

# 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!"

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He instructed his bodyguards to keep me close surveillance and to take me to a new clinic. I begged the doctors and the nurses to have mercy but Ivan was a powerful and respected man and everybody followed his instructions.

When I woke up from the extensive procedures I looked nothing like myself anymore. They had reconstructed my face to make me look like a Barbie with baby blue eyes, even thicker lips and an angel face. Something about my facial features had a certain Russian vibe. Any rescue mission was now further complicated by my new appearance. I now faded away in the background of the many beautiful Russian girls.

“My IT technicians told me what you’ve done. A search team has already been deployed but I made sure they couldn’t recognise you anymore. Haha, not even your own sister could recognise you now!”

I was too scared to talk, so I simply sobbed uncontrollably.

“Don’t cry sweetie, you’re beautiful! I gave the plastic surgeon precise indications of how you should look like, I’m glad you turned out fine, a true Russian beauty!.”

Then he switched to English.

“And here comes a little extra, you don’t only look like a Russian

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A sort of brain fog hit me hearing English for the first time in ages. It sounded as if it wasn't my native tongue.

"What are you talking about?" - I replied, in English. My voice sounded completely off, it was high-pitched and, even worse, I had a strong Russian accent.

"What? This is my voice now?" - I panicked.

"It's going to be much harder to convince your friends this is really you now! A neurosurgeon friend of mine worked on the language processing area of your brain. Russian has replaced English as your native tongue."

"My brain? - I couldn't understand half of the words but the general sense was clear. The word for brain in Russian popped out in my head - мой мозг! I speak Russian now! The English is bad!"

Ivan continued in Russian: "Exactly, my dear. You also lost about 30 IQ points in the process by the way, but that's ok. When a woman is pretty as you are, there is no need to be smart. Besides, I don't like to be outsmarted by my women!"

Was I really just a dumb blonde with fake boobs, no fighting skills and a thick Russian accent?

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Could I ever return to a normal life, looking and sounding like that? Or was I now forever stuck as the trophy wife of a Russian oligarch? Also, was I willing to make a further attempt at escape, now that I knew the price of defiance? What would happen to me if he wanted to punish me again? Turn me into a complete airhead? A street hooker? My life could still get a lot worse than that of a trophy wife...

I spent some time staring at myself in the mirror. My unnaturally thick lips gave me a ridiculous permanent pout. Kissable lips, said Ivan. My blue eyes looked so vapid and empty. Some work had been done on my eyelids and facial muscles too because I always had a constant wide-eyed, surprised expression on my face. I looked so dumb.

I knew how wealthy Ivan was but I was still shocked by the amount of money he could invest on the little toy I was for him.

I tried to work on my English pronunciation and vocabulary by repeating words loud and forcing myself to think in English but I couldn't seem to focus on hard tasks anymore.

I felt powerless and humiliated and yet I needed so badly to be loved I enjoyed being caressed by him.

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I sunk deeper and deeper into the trophy wife role. One time Ivan left for a full week due to work and by the end of the week I found myself happy he was coming back. My body was craving him. "It must be some form of Stockholm syndrome" - I thought, ashamed at myself. The realisation of how messed up I was disgusted me but fighting my feelings was hopeless.

When he came back I kissed him passionately as never before and told him how much I missed him. "I see you have finally accepted your new role. Good for you my dear. Just enjoy your new life as Alina and forget the past." - he said, with a smile.

We married a few months later. I still hated him for what he had done to me but I also needed him. As a wedding present, he told me he wanted to make me a surprise. I didn't know what to expect but when he took me to the usual clinic I kind of knew it.

My new breast implants were absolutely unrealistic for my frame. My face had also been retouched and lost some of its angelic beauty, to gain more sexiness and personality. If before I had a typical trophy wife body, my big knockers gave me an undeniable pornstar vibe.

When I saw him I asked him if this was what he had planned and he guaranteed me it was. "You'll have bigger breasts than any of your friends! Isn't that great?"

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When I had almost lost any hope to be rescued, one day I spotted a know face around me. My husband was away, and I was alone in a spa owned by him. He trusted me at that point, so I had no bodyguards around me. A massage therapist working there looked familiar. I realised knew him, he was an old colleague of mine!

The disguised CIA agent told me he was here to rescue him and directed me towards a terrace, where a helicopter would rescue us. "Vait! I'm so afraid! Are you sure Ivan vill not punish me?" - I asked, grabbing his arm searching for protection, my silicon breasts pushing against his muscular body. My colleague could hardly believe it was really me. He reassured me and told me to follow him. I tried running at his speed but I could only strut in my usual high heels, with my fake breasts bouncing around like crazy, so he eventually lifted me and carried me all the way to the helicopter.

The shock awoke something in me. I had become so accustomed to playing the role of the blonde trophy wife I had nearly forgotten who I was. Being around my companions I felt like Kyla again for the first time in a while. In a surge of pride I tried to cover my giant orbs but the dress was too tight and pressing it against them only made it worse.

Within a few hours I was in a safe location, in a US military base in Eastern Europe and I could finally talk with my superior.

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I changed my skimpy outfit for something more appropriate. I also removed my makeup and tried to be as professional as I could.

My superior, Mark, was reporting the status of my mission. I struggled to understand all the details, with my limited knowledge of English, so eventually I had to interrupt him.

"I don't understand one zing: why did you wait so long to save me?" - I asked my boss, ashamed at how dumb I sounded.

"Kayla, I'm so sorry for what has happened to you and I don't know how to tell you this but... my superiors decided to use you as a Trojan horse to track the exact locations of Sidorov's businesses. When we managed to gather all the information we needed we rescued you."

My eyes went even wider for the shock. They were tracking me all along! They could have rescued me well before but instead they took the risk and took their time to complete the mission. They knew I had already gotten plastic surgery but they didn't care. I was expendable, after all.

I felt so betrayed I severed any professional ties with CIA and tried building a new life for me. I contacted a plastic surgeon to try and reverse the procedures but it turned out that it was problematic. Reversing them all and turning my body back to how it used to be was technically impossible. Removing the giant breast implants would leave me with ugly, sagging skin. Touching my face would also leave me with an unnatural look. For a better job I should have asked a top notch surgeon like the one who turned me into a bimbo but I couldn't afford that with my savings. I was stuck looking like a bimbo.

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One year later I was sitting in an expensive restaurant in London, waiting for my next customer.

“Zhenks darling but I am waiting for my date.” - I told the umpteenth man who hit on me.

My hopes to return to a normal life after being freed were shattered by reality. With my pornstar body and my lowered IQ nobody took me seriously anymore. I tried to settle down for an office job but my looks were too distracting. I worked for some time as a secretary in a large law firm but I was fired for flirting too much with their clients. I knew the effect my body had on men and I couldn't do anything about it.

I started being asked out by the businessmen who noticed me at the office. They offered me generous tips to accept their invitations and I really needed some extra cash, so I accepted. After I lost my job I decided to go with the flow and before I knew it I was a full-time escort. Middle-aged wealthy men were my favourite. Ivan had left a deep imprinting on my mind, after all. Moving to London seemed only natural given the abundance of potential customers, especially wealthy Russians. I knew I risked casually bumping into the man who had ruined my life and turned me into a living sex doll but a part of me was also eager to be his trophy wife again and see what he had in store for me this time!