

The Hand that Rocks the Cradle

March 2022 – Commission

Chapter Three

Be like Julia. Be like Julia. Be like Julia...

Katarina was not exactly feeling brave now – not anymore. Here she was, seated primly in the rear of an opulent limousine with darkened windows, gazing nervously out the window as the road slipped by with barely a sound. She was in government hands now... or so she had to assume, until proven wrong. For all she had been told was to meet the agent at nine o'clock sharp – and when the uniformed woman, her face impassive and unwelcoming, had motioned her into the gleaming black vehicle, she had not dared to ask any questions. Perhaps she was in resistance hands, and perhaps not. Better not to risk it.

And so she kept her mouth shut and her eyes open. Silent and obedient – that was all she had to be right now.

Not even when the woman beside her had produced the bundle of clothes and begun stripping her systematically did she ask questions. "Down. Lay down," had been the woman's only words, and Katarina, blushing and stark naked, obediently had done so. Oh, what a feeling that had been: lying flat on the opulent leather seat, legs splayed open, allowing this strange, dour-faced woman to run an ice-cold shaver over her most intimate regions...

She had to look the part, she had realized, once she'd been motioned upright and cast an anxious glance down at her now-smooth and hairless groin. She needed to become the sort of bimbo this dictator lusted after: shameless, brainless, and scantily-clad, nothing but an obedient body to excite his passions and gratify his desires. The sort of hooker that would keep him far too busy to even contemplate the possibility of a set-up... or of treason.

And so she donned the low-cut top and the tiny skirt and the insanely impractical heels, acutely aware of how exposed her naked and panty-less pussy now was. But her shame didn't matter – not really. For the sake of the resistance she couldn't think about such niceties. All she needed to do was keep her mouth shut and do what she was told. Just like the good, brainless bimbo Julia had instructed her to be.

She gulped, aware once again of the weight and tightness of the choker the woman had fastened around her neck. It felt more like a collar, to tell the truth – and in the window's reflection she

caught a glimpse of the metal ring and the weight band that circled her throat. What a strange design – and yet how familiar. She was racking her brain to think where on earth she'd seen such a thing before...

And then it hit her. It was a dog collar. A shocking dog collar, almost identical to the one she'd seen years ago on her neighbors' German Shepherd. And if what she'd heard in that covert meeting was true, it very likely contained a tracking device, too. She was owned now, owned and tracked and controlled. She was the property of the dictator's government, and completely at their mercy.

Be like Julia, she quavered once more internally as the car slowed and towering iron gates drew near. Julia seemed so brave, so confident, so self-possessed. Katarina simply had to be like her – for the cause, for the resistance, and for freedom. And while she wasn't at all sure she had that kind of inner strength, there was no more time for doubting. She was about to find out. For here they now were, entering the dictator's lair to lay this trap...

With Katarina as the bait.

"Eeyyyyy! Wassa matter? Don't you like that? 'Course you do, you little slut! You know you do..."

Katarina writhed internally, doing her level best not to cringe visibly at the sensation of this awful man pawing at her breasts with lustful hands. Anton, the young dictator, was drunk already – had been drunk when she'd been escorted into this enormous and opulently furnished room – and even now, as he lolled on the giant sofa beside her, he was still downing shot after occasional shot.

But never mind that, she thought with sudden fierce resolve. The drunker he got, the better for the resistance... right?

And so she simpered and giggled and wriggled as playfully as she could manage, allowing her scantily-clad breasts to bounce provocatively before the dictator's blood-shot eyes. "Uh-huh!" she tittered, batting her eyelashes in what she hoped was something a real sex worker might do. "I like it when you touch me like that... sir..."

While behind those inane words, her mind was racing, her adrenaline flowing. She had to lead him on... distract and hold all his attention... get him so utterly absorbed in her that he wouldn't see the trap closing around him. Maybe- oh, yes. Maybe *that* would keep him occupied...

"Mister Supreme Leader, sir," she began, her pitchy and affected voice grating even on her own ears. "I hope you don't mind, but... I'm feeling very hungry. Could I maybe- you know, have something-" Nor was it a lie. Nervous as she was, it had been a good seven hours since her meager breakfast – and her pinched stomach was crying for food.

But the young man just eyed her insolently, glancing her up and down as he took another hefty swig from his glass. "Want something to eat, huh? Shoulda known – bitches like you are always hungry for something. Porking out like a bunch of fat pigs..." He shrugged in disgust, then paused as a new thought seemed to strike him. "On the other hand..."

And then, before Katarina could do more than let out an involuntary squeal of surprise, his hand was closing on the ring of her choker-collar, and he was tugging her forward, forcing her nervous gaze to stare fearfully into his casually cruel expression. "You want something good to eat? Something to fill that slutty mouth of yours? I've got just the thing for you, you stupid cunt!"

Her eyes widened as he began fumbling at his expensive trousers, yanking the tailored fabric down with all the carelessness of a spoiled brat tired of his fancy toys. "Come on, bitch!" he slurred, as his silken underwear slid down and his semi-hard cock slipped out into full view. "You want something to fill you up, huh? Open that dumb mouth of yours and suck!"

Well, under the circumstances what could the inwardly quaking Katarina do but obey?

She'd only tried giving head once before, in a short-lived relationship that had ended some months before the Changes had begun. She hadn't been all that enthusiastic about the idea even then, but under these circumstances she had not the slightest desire to give this criminal dictator what he wanted. And yet... duty demanded it. She simply had to carry out her orders. She had to keep him distracted, to avoid arousing his suspicion, to coax him into a senseless, oblivious stupor...

And so she knelt before the man who had taken her father from her, and ruined her country, and brought misfortune and ruin upon her people. She knelt... and opened obediently... and took his loathsome cock deep into her mouth. Just like the brainless slut she had to pretend to be.

Inebriated as he was, it wasn't hard to set him grunting and thrusting in shameless and utterly selfish pleasure. Insult after insult dropped from his lips: she was a fucking cunt, a worthless whore who was good for only one thing, a pathetic excuse of a bitch who needed proper training to know how to suck cock... And yet his body belied his cruel words. For with every minute his breathing

grew more labored, and his speech grew more indistinct, and that disgusting phallus of his slipping in and out between her lips grew stiffer and ever stiffer...

Though even she couldn't quite bring herself to swallow when at last the tyrant's cock jerked and spurted its load in helpless abandon. Far better this way, she thought as she pulled back and let the warm and sticky fluid splatter down over her half-naked breasts. Far better to let him sully this disgusting outfit she'd been forced to wear than to swallow his revolting seed. She'd tear the clothes off later, once this horrific mission was done. She'd wash herself clean and burn the outfit to ashes, just as she wanted to burn Anton and every bit of his dictatorial regime into oblivion-

And then, it happened: out of the corner of her eye, right as she was bending down to reluctantly take his now-wilting cock back into her hand. The shadowy forms of the two uniformed female guards, until now motionless beside the door, darting past her with outstretched hands. They were seizing him, about to overpower him, ready in this moment to take control and put an end to the whole nightmare-

But Anton, drunk and disoriented as he was, reacted far faster than Katarina would have thought possible. "Wha-?! No, you don't!" he slurred, bounding to his feet and flailing out of their control with surprising vigor for such an overweight and flabby-looking guy. "Get off me, you fucking cu-
bbmmmmpppb-!"

The rest of what he'd intended to say was, perhaps mercifully, cut short. For one of the guards had wrapped her arms tightly around him from the back, and over his nose and spluttering mouth she had now clamped a large white rag. A rag heavily soaked in chloroform.

Katarina backed away in shock, watching in fascination as the dictator's eyes dilated and his muscles strained and flailed. The two women had him now! Just a little longer, and the chloroform would take effect... right? But no – one of his hands broke free, and he grappled furiously to thrust them away. He was slippery and surprisingly strong. The grip on his face was breaking, the rag slipping-

"No, you bastard!" Katarina heard herself cry, hardly even aware of what she was doing as she launched herself forward and seized his hand. She was no wrestler, but fury and panic had hold of her now and she was not about to let this brute escape. Her fingers dug into his pudgy wrist, forcing it down into submission – and thus reprieved, tighter went the rag around his face once more.

"Breathe it in, sweetie," hissed a low feminine voice, and Katarina shivered at the malice and quiet

triumph within the guard's words. "Just keep quiet and breathe, baby. Nice, long, deep breaths. Don't fight us, baby. You can't anymore. Just relax and let it happen..."

Whether Anton even contemplated obeying those commands or not was quite beside the point. For a minute later the chloroform had taken effect... and the dead weight of his unconscious body now slumped forward onto the floor. "Night-night, baby," murmured the other sarcastically, as Katarina finally released her hold on his wrist and stared, as if mesmerized, at the sight of his defeated form. "Night night and sweet dreams. Don't worry – you're going to be *very* well taken care of now..."

Indeed he was – in a sense. For now began the staged part of the entire performance – the part that needed to be recorded for the outside world. By his side knelt the two guards, both suddenly concerned and dutiful and ever so faithful. On went the body cams, and out came the required lines.

"Sir! Sir! Are you okay? Answer me!" But of course no response came from the unconscious and half-naked tyrant. And then came the voice of the other, terse and clipped as she spoke into a mic on her shoulder: "The Supreme Leader has been taken ill. Quick, Code 24. We need medical attention immediately. Cause – likely overexertion..."

Within a matter of minutes six more women, all dressed smartly in the white-and-blue uniforms of medical personnel, rushed into the room with a formidable array of equipment. Onto a body board Anton went – straps tightening down around his limp limbs, lolling head bound fast with medical restraints. "Can't have him hurting himself!" one murmured officiously. "You, there, take care of his teeth. Can't have him biting his tongue in case of a seizure..."

And sure enough, gloved hands forced open his drooping mouth, and deep between those cruel lips went first one, then two wads of muffling cloth... topped with first one, then two, and finally a third wrap of medical tape. He was gagged now well and truly, and all in the name of medical necessity.

Then, before Katarina's very eyes, the unconscious dictator was lifted – now bound and tightly gagged – and carried hurriedly from the room. Which left her – half-naked, still in shock, standing there with the tyrant's cum still dripping stickily down her cleavage – staring incredulously after them.

The coup had officially begun.