



# CODE GEASS

Little Kallen Cottontail



It was impossible to wash the stink from some places – sewers, butcher shops, battlefields.

Kallen Kozuki had seen her fair share of all three, but more the last than the former two. She'd been instrumental in Japan reclaiming its name, heritage, and independence from the Britannian Empire. There were some people that argued she was among the most important figures in the resolution of that conflict, comparable only to Zero, Lelouch vi Britannia, and Suzaku Kururugi – and certainly, when the smoke cleared, she was the one of the two apparently left alive.

She had spent most of the war running high on adrenaline, confident and terrified.

Now, her confidence was gone and all that remained was terror.

The alley was filthy, discarded. Garbage spilled out of cans and dumpsters, the aging buildings on this part of the campus suffering from the cruelty she was running from. Weaponless, defenseless, all she could do was run and hide.

She could hear them hunting her and she knew what would happen if they found her.

Her ass was soaking from something she didn't want to think about. She didn't dare make a sound, crouching down among the refuse, trying not to gag, trying not to move. She sniffled and drew her knees close to her chest, bowed her head and focused on breathing through her mouth.

They were coming, she knew they were, and she was so tired.

She was so tired but she did not want to be found.

When it sounded like her pursuers moved on, she pushed herself to tired feet, leaning on the wall. She closed her eyes, breathed deep, steadied herself. She wiped the tears from her eyes.

And, careful – *careful* – she moved away from where her pursuers had gone. She could do this. She could escape.

She could do this.



Things settled after the war.

Kallen was able to rescue her mother from her stepmother and get her into a drug rehab program on a military pension. She went back to school, got her high school diploma, and had her pick of post-secondary education facilities. She indulged the old Britannian tradition of the gap year, travelling to see more of the world she had fought so hard to create. When she got home she settled on a school in Japan, thrilled at being able to call her country by its name instead of Prefecture Eleven.

A handful of Britannian nationalists were bitter about their ultimate defeat in the war, taking comfort by saying that they'd been defeated by their lost prince and Kallen herself, a half-breed who they thought was more Britannian than Eleven. Kallen herself had learned sympathy for Britannia, but had no patience for their cruel belief in a mixture of class and racism.

The worst of them was her stepmother.

“You bitch,” her stepmother snarled over the phone.



“I never want to see you again.”

“I took you into my house and raised you.”

“Father took me into his house and raised me,” Kallen countered. “You drugged my mom and kept her as a domestic servant, abused me, and slept around on father. I never want to see you again. Don't call me.”

“You're going to regret this,” her stepmother hissed.

“Byeeeeeee.”

She thought about Lelouch when picking her major, wondering what he would have chosen. She settled on a minor in law and a major in social infrastructure, hoping to fix some of the damage she had helped in the war. She was a middling student but she worked hard, making mistakes but learning from them. She learned many of her teachers were looking for a fight and she gave them one, made them respect her as she held her own.

Her post-traumatic stress disorder was hard to deal with. She'd been a child soldier, she'd been abused by her stepmother, she'd faked a whole life to cover her revolutionary activities. It was hard to make friends. And it was hard to find lovers when her first love had been a hidden prince who had sacrificed everything to save the world and her best friends were either dead or pretending to be.

The press hounded her. News media wanted interviews, followed her around, snapped pictures. She learned, to her disgust, that she was the most downloaded celebrity on the internet, that photographers followed her around and snapped pictures, tried to make her cry. She started wearing the same thing every day just to piss them off, and then started following them around and breaking their equipment. For the few that didn't take the hint, she broke their bones instead, coming at them out of the shadows.

She'd fought the most powerful military in the world as a teen and won.

The paparazzi could not compare and backed off.

By her second post-secondary year she started to relax, trying to enjoy herself. She went to parties. She joined a sorority and made friends, looking after the various girls that thrilled to have her living among them. She showed them some basic self-defense, liking the sorority life, imagining how much Shirley Fenette would have thrived here.

The girls comforted her through the worst of her flashbacks, even if they didn't - *couldn't* - understand them. Their support was one of her favorite things.

She played watchdog for the girls when they all went to parties, keeping them safe and making sure they all got back to the sorority house okay. Predatory boys quickly found better, easier targets.

Everything settled into an easy routine. Schools, parties, work work *work*.

And then, at one party, she forgot to keep herself safe.





It was an easy enough mistake to make.

Kallen drank water at parties and everyone knew it. She stayed back, dancing some of the time but mostly keeping an eye on things and stepping in when she felt it necessary. She kept an eye on girl's drinks, mostly taking them and discarding them, making sure girls that went beyond tipsy got back to the sorority house. She sipped at her water, drank her water.

She never suspected that a bartender might drug the water before giving it to her.

The bartender hadn't thought he'd do it, either, but the offer was too good – a single pill dropped into a single glass, no questions ask, would pay for his tuition and guarantee him a job after graduation with one of the many Darlton holdings. How could he say no?

The pill fizzled and dissolved in seconds. Only a slight scent and aftertaste, both hidden underneath a fresh squirt of lime. Kallen took the drink and drank the drink, having just gotten a gaggle of her girls into a cab and sending them home. She set the glass down, returned to her vigil.

Fifteen minutes later she excused herself.

Only those that were looking for it noticed.

No paparazzi were there to photograph her because she'd scared them all off. None of her sorority sisters were looking out for her because they were used to her looking after them. It took only ten minutes to get an unconscious Kallen out the back and into a waiting care, only thirty seconds to inject a needle in her vein and give her a stronger sedative.

Half an hour, tops, to make Kallen Kozuki disappear.



Kallen woke up wearing a familiar gown.

Mostly yellow with white trim and red flourishes, the gown was far too form fitting in some places, and irritatingly loose in others. Her feet were locked into four-inch pumps that would make running hard, and a ribbon had been tied a little too tightly around her neck. Worse, it cinched in her waist, making it hard to breathe, and pressed her boobs together and up, making her chest look bigger.

She was furious. She couldn't wear a bra with this gown, so someone had stripped her down to at least her panties to put her into this.

Glancing around, she noted that she was alone in a room decorated in the style of Britannian nobility. There was a comfortable chair underneath her, and it all reminded her of the time that she'd been captured during the war. She took deep breaths, closing her eyes, trying to calm herself. The war was over. This couldn't be happening. This couldn't be happening.

This was happening.

A lock clicked, a knob turned, a door opened. Kallen's eyes narrowed as a dead man walked in.

"Hello," the dead man said. He closed the door. "Do you remember me?"

"Edger Dalton," Kallen said. She did remember him – a member of the Glaston Knights, mostly ranked by the sons of General Andreas Dalton. She'd killed most of them, had a hand in the death of most of the others.

"Very good," Edger said, a small smile brushing his lips and then vanishing. "This shouldn't be much of a surprise, then, that it's happening or that why."

"People will come looking for me," Kallen said. "It'll be fun to see if I escape before they find me and if there's anything left of you."

"No one is coming," Edger said. He held up a remote and pressed a button. A picture frame flickered, the art replaced by news reports of Kallen Stradtfeld taking her own life, shooting herself in the head before falling in a river. "We've had you here a week. The world thinks you're dead, along with some of your other Black Knight people. Your sorority sisters held a vigil, the Elevenese government sponsored a scholarship, the world is in mourning. More veterans will receive the care they deserve, all that rubbish. So, you know, you can take some comfort in that."

She roared and lunged at him, the way she had at Suzuku the last time she'd been captured.

It was then that she noticed that they'd also cuffed her wrists with a long chain that extended up into the ceiling, a chain that tightened and pulled her up. She yelped and kicked out, swung by her wrists.

Edger seemed to think this was funny.

"You know, Claudio and I are the only survivors of your little rebellion," he said. He clapped once, leaning against the wall. "Congratulations, you won. We'll let you have that. Prefecture Eleven will be left to fail on its own and then take its place with the rest of the world in a generation or two, and this time they'll beg for it. But you, you magnificent cunt, you..."

"I what?" she hissed, trying to pull herself free.

He sighed.

"You had a choice," he said. "You're a half-breed. You would have been tolerated in Britannia. Bastards like you often are taken care of in polite society in the modern era, used as diplomats, given cushy jobs as befits their mingled blood. But you had to choose to be an Eleven. You had to choose to fight against your better half. And look at what you, with your pilfered blood, did to your own people."

"Absolutely nothing you just said made any sense at all."

"The world was at peace before your rebellion!"

"The world was enslaved by your empire," she said. "And if you need to be stopped, we'll stop you again."

"You didn't stop us," Edger growled. "One of our own stopped us, a royal aided by his half-breed whore. That noble is dead and you, you cunt, are about to learn your place."

He walked around the room as she swung and kicked and failed to free herself, leering at her all the while. She felt like a piece of meat put on display before a starving dog, a little too aware of her the position of her arms pushed her breasts up further, how her kicking and swinging made

her chest heave.

“You're pretty,” Edger said, licking his lips. “I imagine all that fire comes from our side of the blood - Elevenese women are supposed to be pleasantly submissive.”

“I am going to kill you.”

“You already failed. The rest of your life is going to be failure.”

He unbuckled his belt, looped it, slapped it against one hand. She tilted her head up, looked down at him.

“Scared of a fair fight?” she taunted.

He lunged forward, the belt slapping, pain exploding in her left tit.

She screamed.

She bucked.

She kicked out and he danced away, a smile on his face.

She fought until she was breathing hard, until her wrists ached, and then he stepped in and slapped her right tit with the belt.

“Forestroke, backstroke, forestroke, backstroke,” he taunted, dancing around her kicks, angry red stripes and welts rising on her titflesh, the dress tearing where he struck.

She stared down, her vision hazy.

“The hell...?” she gasped. “Why?”

“I'm going to whip you naked, whore,” he said, and then moved in again.

She screamed. His belt lashed into her breasts until there was nothing left to protect them, and then he kept whipping them, kept whipping them, kept whipping her until she was sobbing.

“Why not beg me to stop hitting you?” he taunted. She shook her head, crying, not trusting herself to speak. “Alright, then, this is on you. Remember, I gave you the chance.”

He grinned as he moved in, mauling her aching breast one hand and pulling her close, then whipping her other breast with the belt, *slap slap Slap SLAP*, until her back arched and she cried out and she begged him to stop, pleaded with him to stop, promising herself that she was going to make him pay.

Edger stopped, releasing her, letting her sway. Her back hurt, her hips, her tits radiating pain through the rest of her. He playfully swatted at her butt and she tensed.

“You've got a nice ass,” he said, doing it again. “I'm going to save it for later.”

“f...,” she tried, but breathing was hard, “f ou...”

“What's the matter?” he asked. “Arms feel like pins and needles? Hard to breathe like that? Let me see if I can help make it *harder*.”

“whaaaaAAAAAAa”

Her question turned into a scream as he moved around behind her, whipping her back and shoulders, whipping her arms. She was strong but the blood was moving out of her arms, the



limbs feeling like dead weight, her fingers curled and swollen above her. She whimpered and cried, trying to support her own weight and failing. She couldn't speak, couldn't even scream anymore, just a hanging piece of meat for him to abuse.

Kallen's head was bowed and her vision was blurry, fading, her breathing coming in sharp ragged whimpers as he moved on, beating her ass until the skirt was ragged until the skirt was gone, until her thighs were exposed and he could beat them, too. Her legs curled in on themselves; she couldn't have kicked if she'd had the air to do it, couldn't have stood even if he were to untie her. She knew that.

She passed out a few times.

He brought her back to consciousness with smelling salts.

And then the beating continued.

Edger undid the corset portion of the gown that was squeezing her belly and let it fall down her hips, past the red stripes on her thighs, down past the pumps still trapping her feet. He stood up, pulled her head up by her hair. She felt her mouth open and he kissed her - *he kissed her* - and she was too startled to bite him, too wounded to do anything but kiss him back.

He pulled away from her, a string of saliva connecting their mouths, and he spit in her face.

“Getting off on this, are you?” he grinned, reaching out and groping her breast. She shuddered, crying out, so he slapped her across the face once, twice, a third time. “One of my Scottish uncles used to say that every woman needed a good slapping around to remind her of her place. Of course, he was talking about human women, not Elevens, but it seems to have worked for you.”

She dangled in front of him, only partially conscious, letting him touch her, grope her, abuse her.

“Hey, Kallen?” he asked, slapping her again.

“Uhhh?”

“I need you to spread your legs, Kallen,” Edger said. “I’m going to fuck you, Kallen, really hard. And if you don’t open your legs for me, I’m just going to keep whipping you until you do, and then I’m going to whip your cunt, and then I’m going to fuck your ass. Do you understand, Kozuki?”

She immediately tried to press her thighs together.

He smiled at her.

“I was hoping you would do that.”

The belting began all over again - her breasts, her back, her arms, her belly, her ass, her thighs, her breasts again. She was already so badly beaten and the pain just kept building, kept shattering her conscious mind, and he kept waking her up with the smelling salts so he could keep beating her, keep beating her, *keep beating her*.

She was dangling limp and unconscious, tears and snot and drool on her cheeks and over her mouth, dangling down her chin and down on her boobs, slithering down the red welts on her beaten belly. Her mouth was open, her legs spread apart.

“Hey, Kallen,” he said, but she didn't respond. He waited a moment, slapping her face, but she

still did not respond.

Shrugging to himself, he brought his belt up as hard as he could right between her legs, right into the cleft of her weeping cunt flesh.

Her eyes bolted open, the sound that strangled out of her throat not remotely human.

Edger watched, fascinated as she tried to kick, as she shook, as she wept and cried and sobbed. Her legs were open but he didn't think she was even able to close them, not now.

He whipped her again.

Again.

Again.

Her cunt juiced slapped down her thighs, trickled down onto the floor.

By the time he stripped off his own pants and forced her legs open, he was able to slide right into her, bouncing her on him. She seemed grateful for his affection, the slut, grateful to no longer be dangling in empty space, to no longer be dangling. He kissed her, bouncing her cunt off his hips.

He came before he did and he pulled out, wiping her juices off on her hips, leaving her there.

“Your life is going to get so much worse than this.” he promised, but she was no longer conscious enough to hear it.

He pressed a button and her wrists were released; she crumbled to the ground, lying in a broken heap of broken skin. He smiled down at her, kicked her in the gut, leaned down and spat in her face, then turned on his heel, turned off the lights, and left her alone in the dark.



Kallen was still on the floor when she woke up. Someone had put a blanket over her. Her limbs ached and there were needle marks on her arms. She stared at them.

“It's not drugs,” a voice said. “Not like you think. They were feeding you intravenously.” She turned and stared at a man she did not know sitting on a couch, reading. He marked his page and put the book down, turning his full attention towards her.

“How long,” she rasped, swallowed, trying to work some saliva in her throat. The welts on her body were faded into pink lines.

“A few weeks?” the man guessed. “Edger beat you so bad that you were unconscious for a week. We then kept you drugged throughout your recovery. I think it's been two months since you died. Edger's been back to fuck you a couple of times, and you didn't seem to mind.”

Kallen blinked back tears, shook her head, wrapping the blanket around her naked body.

“You're wondering who I am,” the man said. “You're wondering how to escape. You're a gifted fighter, I understand. The best nightmare pilot in the world. You have a good head for tactics, armed and unarmed combat, all that kind of thing, what?”

"I am," Kallen said, working the kinks out of her body and standing up. The man stayed seated, looking up at her. "And I'm going to get out of here."

"Oh, I'm going to let you out," the man said. "There's just a quick conversation we need to have and then you can go."

"I have nothing to say to anyone in this place."

"That's okay, you just need to listen," the man said. "You worked with Lelouch, yes? So you know that some among the royal family are also part of what we call the Geass Order. There's some among us who speculate you know what that is - you were his second-in-command, even if he betrayed you in the end."

"I," Kallen paused, unsure what to say. "I know the Geass Order exists."

"I am a member," the man said, looking her in the eye. "Do you understand what I'm saying? I am a member of the Geass Order, and I am telling *you, Kallen Kozuki, that you are no longer allowed to fight or resist.*"

His eye flashed a purple-pink light.

His words echoed in her mind, settled in her soul.

*You, Kallen Kozuki, you are no longer allowed to fight or resist.*

He stood up. He was not a large man, about her height, about her weight. He walked over and, slowly, pulled the blanket from her body. She tried to hold onto it but couldn't; it fell from limp fingers, leaving her naked. She tried to cover herself with her hands and he reached out, taking her wrists and pulling her hands away from her breasts, from her cunt, leaving her exposed.

He was so much weaker than her.

She couldn't fight him.

She couldn't resist.

He slapped her, patted her cheek.

"Good talk," he said, pushing her to the floor. Humming to himself, he folded the blanket over his arm, collected his book, and left her alone in the room.

She stayed on the ground, staring at the door, shaking and feeling gooseflesh on her arms, up her spine, shivers up and down her back.

*You, Kallen Kozuki, you are no longer allowed to fight or resist.*

The door had not been locked.



"I told you she'd open the door," Edger said, smiling, leaning against the wall with his hands in his pockets. "She's a fighter." His youngest brother, Claudio, was standing beside him.



"Fine," Claudio grumbled, taking out a piece of paper out of a portfolio and pressing it against the wall. He frowned. "I don't have a pen."

"Here," Edger said, taking one out of his suite jacket and handing it to his brother, who signed the paper and handed both pen and paper back. Edger took the paper, signed it, folded it, and slid it into an envelope, then the envelope into his suit pocket. "Wondering what just happened, little Kal?"

"We bought the block where your mother lives," Claudio said, slipping his hands into his pocket. "I said you weren't foolish enough to walk out through the unlocked door, but here you are, proving me wrong."

"You can never go wrong betting on Eleven stupidity," Edger said. "Remember that."

With a roar, Kallen charged them both. They were her own age, bigger and heavier, but she was the better fighter than both by far.

Or, rather, she had been.

Her fist stopped an inch from Claudio's face and she shook with the effort to complete the punch. The boy cringed but then stopped as Edger laughed.

"What did you trade for this?" Claudio asked.

"A lot. But," Edger paused, looking at his brother, "she killed our brothers, our father, and nearly me. I'd consider the chance for revenge worth any cost, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, of course," Claudio said. He smiled at her, placed two fingers against her fist and pushed back. She struggled, strained, fought as hard as she could, but he pushed her and she moved, stumbled back. "We should have some fun with her."

"I already did, back when she could do something about it," Edger said. He moved closer, cupping Kallen's ass. She tried to slap his hand away but couldn't, couldn't make her body work properly. "I defeated her back at the top of her strength. Now, she's just my gift to you."

"Sweet," Claudio said.

He shoved her back into the room as Edger waved at her and closed the door. She tried to kick Claudio but couldn't. Tried to kick him but couldn't. Tried to punch, to elbow, to knee. She couldn't even throw the chair at him.

"Here," he said, taking a knife out of his pocket and passing it to her. She snatched it from him, tried to stab him, but the blade stopped an inch from his gut. She couldn't even throw it at him, couldn't make it leave her fingers - even planning to ricochet they knife at him off the wall made her fingers clutch onto the knife.

"What have you done to me?!?" she screamed.

"I didn't do anything," Claudio said, smiling. "And we did what one does with any feral animal - *we tamed it.*"

His attacks were clumsy. She could see them coming, should have been able to parry and counterattack. He was slower than her and so much weaker, a ponce who fought with textbook precision, the sort of theoretical fighting that was easy to overcome with even the least bit of experience.

She couldn't block any of his strikes.

Her arms refused to get in the way. Her arms and legs refused to hit him. All she could do was take his abuse and, she discovered, run.

So she ran and he chased her, but there was nowhere to go. Even when he was winded, even when he could barely take another step, she was unable to break his grip, unable to stop him from pushing her down.

“You must've really been something special, huh?” he panted, his hand on her chest, holding her to the ground. She tried to buck, to kick, to push him off of her, but all she managed to do was writhe against him, hardening him. He fumbled with his pants, unbuckling them, teasing her with his cockhead.

She moistened instantly.

“God, you're soaking,” he said, smiling as he shoved his way into her, all the way to the hilt. “Not even a little bit of resistance. Oh, you feel nice.”

He grabbed her, flipped her onto her belly, pulled her onto his lap so he could grope her tits.

“Ride me,” he told her, making her bounce, but she hadn't been cursed to obedience so she did nothing. He laughed a little as she moaned. “Alright, fine.” Gripping her breasts, he pulled them up and then down, using her like a cum rag, making her ride him. She moaned, she screamed, she wanted so badly to kick off him but she couldn't resist, couldn't do anything other than

She came before he did.

She couldn't help herself.

She couldn't resist how it felt.

The tingle in and on her clit.

The thrusting, the thrusting.

She convulsed on him and he sighed, pushing her off him so he could shoot his cum all over her back, all over the crack of her ass.

His hand on her back, pushing her down and keeping her as he leaned over her so he could whisper in her ear.

“Was it good for you?” he teased. His fingers were playing with her slit and she moaned, her hips circling around his hand. “We've got a job for you. I think you're going to hate it. I hope you do. And, if you're a good girl, you'll get a chance to leave here and go back to your old life, okay? Nod your head if you understand.”

She did.

“You promise?”

“I promise.”

Lying under him and unable to escape, she took no comfort in his words.



The wood panel frame of the ancient building gave it a certain sense of decadent elegance. Candles framed by glass held aloft by black steel chandeliers oppressed the room with a gentle light, a gentle hand. Living plants were tended to by the staff, hand-selected members of the lower classes looking to better themselves in society by more directly serving their betters by playing least-in-sight.

Women were not generally invited into this august space, not without a specific purpose in mind. Kallen Sozuki would have rather been anywhere else.

Once, during the war when Lelouch had been brainwashed, she'd disguised herself as a casino bunny girl to get close to him and help free him. She'd had to let a lot of disgusting men take liberties with her back then, but she'd still possessed the ability to fight back and that had been in public, among men and women who at least had pretensions of maturity.



Now, she was surrounded by only young men in finely cut uniforms that cost as much as a



working class person's monthly wages. They stared at her, curious, leering at her as she had been dressed in the same bunny costume she'd worn at the casino, a costume that hugged her slim body and invited their eyes to devour her, their hands to touch her. Her hair was brushed down, the spiky layers steamed mostly straight, submissive. The pumps were hard to walk in, the heels slightly larger than they had been in the casino, the tail just above her ass a little heavier.

She couldn't pretend it wasn't there.

And the stockings were so sheer that her legs may as well have been naked.

The boys had all walked in, shaken one another's hands with stiff formality and quick exchanges of *buller buller buller*, whatever that meant. She'd listened to their conversations and heard their names, old instincts kicking in and forcing her to learn as much about them as possible.

Edger and Claudio were both there, of course, smiling at her and assuring their friends that she was a good lay.

David seemed to be the next most important person there after the brothers. A baron of someplace called Chipperington, his family had a strong had in influencing conservative politics and royalist sympathies going back centuries. A blood purist, David regarded her with some interest and she heard him saying that it was nice to see an Eleven properly attired for the entertainment of her betters.

Georgie's father was chancellor of something or other, but that was a cover for his family's true interest - the manipulation of the media. He walked up to her, looking her up and down while grinning, running a finger up her hip to her breast, circling it without groping her.

"I know you," he said, leaning in so he could whisper in her ear. "I helped create the footage that fooled the world into thinking that you killed yourself, and we've been playing it ever since to help those poor chaps that lost in your silly rebellion." He leaned back, patted her breast and then her cheek, then lit a cigar and went to join his friends.

Double J was the future baron of Merrybone, his family helping keep tabs on science and technology and determining what the lower classes got to have access to, the better to keep them in line, distracted and comfortable and willing to work themselves to death.

The last of the individuals that the others gathered around was Hunter, another baron, whose family helped develop and maintain professional sporting leagues to better keep the masses distracted and unable to unify against their betters. From what she understood, the very wealthy bought and traded teams, but his family owned the leagues those families bought into.

Maybe twenty boys, all told, were in that room with her.

Any single one of them could have bought the city she'd grown up in.

"So, who's this?" David asked. "Looks like the chick that died, what?"

"It is," Georgie answered. "It's the very same chick."

"She was Zero's number two, right? Worked with Lelouch during the Rebellion?"

"She did. She was very dangerous."

"Looks like someone has shown the half-breed traitor how to behave."

Male laughter circled her, eyes on her. She flushed, simpered, unable to keep her eyes up.

“Give a little twirl for us, Kally.”

Nervous, self-conscious, too aware of her utter powerlessness in this room, she did.

“She's got a nice set on her.”

“Pretty ass, too.”

“Little Kallen Cottontail.”

“I like that.”

“Little Kallen Cottontail. Can we make that her legal name?”

“We can.”

“I just did.”

The boys laughed, passing around a digital tablet that proved it. They even showed her, made her look – Kallen Kozuki was dead, but there was now a Little “Kallen” Cottontail, a legal person with legal identification. Kallen closed her eyes, bowed her head. She was dead. She was alive. She was a parody, a plaything for the people she'd been fighting against and who she had not known existed.

“Anyone taken her for a spin?”

“My brother and I have,” Claudio said.

“Any good?”

“Her insides are tight, her mouth tastes like candy, and she's nice and submissive the way those Elven women are.”

“Sounds delightful.”

“She is.”

“What's she doing here?”

“We've brought her here,” Edger said, smiling, “as a present for our esteemed brethren. *Buller buller buller.*”

“*Buller buller buller,*” chorused the other boys.

She expected that they would rape her, then.

She almost hoped they would, if only to get it over with.

Instead, they commented on her body, on her appearance. They drank and they smoked and chatted among themselves, mostly ignoring her. Sometimes, one of them would come over and touch her, pushing a finger into her mouth, slapping her ass, or simply feeling her up.

“Keep your hands like this,” Double J told her, guiding her hands behind her head, a position that forced her boobs up and out, like she was presenting them for inspection. “Keep them there or we'll bend you over a table and spank you.”

“We might do that anyway.”

“We will probably do that anyway.”

“We will do that anyway.”

“You can delay your spanking by keeping your hands like this,” Double J sighed, then grinned at his friends and slapped her ass before walking back to them.

She felt her cheeks burn, all of them, her face and her ass and her treacherous cunt. The infrequent and unwanted stimulation soon had her gasping when she was touched, primed and stimulated, her sense of time and self dulled by the attention.

A finger was pressed into her mouth, hooking her cheek.

“Little,” Claudio smiled, pulling her head to the side. “Little Kallen Cottentail. Are you listening?”

“Wha?” she said, trying to talk with the finger in her mouth.

“We're going to dinner,” he said, “and you're going to serve us.”



The boys smoked. They drank. They were served primarily by old men and young students hoping to brush with their social betters. Kallen hated all of them. She hated the rich boys for their casual cruelty and sense of privilege, their certainty that they were totally above the law and deserved to be. She hated the old and the students for the fawning complacency, as if they all thought that this was what the world should be.

And the old men and the students hated *her* for challenging that. She could see it in their eyes, the way they glared at her, whispered curses at her, bumped into her. They hated her because, for tonight, she was the favored plaything of their masters and they were left in the dark.

The service itself was easy enough at first; keep their glasses full of wine, keep them comfortable. Some of them wanted massages and she wanted to hit them but a glance from Edger or Claude say her doing her best.

“You're not very good at this,” Hunter told her, and she felt herself blush.

“Yeah, massage wasn't high on my list of skills to pick up.”

“She was the leader of the Black Knights,” Claudio said.

“I mean, the novelty does help,” Hunter said.

“The servility.”

“That, too.”

She made a wide circle as they ate, wiping their faces, keeping the wine flowing, massaging them. They kept her running and slapped her ass as she went from one of them to another. She wanted to kill them. She wanted to kill everyone in that room. Instead, she squeezed their shoulders, trying to figure out how to keep them happy.

There was something terrible, she thought, about being passed around like this. Serving them. They didn't see her as a person, not really, just a trained animal that they could send to one another. It made her feel less than, no matter how much she told herself that it shouldn't.

“Hey, Little,” Claudio whispered to her when it was his turn, “be good. I can always tell them all you can't fight back.”

She stared at him in horror. The boys were touching her, groping her, abusing her. She wondered how much worse things could become and decided she didn't want to find out.

They all had their turn with her, but when she circled back to Hunter he pushed her away.

“Do my feet,” he told her.

She glared at him, but a single arched eyebrow from Claudio took the arch from her shoulders. Closing her eyes, she sank to her knees and undid his shoe laces, took his foot from his soft leather shoe and began to massage it, working around the bridge, pulling at the toes. He sighed and leaned back, resting his foot in her lap.

“You all have to try this,” he told his friends.

They did.

They passed her around like a party favor, had her crawl under the table from one to the next. She took off their shoes, rested their feet in her lap, massaged them for minutes at a time. Her fingers ached. Her hands hurt and cramped and when she couldn't get enough pressure with her hands anymore they had her use her tongue instead.

“Take the socks off first, you dumb bint,” Georgie told her, and she did.

When even that amusement paled, David grabbed her hair and pulled her head into his lap, unbuckling his pants.

“Put your mouth to good use,” he told her, impaling her face with his cock. He pushed in and she couldn't resist, couldn't fight back or bite down. “Oh, you all need to try this. You can push it right down her throat, like her mouth is a cock holster.”

“She was made for this.”

“Yes.”

“Yes.”

And, again, everyone had to take a turn, pausing only to wash the cum down her throat and the tears from her cheeks with water between blow jobs. They used her, barely paying attention to her as she brought them off. Her technique, they told her, was not great, but they were getting off more on the power they held over her than the act itself.

Finally, when they were satisfied, they had her stand up so she could see what they had been watching and talking about.

It was a video compilation of the boys themselves, running and hunting and chasing after a girl throughout the campus at night. They were ignored by security and the other students, allowed to talk, hunt, capture, and rape the woman they'd been following without consequence.

There were dozens of girls being hunted, some of whom Kallen recognized – politicians, actors,

singers, athletes. Some she didn't, and the boys were quick to point out who they were; girls that had rejected one or more of the boys, girls that the boys had crushes on but didn't want to talk to, girls that they boys wanted to fuck without the bother of talking to them.

Kallen realized, in shock, that this was just something that these boys did.

Their experience of the world was that they should have everything, everyone, they wanted.

“Hey, Little Kallen Cottontail,” Claudio said behind her over the table and slapping her ass, “you were a military person, right?”

“Bet you she'd be fun to hunt,” Edger said, coming closer with a cane.

The others agreed.

Looking at Kallen, they told her that she was going to be the victim of their next bunny hunt.



She could hear them hunting her and she knew what would happen if they found her.

Her costume was a parody – the old garb she'd worn in the war without a shirt to cover her boobs or shorts to cover the holes the boys would bury themselves in if they found her. They'd dressed her like this, called her a tease and let her run. She'd scurried away, though unfamiliar allies in the dark of night.

They were coming, she knew they were, and she was so tired.

She was so tired but she did not want to be found.

She hid in garbage, ducking behind discard and unwanted things. When it sounded like her pursuers moved on, she pushed herself to tired feet, leaning on the wall. She wiped the tears from her eyes.

And, careful – careful – she moved away from where her pursuers had gone. She could do this. This was her chance. She could escape. She could do this.

“She's over there!”

She bolted.

It was amazing how far adrenaline could take her, had taken her. She didn't know where she was or where she was going, ducking down alleys in the dark, running through lamp-lit streets where people smirked at her, recognized what was happening and left her alone. A dozen smug faces looked down on her, some even pointing her out to the boys chasing her in exchange for rewards to come.

The boys chasing her knew what reward they wanted.

She couldn't fight them and didn't know the lay of the land but she was faster than them. She knew how to hide better than they knew how to seek, though all of them had been game hunting and all of them saw her as game. Some of them had rifles and fired needles at her, tranquilizers meant to bring her down. She knew the cost of failure. She just to stay out of their reach long

enough to

Hunter tackled her, coming out of an alley.

Instinctively, Kallen wanted to turn, roll, kick him off of her. Instead, he forced her to the ground, smirking down at her, licking her cheek as he spun her on her back, forcing her arm up painfully behind her back.

“Got her!” he called, and the others came.

“You didn't even need a rifle, what?” Double J said, the admiration in his voice clear.

“For Little Kallen Cottontail? Nah.” Above her, a chorus of chuckles. Hunter sat up, keeping one hand on her arm, the other on the back of her neck. “I got her. I get choice of first hole.”

“I'm a human being!” Kallen screamed.

“No, you're just an Eleven,” Geergie said.

“I honestly expected more of a fight from her,” Hunter said.

“Oh, she doesn't do that anymore, do you, Little?” Claudio taunted. She had to strain her neck to look up at him, at the leering grin on his face. “Use her however you like. There's nothing she can do about it.”

She screamed and Hunter slapped her.

The boys descended on her, ripping her clothing off. She couldn't kick or claw or fight back; she didn't let it happen, but she couldn't stop it from happening, either.

They forced her down on her belly and Hunter kicked her legs open, his cockhead bruising against her lower lips.

“Hey, Little Kallen,” he said, bending over her and whispering in her ear. “I'm going to fuck you right in your little Cottontail.”

“Fuck you,” she said, unable to fight in any other way. He laughed, his cock moving up her crack of her legs. She screamed as he pushed into her, sheathing himself inch by inch. The tightness he faced was not active resistance but it made the experience more painful, he tearing into her, laughing as she screamed, as she cried, as she writhed and begged him to stop. “D-don't..”

“If you really wanted this to stop,” he said, “you'd stop this.”

“Little Kallen Cottontail really wants this.”

“She loves it up her tail.”

“She loves it.”

“Those Elevens, their women like to be raped.”

“You love it, Kallen.”

“You love this.”

Hunter reached around her hip and started playing with her clit, leaned back and pulled her with him so that she was riding him, riding his cock. The others guided her by using her breasts so she was lying on him and another boy enter her cunt. She gasped, she screamed, another boy shoving



his cock down her throat.

They were filming this.

Boys in their little club would watch her being fucked whenever they wanted. These boys would remember fucking her and would relieve the experience whenever they wanted to. It was bringing them closer together, the ruling elite of the Britannian Empire fucking the one person who had dared to rebel and had beaten them.

They fucked her ass and her cunt. They pushed her tits together and fucked the space between them. They fucked her throat and wiped themselves clean in her hair. They used her hands, her feet, every part of her. They made her perform for them, made her cum, made her beg, covered her in their seed and hosed her down, shoved a hose in her cunt to clean her out, shoved the same hose up her ass to clean that out, and then started at her again.

They fucked her until the sun came up and then they picked her up. One off them collared her with her shirt, another binding her hands in front of her. The others used her clothing to swat at her ass, guiding her back towards their clubhouse. They guided her to a bath house deep inside the club house and then they started raping her all over again, using her all over again, beating her until her cum-coated bruised body was entirely unresponsive, until her twitches were involuntary, until the only things she felt her pain and fatigue.

And then they handed her over to the old men and the young students, the servants.

She was not the feast she had been, sexually speaking. She was nothing more than crumbs. But they cleaned her out and cleaned her off and used her anyway, fucking her entirely senseless, fucking her until she couldn't stand or kneel or sit, fucking her until she was nothing more than a receptacle for their pleasure.

And then they fucked her some more.

She slept for three days, recovering, waking up in a cell under a thin blanket. The bunny suit was on one hanger, the mockery of her rebellion uniform on another. Claudio was sitting in the room with her, casually playing with her breast. She tried to push his hand off her and couldn't and he laughed at her and she cried.

“Everyone in the club heard about your little hunt, Little Kallen Cottontail,” he teased her, the hand on her tit turning gentle, teasing the nipple to hardness. “The whole club has seen the video and knows you're still here. Are you ready for the next hunt?”

She wailed.

They made her wear the bunny costume this time.



The second hunt ended like the first.

So did the third.

And the fourth.

And the fifth.

Each time she took longer to recover. Each time the hunt was a little less exciting as she gave up on escaping, on ever getting out of this horror that her life had become. Sometimes, during her recovery, she'd awake to find someone riding her, raping her, and she did what she could to hurry them along. They used her and she got used to it, slowly letting herself drift away in a haze of unwanted sex and barely-there orgasms.

Kallen didn't really think of herself as a person anymore – she was an animal to be hunted and fucked, hunted and fucked, hunted and fucked. That was all she did, all she was. It felt like six months had passed and Claudio was always there to let her know when they had decided she was healthy enough for another hunt to begin.

His hand was on her tit when she came to consciousness this time. She didn't push him away; he was gentle with her in a way none of the others were. She leaned into it, pushing more of her titflesh into his hand. He smiled at her.

“Good morning, Little,” he said.

She mumbled something. Her throat was still too raw from being deep-throated too many times.

“Do you remember I promised to give you a chance to go back to your old life?”

Very, very slowly, Kallen nodded.

“This is your chance,” he drawled, squeezing her tit, massaging it. “Today. No questions asked. You can either stay here with us until there's nothing left of you, or you can go home. Which would you like?”

She couldn't speak. She tried to say she wanted to go but her throat, her tongue, wouldn't work.

“Oh, you want to stay with us?” he asked.

She started to cry.

“Tell you what,” he said. “If you lean over and suck me off and swallow every last little bit of my seed, I'll take that as a 'yes.'”

Her muscles ached, but she leaned over, fumbled with his pants, swallowed him down. She'd taken so many cocks into her mouth that there was no shame in this anymore, and she'd done this so many times that she'd learned to make it go quickly, how to make sure whoever was in her enjoyed her.

She swallowed him to the hilt, her tongue working the underside, her throat milking him. He came quickly and she swallowed everything, everything, stayed on him until his hardness softened, looking up into his eyes as best she was able.

He stroked her hair, kind, gentle.

“I'll be sorry to see you go,” he said, smiling down at her. “One last hunt, and then you get to go home.”



Once they were done hunting her they cleaned her off and dressed her in tight panties and a loose black bra. Her wrists and ankles and neck were clamped down to the box and screwed in place, trapping her completely. She was gagged, blindfolded, a gas mask fitted over her face with a slightly higher oxygen content than normal to keep her calm.

Unseen hands slipped vibrators into her ass and cunt and clipped more vibrators to her clit and nipples. She screamed. She shook. The clamps stayed on the vibrators stayed in. The vibrators were set at a maddening low frequency, enough to get her excited but not to get her off.

“Goodbye, Little,” she heard Claudio say, felling his hand on her thigh. “Enjoy the rest of your life.”

Cruel laughter surrounded her. Buds were fitted in ears, static playing with words just out of earshot. She felt a lid settle on to the box, felt it being drilled shut. She was moved, taken somewhere, time passing.

The vibrators drove her mad but she was stuck in place, unable to go anywhere, unable to help herself. She needed to focus on something, anything to distract her from the building ache in her, so she focused on the words whenever she wasn't drifting in and out of exhaustion.

Kallen was a smart girl, smart enough to have led a rebellion. It took effort in her circumstances, but she finally managed to hear the words, to understand them.

*Little Kallen Cottontail is a domestic slut and servant.*

*Little Kallen Cottontail deserves what is happening to her.*

*Little Kallen Cottontail needs a strong hand to run her life.*

*You are Little Kallen Cottontail.*

She cried, wanting to recoil in horror.

Now that she'd heard the words, she couldn't unhear them. They savaged her mind, riding with her as she almost came to another climax, shuddering in the aftermath of a disappointment that she deserved.

*What?*

She shook her head. She didn't deserve this. She didn't. *She didn't deserve this.*

The crate that was her world was being moved. She thought there may have been a plane. She thought there might have been a van. She was moved in to some place and left alone, left alone, left alone and unmoving.

She felt something opening her crate up. She felt a hand on her skin, pulling one of the clamps on one of her tits off painfully. The gas mask came off and then the blindfold.

Kallen blinked. How long had it been since she'd seen light? She blinked, trying to focus her vision as the buds were pulled from her ears.

“Hello, Kallen.”

She recognized that voice and shivered.

*No.*

Her eyes focused.

“Welcome home,” her stepmother said.



Little “Kallen” Cottontail stood silently in a corner, waiting for her mistress' next order. This was the corner she was supposed to stand in, the corner she was allowed to sleep in after her mistress had gone to bed. If her mistress needed her there was a button she could press and a shock would come from the collar around Little's neck to wake her up and would keep shocking her until she managed to crawl to her mistress' side.

Her mistress liked to hear her cry.

Sometimes, she would shock Little just to make her cry.

Little was supposed to be naked in her corner. Not because mistress liked to look at her ugly body, but because clothing was a privilege that Little was allowed only when she was serving mistress. She was allowed to wear clothing during the day between jobs to keep her mistress from waiting too long for her arrival.

Her clothing was a pair of black slippers and black shorts that hugged the top of her thighs and barely rose halfway over her hips. The string strap halter vest had a single button clasped between her tits, with a simple halter that only barely covered her boobs worn underneath it. White stockings rose most of the way up her thighs. A headband kept her messy hair from her ugly face, so any guest that mistress had over could see who she was and who she had been and how far she had fallen.

There were hooks in her corner where her clothing could be hung. She was only worth one set of clothing, so she had to hand wash them daily. The only thing that always stayed on her at all times was the collar. A USB leash in the corner charged it every night.

Above the hooks was a tablet frozen on a single image, identifying her:

**Little Cottontail, aka “Kallen”**

**Convicted Criminal Sentenced to 25 Years Domestic Service**

**Released into the care of Mrs. Karen Stadtfeld**

**171cm – 5'7” / 125lbs – 56/6kg / DoB 00-03-29 / Blood Type B**

**Blue Eyes / Red Hair / Half-Britannian Half-Japanese / Female**

When she was standing up, the tablet was just a little over and to the right of her head. It was a clear marker of who she was and who she used to be, clear proof to her mistress' friends of who it was she owned.

Little learned that her mother had kept her pension and had been taken care of, so that was some slim relief. Her mistress promised to have her killed if Little disobeyed even the smallest order, and they both knew that there was nothing Little could do to stop her.

“Stop me,” her mistress taunted, slapping her, slapping her, slapping her again. “Come, you tough little spitfire, stop me.” She kept slapping her until Little cried. It was a game the two of them played, Little's mistress enjoying the power imbalance between the two of them.

Her life was now spent serving her mistress' whims. It sometimes made her dream of happier times, like when her name had been Kallen or even when she'd been hunted by Claudio and Edger and their friends. Her days were a routine, a torturous routine that bled from one to the next to the next, cut only by sadistic interludes when her mother traded her affections for some favor or another.

At six in the morning her collar would wake her. She would have to go outside, naked, and wash herself off with a garden hose, drying herself off with rags before returning inside to dress. By no later than six-thirty she would have to enter her mistress' room and wait for her to awake.

When her mistress awoke, she would fold down her mistress' blankets and offer to help her awake. Sometimes, her mistress would want to be eaten. Sometimes, she would want a massage. Other times she would want coffee with milk and sugar, and Little would be expected to all those desires and more. She would cook and bring her mistress breakfast in bed. When her mistress was done, she was expected to kneel so her mistress could feed her.

She would wait while her mistress bathed. If she was lucky, she would be invited to soap up her mistress, wash her hair, massage her. This was lucky because it was the only time she got to feel warm water on her naked skin. Afterwards, she would dry her mistress and help her dress.

While her mistress took care of her morning affairs, Little would clean her old home. She spent hours doing this, dreading those times that her mistress would summon her with a shock to the throat.

“Little,” she might say, “have you done the laundry?”

*or*

“Little, I require a massage. Strip down and give me one.”

*or*

“Little, there's a spot on this shoe. Clean it. With your tongue.”

Sometimes, mistress summoned her just to spank her, slap her, hurt her.

“Why don't you fight back?” her mistress would ask.

“Because I deserve this,” Little would say, knowing that it was the only correct answer.

Sometime between noon and one, her mistress would want lunch. Little had learned to prepare options and to let her mistress choose what Little would prepare and serve. Then she would wait, letting her mistress judge her cooking and perhaps letting her have a taste if she was pleased. If not, Little was permitted to have a single piece of bread, plain mashed potatoes, a glass of water, and - if she had been otherwise good - a single slice of fruit.

“If you are ever truly good,” her mistress said, standing over her as she knelt, “I may let you have

a piece of chocolate.”

Little struggled to be good enough to earn that reward.

Years went by and she barely remembered what chocolate tasted like. Her mistress held it under her nose, just out of reach of her lips, so she could smell it, dream about it. She whined.

She got punished for whining.

After lunch it was back to cleaning, back to waiting for the shock that would summon her to her mistress' side, to cater to her mistress' every want.

“This is so much better than when I had your mother addicted to drugs and was her dealer,” her mistress taunted. “Do you remember that? When I had you berate your own mother? What kind of daughter were you?”

“A bad one, miss,” whispered Little, bowing her head.

“That is correct.”

Sometimes, in the afternoon, her mistress would have a guest over - one of her many lovers.

When her mistress was done with the man or the woman, Little would get a shock and she would hurry one of several rooms. There, she was expected to clean her mistress and the guest with her mouth. Often, the sight of Little would get the guest hard all over again.

“You want her?” her mistress would ask, and the guest would nod. “There's a coat I want. Get it for me and you can have her.”

The price of fucking her was a coat, a ring, a bracelet, a car, a rug. She was her mistress' whore, a pretty sex pet to be loaned for whatever trinket her mistress desired.

She would do anything, commit any act, take anything in any hole. She would moan and whimper and cry as whomever was using her wanted. She looked forward to these moments, as it was the only time her mistress allowed her to cum.

And then, after cleaning herself off with the hose, she was expected to go back to work.

Sometime between six and seven, she was expected to serve dinner. Her mistress would choose what she wanted made and Little would make it, serve it, sometimes to her mistress and a guest who had just fucked her. Sometimes they would fuck her again, over dinner or during desert or before leaving, and then Little would do the dishes and continue to wait on her mistress.

Her mistress would watch her shows in bed at ten and Little would stay, tucking her in and slipping out of the room, dimming the lights. She would go into the exercise room and use a treadmill to run for an hour, watching instructional videos on cooking and cleaning so she could be of better use to her mistress.

She would clean her uniform and hang it on the hooks by her corner, then curl up and pull the old blanket her mistress had been kind enough to give her over her naked body. Exhausted, she would sleep, praying to wake up anywhere else.

And then the shock would come again.





The shock came when Little was folding laundry. She gasped and dropped the shirt and hanger, caught between reaching for them or hurrying to her mistress' side. There were possible consequences for either failing.

It was worse to keep her mistress waiting.

Her mistress was in the kitchen, alone. There was a slice of chocolate cake on the kitchen table, store bought. Her mistress waved her over and had her put three candles in the slice, then lit them and beckoned her closer.

“Do you know what day it is today?” her mistress asked, smiling.

“Friday, miss?” Little guessed. Time had long since stopped meaning anything to her.

“Friday March 29, 2030,” her mistress said. “It's your thirtieth birthday. Why don't you blow out your candles so I can make a wish?”

Little blew out the candles.

“I wish to keep you forever,” her mistress said, smiling. There was a single fork beside the cake. Her mistress picked it up. “Stand right there.”

Little did. She stood still as her mistress ate the slice, looking at her the whole time.

“I got you something,” her mistress said, dabbing her lips with a napkin. “A present. Boys?”

Smiling men stepped into the room.

Despite all the time that had passed, Little recognized them. How could she not? She still had nightmares about Claudio, Edger, David, Georgie, Double J, and Hunter.

“Hello, Kallen.”

“Looking good.”

“Good? She's barely aged!”

“Do you think she's as tight as she was?”

“Let's find out.”

“They're here to play a game with you,” her mistress said. “Some kind of hunt...?”

Little whimpered.

“You're dismissed for the rest of the afternoon, Little,” her mistress said. “Have fun.”

She bolted, and the boys chased her.



Her mistress found her in the woods the next day, after the hunt was over. She was lying on the grass, covered in welts and bruises and cum. Her mistress found her and laughed.

“You'll be happy to know the boys enjoyed you,” her mistress said. “Now, stop being such a lazy

ass and come along.”

It took her a few tries to pry herself off the ground. She staggered after his mistress, barely able to walk. The boys had done a number on her. Her once-hard muscle had softened after so long, but they'd only gotten rougher, harder, more sadistic in their maturity. Her mistress hosed her off, hosed her inside and out, tossed her a towel to dry her off and pushed her back into the house.

There was a strange thing on the ground.

“Straddle that,” her mistress said, and Little did.

It was a half circle, with protrusions for her cunt and her ass. Kneeling over top of it, she fit both of them inside her, knowing that was what she was supposed to do.

“Good girl,” her mistress said, holding a small remote in her hand.

The whole half-circle began to vibrate, shaking Little to her core, in her core and out, shaking her like a leaf. She moaned, she whined, she felt a marvellous heat rise up in her body and she looked to her mistress, pleading.

“Do you want to cum, Little Kallen?” her mistress taunted.

She couldn't speak. Her nodding could have been lolling caused by the vibrations that were ruling, ruining her.

Her mistress held the candles from her birthday cake in her hand. She moved closer, pressing the bottom against Little's bottom lip.

*Chocolate.*

Her tongue lashed around the candle, sucking it in, savoring the sliver of it.

She came.

She came.

She fell off the half-circle, twitching and still cumming, the chocolate the vibrations delicious, ruining her.

“Good girl,” her mistress said. “When you're done you can go to your corner and rest up. Tomorrow is another buy day.”



Two days after her birthday, Kallen Kozuki lay naked under a blanket, still savoring the chocolate and the orgasm. She fingered herself, massaged herself, let out a gentle moan.

She hoped - she prayed - that her mistress would be as kind next year.