

The Russian gambit

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My name is Kayla, I'm an American spy and I was sent on a mission to Russia. My goal was to uncover the vast network of corrupted oligarchs to understand which ones had ties with the government. The CIA needed me to get provide that information to NATO so that sanctions could be more effective. I had already been on a mission to Russia so I was fluent in the language and I had my connections there. I knew it was a dangerous mission but a positive outcome would certainly result in a promotion for me.

I managed to develop connections with different oligarchs in competition with each other. Eventually, they carried some background checks on me and my cover as a journalist was blown.

They revealed my true identity to the police, who started hunting me down.

One day, I got caught in the airport's parking lot as I was about to leave the country. I was encircled by several police officers. I made a desperate attempt to break free from the encirclement but I knew I has few chances.

When I felt something piercing my leg I had lost. However, instead of an excruciating pain, I suddenly felt numb and sleepy. I had no idea why would the police use tranquillisers instead of normal bullets but I knew something was fishy. Did someone want to hold me captive?

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I woke up in an unfamiliar room, comfortably resting on a comfortable bed. My heart started pounding. I immediately reached out for my gun but it wasn't there. All my weapons and clothes had disappeared, replaced by black lace lingerie and a silky black nightgown. The bastards dressed me like a prostitute. Nobody seemed to be around for the time being. With no immediate dangers, I tried to calm down and understand the situation I was in. I had no idea why but apparently they had decided to spare me. I had no access to classified information nor was I very relevant within the CIA so I was pretty as a hostage. Anyway, a microchip implanted under my skin was constantly transmitting my location to CIA headquarters so I hoped they would eventually manage to rescue me if I didn't manage to escape myself. I just had to gain some time.

My outfit seemed to suggest that one of my enemies had decided to turn me into his concubine. I smiled. Maybe I could get away from this whole mess by seducing the right man to regain my freedom - I thought. It wouldn't be the first time my sexual appeal helped me escape a difficult situation. I inspected my body. I felt a bit weak, but I seemed perfectly healthy and even clean. They even took the time to spray perfume on me. I found a pair of matching black stockings and put them on. It wasn't much but that was as dressed as I could be.

The room I was in was small and the furniture was essential but everything was clean.

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I stepped out of the bed to explore the room but as soon as I tried standing up, I felt a sharp pain spreading from my soles to my calves. I started swearing. Those bastards had done something to me after all! I inspected my feet and calves under the stockings and noticed a barely noticeable surgical scar. Did they make me unable to stand? I desperately tried to stand up a few more times, to find out that I could actually manage as long as I was standing on my tiptoes. I noticed a pair of matching black high heels aside my bed and tried them on. I could now stand without any effort. The bastards had shortened my tendons to prevent me from walking on my bare feet or on flat shoes. I was forced to walk in high heels for the foreseeable future. I felt a mix of rage and humiliation.

I tried walking around the room as fast as I could but strutting across it on my high heels was the best I could do. This obviously meant that running was out of the equation for me. Despite my toned physique, any attempt to run away from even the most out of shape of pursuers would be laughable.

The view of my window gave me mixed feelings. It was a trafficked road of a rather large Russian city. In normal conditions, climbing down from the window and running away would be a piece of cake for me but even if I managed to climb down the wall, and with my weakened tendons even that could prove impossible, I could only slowly strut in high heels. Almost naked, to make it worse.

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I groaned in frustration and turned away from the window.

A grey-haired man in his early 50s entered the room. I knew him already, he was Ivan Sidorov, one of the wealthiest oligarchs in the country. He was behind all of this.

“Why did you spare me?” - I asked him abruptly, in Russian.

“My dear Kayla, beautiful women are my weakness. I liked you and I couldn’t stand that such a beautiful, sensual body was wasted on an American spy. I decided to give you a second chance at life. I’ll teach you how to be a good Russian woman.”

I gulped. The psycho wanted to make me his trophy wife.

“This means being feminine and submissive. And of course loyal. I’m sorry for your tendons but I couldn’t risk having you run away at the first chance. Also, wearing high heels all the time will make you feel more feminine. Same for your outfit.”

“Do you expect me to surrender that easily?” - I asked, defiantly.

“I like challenges. It will take some time to tame your rebel nature but we’ll eventually turn you into a soft, feminine creature”

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I tried to resist him at first, but Ivan eventually managed to break my resistance. We had sex regularly. They hadn't only altered my calves, somehow my whole muscle tone was much weaker than before. I wasn't able to fight anymore and I felt completely overpowered by a man for the first time in my life, so I reluctantly accepted my position as his lover. I had to play along for the time being, hoping to find a way out of this madness or to be rescued.

During my free time, I could do aerobics on a yoga mattress to keep my body slim and flexible, while power training was impossible with my weakened tendons. My diet was also studied to keep me slim and weak, mostly consisting of salads and smoothies. The only reading material I was provided with were Russian magazines about gossip, fashion and makeup trends. Obviously I had no access to the internet.

As I seemed to become more docile, Ivan told me "You have been making progress, Kayla, but you still have a long way to go. Also, you're beautiful, but my standards in women are very high. We need to touch up your appearance to be a real Russian beauty."

I started hyperventilating. "Please, don't do this to me!" - I begged him. I could tolerate being held captive and even being his lover for a while but not surgeries altering my body.

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I was terrified but I had no other options. He drove me to a plastic surgeon who gave me lip injections. My lips looked plump and fake and I had trouble pronouncing certain words correctly from that day on. Another procedure altered the pigmentation in my irises turning them from brown to green. Finally, an experimental procedure aimed at my scalp altered my hair follicles to make me a natural blonde. Extensions were applied to make my hair longer.

I could barely recognise myself in the mirror. I couldn't believe this had happened to me. I tried to convince myself it wasn't too bad. Hopefully the lip filler would eventually be absorbed by my body and, as much I hated being a green-eyed blonde because it made me look like a doll, I could always dye my hair black and wear color contacts.

Ivan, instead loved the changes "You look much better as a blonde! Hmm, those lips are going to make me really happy tonight!"

I was his personal property and he could play with me like a doll.

After a while he complained again: "This is good but not enough, see, I love women with some meat on their bones!"

I knew what would happen next. My flat chest was about to go. I had always liked it, as it made me more agile, so I could only hope the implants wouldn't be too massive.

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The next trip to the plastic surgeon gave me realistic-looking but large D-cups. I was given a new set of crop-tops and other revealing outfits to highlight my figure.

“There is my girlfriend!” - Ivan said when he saw me. “You don’t look like a spy anymore, do you? You’ll be Alina from now on, my sweet girlfriend.”

He was right. I looked like a wealthy man’s trophy wife. I still had no luck at finding a chance to escape and my rescuers were taking too long. Was the microchip still working?

At least, I could now leave my prison. I was officially Ivan’s trophy girlfriend and I could live an almost normal life. He liked to parade me in public areas, sometimes we would go shopping together and he would always buy the most revealing outfits. A bunch of security guards were always following us so I still had no chance of escaping. I felt like everybody in his entourage knew who I really was, I could see it in their eyes. This made me feel even more embarrassed and ashamed of myself.

While Ivan was busy at work, I sometimes waited for him in the lobby, chatting with his secretary Inessa, the classic blonde bimbo type he seemed to prefer. She was a airhead who always talked about her clothes and makeup. One day, she left early to pick up her kids from school. I was waiting for Ivan to take me home for yet another exhausting sex session when I noticed she had left her laptop switched on. My plan was working, I let him gain trust in me until an occasion would have presented!

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I seized the opportunity and began tapping on her laptop. I cursed the fake nails I got at my latest forced salon trip for the noise they made and tried to be as quiet as possible. I used a VPN to avoid being tracked and logged on a CIA webpage we were instructed to use in cases of emergency. I explained my situation and they asked me to turn on the camera so that they could verify it was really me. My heart was pounding like crazy. The AI algorithm scanned my face and recognised me.

In that moment, I heard Ivan's steps approaching and quickly shut down the laptop.

"What were you doing Alina?"

"Nothing, Inessa has just left, I... I was just..." - I stammered, nervously playing with my hair.

"You may look like a blonde bimbo but it's still you on the inside, right? I might have underestimated your resistance. You probably tried to send a message to your friends, we need to act fast before they rescue you. Too bad, I liked that pretty face of yours!"

"Please don't disfigure me!" - I begged him, panicking.

"I have a weak spot for beautiful women, I told you already. Your beauty is paramount for me, don't worry about that!"