn nipples in the air. Her stomach was flat, but I wondered what she would look like with a fat belly full of my seed. I gritted my teeth so hard that my gums ached when I looked at her cunt.

“Close your legs, whore,” I snapped at her before muttering about her pose under my breath. Without a word, she closed her legs, but it didn't stop me from seeing it in my mind's eye.

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It wasn't until later that evening that she spoke for the first time that day.

“Master, I think I have started my period, and I don't want to dirty the floor. Can I have some sanitary pads or perhaps some tampons?” she said, sitting on the floor beside my dining table with her bowl in front of her.

I stared at her blankly because I'd never had a girlfriend or lived with a woman before to come across...blood.

Her blood.

I glanced at her bowl and saw that it was empty. Very calmly, I placed my knife and fork on the table before standing up, the wooden chair scraping on the floor. I made my way to the decanter of Stolichnaya vodka and poured myself a generous shot. Once I gulped it down, I topped up the crystal glass before pulling my phone out of my pocket.

Me:Go and get some sanitary pads and tampons.

Viktor:Yes, Pakhan. Any particular brand or size?

I didn't know what he was talking about or how many she needed. How much did a woman bleed? Did it gush out? Was it in pints or a tiny dribble?

Me:Get two packs of everything.

Viktor:Is this for her pussy, or have you cut into a major artery? Because I hate to tell you that stuffing a tampon in that hole won't work. I know this from experience.

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This motherfucker.

Me: Fuck off and get me everything, or I will set up a doctor's appointment for your unhinged mind. Leave them outside my bedroom door.

Viktor: Yes, Pakhan.

Me: And get that smirk off your face.

I slipped my phone into my pocket and took a long sip of my vodka before I turned toward my bloody Bunny.

“Go and lie on my bed with your legs open, and don't touch your pussy,” I said, my voice cool and calm.

She looked bewildered, but she got up and walked out of the dining room butt-naked while I searched for any smears of blood. To my disappointment, there wasn't any. I took a long breath before blowing it back out. The image of her blood smeared all over my cock made my heart race. I drained my glass before leaving it on the tray to unbutton my collar, which felt uncomfortably tight.

I paused before pulling my phone out again and, as fast as lightning, pulled up Google.

Can you have sex with a woman on her period?

I glanced at the top answer before typing out the next question.

Can a woman die from period blood loss?

Possible, but very rare.

How much does a woman bleed during her period?

Hmm, not much. I hoped she was a heavy bleeder.

Does it hurt to have a period?

I read through the list with a frown, but knowing her fucked up tendencies, she would probably enjoy the pain.

Does a woman have a period every single month?

Oh, this was good for me, not so much for her.

Armed with knowledge, I left the remains of my dinner on the table and swiftly made my way to the bedroom. When I opened my door, the first thing I did was to check that she was on my bed. She had laid some towels beneath her, but before I allowed myself to inspect her, I went into my closet to get the restraints.

When I emerged, she was still in the same position, watching me, but when I glanced down, I saw a spot of crimson blood tainting her white fluffy tail. I smiled and untangled the restraints.

“Lift your head up,” I said, my voice low and guttural from restrained bloodlust.

Her hair was in the way, and I lifted it before I placed the restraints behind her neck, laying out the sections for her wrists and ankles. Once I pushed her head down, I strapped and clipped her wrists.

The final part was taking her ankles and strapping them in until she was folded in half but, more importantly, completely exposed. The longer straps for her ankles didn't do her much good with the restraints used this way, but I had unfettered access to her bloody pussy.

“Krovavyy zayka,” I murmured, looking at the blood on her tail before unbuttoning my shirt. Bloody bunny.

“Master?” she said uncertainly.

“Yes, Bunny?” I purred.

“Uh—what is happening?” she asked as her eyes paused on my bare chest.

“Did you know orgasms help you during your period?”

Her cheeks turned pink before she nodded. The fact that she knew this didn't surprise me. I unbuckled my belt, pulling the black leather away from my trousers to toss it onto the bed before working on the button and zip.

“Is that what you did, Bunny? Finger yourself while you bled?” I asked, kicking my shoes off and uncaring of where they landed.

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When she shook her head, I raised my eyebrow at her.

“I’m not a savage, Master. I used a vibrator,” she said, squirming uncomfortably on the bed.

I almost groaned at the thought of her cumming with her vibrator stuffed inside her bloody pussy. Did it drip out in droplets off the tip of her vibrator? When I pushed my trousers and underwear down, my cock was rigid and stuck out. The thought of my cum swimming in her bloody cunt has me dripping on the wooden floor. I crawled onto the bed like the predator I was until I reached her pussy.

“Do you have cramps?” I asked, touching her belly.

She nodded. “They come and go for the first few days.”

I trailed my fingers down to her blood-smeared pussy, peeling her wet lips apart to stare at the tiny pool of blood inside of her. I bent down and licked her cunt, closing my eyes to savour her metallic, salty taste, ignoring her groan as she tried to move her legs.

“Shhh. I’m here to help,” I said before I licked her again, pressing my face into her cunt with my beard rubbing against her smooth pussy.

I pushed my tongue inside her, stabbing her before licking up to her clit. Her sweet moans filled the room. They sounded almost as delicious as her usual cries of tortured pain. I went down again, burying my lips between her folds, seeking more. The sick monster in me finally tasted her blood. I teased and tormented her, licking, sucking

and biting on her pussy.

I sat up and gripped the towel and her leg, dragging her to the edge of the bed as I climbed down to the floor. I wanted to see everything and wanted her to watch me fuck her bloody cunt. Her face and chest were pink, with her pretty tits rising and falling from her heavy breathing. I reached up to grab two pillows before stuffing them under her head.

After I fixed the towel beneath her, I stood up and looked at her tied down, waiting for my cock. I pressed my thumb down my cock and grazed her swollen wet pussy, pulling her open with my fingers as my cock leaked all over her. I held her thigh, rocking my hips with her bloody tail ticking my cock and balls.

“Ugh—oh. Master, please,” she begged prettily. “Please, can I have your cock?”

I smiled, releasing her labia to guide my cock into her waiting pussy. Her hot, tight, wet and bloody hole. I pressed down on her thighs, lifting her cunt as I speared into her as she gasped.

“Watch me, Bunny. Watch me fuck your bloody cunt,” I purred, pulling back to see a thin coat of her blood on me before I slid back into her.

There was no resistance, just a beautiful hot cock-sleeve for me. One that I couldn't deny any longer. I missed her as much as I missed her tight fuck holes. I glanced up at her, but she was watching me fuck her as I'd instructed her, the pillows propping her head up.

I smiled before I slammed deep inside her clutching pussy, the hot blood easing my way. I gripped her thighs with a growl and began to pummel her with deep, hard thrusts until she howled like a beast in heat.

“That’s it, Bunny, keep watching me fuck your pussy. Do you see your blood all over me?” I asked, reaching down to pinch her nipple.

As soon as I squeezed the hardened bud, her pussy clamped down on me. She gasped in pain, but her face was contorted with twisted pleasure that made my heart race. She was my masochist Bunny to my sadist monster. I leaned down, sliding my hands until they reached the back of her damp knees until she looked at me.

“As long as I breathe, you will never leave my sight, Bunny,” I said, pausing to rub myself against her pussy. “Never,” I vowed.

Her rich, warm, fiery eyes stayed on me as I pulled back and thrust deep and hard. The sound of me slapping against her wet cunt resounded around us as we stared into the darkest depths of our souls. Through the pounding heartbeat in my ears, I heard each expel of air leave her parted pink lips as I dropped my weight down on her pelvis with each deep penetrating thrust. Her tight clenching pussy gripped and massaged me as if she was born to take my cock. As if her pussy was made to take the pain from my long thick dick.

Her eyes began to flutter, and I saw a tear trickle out of the corner of her eye. I closed the gap between us without thinking to lick the salty tear. My hands slid up to her calves as I pressed myself into her until my balls touched her pussy and bunny tail.

“You’re mine, Bunny,” I whispered softly close to her ear, watching as more tears followed the first.

I couldn’t understand my connection to this woman, but I could no longer fight it. All I knew was brutality and that I could never feel or love. This was all I knew, and this was all I could give her. I began to move again, holding her trapped beneath me. I buried my face into her hair fucking her with slow deep movements, feeling the curve of the plug inside her asshole as I moved.

“Do you want to feel my cum inside you, Bunny?” I asked, rubbing my beard and cheek against her and moving faster. “Are you going to cum for your Master? Milk my cock with your pussy until you suck my seed out of my balls?”

She flung her head back on the pillows, closing her eyes and nodding. “Yes, Master,” she panted.

“Good, little fuck Bunny,” I said, releasing her legs and moving faster before I pulled free.

I violently slammed into her in a single thrust until she screamed for me.

“Take it. Take every inch I have,” I commanded through clenched teeth before I began to jackhammer into her.

She lasted a few seconds before her eyes snapped open, and she shuddered uncontrollably before her cunt began to dance along my cock. I closed my eyes and drove myself into her as she clutched and squeezed my dick until I ejaculated deep inside her.

A gush of liquid soaked my pelvis, but I was past caring as the blinding, blissful, twisted pleasure made me growl as I emptied myself into her, pouring everything I had into her tight little hole. I collapsed on top of her, our sweaty bodies rubbing against each other as we panted. My eyes closed as I inhaled the scent of her coconut and floral shampoo.

I didn't want to move, but she had squirted all over me, and it was dripping down my legs, and for the first time in forever, I didn't feel disgusted or dirty. Plus, she needed to be released from her restraints. With a grunt, I pushed myself up to find her smiling at me. Her eyes were warm pools of darkness—a reflection of me. A slight tug curled my lips on one side.

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“My hot little fuck Bunny,” I said to her before I stood up. “So hot that you squirted all over us.”

Her smile vanished as she looked down at us in horror. I reached down and pulled her tail out before slowly easing out of her pussy to see the beautiful carnage. My bloody pink cum began to pool and drip down into her asshole. Her pussy was smeared with blood, and my cock wasn't any better, but this was what I wanted. Her blood.

When all my cum trickled out, I caught it with the metal plug and pushed it all into her asshole. Her ass sucked it all up, and her wet bloody tail was back in place. I leaned over her and unclipped her ankles from the restraint before doing the same with her wrists.

“Go and run us a bath,” I said, helping her up while she moaned.

I watched her little bunny ass walk to the bathroom, smiling when she practically limped. I gathered the stained towel and cleaned the floor. When finished, I scrunched the towel into a ball and put it in the laundry basket. I was about to go into the bathroom when I remembered her sanitary products.

I opened the door and found four large bags full of various products and a cellophane-wrapped basket with a variety of chocolates, candles, and a boxed heating pad. I opened the small card attached to it.

For your ‘delicate situation,’ Pakhan.

I looked around the hallway, but it was empty. I ripped the small pink card off,

crumpling it in my fist.

Fuck him, the joke was on him. I could take the credit for this.

Chapter 24

Ania

This was the most bizarre fucked up, and surreal experience of my life. Adrik Ilyin was kneeling on the bathroom floor, determined to put a tampon inside of me. After our bath, he had me put my foot on it while he peered into my pussy, struggling with the applicator. In the end, he took the tampon out and pushed it in with his fingers.

“How deep should it go?” he asked, looking up at me.

I cleared my throat before I spoke. “As long as the string is still outside as deep as it can.”

He pushed it further inside of me before he went to wash his hands, leaving me to stare at his towelled rear end. I wasn't sure what to expect when he told me to go into his bedroom and wait for him. Never in a million years had I expected him to have a period fetish. Or perhaps it was any blood. I shivered at the thought of being cut. What scared me was that I wasn't sure if it was fear or desire.

“Go and wash up, but come back to my bedroom,” he said, looking at me in the reflection in the mirror.

I hesitated for a second at his hot and cold moods before I replied. “Yes, Master.”

When I turned to leave, his eyes were still on me. When I reached the bedroom, I saw several bags and a gift basket. The bags were full of sanitary pads and tampons that

looked to be a year's supply, and the gift basket had luxury chocolates, sweets, scented candles, and a pink heating pad. I shook my head before going to brush my teeth and moisturise.

This Bratva Pakhan was complicated. He got an explosive stitched into my head and bought me a period gift basket. I wondered if it was still active in my head. I'd stopped touching the scar, but the thought was always ironically at the back of my head.

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He was lying in bed on his phone when I returned to his bedroom. When I stood there uncertain of what he wanted me to do, he glanced up, his gaze lingering on my breasts. He pulled the covers back and patted the bed.

"Do you have any underwear? I don't want...umm...to have an accident," I said, waving at his bed.

He sighed and rolled his eyes. "Do you seriously think a little blood is a problem for me?"

Good point, the sick fuck seemed to love it.

I climbed onto the bed but bit my lip when I remembered what we had done here not too long ago. A yawn escaped me, and as I pulled the covers up, I stretched my aching back out before curling into a ball on the edge of the bed. I heard him put the phone down before he switched the lamp off.

A few seconds later, he grabbed me and pulled me back until my back touched his chest and his legs closed in on mine.

“Does it hurt?” he asked, his voice low and husky.

I wasn't sure what he meant at first.

“Only my lower back,” I whispered.

When he began to rub my lower back, I thought I might have been transferred into the multi-verse, but the pressure felt so damn good that I gasped and arched my back. He used his palm to push down on my back muscles.

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“Thank you, Master. That feels so good,” I sighed, enjoying the heat and massage.

“Don't get used to it,” he said gruffly.

And he was back.

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The room had a nervous energy, but that was all on me. Pyotr stood outside the bedroom, and I knew Master was meeting with Rurik, but all I could do was pace up and down his bedroom. I ran to the window with dread and excitement when I heard the cars. I was never meant to meet Rurik and certainly not like this.

There were two black SUVs. The first one had Rurik, Artyom and Maksim. In the second one, I didn't recognise any of the men. I wanted to bang on the window, but I was too scared to do anything. Adrik Ilyin was unpredictable, and I'd seen him at his worst.

When they vanished inside, I began pacing again. Seven men against Adrik and his gang were not enough. My eyes kept wandering to the clock, and seven minutes later, there was a knock on the door. When I opened it, Pyotr stood there.

“He wants you downstairs,” he said, avoiding my eyes. It wasn't unusual. He did the same when he stayed with me at the ‘training’ centre.

I'd been given a pair of black leggings, and I wore Master's white shirt over them. Underwear wasn't high on Master's list since there was none. When we reached the

office, he knocked on the door before opening it.

I nervously stepped inside, and Rurik stood up. Viktor reached for his gun, and I looked at him in horror. Master sat at his desk, but his eyes were on me as everyone decided to pull their guns out.

“Come in, Bunny,” he said, his voice devoid of emotion. His eyes were two glacial pools of doom.

I ducked my head and walked to his desk.

“You’ve seen her. You can leave now,” Master said calmly, but I winced at the dangerous undertone.

I turned to face Rurik and his men. Artyom had his gun aimed at Viktor. I mean, if anyone had to die today...I shook my head at the thought. I had to try and get these men to stand down.

“I can’t appreciate it enough, Rurik. Thank you for coming and being the brother I never had, but I am fine. I promise you,” I said with a watery smile.

“Your message—” he began to say.

“I panicked. I took a bad job, and that’s on me for not doing my due diligence. The suspicion was there, and I should have known better,” I said before glancing at his wedding ring. “Congratulations, I’m glad it all worked out for you.”

He glanced at his ring, and a smile briefly appeared before he glanced around at the men in the room. It swiftly faded.

“I needed to know you were safe,” he said quietly.

“You are testing my patience, Mr Abrosimov,” Master said, standing up.

I didn't know how to break the tension or diffuse the situation.

Rurik ignored him and looked at me. “I would be proud to call you Sestra, Ania. If you ever need me, all you need to do is get in touch.” Sister.

I wanted to burst into tears, but instead, I went to him and hugged him. He paused for a second before he hugged me back.

“Thank you, Brat,” I said before I whispered words only he would hear. “I’m a survivor.” Brother.

I sniffed and pulled away from him, glancing at Artyom and Maksim. They all risked their lives to come here. Rurik was the only one who knew a little about my past. I’d known him since I was seventeen, almost a decade.

“Please go,” I said to them before I smiled at Rurik to take the harshness out of my words.

He stared at me for a moment before he glanced over my head. I heard Master walk behind me and felt his hand on my stomach before he pulled me back.

“The Krolik is mine,” he said.

“May I have a word with you in private before I leave?” Rurik asked, and I glared at him.

I was so close to getting him to safety.

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Viktor came to frisk him. When he got to his legs, Maksim snickered, which broke some of the tension in the room, especially since I knew he was still getting random messages.

“Pyotr,” Master said, and I knew my time was up.

I gave Rurik a bright smile before I waved to them as I turned to leave with Pyotr. As soon as we were out of the office, I raced into the hallway and ran up the stairs to the bedroom, needing to see that Rurik and his men had left safely.

It took another eleven minutes, but they all left. A pang of sadness hit me. Master was wrong. There were good people out there—not many, but Rurik Abrosimov was one of them.

Chapter 25

Adrik

“Let her go. You don't know what that girl has been through,” Abrosimov said as soon as the door closed behind Viktor.

My mind whirled at his words. She was resilient—too resilient. My stomach lurched at his words, but my face remained as hard as stone.

“I will never let her go,” I said, but his words were still ringing in my ears.

What has she been through? Was it worse than what I put her through?

I wanted to ask him, but my pride wouldn't allow it.

“And when you tire of her? What will become of her?”

I thought of last night when we shared a bath. My Bunny sat on my lap while I washed her, and later, she fell asleep with my hands rubbing her back.

“Will you tire of your new bride?” I asked him curiously.

His instant scowl and the fury in his eyes told me enough.

“Exactly,” I said softly. “Would you like a drink before you go?”

We stared at one another, and I had to give it to the older man. He had some grit and was not the soft businessman I'd expected him to be. The only reason he was alive was because he called her sister. Watching my Bunny hug him had me gripping my desk so hard that I thought the wood beneath me would snap.

“I will take a drink if you have something decent,” he said.

I scoffed at him before walking to the table for the Beluga.

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Long after he left, his words played on my mind. As the days went by, the irritating man's words became a thorn in my side, and my suspicious nature drawing all kinds of scenarios. She never mentioned her family, her personal life, or much about her work, but neither did I. When I handled sensitive information about the Bratva, I ensured that she never saw it or that she participated in a meeting. I never talked about my personal life because I didn't have one.

“What’s wrong now?” Viktor asked.

I felt better seeing the black eye I gave him in the ring. It had been a great way to vent after the Abrosimov fiasco.

“Didn't you get a new number?” I asked when it vibrated again.

“I’m going to murder the person who did this. I will slice the skin off their bones. I will peel each layer off—”

“Okay. Okay. I get it,” I said, interrupting him but hiding my smirk. I couldn't be sure, but I suspected Bunny had something to do with his predicament. “I’m going to get Pyotr to shadow Gavrill to replace Díma.”

He paused and rubbed his chin. “He would be a good fit,” he said.

Viktor never wanted to be responsible for leading captains and soldiers. Like me, he wasn't a people person.

“I need you to look into something for me. There was something that Abrosimov said to me about Bunny. Dig into her history the old-fashioned way,” I said, but even saying the words aloud made my stomach churn, knowing I wouldn't like whatever he found.

“Do you think she is playing you?” he asked with a frown.

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I looked at him and wanted to give him another black eye.

“No,svoloch,” I said. “Just do as I ask.”Bastard.

“Da, Pakhan. TheKrolikhas grown on me, too,” he said with a grin before he turned to leave. “She fits right in.”

I smiled after he left because she was most likely the only woman who could fit into my world. My smile fell away because of the uneasiness that Abrosimov left behind. If she could fit into a world of monsters and not break like a normal human, it meant that monsters were not new to her. An irrational jealousy burned at the thought. I wanted to be the only demon to hold power over her and the only monster haunting her in her nightmares.

???

I spent days watching Bunny watch me. By the third day, she was off her period and in her gimp mask, kneeling on the floor beside my desk like a good pet. I reached down to pick up the chain that rested on her breasts. I lifted it with one finger to watch the clamps stretch her nipples, teasing them with the tension of the delicate chain until she hissed through clenched teeth. Her pussy was clamped as she knelt in position with her thighs spread open.

“What a puzzle you are, little Bunny,” I said smoothly, dropping the chain to cup her soft breast. “Open.”

I stuck two fingers into her mouth, rubbing my fingers along her tongue before

bending down to stick them into her clamped pussy. Her mouth was still open as she panted when I fingered her wet little cunt. I stuck my fingers back into her mouth, and she immediately began to lick my digits clean. When she was done, I rubbed my wet fingertips over her lips.

“Who broke you, Bunny?” I whispered in her ear, touching her shoulder and feeling the tension in her as her muscles seized.

I could hear her brain whirring, and I didn't need to see her face to know. Viktor returned late last night, and I snuck away in the dead of night to get a full report.

“Who ruined you before I could, hmm?” I said with unadulterated bloodlust.

I felt her shiver beneath my hand.

“Tell me, Bunny,” I said, rubbing my hand down her spine before bringing it back up to rest on the base of her skull.

It wasn't fair of me to remind her of what she thought was a bomb implanted in her, but this is who I am.

“My family,” she whispered so low that I bent down to catch her words.

“And what did you do about it, Bunny?”

“I ran,” she said in a broken whisper, crying beneath her mask.

I clenched my teeth together before hoisting her by her arms. Once she stood up, I pulled her onto my lap until her white bunny tail was puffed up against my black trousers.

“What age were you when he started to come into your room?” I asked, holding her tightly against my chest.

Her entire body went rigid before tremors ran through her until I could feel her shake. I gently tugged on the clamps, stretching her nipples, and when she hissed in pain, it was followed by a sigh of relief.

“Good, Bunny. I will give you what you need once you tell me,” I crooned before lightly kissing her shoulder.

“Nine,” she said, leaning into me.

“Why didn’t the cell break you?” I asked the question that plagued me while prying her thigh apart, but she spread her legs for me.

She paused, either to compose herself or she was waiting for me to touch her.

“Bunny?”

She blew out a puff of air.

“My aunt kept me locked in the shed. There were no lights,” she said tightly.

“Did you kill them before you left, Bunny?” I asked, knowing the answer before she shook her head. “Why not?”

“I was too scared. I-I just wanted to leave,” she said but this time there was anger in her voice.

I slid my hand down to find her clit, rubbing it gently, rewarding her for her honesty. She started to grind her ass on my cock.

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“You don’t need to kill anyone, Bunny. That’s what I’m here for,” I growled against her hair, gripping her clit between my thumb and fingers. “Because I’m youronlymonster.”

I pinched her clit, hard, and I listened to her cry in twisted pleasure. I refused to let anyone else give her what she needed.

She wasmybroken bunny.

Chapter 26

Ania

The pain throbbed and blossomed, and I groaned when he released my clit. I gripped his hand, covering the serpent and dagger tattoo, but he chuckled. His hand rubbed along my opening, between the clamps. When I could think again, there was only one thought.

He knew.

Yet it was the only time I never felt the guilt and shame slam into me like a sledgehammer jolting me. The constant reminder that I’m not worthy. The words my Aunt and Uncle drummed into me. They treated me worse than an animal, and after my Aunt found out my Uncle had been abusing me, instead of protecting me, she locked me in the cold, damp wooden shed. I still remember the moss-covered filthy glass I used to look out from. I would get scraps of food tossed in, and when my Aunt left the house or late at night, my Uncle would bring me food in exchange for—

I hissed in pain as Master tugged on the chain between my breasts, stretching my aching flesh out until the pain merged in with the pleasure as he began to rub my clit again.

“Bad, Bunny,” he tsked, the words dripping with faux disappointment as his thumb brushed my lower lip—too gentle for the callous monster I knew him to be. “What did I just tell you?”

“Arghhhh,” I cried out as his fingers left my mouth and lifted my breasts with the nipple clamps.

“Y-You’re my only monster,” I cried out, and Master plunged his fingers inside me.

“Say it again,” he said his voice ringing in my ear.

“You’re my monster,” I whimpered as he curled his fingers inside me.

“Again. Louder,” he growled against my neck.

“You’re my monster,” I shouted before my head tilted back, grateful for my mask as tears coursed down my cheeks.

“Who owns your tears?” he demanded, digging his fingers deep inside of me.

“You do.”

“And who owns you, Bunny?” he asked softly as he began to pull the clamps on my pussy.

“You do, Master,” I sobbed as the clips slipped off, leaving me aching for more, craving the pain.

The pain that made me feel seen and heard. The pain that filled the empty hollowness inside my soul. The pain my Master gave me.

I wrapped my arms around his neck, holding him tightly, sobbing for the lost child inside of me. For the most hidden broken part of me hiding beneath the mask. The sobs wracked through me, my body shuddering while my trembling hands gripped his shirt and neck.

He hauled me closer, holding me just as tight, gripping my leg roughly with one hand while gently rubbing my back with the other. It felt like years of catharsis being unleashed. I wanted to cry, scream, and fight the world. But instead, I rested my head on Master's shoulders and continued to sob until I had no more tears left in me—only a raw open wound.

I felt numb all over, inside and out, as Master lifted me. Even though my mask covered my eyes, I kept them closed as tightly as my arms gripping his neck as he carried me upstairs. He juggled between carrying me and trying to open the door, but I held him closer, not wanting him to put me down. I heard him kick it open before he moved in and around to kick it shut again.

My head throbbed, and my heart raced as I approached uncharted territory with my monster. He hadn't said a word, and my anxiety kicked up a notch. Would he think me weak for breaking down? Or worse, use the information to break me down into nothing? The sickness in my soul might welcome that as my punishment for being weak.

He kicked his shoes off, jolting me out of my thoughts. He placed me on the bed, but I clung to him, and he let me. He silently pushed me along the bed, joining me as he climbed beside me with me hanging from his neck. When we lay down, he dragged me onto his chest, sliding his hand down my back while holding my waist and flinging a leg over mine. I sighed in relief as every part of us touched, and he offered

me his comfort in his silence.

We lay in silence, but it took me a while to relax, and when he moved, I put my arm on his chest, reaching up to grip his shirt collar. His hand moved between us, and he removed the nipple clamps that I'd forgotten were still on me. I released his collar to rest my hand on his shoulder, feeling his beard graze the top of my wrist. His hand moved to my neck and rested on my collar before his finger ran to my scar. He untied my mask, loosening the lace before he tugged it off. My face felt hot and wet, but the cool air was soothing. My eyes felt swollen, and I didn't want to think about the state of my nose.

“There is no explosive in your head, Bunny. It is a tracker that is as small as a grain of rice,” he said before he paused. “I couldn't believe that you fell for that, though.”

I lifted my head to glare at him, but instead, I wished he had left my mask on. His blue eyes were sharp as always, but there was a softness in them that I'd never seen before. Almost as if he—I swallowed hard, and my vision blurred until a single fat tear rolled down my cheek. He wiped it away with his thumb.

“Whose tears are these?” he whispered, catching another tear.

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“Yours, Master,” I sniffed and placed my head on his chest to listen to the steady beat of his heart.

Was it strange to be comforted by the man who tried to ruin me? The monster in him that tried to destroy what little fight I had left inside of me. The same monster whose eyes shone with reverence when he looked at me—not as a broken toy with pity, but he saw the survivor in me fighting to live—to breathe. For the first time in my life, I felt connected. Two broken souls recognising each other in the darkness of this world.

My silent tears continued to soak his shirt until I had no strength left in me to keep my eyes open.

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My eyes snapped open as Master moved away. “Please,” I whispered, clinging to his warmth by grasping his white shirt.

My fear was irrational, but the fear of his rejection was worse.

“I need to use the bathroom, Bunny,” he said, raking his fingers through my hair before kissing my forehead.

“Sorry, Master,” I sighed before releasing his shirt, feeling silly for needing him beside me.

“Don't worry about it, Bunny. You know I will make you pay for it later,” he said,

curling his fingers around my throat.

My breath hitched as he covered my collar before he yanked my head up. His lips covered mine, violent, possessive and endlessly devouring my lips. With a growl, he plunged his tongue into my mouth, deepening the kiss.

The first kiss from my monster was everything I'd dreaded and secretly dreamt of. I reached up and touched his cheek, stroking it until I felt his prickly beard before lashing my tongue against his. He groaned and gripped my ass, grinding his hard cock against my naked flesh. The soft material of his trousers was a contrast to the long, hard beast inside them. I mewled in protest when he broke off the kiss.

“Don't move a fucking inch until I get back,” he growled in his familiar surly manner, now laced with something dangerously close to tenderness.

Alone in the aftermath, I lay staring at the ceiling, one hand resting where my chest no longer felt like they were cracking under the weight of old sorrow. The emptiness inside me that I'd carried since childhood—didn't ache. It...hummed. Like a wound finally scabbing over after years of bleeding.

The realisation shuddered through me—this was what healing felt like. Not gentle. Not kind, but a brutal reconstruction, the bone snapped back into place without anaesthetic. His violence had been the scalpel with his unexpected mercy, the sutures.

I sat up and crawled to the edge of the bed, placing my face on the bed and lifting my ass in the air, waiting for the pain only he could give me.

Chapter 27

Adrik

As my Bunny slept, I conspired with Viktor to arrange an appointment with the doctor. Her old monsters would perish in the most gruesome ways possible. There was only room for one monster who lived to torment her, and that was me. I got what I wanted, as I always did. My bunny finally broke for me, and it was a bittersweet moment. She would emerge more potent than ever. I was living proof that it could be done. I rubbed my chest because her strength mirrored my scars.

I washed my hands and exited the bathroom. We were treading on new territory. My footsteps stopped in their tracks when I saw her kneeling on the bed with her goddamn legs spread open. My eyes moved over her tattoo.

Adrik's Pain Slut.

A cold, stark reminder of our dynamics. The turmoil within me settled, and my sadistic monster came roaring to the forefront.

“What did I tell you, Bunny?” I asked casually, walking toward her.

“Not to move,” she said, turning her face on the bed to glance at me.

“My exact words were for you not to move a fucking inch until I got back,” I said, unbuckling my belt.

“My ears were blocked, and I didn't hear every word you said,” she said, her eyes glittering with mischievousness.

It was difficult to believe that this was the woman who shattered in my arms mere hours ago. I pulled my belt out and slowly began to wrap it around my palm, watching her eyes become glued to the action. Part of me admired her audacity, but the darkest part of me sought to ruin it—crush it beneath the heel of my shoe.

She spread her knees wider, displaying her wet pussy and practically waving her white tail in the air to surrender. I traced my fingers over her healing tattoo, tightening my grip around the belt. My dick was hard from a simple kiss, and taking a piss with a full-on boner wasn't comfortable.

Someone had to pay the price.

“Pain slut,” I whispered before cracking the belt on the bed, relishing how she jumped in fear and anticipation of the blow.

I got the wipes and lube from the nightstand before pulling her tail out to set it on the wipe. The whip marks were practically gone from her back and ass. The tasselled whip hadn't left any marks, but my belt would. Her asshole was tilted up, and her pussy was clear for my belt. The image of the crystal handle in her ass was still seared into my memory.

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“Bad, little Bunny,” I said, releasing the belt and folding it over to ensure each strike would hit hard.

I stood beside the bed, placing my hand below the tattoo and raised my hand.

“Count out loud with each strike, or I will start again,” I said before smirking. “Did you hear that? Or are your ears still blocked?”

“No, Master, my ears are fine now. It’s a miracle,” she said, gripping the bed covers.

I’d heard enough and brought the belt down viciously as she gasped. I was about to strike her again when she stuttered out one. The second one landed on top of the first. The harsh sound of my belt smacking against her curved ass cheeks made my heart sing with satisfaction.

“Dvaaaaaa,” she screamed out. Two.

“I’m going to pick up the pace. Keep counting or else—” I said, giving her fair warning.

I gave four solid cracks on her ass, pausing for a few seconds for her to catch her breath before I rapidly brought down my belt for another four. I inspected her ass, and although it was red, there were no cuts or welts.

“Last few, and I will make them count,” I said before I smacked her ass and moved to her thighs.

Her feet twitched with each rapid strike, and she barely kept up. I didn't stop until I landed the additional ten blows.

“That was cruel, Master,” she panted into the bed, which muffled her words.

“You know what I am, Bunny. I never lied about that.”

“No, Master, you didn't,” she said softly.

I placed my palms on her whipped ass, rubbing the flesh until her eyes closed in pleasure. She didn't know it, but she was devastatingly beautiful in her submission to me. I reached for my waistband and unbuttoned my trousers.

“I don't think you've suffered enough yet, Bunny,” I said, unzipping my trousers while she chewed her lower lip.

I stripped away my clothes, not wanting anything between us. Not today. I pulled her legs out to the side so she knelt on the bed like a frog with her pussy grazing the bed covers. I leisurely smeared my cock with lubricant, staring at her asshole.

“Do you know why I love fucking your ass, Bunny?” I said, squirting more lube on because I would be giving her some deep dick today.

“Because you're a sadist, Master,” she said.

“That is such a simplistic explanation,” I said, tossing the lube on the bed.

I rubbed the tip of my dick against her asshole, teasing her little hole.

“I love how you strain to take me. How much it hurts you when I go in deep, but most of all, I love how wide I can spread this tiny hole with my cock until you

submit,” I said, pressing against her asshole, doing precisely what I said, prying her open until then head slipped in. “When you submit yourself to me, you hold this asshole open for me. The thing is, Bunny. You love it, too.”

She moaned as I pressed deeper inside her stretching asshole, her head nodding on the bed. “Yes, Master. I love how much it hurts initially, but then I can take it all. You make me cum sohard.”

I held her hips before I started to slide in and out of her, watching the tight ring of flesh strain to take me. The feel of her ass around me was always incredible. I gripped her hips and red ass cheeks and drove deeper, forging my path inside her while she cried for more. Those beautiful cries that always begged for more pain and degradation. I understood now.

“Yes, and after a good long fuck your ass squeezes my cum out like an expert ass slut. I’ve never known anything like it, Bunny,” I said, confessing what I knew all along. She was one of a kind.

“Yes,” she moaned. “Harder, I need—”

I smiled and gave her what she needed. My unrestrained thrusts slammed my entire length inside her gaping asshole.

“I know what you need, my little whore,” I murmured, making her moan as I continued to fuck her hard enough for her ass to cling to me, trying to keep my cock inside of her.

I raised her onto her knees again. The time for teasing her was over. She pushed herself back on me, and I slapped her ass, which did not deter her. I ran my hands along her belly and ribs until I reached her breasts, massaging the globes of flesh. She continued to move her ass up and down my cock, fucking herself in the ass.

“Good, little fuck Bunny,” I said, gripping her nipples. “But we both know you need that bite of pain.”

I squeezed her nipples, pinching them as hard as I could while driving my cock hard and deep until she gasped in pain. That was all it took for her to cum on my cock. She let out a strangled cry as her asshole began to milk my stabbing cock. I pinched her nipples again before releasing the abused flesh, focusing on my pelvis smacking against her ass.

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I grabbed her shoulders to hold her in place while I thrust deep inside her clenching asshole while slapping my balls against her. She took everything I gave her. My fingers dug into her, pulling her back as I exploded inside her ass. I didn't release my bruising hold until I gave her everything I had.

This was no surprise because even in submission, her resilience was unparalleled.

Chapter 28

Ania

When he pushed my tail back into place, my pussy clenched greedily, but after Master cleaned up, he came back to bed and joined me under the covers. He held me in his arms while I traced the tattoos and old scars on his chest.

"Master, who did this to you?" I asked softly after trying to hold back as long as I could.

"I had my share of demons to deal with as a child. The men who did this are dead, but they took part in creating the monster inside of me."

I shivered thinking of my aunt and uncle. The monsters who made me what I was. With a sigh, I wrapped my arm around him only to feel the rough, scarred skin on his back. I couldn't imagine Adrik Ilyin as a vulnerable child. Yet we all started out as innocent children.

"Do you want to be there when Pasha and Olya are with the doctor?"

I froze when I heard their names.

“What did I tell you, Bunny?” he growled, lowering his hand to grip my aching ass.

“You're my only monster,” I whispered, rubbing my cheek against his chest.

With a grunt, his grip relaxed.

“No, I don't want to see them again.”

He was silent for a few minutes before he spoke again. “Viktor found your mother's grave. If you want to visit her.”

I closed my eyes. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't remember what she looked like. All I remembered was the day I went to live with her only surviving relative, her brother. I nodded, unable to speak.

Perhaps it was time to stop tormenting Viktor.

???

The world around me became calm, as if after a violent tsunami had come and annihilated, leaving behind the chaos of destruction to be slowly rebuilt into something new. Adrik didn't change, but I did. We worked together in his office, and when he left to attend to business, I was left to my own devices in the house.

I got to know more of his men, but many of them remained wary. It took me a while to realise that it wasn't because I was the White Rabbit but for fear of what Adrik would do to them. Viktor was still a bastard but a slightly more tolerable one.

My life was always indoors, and it was where I felt the most comfortable, but instead

of viewing his house as a prison, it began to feel like home. Adrik let me change whatever I wanted, and the household staff, who once feared speaking to me, took my instructions.

The scent of fresh paint wasn't unpleasant to me, but the lighter colours around me took away some of the shadowy corners of the house that had once intimidated me. The dark hallways were now bright and airy, a contrast against the dark woodwork. Adrik had admired the changes as he inspected the end result. Viktor earned a few punches when he added his commentary.

But these were only aesthetics around me. My self-proclaimed monster who took it upon himself to rid me of my past left me—inspired. He gave me the gift of freedom from my past while at the same time chaining me to him in a way that surpassed something as ordinary as love.

I wondered if he knew that I owned him as much as he owned me. I smiled and closed my eyes, enjoying the warmth of the sunshine beaming into the office window. The one room he refused to let me touch, and I knew why. This was where it all began.

He might be the jailer, but I held the key.

???

“How’s the dating life going, Viktor?” I asked when Adrik left the office.

“Why do you want to know?” Viktor asked without looking up from the newspaper.

“I heard some rumours from the men,” I said before glueing my eyes to my laptop.

I didn't need to look up. The rustle of paper and the feel of his raging eyes on me was

enough.

“What rumours?” he gritted out.

“Uh, that you are popular among many crowds. No judgment on my part,” I said with a twisted smile.

There was silence, but I didn’t look up.

“It was you. Wasn't it? You did something,” he said, breaking the silence with his accusation.

I glanced up and looked him in the eye. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

He slapped the paper on the table and jumped off the brown leather couch.

“I’m going fucking ki—”

Unfortunately for him, Adrik came back in and glanced at us.

“What’s wrong?” he asked me.

“Nothing. I think Viktor is frustrated. You should give him a little more personal time so he can date. You know? Work all that aggression out,” I said innocently.

Adrik stared at me for a moment before smiling. “Stop fucking with him, Bunny.”

I guess Viktor wouldn't like the rainbow-coloured dildo I ordered for him.

Chapter 29

Adrik

“Why can't you control your woman?” Viktor grumbled as we walked to the outbuilding.

“You shouldn't have bashed her around. I mean threatening to stick a needle in her eye. That was cold, Viktor,” I said with a smirk that turned into a grin when he stopped walking. I didn't.

He caught up with me. “Pakhan, I always do everything you request of me. How did you get away with all the shit you pulled with her?”

“I didn't. She torments me in ways you will never comprehend,” I said with a dark smile.

He grunted, but his eyes were curious. “Will you marry her?”

I frowned as we reached the door. There was no need for rituals with what we had, but the question niggled at me. I'd made many enemies over the last twenty years. Díma was the perfect example of an inside job that posed a threat to Ania. The thought of anyone laying a finger on her made me clench my fists. She would always be a target while she was associated with me, but as my wife, she would have some clout within the brotherhood.

“I mean, it took you enough time to realise—”

“Idi na khuy,” I snapped to him. Go to the dick.

When he chuckled and held the door open for me, I decided Ania did the right thing

by ordering him a dildo. He could go fuck himself with it like I just told him to.

“No wonder the Krolik survived,” he said grimly as we approached the operating room.

An image of my beautiful broken Bunny breaking down in my office flashed through my mind. Those gut-wrenching deep sobs that pierced my black heart reminded me of a time when I sat bleeding in the corner of the room, terrified to sleep on the bed. My Bunny’s blood had dried in their home and that vile shed. I was violated by relative strangers in comparison to Bunny’s abusers. Her own flesh and blood violated the natural laws of humanity.

“Did you burn it all down?” I asked.

“I started from the shed and worked my way to the house, Batushka,” he said quietly.

I nodded because I did the same with the documents Viktor collated. Considering she was a hacker, she never delved into her past or erased any part of the girl who once existed. Rurik Abrosimov was absolved from his interference, and as a token of my gratitude, I had a bottle of vodka hand-delivered to him. It didn't sound like much, but a man like him would recognise that the bottle was worth almost \$1.7 million.

Viktor pushed the door open, and I stepped inside the room. The light was dim, and the tubes buzzed and flickered. Vadik stood with his back to us as he checked the tools laid out before him like a surgeon. He glanced at us over his shoulder before he switched the bright lights on for his operation.

“Welcome, Pakhan. I have quite the show for you today,” he said with a wicked smile.

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Pasha began to struggle against the straps holding him on the surgical bed. While Olya was tied to the hand trolley so she would witness her husband's torture, but it wasn't enough for the evil old bitch. Their mouths were gagged for now, but it wouldn't be long until their screams filled the room.

“Vadik use the eye speculums on Olya. I don't want her to miss anything,” I said to him before turning to Viktor. “Make sure her eyes don't dry out.”

“A marvellous idea, Pakhan,” Vadik said, snapping his gloves on with relish, the excitement ringing in his voice.

He scurried to the far side of the room, rummaging in the shadows until he returned with his tools. He wasn't gentle, but when she began to shake her head, Viktor intervened and grabbed her hair with both hands, holding her still as the doctor did his job.

I smiled coldly at their combined muffled screams of terror. My fingers itching to begin recording their demise, but it was too early for that yet. Once they were finished securing Olya's eyes, I walked toward them, standing between the husband and wife, who were unwittingly clueless as to why they were tangled in Bratva business.

“I am Adrik Ilyin, the Pakhan of the Brotherhood. Do you remember Ania?” I asked, staring into Pasha's wide, dark eyes, watching the flicker of recognition before the fear swallowed it up.

When I looked at Olya, she was staring at her husband. I smiled. She might not need

the eye speculum after all. The accusatory look and brief glimmer of anger spoke volumes. I enjoyed seeing how the sadistic doctor had spread the speculum to their maximum capacity.

“You took something that didn't belong to you, old man. You touched someone you never should have laid a finger on. Both of you tortured an orphan child,” I said as the anger within me began to burn my insides at the word orphan. My Bunny was me, and I was her. “Well, today is judgment day for your sins,” I said, finishing off coldly.

I glanced at Vadik, who held the tiny scalpel that glinted under the bright light, before nodding to him. “Begin,” I said, reaching over to pull the dirty rag from Pasha’s mouth.

Viktor removed Olya’s, and I handed him the rag I held, not wanting to get any part of Pasha’s DNA on me. As the doctor made the first incision close to Pasha’s shoulder, I pulled my phone out to record the audio in the room. Vadik was swift and precise with his incisions. The scalpel sliced down to his belly, with blood pooling and dripping down Pasha’s body.

Oh, but the screams and pleas. Those beautiful screams drowned out the memory of my Bunny’s heartbreaking sobs.

“I tried to stop him, I—” Olya wailed.

I swivelled around and slapped her face so hard that I thought the speculum would come out, but it remained in place.

“Liar, you starved a child and treated her worse than an animal,” I roared, unleashing my fury, leaving her to whimper as I turned away from her to see Vadik peeling away Pasha’s skin, opening him up like a pair of curtains.

Viktor went to stand beside the doctor, peering at the exposed ribs and organs. The doctor put the scalpel down and lifted the rib cutter while I watched Pasha's terror. The wet crunching sounds joined the screams as Vadik cut through the ribcage. Within mere minutes, he carefully lifted the sternum and ribs as if they were a crown.

I stared at the culprits, my heart pounding as hard as Pasha's exposed one. This was for Bunny. I was her fucking monster for as long as our hearts beat. My eyes narrowed on Pasha as his shock set in.

"Vadik, do whatever is necessary but keep him awake," I said to him, but a delayed scream filled the room, and my concern faded away as the pleasure of watching them suffer returned.

Viktor remained silent, but his eyes blazed as he watched the doctor work. He glanced up at me and shook his head, which would appear to be admonishment, but his slow smile was one of admiration.

The live autopsy had only just begun.

Chapter 30

Ania

When he climbed into bed, I knew he'd showered and not in our bedroom. I narrowed my eyes in the dark. He usually slept naked or wore shorts, so he must have taken a shower in another part of the house. I eased up on my pillow when the glow from his phone lit up the room and part of his face. He was smiling down at the phone. My suspicion grew, but I couldn't see the screen. I inched up a little more.

"Seriously, Bunny, if you want to see my phone, just ask me," he said, his smile widening.

“Why didn't you shower here?” I asked, trying and failing to keep my tone neutral.

He turned to look at me before twisting around to switch the lamp on.

“Did you think I was fucking another woman?” he said, clearly amused.

“How do I know what you get up to?” I said, crossing my arms over my chest. “You hold all the control, Master.”

“Jealous and disrespectful,” he mused as he homed in on my caustic ‘Master’. “That deserves severe punishment.”

I opened my mouth to speak but realised I would only increase whatever sadistic punishment he was cooking up, so I closed it again. To my shock, he handed me his phone.

There was an audio named Bunny’s Lullaby. I pressed play and listened to—screams, terrified screams, until I heard her voice. There was the sound of a slap and crying before Adrik spoke.

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Liar, you starved a child and treated her worse than an animal.

The rage in his voice reverberated. It was so potent that I hit pause. All that emotion he kept pent up, but this was on my behalf. I put the phone on his pillow to crawl on top of him and lay on his chest, my legs falling on either side of him. His hands ran down my hair and spine to rest where my tattoo was. A reminder of who I was because the collar he placed around my neck wasn't enough for him.

“This is where I was tonight, Bunny, and I needed to shower to get their stench off me before I came to you,” he said so tenderly that I gripped his shoulder as the inevitable tears began.

“I’m sorry—” I began to say, but he cut me off.

“Shhh. You know I will enjoy punishing you for it. You can apologise then,” he said, stroking my bunny tail.

I sniffed and wiped my tears away before resting my head on his shoulder.

“Thank you, Master,” I choked out.

I didn't need to ask if they were dead. His vow to be my only monster was enough for me. He wanted it all, like an obsessive wolf stalking his rabbit prey, watching and waiting to devour me in every possible manner. Yet, I didn't feel like his victim.

“You were always destined to be mine, Bunny,” he murmured against my hair. “And I will kill anyone to keep every single part of you. Even your ghosts.”

This was deadly and a toxic level of possessiveness, but it was mine to own.

???

The following morning, I woke up to find I'd slid off him to one side, but my leg rested over his, and his arm was around my waist. It was over. My Aunt and Uncle were dead. I would never see their faces again. My eyes moved to Adrik, studying him in the faint early morning light peeking through the curtains. I couldn't believe the man I thought would destroy me could help heal me. It seemed like a paradox.

I inhaled his fresh, clean scent and decided to get ahead of my upcoming punishment. With a smile, I reached for his cock. It was soft but so very hot. I carefully lifted it to massage his dangling balls, leaning down to cup them before sneaking my other hand to rub his cock. As soon as he began to stiffen, I was between his legs like a heat-seeking missile.

This cruel, brutal monster of a man was mine. He might give me all the pain my body craved, but I knew he would never hurt my heart. It took me years to trust Rurik, but with Adrik, he tried to ruin me, and I felt safe with him.

I held the base of his hardening cock and began to lick him, not a gentle flick of a tongue but hard like him. His single grunt made my pussy contract. I gathered more spit in my mouth before licking him up and down. His balls sat on my palm, and I used my nails to scrape his inner thighs before I wrapped my lips around his cock while massaging his balls. The covers flew off, and his fist gripped my hair, and my dark eyes met his sleepy blue ones.

"This could be regarded as an assault," he said with a smirk.

I narrowed my eyes at him pushing my mouth down his dick, squeezing his balls before I rubbed my finger against the rough skin between his ass and balls. His smirk

vanished, and that dark, monstrous look appeared in its stead. His rage boner always gave me a good time.

“It’s like that. Is it Bunny? If you want to choke on my dick, let’s do it properly,” he snarled, fully awake and incensed, yanking me off his dick by my hair.

He jumped off the bed, still holding my hair, and pulled my head toward him. Within seconds, he had my head dangling off the bed and my legs spread wide apart.

“Naughty fucking Bunny,” he growled and slapped my pussy with each word. “Open!”

I almost closed my legs at the burning, sharp pain. After he pushed my cock into my open mouth, he swatted my pussy another five times. I almost bit down on him for the last two. The beautiful burn between my legs began to glow and spread to my insides.

Blood was rushing to my head, and as I recovered from the intense slapping, my eyes caught sight of his balls. I reached between his legs to fondle them. His groan was everything to me as I remembered what he did to my Uncle and Aunt. No one heard my screams in the shed, and when I was in the house, my Uncle would bring a cloth to stuff into my mouth. One day, I would listen to the entire audio Adrik recorded, but not yet.

I blinked when he pulled his dick out of my mouth. He began to rub it all over my face, chin and forehead, dragging his balls around as if they were an afterthought. I managed to suck one into my mouth, earning another slap—I sucked harder. He pulled me up the bed a little before tapping my chin with his dick.

“Open up, my thirsty fuck Bunny.”

His words were low and husky, but his expression said this would hurt.

I smiled before opening wide.

Chapter 31

Adrik

I should have been thinking about the strategy around the crooked politician but I couldn't get this morning out of my head. Ania was the ultimate headfuck, and I fucking loved it. The game was always afoot, not quite a cat and mouse but the wolf and rabbit. The taste of a red-slapped pussy was unlike any other, and my Bunny was exceptional at riding my face and beard. God, when she—

“Pakhan, are you daydreaming?”

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I closed my eyes in disdain as I tried to control my temper. The hapless man who infiltrated through my reminiscing needed to get his own life so he wasn't so invested in mine.

“How’s the dating going?” I asked pleasantly, needing to rile him up the way Bunny did.

“Why are you both so invested in my sex life?” he said with an exasperated sigh.

“Why are you so consumed by mine?” I said casually.

His expression turned serious—more serious than usual. “I never thought men like us could have anything meaningful,” he said before shrugging his shoulders.

“You know Bunny fell into my lap. Perhaps your time will come when you least expect it.”

He shook his head. “I don’t think there is anyone who would be able to lov—tolerate me,” he said, glancing away from me.

“Stop throwing yourself a pity party, and let me tell you something that if you ever repeat, I will deny it. Bunny had me in a chokehold as soon as she said no to me. She was starved for three days, sat in a stinking dark cell where she shat and pissed on herself. Yet she came out and had the audacity to say no to ME,” I said, reliving the moment before taking a deep breath. “I just didn’t know it at the time.”

He frowned, looking more confused than ever when Bunny walked in. It didn’t

matter that she wore clothes. I knew she had her little bunny tail stuffed in her asshole. I eyed her simple black T-shirt and jeans. My home-loving nerd was everything and more. She came over, plopped herself down on my lap, and proceeded to kiss me.

Viktor groaned and left the office, slamming the door behind him.

“What’s wrong with him?”

“Who knows,” I said before I gripped her chin. I wasn’t done with her mouth yet.

???

Everything had come full circle, and there was a quiet surrender to a woman who saved me from ruining us both. The calm within me almost felt like peace, but Viktor’s words played on my mind. I did everything I could to prove that Bunny was just another tool for me to utilise, and each time, she proved me wrong.

I smiled to myself in the darkness of my office before I took another drink. This was the one room I didn’t let my Bunny touch. Not because it was my sanctuary but because every corner of this room had memories of her beautiful submission. The rug she blindly knelt on. The desk she sat at to do my work was the same one I took her on countless times. This was the room where my dark obsession spiralled out of control—the museum of my sins.

My Bunny was the only woman alive who could rule by my side. It was time to make it official. Ania Zaitseva would be my Bratva Queen and wife. She just didn’t know it yet.

She won the war, but I was still addicted to our battlefield.

Epilogue

Ania

How To Love A Monster: A Bunny's Guide

Content:

Step One: Accidentally hack a Bratva Boss

Step Two: Be bored in a shit-smeared cell

Step Three: Let him stitch a tracker in your skull

Step Four: Pretend to hate everything he does but secretly love it

Step Five: Let him see your vulnerability and watch him melt

Step Six: Bite back—he likes it

Step Seven: Become the Bratva Queen and take over the business.

*Please note that each step should be studied and understood. Once you have read this document, you will be tested.

I hit send, emailing the eight-page guide to Adrik while copying Viktor in.

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The responses came back within a few minutes.

Adrik: This document is utter bullshit. Iownyou.

Viktor: Would not recommend, but I would watch. ?????

I heard his heavy footsteps in the hallway, and I closed my laptop. The door flew open, and Adrik walked in.

“P.S. The sex was worth it. Is that all I am to you?” he ranted before he walked toward me. “I take it you're bored if you are writing ridiculous documents?”

“Ugh! So bored,” I said before fluttering my eyelashes at him. “Why can't you carry me downstairs?”

“Bunny, you know my back—”

I screamed and threw a pillow at him.

“Was it something I said?” he asked, catching my pillow.

“This is your fault,” I said, pointing at my belly.

“I remember you screaming, ‘Deeper, make it hurt,’” he said with a smirk.

“Bed rest is killing me,” I cried, trying to force a tear out, but nothing came out of my dried-up tear ducts.

“Bunny, it’s only for another two weeks,” he said, climbing onto the bed while I looked at his tattooed hands on my belly.

“You know, while you're up here—” I said with a smile, but he cut me off quickly.

“No, Bunny. Whatever you're plotting, it isn't happening.”

“What about all the times I took it whenever you wanted it?” I said, glaring at him before crossing my arms.

“That was your job, Bunny,” he said, kissing my pregnant belly.

“I bet Viktor would—”

“I advise you not to finish that sentence,” he snapped at me.

“Statistics were correct. Once you get married, it all fizzles out,” I said, flopping back on my pillows.

“You know damn well that I will not do anything that poses a risk to you or our baby,” he said stiffly.

“If I die, would you remarry?” I asked, staring at the ceiling.

“No, I’d taxidermy you.”

I grinned before glancing at him.

“You say the sweetest things to me,” I said, placing my hand over his.

“I’m too kind,” he said, agreeing with me.

“Were all the women taken care of?” I asked.

He nodded before sitting beside me to hold my hand. He slipped his fingers through mine and kissed my hand.

“The Madam was ready to retire.”

“Thank you for closing it all down,” I said, squeezing his hand.

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“You do realise someone else will take over?”

“I do, but it won't be you.”

The world was cruel, but we all had to pull our weight. The flesh trade made me feel sick. After many discussions and with enough information that his men reported back to him, Adrik didn't hesitate to close it all down. The only reason it took so long was that vulnerable young women needed to be placed back into society.

“What do we tell the kid how we met?” I asked, rubbing my belly.

“I will be telling them the truth. You sent me a dirty email,” he said with a smirk.

I gasped but realised it was true. The email I sent with the malware attached to it had been a titty link.

“Well, technically I sent it to one of your employees,” I said with a smirk of my own.

He frowned before he smiled. “I caught the rabbit, though.”

“The poor kid is going to be traumatised before he or she comes out,” I said with a sigh.

“Viktor is going to be the godfather. The kid never stood a chance,” he said dryly.

I frowned because that was true.

“How about we ask Rurik—”

“No. Not him. He isn't normal. Who does that much good in the world? I'm telling you, he does it just to stick it to people like me. No, we stick with Viktor. Better the psycho we know and trust.”

I shrugged. “At least the baby will be well-protected with all the psychos around it.”

“Are you feeling better?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want me to bring my laptop up here?”

“Yes—no. You have your meeting today.”

“I can send Viktor up.”

“No, I will end up stabbing him with your dagger. Then we need to go through the shortlist for potential Godfathers again,” I said nodding at the dagger he still slept with.

“Bunny, you couldn't even aim a pillow at me. I'm sure Viktor will be safe.”

“You can go now,” I said, pursing my lips together tightly.

With a grin and a kiss, he left as quickly as he came, lingering in the doorway with a final glimpse before vanishing.

“It's just you and me now, kid,” I said to my bump, smiling when I felt him or her kick. “I should write a Bratva parenting guide next. What do you think?”

I opened up my laptop and began my research, but at the back of my mind, I wondered how Adrik would greet our child into this world.

Adrik

Two Weeks Later

I never imagined that I could feel such unadulterated love and devotion like this, but as I cradled my tiny daughter against my chest, this was all I could feel. Poor Bunny was exhausted and slept, knowing I held our daughter. When she continued to fight sleep, she confessed that she didn't want the nurses to take Alya. Her reasoning made the hair at the back of my neck rise. The thought of anyone harming our innocent daughter made me physically sick.

As I paced the room, gently speaking to Alya I would stop and stare at Ania in awe. She created this tiny being. Alya came from her mother. I was there—I witnessed it all—but I couldn't believe a monster like me could create such an innocent being, completely untainted.

With a sigh, I parted Alya's blanket to touch her miniature fingers, uncurling them to see her nails again. She was perfect, and like her mother, she was mine—mine to hold, love, and protect. I didn't feel deserving of such a precious gift, but I was a selfish man when it came to all things Bunny.

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I smelled her hair again, inhaling her unique baby scent. When I traced my finger down her cheek, I could have sworn I saw a flicker of a smile on her rosebud mouth. Bunny said she had my lips and nose, which I denied, but the more I looked, the more I could see it. Her eyes were greyish-blue, but they could change. I stroked her soft brown hair, smiling when she yawned. She had a long journey coming out of her mother.

They gave her gas and air, but she refused any other pain relief. I shouldn't have been surprised, but when I saw Alya's head crown, I could only admire my wife's strength. I finally understood why that self-righteous bastard, Rurik, was trying to repopulate Russia.

"My Bratva Princess, you will have an army of men to protect you, my love. No one will ever touch a single hair on your head, or Daddy will chop their arms off before he decapitates them," I hummed to her.

"Wow. Pakhan, she is only a few hours old, and you're singing about chopping arms and decapitation."

I smiled at Viktor's voice.

"You took your time," I said, turning to face him before nodding to leave the room. Bunny needed to sleep.

He was rubbing his neck with a sheepish expression, and I knew exactly why he was late.

“I didn't see the message until later,” he said before his face softened as he looked at Alya.

“Meet your goddaughter, Ayla,” I said proudly, not wanting to let her go, but this man was one who would swallow a bullet for my daughter.

He swallowed but pushed his hands up. “I don't think I should hold her.”

I placed her in his outstretched arms and watched my friend curl his arm around her and hold her against his chest as I had.

“How can she be so small?”

“I wouldn't say that to Bunny. She didn't think that when she was pushing her out,” I said dryly.

“I am happy they are both okay, Pakhan,” he said, gently swaying Alya. “I can see why you were threatening random people.”

“Let's go inside. I don't want Bunny to wake up alone.”

He nodded and walked ahead while I glanced around to see the three armed men close to our door. I had far more to lose than my position now. Pyotr smiled at me, and my countenance softened, knowing I did have some good soldiers on my side. I nodded at him and stepped inside the room, closing the door behind me.

Viktor sat close to Bunny's bed, but for once, I didn't feel jealousy claw its way through me. His eyes were glued to Ayla, but his homage was toward the Queen who birthed her. I studied him as he cautiously touched Ayla's cheek. We were broken, sadistic men, but the ties of unspoken trauma that bound us together were more durable than most superficial connections.

My eyes lingered on Ania's sleeping features. Without my Bunny, none of this would have been possible. The demons that once raged inside of me were silenced. Without her resilience and grace, I might never have found peace.

My new world was not earned or deserved, but it was one that I would protect and keep. After a lifetime of emptiness, I would commit unspeakable acts to keep what was mine. With a smile, I sat beside Ania, finally comfortable in my obsession with my wife and now our daughter.

Ania

Two Months Later

From the first fateful day that I met Adrik till today, the man kept me on my toes. It had been almost fifteen months since that day, and our first wedding anniversary was when he presented me with a gold locket. The oval ten-point star reminded me of the Bratva tattoos he had. Each point had a diamond set in it, and in the middle was an enamel sapphire that matched the shade of his and Ayla's eyes. Inside the locket was a picture of us and our daughter. The inscription on the back was simple.

Bunny, Property of Adrik.

He removed the collar and replaced it with something far more binding—a reminder of our family. My wedding ring wasn't enough for him. Hell, his wedding ring wasn't enough when he uncovered his new tattoo. There were inked black wired thorns from his heart to his neck, but within the thorns on the side of his neck, he had our names inscribed. Ayla's arrival changed everything.

I thought he was obsessed before, but instead of diminishing through time, it steadily crept up and engulfed our daughter. Our home became a military-styled fortress with countless cameras, reinforced walls and razor-sharp wire. I honestly wasn't sure if it

was to keep us in or others out. The only aspect that I was certain about was that no one would ever hurt Ayla the way we were, and that was enough for me. I could handle Adrik's level of crazy—I think.

The man, who was disgusted with dirt and foul smells, didn't hesitate to change Ayla's nappies or bathe her. For the first month, she lived on his arm or chest. If his nipples were functional, he probably would have tried to feed her too. I shivered, thinking of the switch in him, from looking at Ayla breastfeeding with love and fascination to me with dark, hungry eyes full of a monster's promise of pain to come one day soon.

Viktor was more subtle, but he was another one who claimed Ayla as his. I winced, thinking that if Ayla ever managed to date, the safety of her beau would not be guaranteed. I thought of Vadik and his creative ways of making people suffer.

“Why do you look as if you're sucking on a lemon, Bunny?”

There was no better time to test out my theory.

“I was just thinking how children grow up so quickly these days that before we know it, she will be off marrying someone and—”

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“Bunny, my daughter will never leave me,” he said, cutting me off before looking down at Ayla. “No, you won’t because Daddy will slice anyone up if they look at you.”

Ayla waved her hand, trying to grip his beard. He lowered her face and cooed at her. “You are Daddy’s little Princess. Yes, you are.”

His eyes snapped up to mine with unmitigated fury burning in them and a scowl on his face. “Don’t say that about my baby girl again.”

I smiled sweetly at him. At least I had a number of years to plan an escape route for my daughter. His eyes dropped to my smile as suspicion crept into his eyes. He leaned back into his chair.

“You can’t ruin my good mood today,” he said, dismissing me before focusing on Ayla again.

I opened up a new document to work on a new guide, hoping to share it with our daughter one day.

How To Survive Your Bratva Father.

The End.