

## Part Fourteen

Mrs. Churchill – 3/8/2017 – Wednesday – 5:47 pm

Mrs. Churchill hated being patient, but this was one of those moments where if she got ahead of herself, she would only be making things worse. She sat in the little patio cafe at the Claremont Club, waiting for Christine DeSilva to arrive.

She'd called the woman's editor to find out what the reporter had been working on, and sure enough, it was only tangentially related to the Brand Game. Miss DeSilva wasn't even directly going after Dana Weismann, merely following up on some of the business deals she'd done with another local real estate dealer. Dana wasn't the subject of the investigation, just caught up in the fringes of it. Still, there was every risk that Miss DeSilva might stumble onto Max, and then they'd all be fucked, so best to cut it off as a seedling before the idea had a chance to grow roots or sprout leaves.

Xavier Williams, Christine's editor, had agreed to broker a meeting, an attempt to settle the peace and to keep Christine off of the Brand Game, because lord only knows how much damage a good reporter could do to the game, and Miss DeSilva was an *excellent* reporter.

Thankfully, Mrs. Churchill had a few tricks up her sleeve herself.

About four minutes late for their meeting, Miss DeSilva walked up and onto the patio, heading over to Mrs. Churchill's table. The woman was relatively good looking, if quite a bit curvier than all the women she'd been watching via video cameras for the last few days. She was darker skinned, tanned flesh similar in shade to walnuts, with her coal black hair done in bangs, dressed in a large baggy t-shirt and tan slacks. Mrs. Churchill was used to reporters wearing all sorts of random things, so the attire wasn't entirely unexpected.

Christine started walking straight for her, as if she'd been told what Mrs. Churchill looked like, ignoring the waiter who saw her along the way, almost stomping towards her table before sitting down with Mrs. Churchill, dropping her hands on top with heavy thuds, as if she was trying to use her weight to be intimidating in her arrival, no doubt a tactic she'd used with great effect on many other people over the years. Mrs. Churchill, naturally, was immune to such gumption. “So who the hell do you think you are, trying to dictate what I can and can't write about?” Miss DeSilva said to the older woman.

Mrs. Churchill smiled and dropped three sheets of paper on top the table, sliding it over to her. “Read that, and then sign it. *Then* we can talk.”

Christine picked up the papers, looking at them. “NDA? Why the hell would I sign that?” she said, dropping it back down onto the table as a waiter came over to take their orders.

“We're going to need a bit longer,” Mrs. Churchill said. “Circle back around in like ten minutes or so.”

“Of course, madam,” the waiter said, walking away slowly. “Not even drinks?”

“She said 'piss off,' Garcon,” Miss DeSilva snarled.

The waiter said nothing else, simply removing himself from the area as quickly and quietly as possible.

“You're going to read that and sign that because if you do, we can have a nice and easy conversation about what's actually going on and how you might be able to help me with it, and if you don't, well, I'm going to obstruct and obscure everything you're working on for the next year or so,” Mrs. Churchill said with a wolf's grin. “And believe me when I tell you that I'm more than capable of doing it. I can warn off the Zhang family, you know, the people you're investigated right now, and I can let them know that you're poking around into their real estate dealings. That's just for starters. I'm barely even warmed up. I can burn loads of your sources on your behalf, expose them to people they've ratted out to you. I can dedicate every spare waking moment of my life to ruining yours.” Mrs.

Churchill picked up her ice tea, taking a sip from it. “Or you can read that, then *sign* that, and then we can have a normal conversation like two rational adults.”

Christine frowned and started to read, making a point to scan through all of it carefully and thoroughly, clearly a woman who'd signed more than her fair share of non-disclosure agreements. She could've just breezed through it, considering how well-versed she was in what NDAs typically covered, but Christine made a point to read through each line carefully, pausing to underline things every so often with a pen that Mrs. Churchill hadn't even seen her pull out. She wasn't even sure where the pen had come from. “I take it I'm not going to be told anything about this Brand Game that's constantly mentioned until I sign this?”

“Of course fucking not,” Mrs. Churchill said. “You need to agree to the terms before we'd let you anywhere near that kind of nuclear information. So either you can leave here wondering or you—”

“Don't get your panties in a twist, lady,” Christine said. “I'm signing.” She found her way to the signatory line and scrawled her name down, then printed her name beneath it, before scribbling the date on the line as well, passing it back across the table. “There. Now why don't you tell me what the hell I'm doing here?”

Mrs. Churchill raised a fingertip with her left hand, picking up the paper with her right hand, scanning through it in turn. All the underlines were just that, and Christine hadn't crossed anything out, which was all Mrs. Churchill was really looking to make sure of. It would've been a smart move to cross a few key lines out and *then* sign, but it also would've been an act of bad faith.

After proofing all of that, she signed the paper herself, dating it before taking it from the table, dropping it into her bag. “Good. So I'm presented with a problem, that being your presence, but I like to think of every possible problem as an opportunity, something my father taught me when I was very young. You're investigating the Zhang family's investments for your next major expose, and that's tangentially put you onto a friend of mine, Dana Weismann. While Dana may have gotten caught up in the Zhang's possibly illegal schemes, I want to convince you to forget all about her for your article and to move onto other things, because she's involved in something I represent known as the Brand Game.”

“Sure, but what *is* the Brand Game?”

“Nothing of any real interest to you, I imagine,” Mrs. Churchill said, trying to employ her best brush off tone. “A dead rich man doing silly things with his estate in his will, trying to teach his inheritor a lesson before granting him his inheritance.”

“Lady, I read all the horrible things you can do to me if I even *mention* the Brand Game outside of present company, so I don't know why you're being so coy about the whole thing.”

“There's no reason for me to be careless,” Mrs. Churchill said. “So we have a handful of options in front of us. The first is we part ways and you continue on your investigation, but along another path. I can reach out to Ms. Weismann and get you a list of names of other people also involved in investments with the Zhang family, and you could consider one of those.”

“I've already got loads of those, and this is meant to be a sort of quid pro quo thing, lady, so you need to give me a reason to lose a week's worth of investigation by giving me *something*.”

“That leads me to options two and three...”

Anya Petrov – 3/8/2017 – Wednesday – 6:41 pm

Anya was growing more and more annoyed that Max seemed to be completely immune to her charms. It wasn't as though he wasn't noticing her, as she'd been on his radar, but he'd not made any action or motion in her direction, despite the fact that she was giving him her best flirt game, and had been doing so for hours.

Max had been in the kitchen much of the day, working on crafting his new recipes for the next week, but that was still no excuse for him not to notice the amount of raw sexuality she had been outputting in his direction. She'd put on a nice form-fitting shirt that left plenty of her very toned belly

on display, but even when she'd practically been shoving her tits in his direction, he'd remained focused with his cooking.

Under other circumstances, she might have found his laser-like focus to be admirable, but not when she desperately needed to get him to notice her, and to fuck her. If he wasn't going to bed her, she wasn't going to get her child, and all of this would be for naught.

Since she'd been a teenager, getting boys to notice her had been as easy as snapping her fingers or giving them just the smallest of nudges. She was a precocious child, adorable and tiny, but once puberty had hit, it had come in like a wrecking ball, giving her full breasts and a perfectly alluring face before she was even old enough to know what to do with them.

Her mother was also stunningly beautiful, so Anya had done her best to take her cues from her mother, looking to her for guidance on how to behave and how to use her newly developed assets to further her place in the world.

Of course, her father had been somewhat discouraging to boys, although that didn't seem to stop them all that much. He was a protective man, almost to a fault, trying to shelter and isolate his precious daughter, wanting to keep her safe from an outside world he saw as being overly predatory to women.

He hadn't realized that he'd been raising an apex predator in his own home, his wife training their little girl to go for the jugular as quickly and as often as possible. "Get what you want, no matter the cost," her mother had said to her over and over again.

But beyond the aggressive attitude, her mother had also taught her subtlety, the art of manipulating people into cutting each others' throats for you, rather than getting blood on your own hands. "Why do any work when others are willing to do it on your behalf?" Another of her mother's aphorisms.

And yet, despite all of her mother's teachings, none of them had ever prepared her for the conundrum that was Max Brewster.

She had tried all of her mother's usual approaches. She had laid herself out, dressed scantily enough to draw all but the most detuned or pious of male gazes. She had tried to engage him in conversation and hung on his every word, laughing almost too much, while constantly flipping and twirling her hair. She had asked him about his work, even though she generally did not find the process of food preparation all that interesting. She'd tried skirts and swimsuits alike, even suntanning topless early on, hoping that putting nearly everything out on display would be enough to lure him into her web, and yet, the man was either immune to her charms or simply so overwhelmed with female flesh that it had all gone unnoticed.

It was infuriating and unprecedented.

In less than half an hour, another batch of beauties was going to be unleashed upon Max, and that was going to make her task even more difficult. But if she did not return to Russia in 3 months bearing a child, she might never get a child, unless it was at the behest of her father, and in that regard it would be with some oily plutocrat, someone her father would see as a social climbing opportunity for either himself or for her in the long run, regardless of how she might feel about the man.

It was her mother's story to a fault.

It would not be hers as well.

If she came back pregnant, her father would certainly be angry, but he would also be unlikely to foist her upon some other man, or make her get rid of the child, lest he invoke the wrath of his wife, who had always been protective of her baby girl. Her father would employ all the techniques he knew to learn the identity of the father, but even if Anya told him, Max's money would be more than enough to protect him.

And all that was *if she came back at all*.

When Mrs. Churchill had given her presentation about offering relocation services to any of the girls involved in the Brand Game, Anya had listened extremely intently. Because the idea of going back to Russia had been something she'd been overly opposed to, and if Mrs. Churchill could get her away

from her father and her country, she would take that in a Moscow minute.

While she did enjoy her father's wealth and the lifestyle it afforded her, her father's controlling attitude hadn't endeared him any, nor had the country's predilection to silencing critics of the government and their regime. One of her school friends had disappeared with his entire family last year, and no reason was given. The government claimed they'd been "relocated" to another part of Russia, but Anya knew her friend would not leave without saying goodbye, nor would she fail to write or call her once she was in her new home.

Unless she was dead.

No, Anya's plan was to get pregnant, help as many other girls as possible *also* get pregnant, then let Mrs. Churchill disappear her somewhere warm. New Mexico or Arizona, perhaps, although the idea of becoming a model in Los Angeles also held a certain sense of appeal. Maybe she didn't need to be disappeared so much as just generally repatriated. In Russia, her father's influence spread far and wide. In the United States, it wasn't even enough to get him in line at a decent nightclub.

As if she needed even more reasons not to go back, Anya considered herself bisexual, and any even vaguely gay thoughts were of grave concern to the Russian government. They were adamant there *was no* homosexuality within their borders. It had been something of a political tinderbox for over a decade now. If she stayed in the United States, she could have a husband *or* a wife *or* as close to *both* as legally possible, and she would not need to worry about the special police coming and knocking down her door in the middle of the night to drag her away without warning.

She would miss her mother, of course, but she would understand why her daughter had chosen not to return home. Anya's only real fear was that her mother might be punished on her behalf, but she thought it unlikely, as her father enjoyed her mother's company too much to hold anything against her for long.

Esme had convinced Max to stay for a drink, but it was up to all of them to make sure he stayed long enough for Charlie Group to get a shot at him, and Anya had declared her intentions to get her first shot with him today, and she would be *damned* if she let anything stop her from meeting that stated intention.

She would simply need to delve into the very back of her collection of dirty tricks to ensure that she got what she wanted, that one tool that every pretty girl had in her arsenal but knew to save as a matter of last resort.

Anya began to quietly cry at the table, doing her best to keep it from view, but making sure it was prominent enough that Max couldn't help but notice the few stray tears rolling down her cheeks. It was sneaky and underhanded and manipulative...

...and it had better goddamn work.

Max Brewster – 3/8/2017 – Wednesday – 6:48 pm

"A single drink" had somehow seemingly morphed into "a couple of drinks" and Max was on his third when he spotted the blonde Russian girl crying out of the corner of his eye. She was sitting at the table with them, and had been dipping in and out of conversation for the last several minutes, although she hadn't been the center of attention.

Honestly, Max had tried to get anyone or anything *other* than himself to be the center of attention, but so far, that had felt damn near impossible. He'd done his best to ask as many questions as he could, and while he'd been able to learn bits and pieces about all of the girls who had surrounded their table, they'd done everything they could to bring it back around to him as quickly as they could. He felt like he'd already told all of his best stories multiple times already, even if he couldn't remember who he'd told what. Everyone was too polite to correct him, though.

When he noticed Anya was crying, he reached over and placed a hand on top of hers. "You okay, Anya?" It felt like a stupid question to ask someone who was crying, but he didn't know nearly

enough about her to hazard a guess as to what she was crying about. They'd been talking about something innocuous – whether rum was more for cooking or drinking – when she'd started tearing up without any warning.

“Is silly,” she said to him in her quiet Russian accent, trying to put on a brave smile. “You will think is silly.”

“You won't know until you tell me,” he said, keeping his voice quiet, as he seemed to be granted the luxury of all the conversation carrying on around them. “What's going on?”

“Why do you not think me pretty?” she said, turning those blue eyes up at him with genuine pain behind them. “I have been trying to get your attention since you came here and yet, you seem to look right past me, as if I am not even in room.”

“Anya,” he said, sighing softly. “You're a very attractive woman, I promise you. This whole...” Max gestured around at the club, almost at a loss as to what to say. “All of this Ironwood Estates experience, it may be old hat to you, but it's nearly overwhelming for me, so many women all paying attention to me all at once.” He laughed a little. “I don't know that I thought this would even be *possible* when talking about a sex club, but this place doesn't have *nearly* enough men to satisfy all of the beautiful ladies here. Maybe I should extend my friend Frankie an invite, just so you ladies have more men to choose from. I'm only one man.”

“Da, but you are very handsome man, strong man,” she said, licking her lips. “Experienced man. Girls all rave you are excellent lover, and you have been handing it out to many girls in club, but not Anya, never Anya, so I am left to think, am I not pretty enough? Vat vill it take to get you to take me to bed, so I might know the kindness of your touch?”

“Anya, I'm flattered, really I am, but—”

“Nyet,” she said, lifting one of her fingertips to his lips, it capped with a long acrylic fingernail. “No buts. Tell Anya vat she can do to have vonderful experience with American beefcake named Max.”

Max blushed a little bit. No one had ever called him a beefcake before, and the description certainly wasn't warranted, but the girl had such honest and imploring eyes that he wasn't sure she could tell her no, no matter how exhausted his body was. “It means that much to you?”

She let out a single sniff, as if steeling herself up, before giving him a firm nod. “And more. Tell Anya vat you vant, Max. You vant her to beg and plead to stop? You vant her to beg and plead to *start*? You vant her soft? You vant her hard? You vant her to suck cock here at table? You vant her to get down on all fours inside food truck? You vant to take her in ass? You vant to have her on bed like vimping virgin? You vant to have her on balcony like vanton slut? Vat is it Anya can do to get Max to have her?”

There was no getting out of this one, Max decided. She listed off nearly every single option that had come into her head with no dip in enthusiasm or eagerness, as if all the options were fine as long as the one box that was definitely checked was labeled “Partner: Max.”

“If it's that important to you, Anya, then I guess we can go into one of the bedrooms, but I'm so exhausted, I don't know that I'm going to be able to do much,” he said, hoping his honesty might dissuade her, or at least convince her that it wasn't her so much as it was him that was the problem.

“Is okay,” she said, standing up suddenly, her hand taking his, pulling him to his feet as well. “Anya vill take charge and treat you like czar.”

Max noticed the other girls were smiling at him, giving him playful little waves, none seeming all that upset that he was leaving, almost as if it was expected, Esme winking at him as Anya started dragging him towards one of the bedrooms on the ground floor, as if taking him upstairs was a bridge too far, and she simply didn't have the time to go that distance.

The downstairs bedroom she pulled him into wasn't themed in any particular way. In fact, it looked more like the kind of room a person would find in a hotel, innocuous and anonymous, with no real sense of personality or customization. It was a blank slate of a room which could have anything written onto it, he supposed, and a thousand different sexual fantasies had been filled in with this open-

ended backdrop.

The slender blonde Russian girl tugged him into the room and pushed the door to it shut with her foot, spinning him around before pushing him back onto the bed on his back, the mattress giving off a dramatic whomp when he landed on it.

He tried to sit up, but Anya lifted one of her long legs up to place her tennis shoe on his chest for a moment, a playful little smile upon her dainty lips. “Nyet,” she said to him. “Is vat you wanted, to not use any energy.”

She reached down and pulled her white shirt up and over her head, revealing a plain cream colored bra that looked like it was doing major work or was possibly a size too small for her, proud plump tits strained against it. She lifted one foot up onto the edge of the bed and pulled on the laces of her shoe, sliding it off and kicking it to the floor before pulling her sock off. She repeated the motions with the other foot, then folded her hands behind her head, turning her face to one side, stretching in a motion designed to draw his eyes to those breasts yearning to be free, her tummy so toned he could see the bottom of her rib cage through her pale skin.

Before she could stop him, he reached down and pulled his own shirt up and over his head, tossing it aside, knowing it probably smelled of all the food he'd been working on for the last few hours. The last thing he wanted was to ruin her experience with the smell of a kitchen.

She shook a fingertip in his direction like a metronome of caution and shame. “Let Anya handle everything.”

Next, she reached behind her back and unhooked the clasp on her bra, shrugging her shoulders forward to let it slide down and off them, exposing her breasts to his eyes, seeing them capped with tiny pink nipples, her areola so light they almost blended into her skin. She brought her arms together, pushing her tits up, mashing them together for just a moment as she licked his lips and shot him a cheeky little wink.

Anya reached down and picked up one of Max's feet, removing his shoe and sock before lifting his leg even further, bringing his foot to her lips, suckling on his big toe for a moment, slithering her tongue along the outside of his foot until he tensed up, the sensation moving from sensual to tickling very quickly, and Anya giggled as she let his foot slip from her mouth, lowering it down before removing his other shoe and sock.

He felt her hands sliding up and along his thighs as she leaned down and pressed a kiss against his chest, allowing him to feel how ridiculously stiff her nipples were against his belly. Her hands scraped along his thighs, remaining frustratingly far from his cock, as she slid down him until her teeth caught the corner of his jeans, unbuttoning them with her mouth, drawing the zipper slowly downward, feeling her breath against his body through the fabric of his boxers.

Suddenly, she grabbed onto his belt loops and pulled them down to his knees as she nuzzled her face against the swell of his dick beneath the layer of cotton, her tongue brushing out against it before her hands reached up and yanked his boxers down to be in line with his jeans at his knees. With his cock fully exposed, it stood proud and pointed upwards, which Anya took as an invitation to thrust her mouth down onto it, moaning hungrily as her tongue lashed over his flesh, doing her best to drink in whatever stray droplets of sweat or precum she found.

Anya only bobbed her head up and down on Max's cock for a minute or so, seemingly not wanting him to pop his load too soon. She pulled her head back and stood up once more, tugging Max's pants and boxers all the way down and off, setting them aside. She hooked a thumb into the belt loop of her own jeans and unzipped them, revealing a pair of simple cream colored panties, pushing them down as well, revealing her completely shaven snatch, as smooth as a milkshake.

With them both fully naked, she moved to climb atop of Max, straddling his thighs, as she reached down to rub his cock with both of her hands, having to be careful not to let her nails get in the way of her skin touching the tender flesh. She pinned his cock between her palm and her pussy as she moved up, almost in place but not quite atop him yet, as she smiled down at him.

He thought she was going to continue to toy with him, but moments later she lifted her hips up and then pushed down hard onto his cock, leaning forward to place both of her hands on his tattooed shoulders, letting her large tits hang beneath her as she lifted her ass up and then thrust back down again, a hungry, almost demanding moan birthed from her lips.

“Da, da,” she whimpered. “Is good, is strong. Let Anya give you pleasure.”

To her word, she did all of the work, snapping her hips back and up only to drop them down and forward again, a whipping motion pushing his cock hilt deep inside of her dripping hole at a tempo entirely of her own choosing.

She leaned down to kiss him once or twice, but for the most part, she was deadset on a ride, and her ass smacked down against the tops of his thighs again and again, each time she pummeled her slender nubile body down on top of his.

“Is good is good is fucking good,” she squealed. “Is thick and powerful.”

He tried lifting his shoulders up a little bit, but Anya shoved him back down onto the mattress, as if annoyed that he was trying to go back on what he'd said before. Her crystal blue eyes would open and close at odd moments, and when he was laying as still as possible, she reached one hand between them down to grind her fingertips against her own clit.

“Da, Max, da... give it to Anya... give her good release... please, Max, let us cum together... must...”

She didn't say any more, and she didn't have to, because as soon as she started clamping down in her orgasm, it milked his from him, spurting a few blasts of jism up against the back of her cunt, his body not having all that much in the storage tank, but not wanting to disappoint either.

After their releases began to pass, she slumped forward atop of him, her thin body resting atop of his belly, her head nestled in beneath his chin. “Let us stay here a few minutes, please,” she said quietly to him. “I am wery happy, and hope you are, too.”

“Sorry I couldn't be more active,” Max said with a soft laugh.

“Nyet,” she giggled. “Sometimes is good to be ze queen.”