**Russian Spy**

**Part One - The Limo**

That was some party - great way to start the weekend. And no, I don’t mind giving you a lift home at all.

Go ahead and make yourself comfortable; I’ll sit right here across from you.

Now tell me, isn’t this limo a much better ride than a taxi?

I ride like this all the time… And yes, my name really is *Svetlana*.

So, you work at the State Department? Must be a very interesting job.

Of course, I have a pretty interesting... career... also. I offer a rather unusual form of entertainment to men and women; it pays pretty well, as you can see.

I’ll tell you what it is, but you have to promise not to laugh.

I’m a dominatrix.

Oh, I know what you’re thinking, whips and chains and cages. And that is some of it, but there’s also other stuff that’s more…sensual.

I can tell from the look on your face that you don’t approve. That’s okay, everyone has different likes and needs. But if you ever want to see it sometime, just let me know.

You look a little exhausted from the party, dear. No problem, we’ll have you home soon.

Oh, I’m sorry. I’ve been crossing and uncrossing my legs ever since we left the party.

Just a nervous habit of mine; let me know if it bothers you.

I mean, I do think I have nice legs. What do you think?

Hello - are you there? You seem a little drowsy...or...something.

Must be the Rohypnol I gave you earlier...Don’t worry, I just gave you a little.

There I go again, crossing and uncrossing my legs. I better stop doing that, because I’m not wearing any panties. But I think you already know that - don’t you dear?

Relax... I’m not upset.

As a matter of fact, I’m going to uncross my legs now for the rest of the ride home.

That way you can have a nice, long look.