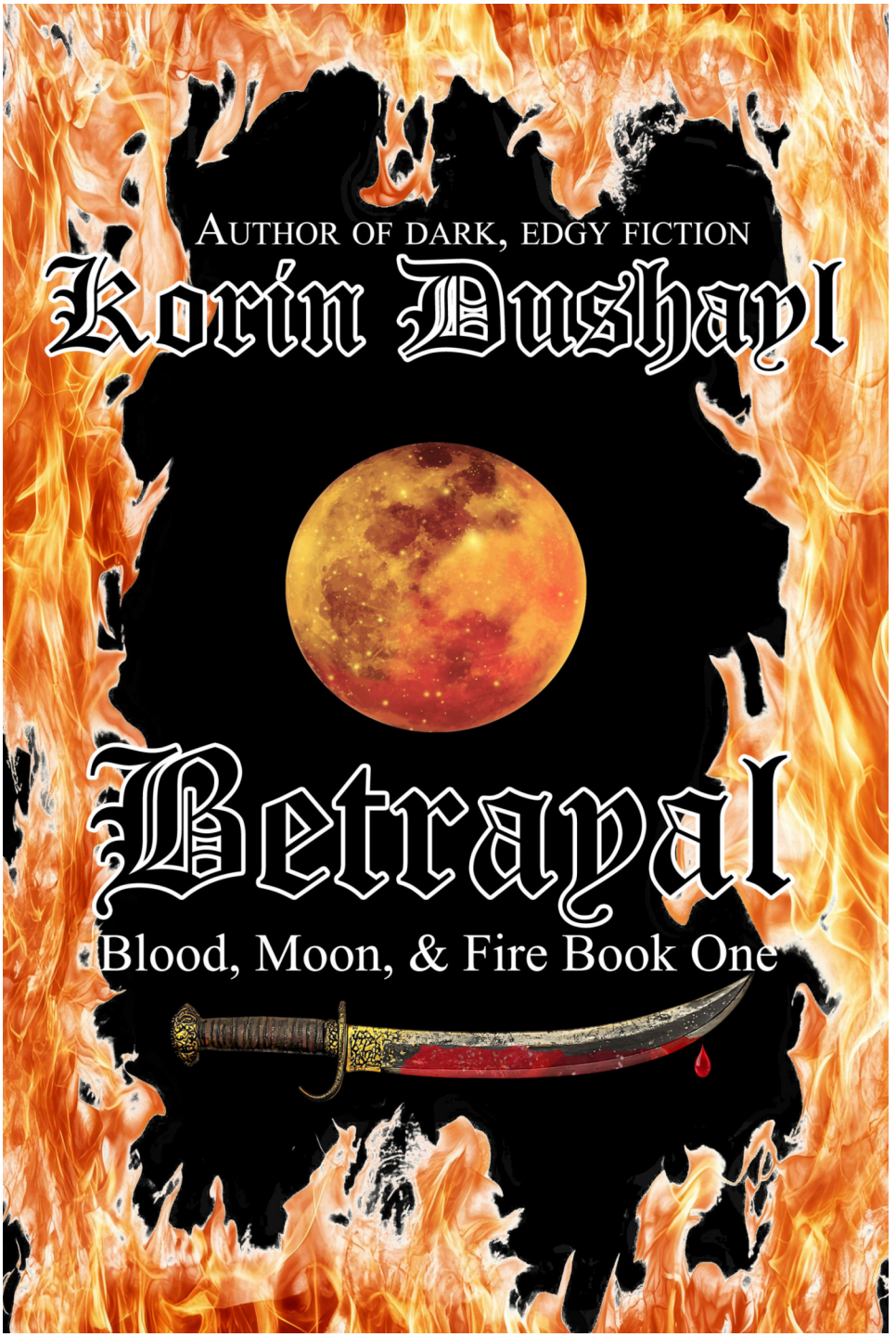
Betrayal

Blood, Moon, & Fire Book One

by

Korin J. Dushayl


Author of dark, edgy fiction
Korin Dushayl
Betrayal
Blood, Moon, & Fire Book One



Betrayal

Blood, Moon, & Fire Book I

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Dedication

To Ukraine and all those
still fighting for her freedom.



Chapter One

Yakiv knew the Organisation had betrayed him when, unsure exactly how he had been overpowered, he found his face smashed against a rough wooden wall. His arm was bent up behind his back and the barrel of his own pistol was pressed against his temple. The only unknown was how his partner would react. He presumed the person holding his weapon would threaten to shoot Yakiv if Nathan didn't surrender his.

If the positions had been reversed, Yakiv would have responded "go ahead". Then he would have taken advantage of the confusion, or perhaps Nathan's blown out brains, to overpower whoever held him hostage. But, Nathan still operated under illusions of loyalty, friendship, and other naïve notions beyond surviving another day.

A woman's voice told Nathan, in English, to put his weapons on the table. Yakiv heard metal clunking on wood.

"Get down on your knees with your hands on top of your head."

Nathan presumably complied, because the hand gripping him like a vise whipped him around and slapped steel restraints on both his wrists, restraints attached to chains hanging from one of the exposed roof beams.

The main room of the hunting lodge had a massive stone fireplace along one wall and an archway leading into the dining room across from it. The painted white wall Yakiv's face had been smashed against was between the archway and the wall on which the double front doors were centered.

"Take off your jacket and shirt."

Again, Nathan complied, apparently just because the woman pointed Yakiv's weapon at the man's temple.

She didn't put Yakiv's weapon down, on the table next to Nathan's, until he too was shackled and chained to the support beam.

The incredibly strong woman had black-as-night hair woven into a thick braid hanging down her back, almost touching the narrow waist of her faded dungarees. She wore a black plaid flannel shirt and worn, black leather work boots. Her face and hands, the only skin visible, were the colour of burnt umber. Just slightly more than a metre and a half tall, did she pick Yakiv as her first target because he was a bit shorter than Nathan? They had entered the lodge at the same time, Yakiv slithering in through a window of the guest room at the far end of the lodge, while Nathan was supposed to have come in through the kitchen entrance.

She was emptying Nathan's pockets, tossing his wallet, fake passport, car keys, and second pistol on the table. Then she unbuckled his belt, used her feet to kick off his shoes, and pulled his trousers and boxers down in one smooth move revealing his ankle holster and third pistol.

When the man was completely naked except for his socks, his weapons and clothing piled on the polished wooden dining room table visible through the archway, she came for Yakiv.

After she emptied his pockets and holsters, she pulled off his shoes, boxers, and pants. Then she unbuttoned his shirt and, one at a time, removed one shackle, yanked his jacket and shirt off his arm and shoulder, and replaced the shackle. Why the effort? Why not just rip his clothing off?

Soon Yakiv hung as naked as Nathan, two grown men with their half dozen pistols and several knives sitting useless on the table, before a tiny, gorgeous woman who now held their lives in her hands. She radiated strength, confidence, and something Yakiv couldn't quite identify.

The intel they were given before leaving London had described her as beautiful, but hadn't thought fit to mention her strength? Or that she could move through the lodge even in those boots without making a sound? Or

that she kept steel restraints hanging from the roof supports in the lodge's main room?

She pulled open a drawer in a large wooden chest that sat along the wall between the arch and the floor-to-ceiling windows that were flanked on either side by equally tall and very full bookshelves, opposite the oak front doors. When she extracted a five-foot long, braided, black leather single tail whip, Yakiv bit his lip, hard. If she used that on him, how would he hide his reaction, especially wearing no clothing.

Fortunately, she started with Nathan, striping his backside and buttocks with four quick turns of her wrist while the man cried out in pain. "Names and affiliation."

"Nathan Gaudel and Jacob Dariya, agents, International Law Enforcement Organisation."

How did Yakiv get encumbered with a partner who had no backbone or pain tolerance?

"Why are you here?" The woman marked Nathan's chest with an "X", crossing his nipple each time and eliciting screams of agony. It was hard to tell if she was enjoying herself, but she certainly knew how to wield that whip *and* how to maximize the pain it inflicted.

"To bring you to justice."

The woman laughed, and threw the whip once more, leaving a welt the length of Nathan's flaccid cock. The man screeched.

Yakiv felt his knees grow weak and he had to hold onto the chains suspending his wrists to keep them from buckling. He tried to trap his own penis in between his thighs, but it had already betrayed him, rising to full attention in anticipation of her turning the whip on him.

She approached, dark eyes glittering, twirling the whip in a figure eight that almost touched his skin but left him yearning. Yakiv managed, with difficulty, to refrain from leaning toward her, craving the touch he had deprived himself of for so long. But, she saw right through that.

"I see we have someone who appreciates this beauty's pain," she said in Ukrainian, swinging the whip so close it caressed the blond hairs on his chest without ever touching his skin.

That she knew he spoke Ukrainian just confirmed ILEO's betrayal. Normally he only used English and the Organisation took advantage of his ability to speak fluent Russian and German. It had no use for Ukrainian.

She stepped up behind him and spoke into his ear. "Shall I make you beg in front of your partner? How long has it been since you've been properly whipped, khlopchyk?"

Yakiv refrained from responding and possibly angering her. He was not a boy. He was not a slave or even a submissive. He could understand his erection telling her how much he wanted to taste that whip across his skin, but what made her think that just because he was a masochist he was also a submissive? He had only submitted to one woman, a woman with power enough to compel his servitude, and she was murdered by Russians more than a decade ago. He may have occasionally paid a professional to stripe his back, but he had not *served* anyone since.

Yakiv looked at Nathan, hanging with his striped back to them, blubbering. On the other hand, Yakiv no longer had a future with ILEO or a life of any kind to go back to in London. Trading service for the occasional whipping and, presumably, a place to sleep and food to eat didn't seem like a bad deal.

"Bud'laska, miy Dama."

She laughed again and stepped away from him, withdrawing the tantalizing heat of her body. A moment later the first strike caressed him across the shoulders.

"Dyakuyu, miy Dama."

Subsequent blows came too fast and furious for him to do more than try to breathe. The pain was exquisite, and he stopped caring about the Organisation, Nathan, even whether he would ever leave the lodge alive. She striped his back, his buttocks, his chest, and finally his erect cock. To his embarrassment, he came. Harder than he had in years.

"Meni shkoda, miy Dama."

She stood in front of him, one black eyebrow raised higher than the other. The light from the lamps on either side of the fireplace illuminated her dark face and he could see her eyes were brown with tiny gold flecks. Eyes he could drown in. Eyes that stirred buried memories.

"Meni shkoda, miy Dama." He repeated. "You did not give me permission to come."

"Do not let it happen again."

The possibility in those words, the promise that she would whip him again, made him glad he had turned on his submissive demeanour for her.

"If I release you, can I trust you to obey my commands?"

"Oh, tak, miy Dama." He couldn't dropped to his knees since he was still suspended. "I would be honoured to serve you." Although he meant that sincerely, under the circumstances, he was glad that Nathan didn't speak a word of Ukrainian and wouldn't know what was said. That man wouldn't understand such a bargain.

She unlocked his restraints and he did drop to his knees, crawled to her, and kissed her boots. "Dyakuyu, miy Dama."

"There's rags under the sink in the kitchen. Clean up your mess."

"Tak, miy Dama." Yakiv crawled through dining room, around the massive, but lower-than-standard table surrounded by twenty equally shorter chairs centered on a huge Persian rug with gold and red patterns on a dark blue background. The rough wooden floor reminding him how long it had been since he had lived on his knees, but he dared not move onto the carpet. The kitchen was almost as big as the main room and surprisingly well equipped, despite how far out in the middle of nowhere the lodge was, including a modern washer and dryer visible in a small room at one end.

The door to the room with the laundry machines was one of five leading out of the kitchen, including the back entrance that was cracked open, presumably the way Nathan left it. Yakiv realized that she was testing him. He could bolt for the door and try to make his way, naked without shoes, through the woods back to where they had hidden the car. With no keys or tools to open the locked doors. He guessed if he did that a bullet would find him. Regardless, he had no desire to leave. Ta Dama was even more beautiful than the woman he had served in his teens and early twenties, the one who he gave his virginity to, the first one to enjoy his masochism, and the only woman who ever compelled his submission. He hadn't acknowledged until the moment the whip first kissed his skin just how much he missed those days.

He found the pile of rags and took one back to the main room to wipe up the congealing pool of his semen.

Nathan had stopped blubbering and hung limp in his chains. *It would be just like him to faint*, Yakiv thought. *What a wimp.*

Ta Dama sat in one of two black leather armchairs in front of the hearth, watching him. A smaller version of the Persian rug, just a metre wide, was positioned in front of her chair.

After making sure that not a single drop escaped his notice, Yakiv turned to crawl back to the laundry room.

"Crawling is inefficient, khlopchyk. On your feet," she said in Ukrainian.

Relieved, Yakiv rose, walked to the laundry room, tossed the rag in a bin that seemed designated for the purpose, and returned to ta Dama. He lowered himself to his knees, as he had been taught — in a single, slow, sensual movement — and assumed the position, sitting on his heels, his palms turned up on his thighs, his legs spread apart, his back ramrod straight, his eyes lowered. The rug was thick enough to cushion his knees and taking a submissive posture before ta Dama seemed entirely natural.

Through his lashes, he saw her nod, barely moving her head. Her approval aroused his limp cock again to half-mast. His former owner had kept him locked in a metal chastity cage. He hoped this woman was more tolerant of how men reacted to her sadistic beauty.

From a small round inlaid table next to her chair, she picked up an electric dog collar like the ones ILEO used to train its attack dogs. She rose and buckled it around his neck, the electric probes tickling his Adam's apple, and picked up a transmitter. "Obviously, I can't actually trust you yet, since you arrived at my home as a trespasser and would-be murderer. The lodge is surrounded by transmitters that will trigger this collar if you go past them. In addition, I will carry this with me," she dangled the transmitter in front of his eyes, "in case I do not approve of your behaviour in any way."

She grabbed his chin with her fingers in a grip strong enough to leave bruises and lifted his gaze to hers. "If you try to unbuckle the collar, it will release a toxic gas that will kill you, but not quickly. If you try to escape, or you misbehave—" again she waved the transmitter in front of his eyes. "I will not demonstrate the agony this collar creates, because I cannot guarantee it will not cause you great harm, possibly even death. I will give you credit for understanding I do not make idle threats."

"I understand, miy Dama." Yakiv resisted the pull of her eyes, if only so he could communicate clearly. "I will try to prove myself worthy of your trust so you do not feel the collar is necessary. How may I serve you?"

She returned to the chair and crossed one leg over the other. "Tell me precisely why you are here, what you were told to expect, and what goal you were given."

Behind him Nathan whimpered. Yakiv rolled his eyes, but answered ta

Dama. "We were sent to arrest you for the murder of the agent who disappeared after entering this property a few months ago. We were told you were gorgeous, that you used your beauty to seduce agents and imprison them. Our goal was to arrest you, if possible, assassinate you if not. At this point, I suspect the only truth in those three sentences is how lovely you are."

Her only reaction to what he said was to close her eyes for a moment in acknowledgment of Yakiv's compliment. "I did not murder Liam. He was killed as a trespasser on my property. That is not murder. I have no use for prisoners, they just consume food and I have none to spare for such frivolities. With the exception of the previous owner of this lodge, I have never seduced anyone, certainly not a trespasser, I don't have any reason to. As to my appearance, I suspect you're more enamoured of my whip than you are of me."

Yakiv started to respond to that last statement, but she waved her hand so he kept his mouth shut.

"As to what you were told was your supposed goal, that is the biggest lie of all. You were not sent here to capture or kill me. You were sent here, as Liam was, to die. Your friend there," she nodded toward Nathan who was now moaning, "has angered someone at the highest levels in your Organisation." She switched to English. "If *you* do not cease making noise, I will introduce you to a much more painful whip than the one I used earlier."

Yakiv didn't hear another sound from Nathan.

Ta Dama continued in Ukrainian. "I am seen as a convenient method of disposal since none of ILEO's agents have ever survived a *visit* here."

"Do you know who sends us here?" Yakiv was glad he had figured out the betrayal earlier because neither shock nor surprise had any place in this conversation.

She shook her head. "I have my suspicious, but leadership is not as unified as when I worked *with* ILEO. The two factions have been fighting and I'm not sure which has been sending agents here for me to eliminate."

"You were an agent?" That did shock Yakiv. Only his own training as an agent kept him from showing it.

"At first. I was training agents when I figured out exactly who created ILEO and what it was doing, at which point I made arrangements to disappear."

Another memory tried to emerge, but Yakiv pushed it away to concentrate on the present. "Still, they know where you are?"

She shook her head. "Did they give you a name or more than a cursory description?"

"Ni, miy Dama."

"They know there's a woman here who is fast enough, strong enough, and deadly enough to take care of their problems. So they send agents here on the pretense that I'm some criminal they must arrest knowing they'll die for trespassing on my well-posted property."

Yakiv had seen the warning signs, in several languages, when they travelled more than a kilometre from the road to the lodge through the woods, avoiding the long driveway and maintained paths.

"But, you're willing to accept my service?"

"This place takes a lot of work to maintain. You're strong, trained, not bad looking, and enjoy pain." She smirked. "My kind of man."

Although some men, like his partner who thought of himself as a ladies' man, might take offense at "not bad looking", Yakiv found it preferable to women who made much of his straight, blond hair, blue eyes, muscular physique, and, in their words, rugged face. "And, Nathan?"

"He doesn't offer any of that."

"So, he doesn't live?"

"He's a milksop. Not much use to me beyond pig food."

Yakiv's eyes widened. "Do you feed your victims to your pigs alive?"

One corner of her mouth twitched. "And, if I did?"

"I would ask for the favour of giving him a merciful death. He *was* my partner and he did save my life, *once*." Of course, Yakiv had saved Nathan's life on *more* than one occasion. Didn't that give Yakiv the right to take his life, especially if it reduced the man's suffering?

She smiled for the first time since they had entered the lodge, her lips parting to reveal even, white teeth. "That would save me the trouble."

Yakiv sighed. She probably didn't throw trespassers directly into the pig pen. On the other hand, if she beat them to death, Nathan would die in agony. "May I use a sharp knife to make it quick and relatively painless?"

"I believe tomorrow will work." She handed him a key. "Take him down long enough to use the toilet," she nodded toward two doors between the front window and the passageway just past the fireplace leading to the guest

bedrooms, "then hang him back up for the night."

"Tak, miy Dama." Yakiv rose to his feet and held out his hand. She dropped the key into his palm.



Captured and enslaved by a beautiful, deadly witch, Yakiv Dariya discovers the lies in everything he learned — about his own past, the history he survived, the agency that employed him. Together with her other slave, they escape the Soviet Union and travel across Cold War Europe to eliminate the threats against them. The danger that increases with the revelation of each betrayal, complicates their mission **and** their journey.

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—Cecilia Tan, author of **Bound by the Blood**



About the Author



I.G. Frederick trades words for cash, specializing in erotic and transgressive prose and poetry since 2001 with erotic short stories appearing in U.S., U.K., and Canadian publications. I.G.'s longer work ranges in scope from romantic erotica (*Dommemoir*) to erotic tragedy (*Choices*) to BDSM Space Opera (*The Lady & The Spyder* series) to erotic intrigue (the *Blood, Moon, & Fire* series) to non-fiction (*Connecting to Kink: Safely exploring your BDSM fantasies online*).

As a FemDom, I.G. Frederick knows firsthand the beauty of symbiotic D/s relationships filled with love. She owns the man she adores who, although dominant in the rest of his life, demonstrates his love by serving as her submissive. I.G. Frederick's fiction and poetry celebrate finding love in BDSM relationships from the authority of one enjoying that for more than two decades.

A former newspaper reporter and trained observer, I.G. Frederick also watches the many ways human interactions turn ugly. They write about abusive, tragic, and externally suppressed BDSM interactions as Korin I. Dushayl, exploring the differences between non consent, dubious consent, implied/inferred consent, consensual non consent, and explicit consent.

Under both names, they tell stories of characters spanning a wide range of gender and sexuality.

http://transgressivewriter.com
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Other books by Korin J. Dushayl

Broken

Some things can never be fixed

Given a choice between slavery and ostracization, Jessica chooses to kneel naked before her department head so she can continue studying for her PhD in psychology. That decision takes her down a dark path to abuse, exploitation, and torment of both her body and her spirit.

Korin I. Dushayl "writes with authority and compassion about those who live within the lifestyle. Broken and Shattered explore issues including finding and initiating a submissive partner, informed consent, and the difference between dominating someone and exploiting their needs."

Elizabeth Coldwell
author, anthologist, magazine editor

http://transgressivewriter.com/broken.php



Shattered

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Playing With Dolls

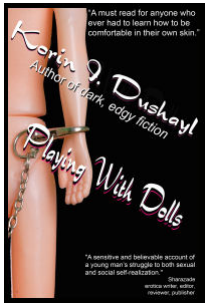
"a must read for anyone who ever had to learn how to be comfortable in their own skin"

Jesse enjoys playing with dolls and wearing girls' clothing and everyone from his parents, teachers, friends and neighbors assumes he will grow up gay. As an adult the burden of those assumptions hampers his ability to come to terms with his sexuality"

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Sally Bibrary, Bending the Bookshelf

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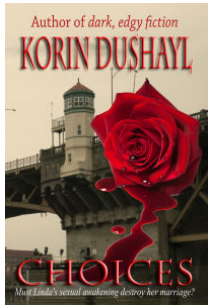


Choices

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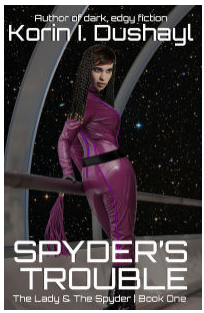
Book One
Spyder's Trouble

As shadows of a repressive piety movement spread across the system's free worlds, the Lady Cassandra and her slaves must flee their home. Exiled to the desert, the Dominatrix contacts her only hope for salvation—Spyder, captain of the spaceship *Trouble*.

Spyder ignores threats from the powerful criminal whose cargo fills *Trouble*'s hold, as well as the anger of his influential and overdue passenger. Risking his life, his spaceship, and his crew he rescues his owner, the Lady Cassandra from imminent danger.

Pursued both by the law and the lawless, Spyder sets Trouble's course for the only planet in the system out of reach of criminals and cops alike.

http://transgressivewriter.com/spyder.php#trouble



Book Two
Spyder's Truth

One by one the Righteous Order of Piety Purists seizes the governments of settled planets and colonies. The Dominatrix Lady Cassandra, exiled from her home, struggles to shelter her slaves and clients from the Pietist quest to confine citizens to a sexless, joyless existence.

Liberation of a devoted collaborator spirals into a violent confrontation. To protect her allies, Cassandra and her slaves capture Piety Purist militants disguised as missionaries. But, the Pietist prisoners' presence aboard *Truth*, endangers both crew and spaceship.
Pursued by ships equipped with sophisticated tracking and weaponry, Spyder uses his wits, his crew's talents, and everything he can demand of *Truth* to keep them all alive.

http://transgressivewriter.com/spyder.php#truth



Book Three
Spyder's Trial

Spyder expertly guides the combat-crippled spaceship *Truth* to a "safe" crash landing at the bottom of an Aargine ocean. A salvage ship owned by a powerful criminal snags *Truth* and Spyder's owner, the Lady Cassandra, negotiates safe transport for the ship's passengers—her slaves, her prisoners, and her revolutionary recruits—as well as the tools vital for her work as a Dominatrix.

When Spyder finds himself swept up in a Piety Purist political plot to overthrow Abhinav Lanka's civic government, the Lady Cassandra enlists her other slaves—including a former assassin, an ex-military sniper, and a one-time thief—to rescue him. But the Pietists' determination to destroy the Lady Cassandra at all costs risks their lives and tests each of them.

http://transgressivewriter.com/spyder.php#trial



Book Four
Spyder's Torment

Mourning the loss of their fallen, the Lady Cassandra and her slaves resume their armed resistance to the Predicantor's system-wide crusade against freedom, sex, and all forms of pleasure.

The battle against the Righteous Order of Piety Purists spills out of the spaceport, engulfs the streets of Abhinav Lanka, and destroys a women's medical clinic. More and more of the local residents rise up to join forces against the Pietists.
In the midst of the madness, the Lady Cassandra and her slaves—which include a smuggler, a former assassin, an ex-military sniper, and a one-time thief—receive a panicked call for aid from one of Spyder's old nemeses.

http://transgressivewriter.com/spyder.php#torment



Book Five
Spyder's Triumph

The Predicantor's hatred for the Lady Cassandra intensifies with every setback his Righteous Order of Piety Purists suffer at the hands of her champions. The price on her head grows and his disregard for collateral damage increases.

After a bloody Pietist attempt to overthrow the Abhinav Delhi civic government, the Lady's slaves employ sabotage, industrial espionage, computer hacking, and other questionable techniques to stop the takeover of the planet Aargine.

Lady Cassandra and Spyder must risk their own lives and those of her other slaves and followers to stop Piety Purists from eradicating two cities and millions of their residents.

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