

Honey Trap

ADULT Female Domination Fiction from the Pen of...

Miss Irene Clearmont

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“Honey Trap”

By

Miss Irene Clearmont

On the hard road of life and death
That is near our land,
You went, afraid,
Without words.

We know not where we go
Leaves blown, scattered,
Though fallen from the same tree,
By the first winds of autumn.

I will polish the path
Until I meet you in the Pure Land.
Wolm-Yong (740-760 CE)

A Word from Miss Irene

In late 1998 I started to write the novel that eventually became 'Black Widow' and so breathed life into a dark substratum of the real world. A place where women rule with an iron rod and others obediently kiss the heels of their boots in abject fear. This novel, 'Honey Trap', closes that series. Like all three of its predecessors, it can be read stand-alone or as the final chapter of a single tale that started with an arousing fetish-murder twenty years before.

A thriller, a tale with sharp twists and turns set in a fictional world where there are no limits to those wealthy and depraved seekers of self-gratification. A romance and a crime novel that lifts the curtain and reveals Mistresses who have no limits to bind them. There are no 'safe' words, and rarely is a second chance offered. This is the beginning of a trip to a place that *could* exist... *might* even exist.

If you are looking for immersion, the words shackling you to the page while you live the character's life vicariously, then you are in the right place...

Love,

Irene

Part One

Eastern Promises

Farmed Out

Truth: *Let us spare nothing for training the young people!*

Colin counted ten in front of him on the bus. Eight women and three men. Based on the length of their hair, because their faces were unseen as the collars on their necks allowed no movement. His own collar chafed at his skin, but that was the least of it. His ankles were fettered, the chain between them running through a rusty heavy ring welded to the floor, his arms uncomfortable behind him under his slumped weight trapping them against the wooden slats of the seat.

Every bump of the bus caused it to rattle. Not just the heavy chains on the floor, but the axles creaked and the whole fabric of the coach was twisted by the ruts in the badly-made road.

He looked out at the alien passing countryside. Mean villages, peasants who bent in the flooded fields and the odd cart that had been pulled into the side to allow the bus to pass. Every now and again, the bus passed what seemed to almost be a shrine. A statue of the president and his father, a stand with faded posters with happy workers grouped around missiles and tanks. He looked up to see the sun. The same sun that shone on his small house so far away, the same sun that warmed holidaymakers on beaches, the same sun that balefully glowed and lit the nightmare that had become of his unique vacation.

A terrific bump in the road was taken at walking pace and the whole bus shuddered, some of the passengers crying out in distress as they were thrown against their hard seats. The green uniformed guard who was facing them with her hand resting on her holstered pistol smiled thinly at the distress of her charges and barked an order at the driver who struggled behind a steering wheel so large that it could have been mounted on a cart's axle.

It was not the pistol that frightened Colin, it was the coil of the whip at her belt that had already had cause to snake across his back. Used with cold efficiency, the sting of the lash still ached where it pressed on the slats of the seat. Not the pain, it was the knowledge that she enjoyed wielding that coil of braided bull-hide, relished the power that had been given her by the state.

Colin closed his eyes and tried to imagine other journeys that he had taken. Japan, South Africa, Bolivia and Morocco. Each more daring than the last. Each a venture deep into other cultures, to see how they lived, to experience the real life that filled those places. The trip to North Korea was to be the

crowning glory, a guided trip that would take in Pyongyang to the Yalu. Shrines and factories, the glories of the worker's paradise, where peasants and labourers, scientists and artists worked for the good of all under the aegis of their glorious and illustrious leader.

Well that was the travel blurb...

Colin had never passed from the capital. Spent but a single night in the dingy hotel and arrived for breakfast to find himself arrested for vandalism and subversive propaganda. Hustled away from the rest of the party, he found himself in a nightmare of English that was barely decipherable and accusations that seemed bereft of all logic. Accused of causing a photo of the president to fall from his bedroom wall. The search of his room revealing a copy of a short history of the Korean War that was obviously a tangle of seductive capitalist lies.

The trial had been short.

With no representation, no access to outside help, no understanding of the laws and rules that were written in Korean in every cell. Colin barely did more than pass before a female judge who barked questions at him in Korean and then crashed the gavel on her desk and shouted orders to the guards who half carried him from the begrimed courtroom.

Thus, began the sentence.

With no idea of his crime, no understanding of his fate, he had been moved from one camp to the next. Forms were filled, papers signed and marked with stamps. Files were created and then shredded, photos taken and altered. Colin sank into the morass of a penal system that was recursive in loops that flung him from one authority to the next. He spent a week in a cell, then a month in a camp where the razor wire was so high that it almost enclosed the prison in a bubble. From there he was transported to a cluster of wooden huts that seemed to be ruled by a sadistic woman who occasionally chose her partners from the enervated inmates.

Colin was never chosen.

It seemed to him that he was in some way invisible to both inmates and the system itself. They fed and watered him, they gave him a bed to sleep on and a roof over his head, but he was the only westerner in each place and bereft of the language, both a victim and a valuable prize. Others were punished before the gatherings of inmates and occasionally dragged screaming to some fate that they knew, but no one ever took the trouble to explain to him.

It was in that camp, between the rows of the huts where the inmates were counted and stood in the sun for hours that he was chosen. It was not that he understood the words, but from the way the pretty young female guard walked between the still lines of prisoners, it was clear that she was seeking for something or someone in particular. Her boots lifted the dust at her feet, the coil of the whip in her hand and the gold stripes on her uniform proclaimed her as someone who *demande*d respect. The other guards stood still and stared ahead, while their superior slowly marched along the line.

And stopped before Colin.

He gulped, his throat was dry and the uniformed woman looked up at his face and a thin smile spread from ear to ear. She barked an order and a guard rushed to her side with a file in his hand. Inches of photocopied paper, clipped with grainy photos and the red and blue stamps of officialdom. Her small hands flicked through the file and she nodded before dropping it to the ground to make the guard who had delivered it root in the dust at her feet to gather the scattered papers. She barked an order and the guard stood straight, leaving the papers that represented Colin's existence on the ground in a heap.

She spoke to Colin.

Five months had taught Colin just three words of Korean, but this was the first time in all those months that he had heard English spoken with some clarity.

"Subversion and vandalism. Recidivism and disrespect to the state of the People's Republic of Korea. Serious crimes that beg for re-education and the application of Jusche."

Colin shrugged and it seemed to cause her to lean back a little.

"No one cares where you are, you are just a number on a headcount. You are perfect for the research program that has been created to test the truth of our slogans!"

"I do not understand!"

The answer seemed to infuriate the woman and she let the whip uncoil to the ground.

"Of course, you do not understand, you are nothing else than a capitalist pig who is going to learn the truth of that fact."

She strode down the line of other inmates, the whip trailing in the dust behind her like a snake and Colin felt a lightness as a fear gripped him and he choked back the bile that filled his mouth.

He was collared and fettered.

Ridiculously thick chains and cuffs from which there was no hope of escape. When the parade was dismissed he was ordered to stand and wait in the sun and he stood alone in the dusty quadrangle while a single guard stood to arms by his side.

At last she returned. His pretty nemesis in olive green. Now with large glasses on her face and a slim file in her hand. Her feet stood on the scattered papers of his former reality, trod them into the dust as she inspected her chosen victim. Casually she smiled and opened the file. A single photo of Colin's face and shoulders headed the plain paper. There was no other mark, no information on that sheet that now comprised his file.

With a slow movement, her slim hand went to her uniform and she pulled out a pen and displayed it before writing on that blank sheet. A Korean symbol and then a single word in English.

Pig!

Now he was on the bus, on a dusty track to who knew where? The woman who had selected him at the front watching with satisfaction as her chosen passengers suffered, enjoying the downcast eyes and the terror in their faces. Of them, Colin was just another item, a man who would test the veracity of a casually spoken comment that Dear Leader had expressed in a moment of irony.

Kin Sung-Nam had been placed in charge of the People's Bureau of Idiomatic Veracity and given a free hand to test the truth of the Dear Leader's theory that there was *factual* truth in idiomatic sayings. That was her moment to shine, her chance to prove that truth with experimentation. There was no room for failure, there was no chance of failure on her part.

The bus reached the end of its journey. Dust etched the windows and the black fumes from the exhaust finally ceased as Kin passed the key to the fetters to the driver to release the test subjects one by one. To each arriving guard was given a file and a victim. One by one they were led to the vast rambling building and disappeared into the darkness.

Colin was the eleventh.

He stood waiting, but no guard came for him. Others were led away until only he, the driver and Kin remained and he suddenly realised that she was the one who would personally be responsible for his fate. In her hand was that thin file and she opened it to show the paper once again before she barked an order and the driver led Colin to follow her into the building.

It looked like a hospital, grim and worn, lit by bright lights inside that filled the corridors and rooms with glaring blinding light. Uniformed guards, many of them women, doctors in white coats and orderlies with gurneys and clipboards hurried by. Each passing person avoiding the eyes of the woman who had been appointed the head of the institute.

Kin strode ahead, sure of her path, all moving to avoid her straight path as he flung open doors and turned corners without breaking stride. In his shackles, Colin hurried behind, urged on by the driver who seemed almost as much in a hurry as his superior. The journey took just minutes, but it seemed an age to Colin before he found her standing in a brightly lit cell.

The cell was bizarre. Tiled in white that reflected the overhead lights there was a trough along one wall a hole in the floor and a small sliding trap door by the hole. High on the wall was set a vast screen that was presently blank. No bed, not even a plank, the only other feature was a crude ring set in the wall to which his collar was attached. Kin stood over the kneeling Colin and kicked him with the toe of her boot between the legs.

He squealed in pain and curled up on the floor while the erstwhile driver rearranged the chains that fettered him with casual comments from his superior. At last she seemed satisfied with the arrangements.

"You are just a capitalist pig and I am going to prove it."

Colin opened his mouth to speak, but she just put her fingers to her lips and allowed the whip to uncoil to the tiled floor.

"You will learn to revert to your true nature. This experiment demands that you receive no tuition, no guidance. In half a year you will be what you always were deep inside, and I am going to prove it."

The door of the cell slammed and the nightmare began.

Operation Fettered

Truth: *Make the philosophy of Jusche the life of the people of **all** of Korea!*

Park Lo Ga looked at the blonde opposite her with scepticism.

The American woman was large, as were all American women in Ga's eyes. Her thighs seemed like tree trunks and those huge breasts were nothing less than mountainous! That woman rested her heels on the desk in a casual disregard for propriety and looked around her with a bold gaze that held no respect for the other officers who sat at their desks and slaved over the reports that they were writing. It was difficult to believe that the blonde had any status other than as some sort of whore with an overwhelming charisma of sexuality.

"So, are you briefed?" asked the brassy blonde of the petite Korean woman who was eyeing her with ill-concealed disdain. "We have a lot of ground to cover before it can begin..."

The woman spoke in a lazy American drawl.

Ga nodded and felt embarrassed for the American. Did she not know that everything would be decided at a far higher level? That this liaison between the FBI and the Korean authorities was more a courtesy than anything else?

"I have all the documentation here," said Ga in English to her new partner as she put her hand on a thick file. "We will go through it thoroughly in the next few days, it is no simple matter..."

"Pass it over..."

"It's mostly in Korean!"

"And?"

Ga pushed the file over and watched as the perfectly manicured hands took the file lazily and flipped it open. In the American's hands it no longer seemed so fat as she balanced it on her lap and gazed at the opening page.

"We need to get it all translated," offered Ga.

"What the fuck for?"

Ga flinched at the obscenity and looked around to see if any of the others had heard. She decided that they had, but politely declined to react and then turned back to see the blonde pulling a long cigarette from a silver case.

"You can't smoke here," said Ga apologetically.

"I can do whatever I like..."

Ga sighed as she watched a small blue flame light the cigarette and waited for the stupid Westerner to ask for help with the files. Instead it almost seemed like the woman was reading the Korean characters with ease.

"You read Korean?"

"Spoken Gyeonggi and Kaesŏng, this is all written in standard Yanbian, so no difficulty at all!"

For a moment Ga was tempted to switch to Korean to test the American, but she decided that it could wait. No sense in annoying the woman that she was supposed to baby-sit through the operational bureaucracy that would follow in the next days.

Her first partner!

It seemed as if her boss was running late, or else perhaps he was just showing Ga his importance by making her wait. Probably the latter. He was supposed to supervise the meetings and run-in for the operation and the American was supposedly more an observer to curate the information that the FBI was passing on to the Koreans.

The pages of the report flipped one by one and the American woman just raised an eyebrow occasionally and moved her lips as she read.

"This is serious stuff," she said at last and flipped the heavy packet onto the desk. "We'll really have to watch it..."

Ga just nodded. In the background she could see her boss arriving. He moved from desk to desk in careful order of seniority and then came at last to stand by Ga's desk looking down at the blonde who just smiled in return.

"You will be Miss Charley Engel," he said in halting English.

"Korean is fine," replied Charley in a flurry of rapid Korean. "We need to get the initial briefings over and done with and then we can work on the details..."

"ANSP, Commander Park," said the man, taken aback by the directness of the approach. "I am coordinating this operation at the highest levels and..."

"Yes, yes," said the blonde in Korean with a smile, "let's get on with it then, shall we?"

Ga bit her lip, Commander Park was not a man to annoy and it seemed as though her American Partner had got off to a bad start.

The Commander shrugged and waved a hand.

"Preliminary briefing first, shall we get started since you are in such a hurry?"

Five people sat around the table in the glass-walled office. Ga, Park and Charley at one end of the long table and the two ANSP agents started their lecture with an aura of utter superiority. One of the agents clicked on his remote and moved past the title page of the presentation before he began.

"For the last ten years, the FBI in the USA, MI5 in the United Kingdom, the ANSP here in Korea and the MIT in Turkey have noticed that various organisations, criminal in nature, have started to cooperate with each other. This over-arching criminal underworld is buried deep in the international criminal scene and is concerned with drugs, criminal gambling, smuggling, assassination and money laundering. So far nothing unusual or at all out of the ordinary! However, in the last two years we have realised that there is an underlying business that permeates everything that they do. A *raison d'être* as the French would say."

He paused as if the next words were a secret that was being given unwillingly and continued in an almost-whisper.

"Slavery. Sexual slavery on an almost industrial scale!"

Charley nodded with a small smile and Ga wondered how she could allow her emotions to be so transparent.

"At least five groups of immoral criminals. Each supreme in their own stamping ground, now they are cooperating and they supply kidnapped and abducted people to others who have the money and resources to live a life surrounded by men and women who are bought and sold like cattle for their pleasure!"

He changed the page of the presentation to a diagram of the interlinked crime organisations before taking a deep breath and continuing in a lofty tone.

“What we are about to do is to penetrate this organisation in Korea while the Americans do the same at their end. We have the resources not just of Korea and the USA at our fingertips, but also the Germans, the Dutch, the Turks and the British. Our aim is to uncover the activities of these criminals and see them brought to justice by entering into their world and opening their evil to the light of day.”

He looked at Charley with a wan smile.

“Officer Ga and her American counterpart will go undercover and enter this secret world as buyer and victim. They will report their progress until all agencies involved are ready to move as one. In Korea, we believe that this type of activity is merely a minor problem, whereas in America it is a serious cancer at the heart of society. This means that you are just a side-show to ‘Operation Fettered’ that will show the West that we are willing to cooperate with our peers and form a common front against criminality and vice of this nature. At the highest level. In Korea, the very nature of society precludes that very many Koreans are involved in this organisation...”

It seemed that Charley’s broad smile at his nationalistic outburst caused the officer to become nervous and he stumbled on with his speech as the preliminary briefing moved to the details.

“We have established contacts with trusted wealthy people in Korea that will allow us to build up contacts and enter the arena,” he continued. “When we are ready, we shall insert you as undercover operatives to report on progress and close in for the kill. This is the basic scheme, simply put! A month to set up the cover, a month to establish contact and then in you ladies go. When the FBI signal that they are ready to move and make arrests we shall pick off those that we suspect and break up the organisation from this end...”

His voice droned on and the two women destined for the actual risk and work watched and soaked in the details. Charlie lit another cigarette, which seemed to annoy the agent giving the speech, but he said nothing but pulled a face that showed his condescension for the FBI agent.

Three hours of intensive analysis later, Ga and Charley were allowed at last to go. The vast collection of vague detail and lurking undercurrents depressed Ga as she attempted to get her thoughts in order. It seemed that rumour was the main material presented and there seemed to be a shortage of names

and places that was disturbing to her. Charley had said scarcely a word, but it was quite clear that she understood the dense Korean used in the meeting and Ga started to get a small sensation of admiration for the brash blonde. She had asked just three questions, but each had placed the agent giving the lecture in a fix, to stutter and give away the fact that he did not really understand his material.

As the two agents left the bland looking office block in the heart of Seoul, Ga found that she wanted to know more about her partner.

"Something to eat?" she offered.

"Why not? The food in the Hilton is shit!"

"Of course it is," said Ga. "They cater for Americans..."

Charley started to laugh and turned to Ga with a serious expression.

"We need to talk in private, this is a bad business!"

"Slavery! Of course it is..."

"I mean, we are putting our lives on the line and taking all the risk while the Korean ANSP think that this is just a means of showing gaining some political advantage by cooperating with the FBI!"

"The ANSP would never put us at risk!"

"They would sell us to the highest bidder if they thought that it suited their objectives," said Charley grimly. "We need to build some extra safety into our undercover roles, we might just find ourselves on our own... We need to explore a little and see what's what. Make a reputation."

"Nonsense, if there are any leaks or political moves it will be from the American side!"

"Well then, let's do it because we don't trust the Americans either!" said Charley ironically.

"We don't?"

"We don't! They are riddled with people on the take as well! I have a plan to help us around this problem, but we'll discuss it just a few days before insertion. Meanwhile, learn as much as you can! Where do you want to eat?"

Ga looked at Charley and nodded slowly. What her strange partner was saying made a lot of sense even if it rubbed against her belief in Korean superiority in all things.

"Just around the corner there's a good place..."

Charley and Ga moved through the crowds and found the eatery where they ordered Hwangu soups and sorghum bread and sat in the street with the Japanese tourists that seemed endemic in this part of Seoul. The talk soon came back to the mission and it was Charley that suggested a program.

"This sort of slavery is quite different from the type where serfs till the fields and others are virtually enslaved in Chinese factories making mobile phones," said Charley. "I know the edges of this world! This is intense sexual slavery, the use of people as objects for gratification and pleasure. It is the sale of people as luxury items to wealthy people who have exhausted all other means of using their riches. I think that we should start here in Seoul, before the briefings are complete and try to understand what it is that our targets want and need..."

"I don't understand! Surely, we should remain hidden until we go undercover? I mean, what are you suggesting?"

"That we do a little undercover work on our own first, darling!"

"That's forbidden!"

"Of course it is, but then so is almost *everything* here in Korea. Smoking, good food in the Hilton, telling undercover operatives the real truth, women who think and anything that suggests that subordinates do other than sacrifice themselves for their bosses; all forbidden. I don't think that you understand the risks, so let's try a little adventure to see what we may be up against! Are you game for a little bondage?"

Ga lifted her bowl and sipped the clear soup before picking up her chop-sticks to eat the pale meat at the bottom of the porcelain bowl.

"You are infecting me with an American view of Korea," she said cautiously. "What exactly are you proposing we do?"

"Simple, we dive into the stews of Seoul. Become seekers after carnal gratification and kinky sex and maybe we'll learn a thing or two!"

"There's nothing like that in Seoul," said Ga primly. "We'd have to go to Japan to find that sort of thing!"

"A bet?"

"What do you mean?"

"Meet me in the Hilton at nine tonight and I'll show you what my hour of research in the morning has already discovered!"

Charley stood up and tossed a bill to the table.

"Eat up at your leisure and I'll see you at nine. Just make sure that you wear something sexy!"

Ga looked up at the huge woman who stood over her and nodded slowly.

"I'll be happy to prove you wrong!"

"Of course you will!"

Import Export

Proverb: *The crayfish sides with the crab.*

The Turkish woman watched as the uniformed Korean checked her passport and visa with a seemingly intense inspection of the photograph on the last page. She relaxed and smiled while he clattered on the keyboard and ran her passport through the reader with a swipe that seemed to signify that the computer should check with greater exertion before passing it back.

"Welcome to Korea," one of the few phrases in English that he could rattle off with confidence.

"Glad to be here," she replied and headed off through the vast hallways to find where her luggage would arrive.

All around her, Japanese and Koreans scurried on their way while a few Americans stood baffled by the signage in Korean characters. Anyali walked with a sure step, this was now the third time that she had been on the direct flight from Istanbul and she walked with a sure step.

As she had expected, a man stood with a sign that proclaimed that he was here to meet her, her large cases already by his side. Anyali nodded to him and he led her to a door where he waved a tag and led her into a hidden interior where she would not have to pass by the customs and explain the contents of her bags.

"It's all arranged, Madame," he said as they slipped into the public areas again and he led her to where a limousine was waiting with its engine already turning. "We have arranged for the hold cases to be transported through customs, so that you can go straight to the hotel..."

"I thought that I would be going straight there," said Anyali. "I have important business that cannot wait a day!"

"I can only tell you what my Mistress has ordered me to tell you," said the man as he opened the door to the huge car. "It is many hour's drive to the mansion and you should be rested when you arrive after the long flight."

"You will be taken to the Hilton where a room is ready for you. At eight, the driver will arrive to chauffeur you the rest of the way. This is what has been arranged for you and it cannot be changed!"

"If that's the way that it is..."

"Madame!"

Anyali stepped into the dark interior and sat back as the door closed and the car began to wend its way through the airport traffic. There was no doubt about it, the Koreans had a strange way of doing business! The Americans always seemed relaxed and uncaring, but they were hard and knew what they wanted. The British were aloof and efficient, but always seemed so greedy for praise. The Germans were efficient, as was to be expected, but seemed to have an almost amateur love of the *important* business that they were in, while the Koreans seemed always intent on politeness and a slow and measured approach. As for the Turks, of course they had the best attributes and none of the weaknesses of the rest!

At the Hilton, a doorman took her cases to the room while she signed in at the reception and decided to have something to eat before she went to her suite. A small café to the side of the reception was offering international cuisine that was badly presented and rather too American, but at least the coffee was done Italian style and there was no lack of service.

She sipped her coffee and reflected on the short trip that she was on at her mother's behest. This was now the third time in Korea and up until now she had only ever met functionaries of the woman whom her mother supplied. This time, she was to meet the woman who was at the very summit of the Korean trade, Mrs Tokashirimaso. An elusive woman, wealthy and secretive. A woman who was rumoured to be ruthless and cunning, a woman who had to be respected and treated with reverence.

For a while, Anyali sipped her coffee and watched the people who were checking into the hotel. Most were clearly foreigners, a few were westernised Japanese and a smattering of Chinese businessmen with their sense of importance demanding instant service at the reception desk. She paid the deferential waitress and stood. Her room was almost at the top of the Hotel, the Korean characters on the key-card having no meaning beyond the number of the room and the Hilton's emblem at the top.

There was a small crowd by the lift and Anyali declined the first because it was so full. As she stood waiting for the next, a petite Korean girl moved to stand by her and Anyali inspected her with interest.

Obviously, she was some sort of call-girl, the clothes proclaimed it. Fishnet stockings in blue, a pink short skirt and a green bolero jacket over her small breasts. Korean's sense of the erotic was way beyond Anyali, but the costume

was certainly a bold statement. The lift arrived and Anyali went to step into it, when a tall American woman dressed in tight leather arrived and started to talk in Korean to the brightly dressed girl.

As the lift closed, the Turkish woman wondered what brought so two disparate women together in the foyer of the Hilton. The last she saw was the American woman laughing loudly while the tiny Korean whore hung her head, seemingly in shame.

Lessons in Work Ethic

Truth: Agriculture is the people's state secret. All want to learn our ways, keep them stealthy!

Colin sat in his cell and was fed and watered, he used the hole in the floor and he suffered from heat and cold. Occasionally the cell stank of his sweat and fear, at other times it was cold and the thin blanket that had been reluctantly given was thin and threadbare.

An impersonal woman in military uniform checked up on him at meal times and barked questions in Korean at him. At first Colin replied in English, but this seemed to infuriate her beyond words and each word he spoke was matched by a kick of her boots. The visits became less regular as time went on and he spent all of his time chasing the fleas that tormented him and sitting at the full length of his chain. Colin hummed tunes in his head, he muttered to himself and crawled around the cell and occasionally stood when he thought that there were no guards in the corridor.

What were they expecting of him?

This routine drifted along and Colin realised that his biggest enemy was despair. The feeling that he was abandoned, that even his gaolers had no real interest in him. The hopelessness that they seemed to want something from him, but he could not imagine what that might be. All he could do was eat the slops, the half-boiled grain, futilely pulling at his chains.

It was quite clear from the way that she stood, the expression on her pretty face and the way that her hand moved to the handle of her whip, that Kim Sung-Nam was not at all happy with the progress of her experiment. She strode around the cell, kicking Colin out of her way as she went, to inspect the screen on the wall. In all the time that he had been in the cell, the screen had never flickered to life. Kim looked at the tangle of wires behind the screen and noted that the power plug had not even been inserted.

Her shrill voice burst in an angry tirade of Korean and a male guard rushed into the cell to be met with a slash of Kim's whip that opened a wide cut on his face. After months alone in the cell, Colin crawled to the far corner of his cell and buried his head in his hands. The shouting and the crack of the whip were so loud that it was as if his head rang and no single thought but fear could

surface. The shouting came to an end, the screen on the wall showed a test-card and Kin stood over the trembling man that was curled at her feet.

The bleeding guard had long since fled.

"Get up!" she ordered.

Colin looked up at her from the floor and slowly uncurled his limbs to be met with an impatient kick from her boots. He staggered to his feet and she knocked his knees from under him with a circling kick at the back of his knees.

"Up on your knees, swine!"

He realised that he towered over her and that would be an insult to her superiority.

"You are a failure! Why did you not report that the screen was not working? This is *your* fault and I want no excuses..."

Colin opened his mouth to speak and decided that nothing he could possibly say would calm her, so he hung his head and found himself staring at the leather of her boots.

"We will just have to start again," she said and moved her hand to snake the coil of the whip over his naked back and ass. "You will learn what I want from you and together we shall explore the tenets of Jusche as it relates to the Dear Leader's words of wisdom..."

He was so tired. Exhausted by the shock of her presence, terrified by her words and his elbows gave way to cause his face to almost touch the toes of her military boots.

"I shall give you time to decide if you are going to cooperate," said Kin. "When I return we shall explore the way that you are going to make this experiment a success. The theses' of our Dear leader are always true..."

Colin's lips touched the leather of the boot and it seemed that she hesitated for a moment as she watched him kiss them lightly. Now, at last he was showing signs of his cowardly behaviour. Typical Westerner, unable to adjust to circumstances, a weakling and a feeble excuse for a man.

"I shall return," she said and Colin looked up to see her striding to the door of his cell.

It closed with a slam.

Kin heaved a sigh in the corridor outside the cell. Surrounded by incompetence and fools. The project was not going well at all! A lack of real interest from above and buffoons below and so little to show for all the work and dedication that she had invested.

Her hand went to her belt and she played with the reassuring roughness of the coiled whip. Ten subjects in all and only two were fulfilling the clear truth that the Dear Leader's sayings were absolutes. 'Capitalist Pig', 'Bourgeois Pet', 'Degenerate Swine', 'Deviant Monkey' and 'Imperialist Mule'. Eloquence and truth! Hindered by a lack of resources and dedicated personnel to make her experiments prove her obviously correct thesis, Kin shook her head and dreamed of the adulation that she was due.

She marched to the next metal door in the corridor and fumbled a key in the lock. This cell was occupied by her greatest success, the one that gave her hope that, despite all obstacles, she would prove that all Westerners were exactly what the Dear Leader had spoken of...

The small sign on Colin's door declared 'Capitalist Pig', this one was labelled 'Deviant Monkey'. She opened the door to reveal a cell bare of all but a bed and primitive facilities. Scattered on the floor, hundreds of degenerate Western porn magazines in disorder, on the lumpy bed a naked man sitting. By his side a scattering of torn pages, favourites that he had culled and carefully arranged. In his hand his cock rigid while he was immersed in the lurid gallery of porn that he had created.

Even Kin's entrance passed unnoticed as he moved his fist up and down while drool dripped from his lips.

Deviant Monkey indeed!

Months with nothing but crude images to console him had created a dazed mind that only friction could satisfy. The screen on the wall was dark, another failure of Kin's technical department. Who knew how long it had been since the pornography that was supposed to bring it to life had faded?

Kin looked down at the pictures that were scattered over the floor and felt a strange emotion. Frustration that it was all turning to ashes, thrill at the explicit photos and a covert need that left her confused. The man looked at her for a moment and seemed to lose interest before he returned to his endless self-

pleasure. Perhaps it was that she was clothed that caused his reaction, or maybe her passive stance signalled that she was of no interest.

She wondered what would happen if she placed the French slut from the next cell in with this Monkey. For a moment, she loosened the whip, but it hung unused in her hand, as her subject's cock spurted a few drops of come across the floor. It had taken months before the man had become addicted to his right hand, a shame to subvert the only experiment that had really succeeded!

Kin left the cell as her Monkey crawled across the floor to her feet. Rooting through the glossy pages, looking for more material. The People's Bureau of Idiomatic Veracity's greatest success!

Once again, she stood in the corridor.

With a sigh, she was so gratified that he had crawled to kiss the toes of her boots. She loved what she had created, but it was just not enough!

The members of the Upper Jusche Investigative Bureau of State Security arrived in state. Not for them the rough bus ride from Pyongyang, but a ponderous Mil-6 helicopter that disgorged its three uniformed members in the smooth grass-land to the back of the facility. Holding their caps with one hand and carrying their overnight bags with the other, a man and two women ran under the rotating blades as the thrashing blades speeded up and the helicopter lifted, angled and then swept over the clinic into the far distance.

The swirling dust subsided and the three guests strolled to the paved area in front of the classically built Korean building. There on the steps, waiting in full ceremonial military uniform was Kin Sung Nam and they greeted her with a salute and followed her into the shadows.

"An honour," said Kin as she led them through the dark interior to the small suites allocated for party members' use. "Of course, I shall give you a full tour of the facility and the work that we do for the Dear Leader at your leisure."

The three members of the Upper Jusche Investigative Bureau of State Security did not answer, but merely nodded as they entered the suites. It was not until the small group was in the inner-anteroom and the doors were closed before the middle-aged woman who was the most senior of the group spoke.

"It has been decided that this facility is no longer needed," she said.

Kin looked from one face to the other, but all were blank of expression and seemed uninterested in any reply that she could give.

"Close it down?" said Kin in shock. "We are so close to publishing the results of our experiments that prove conclusively that the phrases of the Dear Leader are..."

The older woman's hand waved Kin to silence.

"I am sure that you have been doing *important* work," she said. "I did not say that the facility would be closed down. Neither did I say that you should do so. I simply said that the facility was no longer needed for *this* purpose! There are important functions to carry through that must take priority over your former work. This means that we shall inspect the facility together and I shall order you as to what rearrangements need to be made to the facilities. This comes from the *highest* level."

The older woman paused to signify the importance of her next words.

"The *highest* level!"

"I am of course at your service," said Kin with an ingratiating smile. "When do you want to start the tour?"

"In one hour," said the woman. "I have to get the documentation in order and we need to recover from the flight. Send something to eat in ten minutes and make sure that you do not discuss anything that I have spoken of!"

Kin backed to the door and opened it to find one of the guards standing to attention just outside. It was obvious that the man had been listening to the conversation inside, but equally vital that her superiors had no cause to discipline her. She pointed to the floor a few meters in front of the door and gave him the order to stand to attention as she closed the door to the apartments.

"One word of this and I will see you posted on the Yalu for the rest of your life," she told him.

Her steps quickened to an almost-run as she realised that she now had less than an hour to prepare for an inspection that was sure to be brutally thorough. A field instruction that would inspect her progress.

The small party followed the instructions of the middle-aged woman who had a Colonel's flashes on her lapels. The extra two stars pinned just below left Kin in doubt as to the exact rank. She simply introduced herself as Park Sun Keong without a formal rank, and looked at the photograph in her hand that seemed to be her guide.

"Ms Park," said Kin. "The photo is a little out of date!" Her finger pointed to an area that was just a field on the phot and added, "There and there are three punishment huts..."

Sun's eye's lifted to meet Kin's with a blank expression and then she replied: "That's where we shall start!"

The field tour of the facility was like no other that Kin had ever experienced. Not a glance at the holding cells and the training areas. Stores and staff facilities remained unseen, instead Kin found that the only thing that seemed to be of interest to the small party were the aspects of the exteriors. Each explanation of Kin's was met by a blank look as if it were of no interest to her superiors and at last her words petered away as she led them in a wide loop of the entire site.

She longed to lead them to see her Monkey, but no opportunity presented itself.

Finally, it was over and Kin found that she was puzzled as to what the visit had served except to see the outside of the facility. She led them back to the dingy but spotless canteen and they sat eating while Sun spread papers on the table and all the other inhabitants of the mess fled to leave them the only four in the vast room.

"A team of architects and builders will arrive tomorrow," said Sun. "You will confine all personnel and prisoners in the meantime. I expect total cooperation as we have to change the nature of this facility inside a month, maximum two. In that time, you will do an assessment of all of the workers and scientists and I shall decide which shall be permitted to work in the newly organised facility. Several of my own people will be arriving to assist you and the behavioural experts that will remain when we have filtered the wheat from the chaff..."

"And my position?"

Sun looked at Kin over the top of her reading glasses and then turned back to the papers and plans spread on the table top.

"That is to be decided! It will be *my* decision, so make sure that you satisfy me in every way!"

Sun looked up again.

"You may go now... Place a guard on all exits, none may leave. *Your* offices become *my* offices, tomorrow. Make sure that you find another place."

The colonel waved her hand casually as if to indicate the fields outside.

Kin nodded and walked from the vast refectory with a feeling of frustration and anger. How dare they do this? She had been so close to proving the scientific theorem that she had been working on for the last three years and now this woman arrived and... The thought ended with expletives and Kin had to stop in the corridor and pull herself together.

After all, when she spoke to the guards and moved her office she would have to show that what her superiors wanted was what she wanted... That was one of the main tenets of Jusche!

Obedience.

Night Lessons

Proverb: *Even monkeys fall from trees.*

Ga looked up at Charley and winced. The woman had no idea about the right clothes to look sexy in. All that tight leather in black. Where was the colour, where was the flair? In her bright pink, blue and green, she was both attractive like a flower and supremely sexy in her fishnets and the green heels that she slipped onto her feet as she waited for her American companion to tell her where this was all going.

"You look like three tins of spilled paint," laughed Charley as she watched Ga slip her thin flats into her hand bag. "But, I when I said 'sexy' I was thinking of something revealing and tight. Still, let's find a taxi and get going."

"What's the plan?" asked Ga.

"I have an address where there is a club and that's where we're going!"

"Can I see?"

Ga took the small note from Charley's hand and looked it over.

"We're not going *there*," she said. "No way!"

"And, why would that be?"

"It's in the red-light district to start with, secondly it is in the Beomseobang gang area and not at all safe for foreigners!"

Charley started to laugh.

"Sorry? You intend to go undercover in a slavery operation and worry about the red-light district in Seoul? We will fit in perfectly *and* see what is going on. If we are going to work together as a team, then we have to learn each other's character and this is a perfect way to do it. We need to be seen as players."

Half an hour later, the taxi from the Hilton dropped both women off on a busy junction. This was not the Seoul of tourists and high class shopping malls, but Gireum, the seediest of the three red-light districts. Ga seemed uncertain, but Charley looked at the neon signs in a small back alley and headed straight that way.

"Charley, this is not good..." said Ga as she scurried after the tall American who just lengthened her stride and went straight to the doorman. "These people are dangerous!"

The doorman heard the spoken English and commented in Korean, "Look at this Western battleship. Fucking her would be like putting your cock in a sack!"

"Fuck you, dickless!" answered Charley in Korean. "Now you can apologise!"

The doorman looked her up and down and then commented, "Tits like..."

Ga never got to hear the rest of the sentence, Charley simply spun on one foot while the other one spiked hard into the man's groin. It took just a split second and the other doorman stepped back.

"Now, apologise nicely for your friend!"

Ga caught Charley by the waistband of her skirt and was pulled a step as she sought to slow her companion down.

"*Mi-ahn-hae-yo*," said the doorman and he opened the door to reveal a dark club that was filled with a red glow that seemed to strobe as they looked.

Charley just ignored the man that she had felled and the other who held open the door and strolled in, dragging Ga behind her. The interior of the club was a strange dark fantasy world. Girls dressed in scanty manga-style lounged against the bar while young men in sharp suits with fantastic hairstyles stood by their sides drinking long cocktails. The music was so loud that Charley could scarcely think as she led Ga past the first two dimly lit bars and headed into the main area of the club.

An empty dance floor was lit with flickering strobes, and between it and the long bar were tables. The music was somewhat quieter here, but still intrusive. K-Pop that grated on the nerves and rattled in the ears. Charley felt all eyes turn to stare at her, but she ignored the attention and sat at a table, pushing Ga into one of the worn armchairs.

"Quite a place," commented Charley as she lifted her legs and rested her stilettos on the table. "How they like to stare..."

Ga looked nervously around and nodded before answering.

"Nyeon" she said, using the Korean for 'bitches'. "Now we are in trouble..."

As she spoke a girl dressed in a parody of a school uniform arrived with a tray with two glasses on it. Cocktails of the most exotic appearance with skewers of fruit piled over seething green and blue that bubbled with vapour that poured from them as the girl placed them before Charley and Ga.

"With compliments from Lady Ara," she said as she glanced over to the bar where a middle-aged Korean woman sat smiling over at them.

Charley smiled and took one of the glasses in her hand and sipped at the bubbling drink. It tasted vaguely of sweet fruit, a not unpleasant though almost sickly taste.

"We would be delighted if Lady Ara consented to join us," she said.

Ga seemed to shrink into the large armchair as she picked up her glass and sipped. Charley watched as the waitress returned to the bar and whispered into the ear of the woman who sat smiling at them and placed her drink on the table by her feet, waiting to see what happened next. Lady Ara nodded and slipped from the bar stool with an easy grace. Tall for a Korean woman, she was dressed in red, a long fluttering dress that formed a tube around her legs so that she was forced to take small steps as she approached.

"She is the owner of this place," muttered Ga. "Be careful... this is gangland."

"And I thought that Korea was all light and roses!"

Lady Aga was impressive, thought Charley. A subtle mixture of gravitas and suggestive flow that spoke of self-assurance and sensuality that was more than the sum of the parts. As she moved from the bar, chairs were pulled in and all the eyes in the club watched her stately progress.

"Unusual for foreigners to grace my club," were here first words.

"We heard it was the best," said Charley, matching her upper class Korean accent with one of her own. "A place where women can bring their obedient partners and enjoy diverting themselves..."

If the Korean from Charley's lips surprised Lady Aga, there was no sign. She simply draped herself in the remaining armchair and regarded the blonde American woman with a small smile.

"I must apologise for the reception," she said with a small wave of her hand. "They will be disciplined!"

Charley made a depreciatory gesture with her hand and pulled a packet of cigarettes from her handbag. Lady Aga took one of the proffered cigarettes and leaned forward to allow Charley to light it before leaning back and breathing to be surrounded in a cloud of smoke that shone blue in the pulsing lights.

"We thank you for the drinks; most welcome..." said Charley.

"Doesn't your companion speak?"

"When she is permitted," smiled Charley.

Ga shrank further in her chair and looked nervous.

"That is as it should be," said Lady Aga. "A perfect companion is one that knows when mere words are unnecessary. So, tell me about yourselves!"

Charley laughed and put her cigarette to her lips before answering in a cloud of smoke.

"Charlie Engel, Los Angeles, in Seoul for business and this is Park Lo Ga, a cute new little friend of mine..."

A look of shock came over Ga's features as Charley used their real names and Lady Aga started to laugh.

"I appreciate honesty," she said with a small flick of the cigarette in her hand. "A most refreshing change in this place!"

She looked around haughtily as if staring all the watchers in the club down.

"So, what is this business?"

"Oh, a bit of this, a bit of that," said Charley with a smile. "Quite mundane really..."

"Money is never mundane!"

"It is just a tool for to gratify the senses..."

Lady Aga nodded as if Charley had spoken some inner truth and then turned to Ga.

"Of course, your splendid companion knows what you are?" she said to Ga.

Ga looked at Charley and then back to her questioner and nodded.

"That's good, a representative of our police should always have honesty as a principal."

"When she's with me, Ga is just my little *nyeon*," said Charley with a laugh. "She just lives to please me..."

"That's good to hear, I would be so dismayed if she were just here to spy on my little business when there are so many other more serious crimes that need attending to in our great city."

Ga's mouth opened as if she were about to speak and then closed again. She shivered slightly under the inspection of the owner of the nightclub and her hands instinctively pulled the hem of her short skirt to cover the tops of her stockings.

"We are just looking for a little excitement," said Charley.

Lady Aga nodded and pulled a small key from her décolletage.

"Then, I shall invite you to experience it, at my expense..."

She laid the key into Charley's outstretched palm and then stood to look down at Charley and Ga for a moment.

"Use the key tonight and consider it the cost of my regret at the unfortunate occurrence at the door of my house. I hope that you enjoy your evening as much as I have enjoyed this interesting tête-à-tête and come here often while you are in Seoul."

Charley watched the woman stroll back to her post at the bar and dangled the key from her hand.

"Why did you use our real names?" asked Ga. "That woman is a Black Widow in the middle of a frightful web of crime..."

"Because she already knows who we are, that's why! Lying would just allow her to play with us, better that she knows that we know! Sun Zhou has all the answers."

"We need to get out of here," said Ga suddenly. "It was a mistake to come here and I should have stopped you."

"My dear Ga," said Charley as she stubbed out the cigarette. "We have already found out so much, we are not going anywhere!"

"What?"

"That there is a leak in your department, that going undercover is going to be almost impossible! This is a test, my dear and we shall never get an opportunity like this again. The woman is so confident that she is in control, that she has no fear of the authorities and that she is hoping that we will slink out of her club with our tails between our legs."

"But, we won't?"

"Of course not! We are going to test the immoral delights of this place and then have a long hard think about how we are going to fulfil our mission..."

Charley looked at the key in her hand. Gold and tiny, it was obviously not the key to a door, but a pass that would allow them to go deeper into the club. To places that were reserved for the wealthiest of clients.

On the dance floor two women now danced in each other's arms while their male companions stood in the shadows holding their handbags with their heads hanging. At the bar, Lady Aga held court, surrounded by three wealthy girls dressed in revealing silk netting. To the side a petite woman sat as a man knelt at her feet and held her feet reverently, planting small kisses on her toes as she looked down with a conceited smile on her face.

To Charley, this was an inversion of Korean society. Here the men were subservient to the women. The sex was understated, no pole dancers or crude striptease shows, just an erotic atmosphere where the woman were the centre of attention. She stood and dangled the key from her fingers in front of Ga and Ga shook her head.

"I'm not going with you," she said. "I'll wait here for you..."

Charley reached down and pulled Ga up by the hand.

"Don't worry, I'll look after you if you look after yourself! It's important that you behave like my little bitch for the next hour. Then we'll leave!"

Ga stood and looked around the dimly lit club with distaste.

"I can't do this. Please, really I can't!"

Tears formed in the corners of her eyes as she looked up at the tall American. Charley felt a pit in her stomach. Could she really rely on Ga at all?

"Why not?"

The reply came in a gust of sobbing as Ga revealed her fears.

"I've never done this before, never gone undercover! All I've ever done is administration and reports..."

"What? I was told that you are an experienced officer..."

"Five years," sobbed Ga. "All in the office!"

"This can't be true," said Charley, switching to English. "Jesus Christ, what are the ANSP up to? Pairing me up with a greenhorn? Fuck, fuck, how the fuck is this supposed to work?"

"I'm so sorry," said Ga tearfully in Korean.

Charley looked down at the petite girl and felt a sudden frustration. Not only were they known already, the cover blown before they had even started, but her partner was a clerk!

"Well, I'm not doing this alone, dear. You'll have to learn fast and we'll have to improvise all the way. I'll train you as we go along, all you have to do is be a good little girl for me for an hour and then we'll get out of this place! It's all about sex, it's really that easy."

Without another word, she dragged Ga behind her to the back of the club where a door was guarded by a huge man in a suit who glanced at the key dangling from Charley's hand and opened the door with an impassive face. Charley stepped through into short corridor and then dragged Ga through the next door. As she went she noted the blinking light of a camera above the door and leaned down to whisper in Ga's ear.

"Just do as you're told," she hissed in English. "We are being watched!"

The door opened as they approached and suddenly they were in a quiet bar where soft classical music and dim light greeted them. The atmosphere was quite different, luxurious and secluded, it was a moment before the two women could take in the detail.

Gilt framed erotica filled the walls, three small women sat at the bar drinking whilst a bartender stood naked behind the bar to attention. Each of the Korean women at the bar was perched on a stool where a man was almost part of the furniture. Tightly clad in shiny latex, tightly chained to the stools in a crouch with face hidden by the rear of each of the seated women. The three unoccupied seats awaited their slaves, the fetters hanging and the seats with openings for upturned faces.

One of the women turned to look at Ga and Charley and smiled before continuing the phone conversation that she was immersed in, the other two not even bothering to see who was entering the bar. From the shadows, a nearly naked man appeared with a tray hanging from the collar at his neck, his arms shackled high up his back. As he approached, he made a small motion that was almost a curtsy and was obviously waiting for either Charley or Ga to give him orders.

"Bourbon on the rocks," said Charley.

The waiter teetered on his stilettos to the bar and Charley followed to stand by one of the unoccupied bar stools slightly unsure of what she should do next. This place was far beyond the BDSM clubs that she had haunted in Los Angeles and the protocols that were valid in LA were clearly out of place in this refined club.

It was the barman that broke the ice. He moved a step and placed the bourbon on the bar top before walking around the bar to stand before the two women. Naked but for a steel tube that encased his prick, the welts of a recent caning were spaced evenly on his thighs and back.

"May I?" he asked, looking at Ga.

"Of course," said Charley.

"Suited?"

"No, not this time..."

He nodded and reached out towards Ga who flinched from his hands. He glanced at Charley as if asking for permission and Charley realised that the three women who were already seated were watching the small drama with amused smiles on their faces.

Charley nodded and sipped her bourbon while the barman went back behind the bar.

"What are you doing?" whispered Ga in a frightened voice.

"Just fitting in, it's all about doing as you're told..." replied Charley in English.

The barman returned. In a moment, he took Ga's wrists and pulled them high up her back before tying them there with a rapid motion of fingers that spoke of long practice. Ga cried out and started to struggle, but the barman's hands produced a ring with a belt attached and he slipped it into her mouth before buckling it at the back of her head.

"Would Madame prefer this?" asked the barman with a smile as he showed Charley a long rubber dildo. "Or as she is?"

"As she is," said Charley.

Almost reluctantly, the barman laid the rubber object on the bar and pulled the struggling Ga to a stool. She twisted and writhed, but it simply allowed the man to spin her to face the stool and bend her into the frame. His weight caused Ga's knees to buckle and with a few adjustments she was fettered into position. Her head bent upwards and slipped into the hole in the seat, her knees up high and her legs wide as a strap was tightened to clasp her to the metal frame of the seat.

"Very pretty," said one of the women at the bar. "I should get a girl like that... where did you buy her and how much did she cost?"

"This *nyeon* was by the hour," said Charley with a laugh. "She's not really mine!"

The three women at the bar started to chuckle and Charley looked down at the face that was staring frightened up from the seat of her stool. Ga was trying to speak, but the gag did not allow more than a gasping and wailing to come from the wide-open lips.

"American?" asked the woman closest to Charley.

"Call me Charley and yes, I'm American."

The barman stood back and admired his work before bowing and retreating behind the bar. Charlie patted the forehead of her companion and slid onto the stool, sliding her rounded ass over the face and picking up her glass to take a sip.

"You really need to get a proper outfit for a night out like this," said the woman at the bar. "All that leather is so sexy, but far too tight to be practical!"

Charley inspected the two women who were facing her and nodded.

"I didn't really plan for this," she laughed. "I had heard of this place and picked her up in the street. Then Lady Aga gifted me a key..."

The use of the club-owner's name brought smiles.

"Hye-Su and Hye-Rin, she's Hye-Won," said the woman closest to Charley as the furthest woman closed her phone and slipped it into her handbag. "We are here all the time, but it's quiet tonight. So, what brings an American to this place?"

"Business of sorts," said Charley.

She moved a little to allow Ga a little room to breathe and smiled.

"That and good company!"

The three Hye's giggled at the compliment

"We are here on business as well," said Hye-Su. "Well, sort of... a buying spree actually."

"Seoul is the best place for clothes," said Hye-Won as she wriggled a little on her stool. "Otherwise we pop over to Japan occasionally."

As she spoke her lips pouted and she sighed before settling her dress a little before continuing: "Of course there's loads of things to do in Seoul! To start with, we come here to this place every evening now."

Charley looked down at the black clad man fettered under Hye-Su's stool and chuckled.

"I see that hubby is enjoying the evening," said Charley, trying to move the conversation along.

The young Korean woman smiled and lifted the hem of her skirt just enough to allow a brief glimpse of the mouth that slaved for her. A black rounded hole in a smooth latex face, a pink tongue that flickered out momentarily to lap at the parted pussy and then the hem dropped and Hye-Su wriggled on the stool with a small lick of her lips.

"He serves," she giggled and a flush spread over her neck. "Of course, he's still in training!"

Charley looked from one girl to the other and realised that all three were almost identical. Of course, the make-up and different clothes had disguised the fact, but there could be no other explanation.

"You're triplets!" she said with a small cry. "Almost identical."

All three girls giggled and Hye-Won said, "Identical, when we try to be. Even mother gets puzzled when we make the effort. It allows us to play some fun pranks when we are in the mood."

The door to the hidden bar opened and Lady Aga sauntered in. Her eyes took in the waiter in the shadows and the barman standing stiff and then her face relaxed to a warm smile as she moved to join the group at the bar.

"I thought that it would be interesting for you to meet Charley," she said to the triplets. "It's a slow night tonight..."

"Triplets," said Charley. "Fascinating, I'd love to see you three together in the same clothes... I've never even met identical twins before..."

"They are little devils when they are in the mood, aren't you girls?" said Lady Aga.

"Angels!" said all three together. "We're angels not devils!"

"Of course, you are dears, perfect little angels!"

"You should come up to Auntie Tokashirimaso's little summer retreat with us," said Hye-Rin. "It's up in the hills and a perfect setting for us to play!"

"Sounds good, but I have loads to do in the next few weeks," said Charley. "I really don't think that I've got time."

"We're not going up there for a while," said Hye-Rin. "If you give me your number, we can arrange it. Auntie will love you and your nice friend..." She looked to where Ga was fettered to Charley's stool and giggled. "It's a perfect place to indulge yourself fully..."

Charley felt Lady Aga's hand on her shoulder.

"There's something that I would like to show you," she said in Charley's ear. "Come with me a moment, I think that it'll surprise you!"

"One moment," said Charley as she pulled out her phone. "What was that number?"

After noting Hye-Rin's number, she slipped off the stool and patted Ga on the forehead.

"Be a good girl, I won't be a moment!"

Ga looked up at her fearfully and Charley could not help slipping a finger into that open mouth.

"Perhaps I'll take you up to my new friend's Aunt's house," she said.

Ga made a sound in her throat and her eyes rolled to look at the young Korean woman who sat on the next seat smiling down at her. It seemed as if she was trying to shake her head, but Charley ignored it and took the hand that Lady Aga proffered.

"Won't be long!"

Lady Aga led her through the first door and then opened a hidden door in the corridor that connected the private bar and the nightclub beyond. The door revealed a small room fitted with screens from top to bottom.

"It's what you should know," said Lady Aga as she lit a cigarette. "Your companion works for the ANSP, I think that she is an infiltrator..."

Charley tried to look shocked.

"I thought that you were teasing..."

Lady Aga touched the keyboard and the scene on the largest screen changed to show the bar where the triplets and Charley had conversed just a minute before. Hye-Rin was now standing by the bar and the smooth face of the man pinned in her chair was visible. The mouth opened wide, while Hye-Rin's fingers played with the orifice in an almost affectionate way.

"I have all of the police personnel files, there is no doubt about it. What I don't understand is why a mere office *nyeon* would allow herself to be used like this..."

As Charley watched, Hye-Rin slapped Ga's face and lifted her short skirt high. The wide hips and rounded ass of the Korean girl wriggled and she seemed to be laughing as she turned and slowly sat on the stool.

Charley could feel a sense of apprehension as she watched. She could not just walk out of the room and rescue Ga, she just had to watch as Hye-Rin settled on the face of her colleague and parted her legs a little as the barman served another round of drinks. Hye-Su fiddled with her phone, Hye-Won drank delicately from her glass and Hye-Rin settled down on her new stool with pouting lips.

"Perhaps she is just a submissive... I did pick her up in a bar around the corner and paid her for the evening..."

Lady Aga looked at Charley with a hard and inquisitive look and then turned to the screen.

"We've never seen her in Gireum before," said the tall Korean woman as she inspected the screen. "I have to be very careful. The ANSP are powerful and a dangerous organisation to offend, especially when it's one of their own."

"Well, it's not my problem," said Charley. "I just picked up the slut for the night..."

"We might have to dispose of her," said Lady Aga, "and you!"

"My lips are sealed," said Charley feeling her apprehension turn to liquid dread.

"Of course they are," said Lady Aga in perfect English. "Perhaps it would be better if you left her here with us and just headed back to the Hilton. You are in the Hilton?"

"Yes," said Charley. "Should I go?"

"Perhaps..."

Lady Aga's fingers played with the keyboard for a moment and suddenly the view on the screen flipped over. A strangely distorted fish eye view showed that there was a camera embedded in the seat. The light was poor, it was difficult to make out exactly what was being shown and then suddenly there was light as fingers lifted the skirt high. On the small screen above, Charley could see the three girls by the bar. Hye-Rin had lifted her skirt and was looking down at the open mouth that was wide below her and then she slid a little to place her gaping pussy against the forced-open lips. On the huge screen Charley saw a stream of liquid jet into the open mouth of the ANSP officer and then the gap was closed and all she could see was a distended clitoris rub against the face of Ga as she was forced to drink.

"As I said, they are little devils, the Hye sisters. Spoiled little rich girls who cannot help playing their wicked games. Perhaps this is perfect, after all, another ANSP agent caught on film is a pleasing catch that I can sell to the highest bidder. There is a good trade in coerced officers, and she might be valuable. She may have access to police systems that we cannot enter yet."

Charley watched as Hye-Rin moved again and reached down to fondle the Ga's face and then watched the hand slowly close on the pretty snub nose and clamp the nostrils delicately closed.

Lady Aga turned back to face Charley and smiled.

"Of course, what happened here tonight is something that will never be spoken of again?"

"Never," replied Charley.

She could not take her eyes off the flicking tongue that lapped at Hye-Rin's stiff clitoris and wondered how she was going to get Ga out of this situation. She had dabbled in the scene in Los Angeles, but there, everything was with partners who played at their fetishes and valued consent above all else. Here, the threat hung heavily in the air and Lady Aga had more than enough muscle to make her wishes become reality. Charley sensed a hardness in the woman that was only just covered by her smiling face. Ga had been right, Gireum was a dangerous place where a person could disappear and never be even investigated.

"That's good," said Lady Aga. "You will leave now and I shall deal with our latest foolish victim..."

As she left the tiny cubicle, Charley almost hesitated as if she was going to head back to rescue Ga, but the huge man who almost blocked the corridor with his bulk obliged her to turn back into the club behind the tall Korean woman and soon found herself back in the street.

Lady Aga planted a small kiss on Charley's lips and then said; "Go back to the Hilton and never come back to Gireum or my club. If you do..."

The threat was unspoken, but Charley nodded and wondered how she was going to explain the loss of her partner in the police headquarters. She had taken the threat far too lightly, now the little Korean police officer was paying for her arrogance.

"I like you," said Lady Aga. "Take my advice; be a tourist, have fun speaking Korean, eat the food, drink the drink, do your business and never think that Korea is like America! It's not, there are deeper currents running here than you, as a foreigner, could ever imagine. If the Hye sisters call you, do not return the call, but leave Korea and do not return until you are forgotten here!"

"I understand..."

"I don't think that you do, my dear!"

Lady Aga's hand reached and cupped Charlie's breast and played a moment with an erect nipple. Teasing and rolling it until it was stiff and responsive.

"I *almost* forget myself, my dear. You would make a perfect bitch for some rich woman who wants something a little more exotic in her chambers. You are on dangerous ground, this is *not* Los Angeles!"

Charley returned the kiss and smiled before turning to retreat up the alley and back into the throng of pleasure seekers who infested Gireum.

In the Beginning

Truth: Work for the people, give it all and the reward of satisfaction will be yours.

Kin Sung Nam, former head of the now dissolving Department Of Idiomatic Veracity watched as the trucks lumbered from the compound heaped with rubble, heading to some unknown destination where it would be used for the benefit of the state. In The People's Republic of Korea, even the destination of waste was a state secret and the purpose of the rebuilding was as yet unknown. All she knew was that the stiff lipped colonel who was organising the work, Park Sun Keong, was a woman who had the ear of the central committee and a woman whom it was best to obey in all things.

All of Kin's staff, all of the experimental captives were now locked in the old reception centre and only Kim, of all the former staff, was permitted to see what was happening. Two blocks had been bulldozed, a vast hole had been opened and triple fencing was being put in place with an efficiency that spoke of great effort. Meanwhile, two architects and a whole host of workers like ants to put the new concept into place and Kim was puzzled as to what the new structures would be used for.

Gone were the two concrete-and-brick blocks, now only the original summer palace was standing while new buildings were measured out and walls sprang into being. It was almost as if a pleasure palace was being built and Kin wondered who, in the Central Committee, had decided to convert the laboratory of the Department of Idiomatic Veracity into an isolated retreat.

Kin found herself fully occupied organising the people that remained. Twenty guards, five of the psychologists and seven of the experimental subjects remained. All were confined in the dilapidated reception centre. The subjects in listless idleness, their lives changed for the better, the others trembling and begging Kim for answers as to what was happening to them.

Every day, Kin met up with the sour faced Colonel who gave her tasks that seemed meaningless, but were certainly a test. Every day a truck arrived and one or another of the former staff was led to it to be transported who knew where. Kin started to wonder when she would be bidden to mount the back of one of the trucks as she supervised the transport and care and every morning she awoke with a pain in her stomach and had to will her legs to take her to the morning's meeting.

For three weeks, the work went on until now all that were left in the old reception centre were the five behavioural psychologists and the seven

apathetic subjects in her care. The sun shone brightly as she ventured to the hut where Colonel Park Sun Keong had finally set up her office and she knocked to be allowed to enter.

"The first stage is complete, announced the sour faced colonel to one of the builder's gang leaders. What happens next is the detail... Ah, Kin Sung Nam, just in time!"

Kin stood to attention, suddenly aware of the whip coiled at her belt. The old symbol of her superiority lay on her hip and she almost wished that she had not kept it as part of her uniform.

"At your service," said Kim in her best clipped tone.

"Good, sit down, we have a few points to discuss..."

Kin sat down as the man left the office and closed the door behind him without a word.

"The Department of Idiomatic Veracity has been dissolved," began Sun. "The Central Committee has decided that the work was a success and commends you for your faithful attention to the tenets of Jusche! I have here the commendation..."

The Colonel's hand extended and she offered the certificate to Kin who glanced at the signature without recognising the functionary that had made out the award. Kin rolled it and placed it on the desk.

"I am most happy for this recognition..."

"Yes, yes, yes. It's no more than you deserve! Now it is time for me to decide where your talents can be used to most effect," said Sun. "I believe that there is a synergy between your former work and what we are trying to achieve here. A project that has been funded and encouraged from the highest levels of the Central Committee. From now on, you will take up the rank of brevet Colonel, with all of the privileges that that implies. You will work for me directly and be my aide to fulfil the wishes of the people. This project is secret and of great importance..."

Kin listened to the speech with great care as the clipped words from her new boss laid out what her new job entailed.

"This project is designed to undermine the so called capitalist rogue state of South Korea from within," continued Sun. "You will be in charge of the local

operation that will create mindless drones that will be sold to the depraved and corrupt wealthy exploiters in the South. The compound here will be off limits to all but designated personnel and you will apply your talents to creating men and women who will be totally subservient, be in effect goods to be sold to those secret partners that we have designated in the depraved and failing capitalist world that hedges us in."

"I understand..."

"I doubt that, but in the course of the next few months, you will realise that this is a most delicate operation and must be carried out in the uttermost secrecy. It will take maybe another month before we are ready to receive our partners from abroad. At that time, we must impress them with the product that we can produce for them and then the real work will begin."

"And those that are left over from the previous project?"

"They will provide the initial working capital of the project! You will organise them to work efficiently, winnow out those who are ideologically feeble and start the rest as our first batch of goods for sale. There are no restrictions, you will follow orders and do what you have to; to ensure that everything runs smoothly. I have three new members of staff to add and of course there will be a perimeter guard who will remain outside the secure compound. Security is not your responsibility..."

"What do you need me to do now?"

"Good! In the next week, the interiors of the buildings will be completed, you will work with your staff to ensure that all the conditions are correct, that my orders are followed to the letter and that 'success' will be the word that is associated with my work here."

Kin tried to relax and sit back, but the eyes of the Colonel bored into her as if they could read the confused thoughts that lay beneath.

"There is one more thing..."

"Sir?"

"The price of *failure* will be both personal and dreadful. Like the others employed here in this important work; if you disappoint me or the members of the central committee that have sanctioned this project, you will find yourself as one of those designated for sale. As you will soon discover, that is a fate worse than you can possibly imagine!"

Resurrection

Proverb: *Even if the sky collapses, there will be a hole gushing out.*

Ga stumbled out of the lift her apartment, gasping for breath, her heart beating in her chest. Just a few minutes ago, as the first light of dawn had blushed the sky, she had been thrown from a black-windowed car on the steps of her block, semi naked and fumbling for the keys. She opened the front door and closed it, to lean with her back on the wall, grateful to be in the small neat space that was her private world. She slid down the wall to sit on the floor and sat staring at the familiar space of her room. Now that she was home, had escaped the trauma, her thoughts turned to the American woman who had been her companion and she fumbled her phone from her hand bag and flipped it open.

The hours that she had been imprisoned in the small private bar in Lady Aga's club caused every joint to ache, her jaw still clicked when she moved it and the marks of the tight ropes still showed on her wrists. In her mouth she could still taste the juices of the women who had used her as a toy for their pleasure, a creamy soapy fragrance that filled her senses.

Ga clicked through the list of numbers on the phone until she found Charley's number and she hesitated a moment before her finger finally pressed the 'dial' button.

Would she answer? What had happened to the huge blonde woman?

The phone rang twice and then was picked up.

"Ga?" came Charley's voice.

Ga felt a relief out of all proportion, an emotional surge that caused her to sob into the phone and cradle it in her hand.

"Are you there? Are you OK?"

"Yes," she sobbed. "OK..."

"Oh, my God," came Charley's voice in her ear in English. "Where are you?"

It was several seconds before Ga could answer and even then all she could say was a single word: "Home!"

"I will be there..."

Ga clipped the phone closed and slumped weeping to the floor, it was five minutes before she could move and stumble to the shower where she stood under the hot cascade of water, still clothed in her tattered costume of the night before.

"What happened to you?"

Ga's voice almost breaking with the strain, she proffered a small glass of tea to Charley with a trembling hand and then sat down opposite her on the tiny armchair.

"Not good," was all the blonde American would say.

"It was awful," said Ga in Korean. "All three of them..."

Charley felt a surge of guilt as she regarded the petite Korean girl who cupped her own glass of tea in both hands. This was the young naïve woman that she had abandoned... been forced to abandon in the clutches of those sadistic women. She lied to cover her embarrassment in an attempt to hide the fact that she had simply taken a taxi to the Hilton after escaping from the club.

"Me too..."

Ga nodded and hung her head. There were no recriminations from her lips, she managed a wan smile and sipped at the hot tea and nodded.

"What did they say?" asked Charley.

Ga shrugged as if she did not care.

"That terrible woman who owns the club told me that she owned me now!"

Charley shook her head in sympathy and considered her words carefully.

"They still don't know I'm FBI," said Charley. "You are blown. I suppose that we need to get you off this case? I can still do my work... I'll just have to find another partner!"

"No, no," said Ga. "There's no way that I'm giving in to them!"

"Don't be ridiculous! You are being blackmailed, there's no way that you can do this..."

"I'm going to report it to my superiors," said Ga. "Tell them what happened... this is an opportunity and not a defeat. If those bitches think that they have me in their grip we can use this!"

There were still tears on Ga's cheeks, but a look of defiance and a grating edge in her tone signalled her determination. Charley nodded, sure that she could persuade her partner to back down when she revealed what she intended to do.

"You don't understand the risks," she said. "I intend to take up the Hye-triplet's offer and take up their offer of a holiday. I can't possibly take you with me, they would eat you alive!"

Ga shivered and then stared Charley in the eyes.

"If you can do this after what they did to you, then I can too!" said Ga. "I understand the risks, but if they think that I am broken to their leash it will give you a chance to find out who is behind this criminal group. I was so wrong, I'll admit it, I really thought that no Koreans could possibly be deeply involved in this slavery! Now, I am going to help the ANSP and the Americans bring them down and see them behind bars..."

Charley sighed.

"We will be all alone, no back-up, no rescue if it goes wrong. I can't possibly do this to you!"

"It's my choice. Mine alone!"

"We need to get back to police headquarters and start planning," said Charley. "In a couple of weeks we have to be ready... It starts when I get the call."

"I'm ready now," replied Ga defiantly. "All I want is revenge!"

Academy of Judicious Guidance

Truth: Guidance does not come from above, it comes from inner obedience.

Months in one camp after another. Weeks in a tiny cell alone and then finally a cage barely large enough to turn in. Colin found that the pictures in his head of his former life seemed like dislocated fantasies of another existence. They fed him, they watered him and the cell where the cage had been placed was warm so that even in his naked state he was not cold.

The woman in the green uniform, the one that had brought him to this place occasionally stood over his cage, the long whip at her hip unused and it seemed to him that she showed concern. A change had come, but Colin did not understand what that change meant or even whether it heralded an improvement.

At least; there was no punishment, no abuse and he was not expected to do anything other than look at the floor when she was present. Who knew what was going on in the wider world? Perhaps there was an uproar at his incarceration? Pressure being applied, exchanges being negotiated and the new conditions heralded a release? He tried not to allow hope to fill his mind and take over his thoughts. Instead he closed his eyes and dreamed of all of the places that he had seen while deciding that the real blessing of release would be that he would choose not to ever venture from home again.

But, he could not help himself!

There was nothing to do, but to hope and dream of liberation.

Kin walked the empty palace that had now taken the place of the People's Bureau of Idiomatic Veracity. Behind her were the two officers that she had chosen as her personal guard.

What had been stale corridors and tiled cells, institutional offices and brown décor had bloomed to become a sybaritic château in a fusion of Korean gold and red and European last-century-luxury. Trucks had arrived and disgorged furniture and materials, workers had put it into place and attended to every detail and now even Kin did not recognise the canteen that had become a throne-room and the prisoner exercise-hall that had become a vast mirrored reception gallery in opulent style.

The transformation of the buildings was not the end of the story.

New uniforms arrived as well as personnel who Kin organised into work groups and gradually the meaning of the alteration became clear. Kin found that she was the mistress of a place, the like of which she had never imagined in her wildest dreams.

Gone were Kin's hopes and aspirations of ruling a small cadre of subservient victims of her institutional empire. Now she was being given something that was greater and grander than even her dreams had encompassed. She was second in command to Colonel Park Sun Keong, a woman who ruled this place with an iron hand. The sour-faced woman who handed Kin a portion of her authority dictated her wishes, inspected the results and punished disappointment and failure with a casual wave of the hand that brought Kin to a realisation, a personal enlightenment that filled her with the knowledge that *this* was her perfect world.

Kin entered the reception gallery for the daily review of the staff. Fifty had arrived, now only thirty remained! Another five would be demoted today leaving just the right amount to create the basis for a staff dedicated to Colonel Sun's concepts. A picked cadre of superiors who could be relied upon to work hard to realise the central committee's wishes. The others, those who had failed in their duties, occupied the new accommodation that they themselves had helped to organise!

The thirty women who stood to attention the length of the mirrored wall did not stir as their mistress entered through the double doors the circle of the looped whip in her gloved hand. They knew that this was the final inspection, the final moment of choosing and stood with impassive faces as Colonel Kin walked slowly towards them.

Only three of the former psychologists remained of the former compliment, none of them were male. They stood, like the others, stock-still, as Kin passed with her two guards and stared forward with expressionless faces. Each wore the new uniform that they had been given, every fold of the long white coats perfect, the white ankle-high boots perfectly polished.

Kin stopped at the third and smiled. The feeling of control filled her to the brim, but the smile was thin lipped and did not reveal her exhilaration at the power that she had over her functionaries. Kin's hand extended and opened the robe to reveal the expanse of naked skin underneath. She looked intently at the small, cleft triangle between the woman's thighs and nodded. Each of the entire group had been chosen on the basis of just three critical criteria.

Physical perfection, dedication to the principals of Jusche and of course a streak of cruelty that would ensure their full obedience. This one was emblematic of Colonel Park Sun Keong's ideal and would not be relegated to become the first intake. In her former work for the Department of Idiomatic Veracity, she had shown a pleasure at abusing her charges that had endangered several of the experiments. Traits that would stand her in good stead in the coming new regime!

Kin allowed the latex robe to fall into place and moved to the next one in the row. The three sadistic psychologists were the first group, the second consisted of women who had been chosen for their exceptional attractiveness, first and foremost. Ten women who had been chosen because of their connections with influential servitors of the state or because they were just a little too influenced by the slivers of degenerate culture that leaked from the south.

"Today we are expecting a visit from Colonel Park Sun Keong and a cherished guest who has been given authorisation at the highest level to lend us her experience and knowledge in doing our duty," said Kin. "Even though the People's Republic of Korea has *unlimited* resources and expertise, there is always something to learn and we shall show our esteemed guest that we can surpass any previous level of competence!"

Kin stopped to inspect the young woman who she now stood in front of. Her rounded face was subtly attractive, the large breasts under the mock-military uniform impressive and the rigidity of the leather corset showed her narrow waist and high hips to great advantage. What the young woman did not know, was that a cousin of hers had fallen into disfavour for refusing the direct orders of a superior and that despite her suitability, she was to be disposed of.

"Hands!"

The woman smiled and lifted her hands for inspection.

"Why is this varnish not properly applied?" asked Kim in a sweet voice.

The smile was swept from the young woman's face in an instant and Kin felt a warmth between her thighs that came from the complete authority that allowed her to decide the women's future.

"It is according to regulations!"

"I decide that, not you," spat Kin. "Insufficient excuse for a lack of perfection. Moreover, my rank is to be stated with every answer to a direct question!"

“Colonel, I apologise...”

Kin's face twisted into a wry smile.

“The regulations are quite specific! Step back and wait after this inspection is dismissed.”

For a moment, it seemed as if the young woman was about to argue, but she mastered herself and stepped back as ordered. Kin passed down the line. Of the other nine women in tight leather and high heeled boots, one more was chosen to step back. That left the next and last group of twelve. Mature women who had been picked from camps the breadth of North Korea for a singular dedication to self-gratification. All were attractive, but in their cases, what was sought was their aptitude to intimate abuse that they had all revealed as guards.

Colonel Park Sun Keong and Kin had sifted mounds of files to find these women who lay on the margin of finding themselves in conflict with the state. The result had been twenty women who relished tormenting their victims, now there were just twelve remaining and three had to go to make the team of twenty-five the decided proportion. All were easy to dismiss, all were mavericks and iconoclasts, otherwise they would not be standing in their tight latex suits awaiting final judgement. Kin had decided two, Colonel Sun the other and Kin relished creating a small drama of their nervousness.

The first was fifty-seven years old. Short and rounded, she had obviously struggled into the tight latex and wobbled on the high heels that were required as a uniform. Kin recalled her file. Thirty years as the partner of a corrupt camp-commandant, a woman who used the prisoners like slaves for her personal pleasure. Kin looked her up and down and then extended her hand between the woman's legs to touch her thighs. The fingers slowly inched up the smooth latex to reach the zipper that concealed the hungry sex that was swelling beneath.

“Are you sure that you can satisfy me?” asked Kin as her fingers closed on the zipper and slowly pulled down between the bulging thighs.

“Yes, Mistress.”

Kin looked down as the pale flesh of that pussy swelled under her fingers and her middle finger slipped into the warm wetness. She noticed a flutter of eyelashes and the lips parted slightly as she explored and then teased a swelling clitoris until it emerged from between the soft cleft under her hand.

"Can you obey me in *all* things?" asked Kin, relishing the delicious mixture of fear and pleasure that was consuming her victim.

"Yes Mistress."

The words were almost a gasp that carried meaning.

"When this inspection is over, make sure that you have this uniform adjusted and then report to my office for orders," said Kin. "We need woman like you to teach our subjects proper service..."

Her hand stroked the clitoris for a moment and then slowly pulled the zipper closed, sealing in the hungry sex before it could dribble honey down the woman's thighs.

The next woman in line moved slightly as Kin moved to confront her. Her feet moved to open her thighs a bit and Kin stepped in close.

"Is that what you want?" asked Kin.

"Yes Mistress," came the reply.

Kin's hand extended and she pressed a wet finger between the woman's lips and watched as the woman sucked on it willingly.

"Step back, slut. Far too submissive to be in charge!"

The look on the woman's face was one of terror. The finger popped out and she fell to her knees to look up at her superior.

"Please Mistress, whatever you order..."

"You'll be trained in the first batch, *nyeon*! I only want those that can act as superiors in the Academy of Judicial Guidance and not submissive sluts that fall to their knees at the first sign of authoritative disapproval."

Kin watched as the woman struggled to her shaking legs and then stepped back in dread before she passed to the next. The woman's file showed her pathetic weakness and she had been left in the group especially to teach the others what was expected of them. A perfect object lesson for those who had any streak of softness in their characters.

The next woman in line would have been rejected if Kin had had any say, but Colonel Sun's cousin was not a woman that could easily be dismissed. Kin

passed her over and relegated the next one with a curt flick of her fingers. Though she was an exemplary sadist, ideal from so many points of view, she showed signs of insubordination that would best be separated from the rest of the group. There was a fine line between the controlled brutality required and an ability to follow orders to the letter.

That left a final dismissal to be enacted.

Kin passed down the line of chosen female bullies and suddenly realised that she had forgotten which she had chosen to dismiss! The two already disposed of had been her superior's choices, her choice stood in the line, but which was it? She could show no hesitation, neither could she leave this until later, after consulting the list that was tucked into her belt. She glanced along the remaining women and decided on the fly.

The next two overweight, but luscious women were ignored, it was the tall and attractive teenager that she decided upon. The woman had no look of strength, no sign of the required attributes and Kin vaguely remembered her file which showed that she was not a former guard at a re-education camp, but a woman convicted of the incredible crime of rape in Pyongyang. She had a naïve look about her, an innocence that clearly hid a devious mind, but when Kin stood in front of her and looked up into her large eyes, she realised that perhaps her choice was mistaken. An attempt to provoke a reaction got nothing and the tone of the reply was respectful and proper. A small sense of disappointment filled Kin and she passed on without further comment.

In the end, it was the last in the entire line that was ordered to step back as there was no other choice left to the Colonel. She stood and looked up the line and then remembered who was supposed to be relegated. That first woman whom Kim had unzipped... how had she passed her by?

Still, it was too late to change her decision and she dismissed the inspection with a wave of her hand leaving the five quaking victims to be escorted to the cages. In just five hours, Colonel Sun with the Turkish guest in tow and the first batch of trainees would have to be moved to their new accommodation.

A woman who was old enough to be Colin's mother arrived in his cell and stood looking down at him with a thin smile that showed her enjoyment at having been assigned one of the five foreigners that were to be prepared for sale in the capitalist West. She opened the cage and watched him crawl onto the tiles and then kicked him with her high heeled boots before attaching a

leash to his collar and leading him like an animal from the cell that had been his home for so long.

Colin recognised her, the woman who had often filled his bowls in the cage and occasionally intimately explored him with small grunts of pleasure. Now he was at the end of her leash, struggling to keep up as she strode through the complex.

He followed the click of her heels.

Gone was the ill-fitting military uniform in olive brown. The martial boots and the shapeless jacket. Dressed in a tight latex suit, high heeled boots to her knees, he looked up at her rolling, broad ass as she led him and noted the short chain that hung from a zipper that ran from her ample behind between her plump thighs.

Everything had changed!

From tiles to open ground, up a marble stairway, lined with Korean style lions and into a palace that had no relation to its former use. Sumptuous rugs scattered on a hard marble floor, tall golden pillars that stretched to the hammer-beam roof and into an opulent and extravagant inferno that would be the place where Colin would learn to please and gratify until he was a saleable slave.

Office Politics

Proverb: *An apple is significantly sweeter when it has a worm already resident.*

"Please, let me find someone else to take," said Charley in a whisper to Ga. "You cannot do this and I won't put you through it!"

"I make my own choices..."

The two women sat in the glass fronted cubicle that was Commander Park's office. A framed photo of his wife and two children took central position on the desk and a pile of neatly stacked files sat in his out-tray, a clear sign of his efficiency.

"It was bad enough that night in the club in Gireum," said Charley. "This is you going into the lion's den willingly!"

"Stop telling me what I can and can't do," said Ga. "I am going in with my eyes wide open and that's that!"

"Did you look at the films that I sent?" asked Charley.

"Of course not! You are just trying to scare me from going with you on a mission that will see me promoted and prove that the Korean Police can investigate undercover as well as the Americans can."

Charley sighed and thought about the last couple of weeks of waiting. Ga and Charley had not seen all that much of each other as Charley learned all the details of the files that she had been given and Ga had been on some other task that seemed to take her from Charley's side most of the time.

"This is not some fucking proving ground, you stubborn bitch," hissed the FBI agent. "You are risking the both of us!"

At that moment the door opened and Commander Park walked into the office with a Captain in tow.

"Afternoon ladies," he said as she slipped into his large chair while the Captain stood by the door. "The Americans are asking why you have not been assigned yet," he said as he held up a hand to stop Charley from speaking. "We have told them the truth, that we are waiting for the right moment. Meanwhile, they are impatient to get you undercover because there are moves afoot in New

York and Amsterdam and they need some quite specific information. This pressure to act does not fit with our methods, and they will just have to wait..."

"Sir, I have been contacted, just this morning," said Charley. "A number to call and then the operation can begin. But first, I would like to add something about the presence of Park Lo Ga on this mission..."

"My American associate would just like to say how happy she is that I accompany her," said Ga, breaking into the flow.

A look of frustration came over Charley's features before she sat back in her chair and waited for Commander Park to speak.

"That's good! We will have a team of American and Korean operatives ready to pull you out and several means for you to contact them," said Ga's boss. "Two transmitters, one each and overhead surveillance that will be invisible, but over you all of the time. The CIA have offered two drones, but we have refused as the Korean equipment is quite adequate for the small risk involved. From the point that you set off, understand that help is just minutes from your position. I have here," he continued, "a file with the information and people that we need to possess. When you have it, we shall either get you clear or else you will walk out on your own. As you decide!"

"I am honoured to be on this mission," said Ga in a defiant tone. "We shall find it all and more..."

"Yes, yes," said the Commandant in a bored tone. "Of course you will! But, I believe as do my superiors that there is no way that a Korean element in this trade has heavy involvement. Your mission is to show our international partners that we are willing to aide their investigations of their own law-breakers. The Korean Government expects their suspicions to be verified, Korea would never be the centre of crimes of this magnitude!"

Having made his speech, he dismissed the two women with a small gesture that spoke of his indifference. Ga and Charley left the office, the American with the slim file in her hand. When the door was closed, the Commandant sighed and nodded to the Captain who lounged by the door.

"Call them up and indicate that there is a small risk for them... nothing to worry about."

"Yes sir," said the Captain.

"Make sure that there is no indication of the details, just that there is a insignificant attempt being made in penetration! We want nothing to come back to us here, no odium or bad smell must issue from this office. Shit will only stink in America and the FBI. Do you understand?"

"Sir," said the Captain and he exited the office to find Charley and Ga looking at the one page that lay in the file.

Commandant Park leaned back on his chair and regarded the photo on his desk. Smiling wife, the two toddlers that laughed at the camera and the shapes of the manicured garden that lay in the background. A garden far beyond what a Commandant of the ANSP could afford, a garden that backed onto a mansion that would even raise eyebrows if it were owned by a corrupt politician.

There were some things that just had to be done, after all, family always came first!

A Long Trip

Proverb: *The only commands to respect are those that one is obliged to.*

She had dialled the number, left a message and then confirmed with a brief text. An answer to the message that had arrived that morning. A message that the Hye triplets invited her to take up their offer.

Charley wondered how she could possibly dissuade Ga from the mission as every word that she had said was ignored by the petite Korean. Now it was too late, they sat in the taxi, stopped in the heavy traffic, Ga in her sexy outfit and Charley in her jeans and stilettos. Each had a small fob clipped into their outfits, the promised 'call for help' transmitters that would call in their rescue, should they need it.

Charley craned out of the taxi window seeking a helicopter or some other sign of being watched and then decided that it would be too obvious. Clearly, the ANSP would use the transmitters to trace them at a distance, their discretion a good sign. Her last chat with her Chief of Staff in Los Angeles had shown that he was confident of the Korean's abilities and commitment, despite Commander Park's rather negative comments.

"Just get in and out and bring us what we need," he had said. "Operations are in course in three other countries, in a week or two we will have what we want and the net will close in on these bastards!"

Charley lurched as the taxi moved again and her hand went to the SIM card that was her other, more personal safety net. Better than a mobile, she could slip it into any phone and call for help and she was sure that they would never find it sewn into one of the belt straps on her jeans. She wondered if Ga had taken any personal precautions and decided that she was far too naïve to do so. So naïve, that she had had no problem when Charley had suggested that Ga's role would be as her personal submissive *nyeon*. The only realistic role that she could possibly adopt after their visit to Lady Aga's club.

"When we get into the hire car, I shall call for instructions on how to get to this mysterious Aunt's house and we'll have to take it as it comes..."

Ga nodded. Now she was subdued, the reality of the undercover mission finally penetrating her ego. It had been easy to push to be a partner while in the office, under the Commander's gaze. Now the idealism was being replaced by a nervous anxiety.

"You'll make sure to keep me close," said Ga.

"I'll do my best..."

"I'm not sure at all about this!"

"Well, at last you realise that this is not just a tourist trip," said Charley ironically. "Stop the taxi and get out, once we arrive there's no going back."

"I'm nervous," said Ga at last. "But, I need to do this."

Charley shook her head in frustration and watched as the taxi drew up at the car rental centre. Soon she would have to call the Hye sisters and tell them that she was not alone. After that, there would be no going back."

Ga paid the taxi and waited for Charley to get her case from the back of the taxi. The boots that she wore over her girly little costume gave a bizarre look to her and Charley wondered what had been going through her mind as she chose the outfit.

"Charley Engel?" asked a tall Korean woman as she strolled up. "We have arranged transport for you..."

The American inspected her and shrugged.

"Two of us, actually," she replied in Korean. "Ga wanted to come along for the ride."

The tall Korean woman made a small gesture of dismissal just as a limousine pulled up to the kerb. She opened the door into the dark interior and took Charley's case before the door closed again and the car smoothly moved into motion.

"My case!" said Charley to the driver as she looked back to see the Korean woman still standing at the kerb.

"It follows on," said the driver without taking her eyes off the road. "You won't be needing it immediately."

Before Charley could reply, a dark glass swept up and separated the driver from her passengers. Charley pulled at the door handle and found that it moved easily, but the door did not open.

"Just sit back and enjoy," said the driver's voice through a loudspeaker. "It takes two hours to get to the meeting point. You'll find something to drink under the seats."

Soft music issued from the speakers and Ga ran her hand under the plush leather of her seat to find two tall glasses and a bottle of Dom Perignon.

"Nice," said Charley and she made a small motion that indicated that Ga should not comment.

Ga poured the glasses full and passed one to the American woman.

"Thanks, here's to a happy holiday," said Charley in English. "This should be fun..."

The ride took the two women from Seoul and onto a highway. It sped easily through the traffic of the ring road and into a countryside that climbed steadily into the interior. Charley and Ga scarcely spoke, Charley wondering if there was a microphone in the car and Ga, deep in a phase of regret that she was so stubborn.

The limousine pulled up in a small village of scattered farm-houses and at last Ga and Charley were able to leave the car. Charley bit back a comment about her lost case and followed the driver in her black uniform into a house where a family with three small children sat eating a meal.

"Follow me," said the driver, and she led them into the back of the house. "leave all personal items here," she said, pointing at the bed. "Phone, keys, money, wallets and watches..."

"I don't understand," said Ga, looking at Charley.

Charley ignored the Korean girl and emptied her pockets. The last item that she tossed onto the bed was the fob that she had attached to her key ring. It had seemed better to hide the item in plain sight, now she surrendered it without a sign of concern.

Ga followed suit and the driver gathered up the loose items and dropped them into a bag.

"They will be given back in two weeks when you return," she said as she took the bag. "Now, wait here and someone will arrive to pick you up for the last leg of the journey. I would advise you to use the toilet as it's a long trip. Do not speak to the people in this house, stay in this room until the driver arrives..."

Charley nodded, now she could see the fear in Ga's eyes. She too, realised that they could no longer be followed, but Charley already had her doubts that there was any outside help from the ANSP even if they had called.

The two women sat on the bed and waited. Ga in a state of agitation, Charley wondering if her Korean companion would be able to keep her fears in check. Even more of a worry was that her companion would give away her secret.

The second part of the trip was in the back of a van that had been fitted with luxurious seats even though there were no windows except the two panes of black glass that allowed the occupants no view at all of the view outside. The driver was a man who spoke no word except Charley's name and then locked them in the van to sit comfortably with a second bottle of champagne.

The van seemed to drive for hours, but without her watch or phone, Charley could not begin to estimate the time. She guessed at four hours, but it could just as easily have been two or six. All she knew was that the pressure on her bladder signalled that it was more than two. Ga seemed in a state of shock. In her little girly costume, she curled up on one of the seats and stared at Charley as if this was all her fault.

Charley ignored her!

When the van doors opened, a vista of mountains and rice fields was revealed. A bright blue sky, even though the sun was starting to set over the highest peak. Charley adjusted her guess to five hours and felt a small sense of gratification that she had some idea of the time the journey had taken.

The two women stepped out to find themselves confronted by a huge sprawling villa with red roofing and gold pillars that held up the vast portico. Standing on the steps was one of the Hye sisters, but Charley could not be sure which. The van driver closed the doors of the van and Ga and Charley went to the steps to be greeted by the Korean girl. She smiled at Charley and looked down her petite nose at her Korean companion.

"I see that you brought your little bitch again."

"Hye-Rin?" asked Charley.

The girl started to laugh and winked at Ga.

"No! let's get you rested after your long journey, darling."

She turned and led them into the darkness where a red-haired European woman stood in a tight uniform. The woman stood absolutely still, only her eyes moving and Charley noticed that her hands were behind her back.

"Your little *nyeon* will be taken to her accommodation... unfortunately perhaps, not as comfortable as the room that has been prepared for you," said the Hye sister. "Meanwhile, come with me and we shall get a bite to eat and discuss the entertainments that have been laid on for your stay!"

The red-head turned and Charley could see that her arms were pulled high up her back in a prayer, with elbows touching where a leather belt held them in position. Ga gave one last look at her American partner and followed the small steps of the slave whilst the Hye sister led Charley into the depths of the vast mansion.

"You shouldn't have brought her."

"Why not?" asked Charley.

"Because, as you know, she is an ANSP agent and will never be allowed to leave."

"Exactly," said Charley. "The loose ends need tying up!"

Philosophy lessons

Truth: What we know, we know best. What we do not know, is not worth knowing.

The cages formed a long line against the wall. Stacked four-high, formed of steel mesh on all six sides the locks that controlled their gates were controlled from a panel of switches that was concealed under a locked steel flap. At all times, a woman stood by this panel and watched those in the cages with disdain, ensuring that none made a sound or communicated with a neighbour.

Colin was inside one of those cages on the third level. It was barely large enough to fit his bent body even if the fetters that closed his wrists to his ankles had not pulled him into a crouch with his face resting staring through the close mesh of the rear to see only the wall.

To get him inside, a lifting palette had been used and the tray on which he had been placed slid into the cage to make the floor. Occasionally he could hear a sigh or a moan from one of the others confined in their cage. A noise that was met with the touch of something that made a crackling sound that soon stilled the intemperate prisoner to silence. Occasionally he heard the door to the room open, a few words in Korean that he did not understand and then the sound of the mechanical contrivance that either put a new inhabitant into a cage or withdrew them.

He managed to sleep fitfully, even the brightness of the light in the room was not enough to keep him awake. To the side of him, the woman in crouched in her cage mumbled in Korean under her breath and Colin very slowly moved his head to see her through the bars of the cage. Naked, middle aged, with a full figure, her breasts spilled and hung to rest on the tray of her cage. Her lips moved almost silently and Colin had an impression of a mass of flesh, a plump turkey on a baking tray, all ready to be roasted and served up for the diners.

The sight of her, collared and shackled in the cage, her soft flesh swelling around the restraints caused a long-forgotten swelling between his thighs. The tights steel bands that pressed into her breasts and the strong chains that held her immobile were horrifically stimulating and the sudden thought of mounting her and using her filled his mind. Pressing into her soft behind, feeling her under him trying to escape his cock while he used her cunt or ass was almost too much for his mind. Colin's cock swelled, but he could not move enough to satisfy the urge and it stood a while and then dwindled and he realised that this was what the cages were for. All of them, all the moaners and others in the

cages were just waiting to be abused at the will of their captors and he was no different from the rest! A turkey waiting for Christmas.

The door opened and footsteps rang on the tiled floor. A few words in Korean, but Colin could not see who had entered the room or understand what they were saying.

More footsteps and then spoken English.

For the first time in so many days, the words could be understood and the meaning grasped.

"These are the holding cages for the new subjects," said a voice that he recognised. "We have two of these reception rooms ready now, the third will be completed in a week."

The voice was that of Kin, the uniformed woman who always carried a whip at her belt. Another voice answered. This time, in a strange rich accent that Colin could not place.

"Perfect, you have arranged everything as suggested..."

"With a few improvements, of course," said Kin.

Colin strained to hear the next words, but footsteps rang on the floor and he was unable to hear how the conversation continued. There was a little laughing and a moan from one of the cages that was followed by a crackle and a cry before more laughter.

"From here, we plan to move each to their own separate cell," said Kin's voice. "The first ones are almost ready. From there they will be assessed as to use before the individual training begins. I have the personnel, most of the facility is ready, all we need to do is to establish the quotas required... and some minor details."

"That's what happens in the next few days," said the other voice. "We have already lined up a number of individual buyers and are in negotiation with the brokers in Europe and the Middle East. Meanwhile, we have established contacts in this area of the world and still have some work to do."

The footsteps rang out again and the door closed.

Colin looked to his left again where the plump woman sobbed softly in her cage and a feeling of hopelessness overcame him, to fill his eyes with tears. His little fantasy was, it seemed, slowly coming to fruition.

The problem was, that he was on the wrong side of the bars.

Anyali lounged on the broad sofa, a drink in one hand and a cigarette in the other. A half-eaten meal of Dim Sum and small cakes lay on the low table between her and Kin and she could feel the warmth of the cognac arising in her.

After a week or so in South Korea, now she was in the North... a strange dismal place that unsettled her slightly.

"Buyers are very choosy," said Anyali to the Korean woman. "They are paying huge prices for our product and expect perfection. Our challenge is to give them exactly what they want at a price that is only just affordable."

"I don't understand," said Kin. "Surely all that is required is to break them to the point that they will perform anything for their new owner?"

Anyali laughed lightly and drew on the cigarillo before blowing a few rings to the ceiling.

"That is the lowest common denominator," she said, "but, it won't do, because each buyer has in mind exactly what they want and need and the product has to exactly match that ideal. We are dealing with people who know what they want and are more than ready to pay for it, they won't buy anything that isn't an exact match for their needs."

"Ah, the list of categories that you sent ahead?"

"Exactly! This is all about just one thing..."

"Sex?" asked Kin.

"No, of course *not*. Sex is just the catalyst, the means, the instrument of pleasure. The symbol of control. This is all about power..."

"But, I thought..."

"Just think of the difference between North and South Korea," started Anyali with a grin.

"Capitalism and communism of course..."

Anyali picked up a small dumpling and chewed it slowly as she considered how not to upset her companion. Better to start slowly and agree.

"Of course," she agreed. "Capitalism and communism, but try to get deeper. I am talking about human nature. What we all want is to live a full life, that is the basis of *all* ideologies."

"Happiness is serving the state!"

"Happiness is whatever you like. In the capitalist world, money is power, in your world, party and state are power. Power over others, power to do what we want to do, power to enjoy what we want to enjoy. What we do is to provide the *ultimate* power over others. To take free will, take away everything from a person and reduce them to become an instrument of pleasure and gratification!"

Kin looked puzzled and then brightened to a smile.

"Like me I suppose?"

"That's right, you know what you want, you know what is satisfying. If you have that power you can make others do what you want, as you want and when you want, that's what we offer. That opportunity to have exactly what ever is in your head and make it become reality. So, each of us is different. What we have to do is create a perfect match between product and buyer and where sex is concerned, there are a million different cravings, because forcing others, using sex is the ultimate power that there is!"

"I think that I understand," said Kin.

"You'll understand better tomorrow when we start the induction. I will help and guide you, explain exactly what is needed and, with any luck, place the first order. But, there is one thing to remember when dealing with Mr and Mrs Tokashirimaso who asked me to come here."

"Which is?"

"They are sellers *and* consumers," said Anyali. "They are not just in this business for the money, they love what they do and because of it they live a life of

unimaginable luxury. Japan, Korea, Thailand, the list is endless. The Tokashirimasos are exactly what you need. Please them and you have a success, if they are not on your side, then you will have problems. This is what you have to understand, you need them as partners."

"What about Europe and America? I mean there are so many rich capitalists there. Surely they all want slaves as well?"

"That's why I'm here, but actually we deal mainly in the Middle East. There is demand there too, a lot of money to be made. You need to connect with China and Japan and the Tokashirimasos are the way to do that."

"I don't understand. Why are you helping like this, I thought that all capitalists were just working for themselves only?"

"We cooperate more than you can imagine! If you are successful, we can join that success. If you fail, then we have only the Tokashirimasos... that's true capitalism, it's all about competition!"

"I understand, even if I don't agree with everything you say. What I need to do now is to run through this list that you sent us. Some is clear, some is obscure to me and my superior wants me to fully understand the technical terms. We have procured everything that you listed, all the equipment is being readied, but I need to understand everything that you explain to my behavioural psychologists when we go into the meeting as I will be the translator."

Anyali pulled her phone out and switched it on. It was clear that the North Koreans were more than a little behind on depraved sexuality!

"Where shall we start?"

"Bondage, bisexuality and most of the other terms, I understand, but what about this term that you use: 'Sissy Maid'? What exactly is that?"

Anyali nodded with a smile and began to explain.

Guests in the Inferno

Proverb: *A real secret is something that no one else knows.*

The tall redhead led the way through the villa and Ga could not help feeling a swell of fear rising as she followed. The wiggle in the hips, the short steps in those incredible high heels and the way that the elbows touched behind her tight corset. The walls were hung with erotic prints, the carpets were thick and the lighting subdued. Ga looked behind her to see the young Korean bitch standing with Charley laughing and wondered why she was being treated differently from the American.

A door opened midway down the corridor and the maid stepped through. Ga hesitated for a moment and followed into a richly decorated room that was a bedroom, but also a lounge with two sofas and dark wood furniture that screamed luxury and wealth.

"This is the room where you will both be staying," said the maid in a British-English accent. "You will wait here until Mistress Hye needs your attention."

The whole of one wall was glass hung with netting in gold and red and Ga wandered over to peep through the glass. A backdrop of steep mountains and a vast area with a swimming pool could be seen and Ga found herself in awe of the wealth that this palace represented. Standing in the shadows, by the pool was a naked man. He stood stock still with a tray held empty at his waist. Almost as still as a mannequin, the erection that stood between his thighs was ornamented with a heavy ring at the tip and a chain that hung in an arc that disappeared between his thighs.

Ga stood watching and realised that the erection was not a passing moment, but an enduring state, though how he maintained the vigour of his shaft was impossible to say. She turned back to the room to find that the maid who had accompanied her to the room had gone and the door was closed. She inspected the room, kicking off her high heels and wandering around, peering into drawers and cupboards as she went to find them all empty, before she sat down on one of the sofas to wait. This villa and everything in it had been bought with the wealth created by trading in people and now it was clear to Ga that her idea that Koreans could not possibly be involved in this corruption was entirely wrong.

Her nervousness increased.

The house was so quiet, not a sound to be heard. It was almost eerie and somehow threatening. Ga stood and wandered back to the window. Nothing had changed. The man stood exactly as before, the tray still in place and the water in the pool was so still that it was almost like a sheet of glass. Her hand tested the sliding glass door to the outside to find that it stayed stubbornly closed, though there was no lock to be seen. Ga pulled hard at the door and then another thought occurred to her. She padded over to the door by which she had entered and pulled at the handle.

It too was locked and a short rap of her knuckles on the dark wood indicated that it was solid. Ga stood looking at the door and then went to the only other exit to find a huge bathroom that had no other exit. For a few minutes, she inspected the bathroom, noting the expensive unused bottles of eau-de-cologne and wrapped soaps and the huge plush towels. Silver rings were set at intervals around the walls at ankle height, one on the toilet pedestal and another set by the free standing jacuzzi and she wandered back to the main bedroom to realise that there were similar loops concealed strategically in this room as well.

She lifted the silk coverlet from the bed and stooped to find that the base of the bed was an elaborate cage. Bars in filigree between floor and the double mattress and a small opening that would just allow someone to be confined under the sleeping guest.

Once again, Ga sat on the sofa. There was nothing to do but to wait...

A click broke the silence and Ga's reverie and the door opened to reveal one of the Hye triplets.

"One of our very best rooms," she said as she entered the room closely followed by a woman dressed in red and gold.

Ga stood as the door closed behind the two women and it was then that she saw what the Hye-sister's uniformed companion had in her hand.

"You are our honoured guest," said the young Korean woman as she led Charley to a vast reception room. "For two weeks you can relax and enjoy and we can get to know each other better..."

Charley answered with a 'thank-you' and found herself looking onto a superb vista that encompassed mountains and a slow-moving river that coursed through the gardens laid out at the back of the palace. Other elegant

buildings dotted the view, glass corridors linking them and a few figures moved in the distance.

"Mrs and Mrs Tokashirimaso are away on vacation, though you might have the pleasure of meeting them in a week or so, when their daughter is back from her school. Until then, you will have everything that you desire and we shall enjoy a relaxed vacation away from the attentions of business... I hope that your trip so far in Korea has been satisfactory?"

Charley tried to relax. Even though the attitude and demeanour of her hostess was gracious, a hint of her vulnerability plucked at her nerves.

"I have ordered a little something to eat and drink and then I will show you to your room," smiled the Hye sister. "Now then, all I know about you is that you are American, but surprisingly, you speak Korean like a native. Tell me a little about yourself and what business you are in..."

"Not until you tell me who you are," laughed Charley. "I'll admit that I still think that you are Hye-Rin!"

"Hye-Su," laughed her companion. "You'll get used to it, dear. We play this game all the time as it's such fun to see the confusion. I have to admit that occasionally I even get confused myself! Later we shall play a little game that we love!"

Charley smiled and tried to relax. This young woman seemed so affable and inviting, but she was a dangerous woman who had to be treated with caution.

"Hye-Su," said Charley. "I learned Korean in America quite by accident really. When I was small, our neighbours were two Korean families and I was best friends with their three daughters. University perfected my Korean, I suppose. I am wondering why you invited me here in the first place? Our meeting in that club of Lady Aga's was really quite brief, so tell me what caused this generous invitation?"

"I'll have to admit it, my sister has a bit of a crush on you, darling, and you are very attractive. Hye-Rin is impulsive really and I am sure that she thinks that she can seduce you!"

"I'm flattered," said Charley, feeling a blush on her neck and cheeks. "But, I have a long-standing partner..."

"That silly policewoman you brought along?"

"Of course not, she is just someone that I picked up along the way in Seoul. No, in Los Angeles."

Charley's thoughts turned to Candy who was probably tucked up in their bed in Wiltshire, Los Angeles, and smiled. Just as well that she was there and not in this place. The two of them would be in collars as a matched pair in a trice.

"Well, watch out for my sister," laughed Hye-Su. "She really wants you! Ah, here is the food that I ordered."

A maid appeared with a broad tray and laid it on the table before the two women. The maid was naked but for shoes and a collar, a petite Chinese girl whose extensive tattoos took the place of clothes. A dragon that wound from the tip of its tail up her thigh to wind around her and then double back to nestle its ferocious head between her creamy thighs. Charley could not help staring at the delicate shades of gold and red and the way that it moved as the girl laid down the tray and poured the tiny tea-cups with jasmine tea.

"Just a few dumplings and rice cakes," said Hye-Su. "Then I'll show you your room and by then my sisters will be back from their ride..."

"I love to ride," commented Charley as she watched the Chinese maid turn on her heels and retreat to stand in a corner. "Something to look forward to!"

Hye-Su nodded and lifted a small cake delicately and took a small bite.

"There is plenty to do here," she said with a small smile. "This is a place to relax and enjoy. We always come here to enjoy our Aunt's amusements."

"And husbands?"

The corner of Hye-Su's lips twitched into a small grin.

"Aunty found all three of us *suitable* wealthy men. Of course, they are of no consequence and are kept at a private house for our amusement. After all, what is life for if not having fun?"

Charley tested the sweet dumplings and cakes and wondered how Ga was getting along. Obviously, her presence was an irritation for her hosts and Charley was sure that she would be side-lined. The comment about her never leaving the house was a worry to Charley and she wondered how she was going to ensure that the naïve policewoman would escape. Charley had two weeks to manage it, so for now she would try to get some idea of the lay of the land. The red-headed slave and the tiny Chinese girl were an indication

that she was definitely in the right place, what she had to do was play along and see what she could discover.

"If you have had enough, then perhaps, I should show you your room and by then my sisters will have returned..."

Charley emptied her cup and stood.

"Later, you can show me around this palace of sin," said Charley. "I don't want to get lost, it's like a maze!"

Hye-Su stood and waved her hand.

"It's easy enough. These rooms are for your use, the parts that are out of bounds are kept locked."

Charley followed the Korean woman from the room and back to the front entrance of the house. Now that she had time, she could see that there were few indications that the palace was a place where all the servitors were unwilling slaves. The pictures on the walls were all originals, occasional delicate erotica and landscapes, some modern art that depicted patterns and shapes. As they went, they passed several slaves who immediately stood by the walls with bowed heads and did not move until Charley and Hye-Su had passed.

"This is an amazing place," said Charley.

"It's perfection. As the Tokashirimaso's desire," said Hye-Su. "A place where the needs and desires of themselves and all their guests are offered flawless service and amusement."

Hye-Su led the American from the anteroom along the corridor that Ga had been led down. The soft carpet quietened their footfall and Charley reflected that silence and discreet order seemed to be the main object of the palace.

"This is your room for the stay," said Hye-Su as she opened a door. "Everything is prepared for you including a personal servant who has strict orders to obey every need."

Charley walked into the room to find a vast bed and a sitting area, all overshadowed by a single wall of glass that looked onto a pool and a panorama of mountains and fields. A naked man stood by the pool, his huge erect cock standing horizontal and Charley felt a strange emotion at seeing how many slaves waited for the orders of their superiors. Half excitement, half revulsion! She turned back to the room and inspected the almost naked girl

kneeling at the foot of the bed. She was collared and with her arms fettered tight behind her, her head bowed and a long leash casually hooked over one of the bed-posts.

"The bathroom is there," said Hye-Su pointing at another door, "for your amusement, this plaything and a personal servant who will be permanently posted outside the door if you need *anything* at all!"

The kneeling girl looked up. Charley stifled a gasp as she realised that it was Ga.

"I trust that all is in order? We have provided clothes and personal items, but if you need anything else, just call for it. Freshen up, in a short while I am expecting Hye-Rin to get back from their ride and then we can gather by the pool and you will find out what amusements have been arranged for tomorrow."

Hye-Su left the room with a swish of silk and Charley looked around the room and then at the kneeling Ga. Two steps, and she laid a hand on Ga's head where two little pigtails hung, tied with pink ribbons.

"I am in agony," gasped Ga as soon as she was sure that the door was closed. "Please get me out of this!"

Charley looked at the steel bands that clasped drawn-together elbows and wrists and shook her head.

"I can't see how!"

"That woman just laughed when I cried," said Ga plaintively. "Her and that other woman just chained me like an animal and then they laughed as I sobbed and begged."

Charley's hands inspected the fetters behind Ga's back. There was no way to unlock them, just a small keyhole where they joined. Ga's fingers lay on the broad steel collar at her neck, her elbows resting together on the tight pink corset that was her only clothing apart from the stilettos that had been forced onto her feet. With an arm crooked around the narrow waist, Charley lifted the sobbing Ga to her feet.

"Ow," cried Ga as she stood. "These shoes are agony!"

Charley dropped to her knees and inspected the shoes. Though they appeared to be leather, it was clear that they were solid metal and the clasps at the ankles were locked with tiny padlocks.

"Sit on the bed and I'll see..." said Charley.

She took one of Ga's ankles and lifted it and then allowed it to drop to the plush carpet.

"There's no way," she said in English. "I'd need the keys to get you out of these!"

Ga started to sob again.

"The bitches hate me..."

"I warned you," said Charley in a tone of irritation. "I told you to get out of the taxi and walk away, this is not a place where the police are welcome!"

"What can I do?"

Charley looked down at the petite slave and shrugged. She should have thrown the naïve bitch from the taxi, now she realised. Ga was only a liability, she knew Charley was FBI, she was far too fragile to hold the secret and already she was starting to crumble. Didn't she realise that the room was probably bugged?

"Nothing, there's nothing for you to do but earn the money that I paid for you to be here... I told you that you would be my pet for the time of this trip, now be a good little *nyeon* and earn your pay!"

Ga's mouth opened and closed. A fresh burst of sobs broke from her and she slumped to the bed crying in helpless capitulation. It seemed to Charley that at last, Ga realised the danger of this operation. Charley's words reemphasising the cover story that was the only thing preventing them *both* being added to the Hye-sisters' pets.

"Now, stand up, legs nicely apart while I have a shower and freshen up. I paid a great deal to have you here, so make the money well spent, bitch!"

The words were in English and had a potent effect on the crying Ga and she slipped from the bed to stand in front of Charley.

"That's better, now wait for me..."

Charley's foot tapped the inside of one of the steel stilettos forcing Ga to stand with her feet several feet apart.

"Two weeks of this is going to be so amazing," said Charley. "Already I want to fuck you..."

Her hand dropped and she fondled Ga between the thighs. An intimate touch that made Ga gasp as a long finger coursed between the lips of her pussy. Charley felt a subtle slipperiness and moved her hand to Ga's lips.

"You love it, it's what you were made for, to give pleasure!"

Ga's tongue lapped at the moist finger and she hung her head.

"Mistress!"

"That's better. Now don't move."

Charley spent more time in the bathroom than she had intended. The water gushed hot and steaming, the towels were the softest that she had ever experienced and the Chanel misted on her naked skin felt cool and satisfying. When she returned to the bedroom, Ga was still standing as she had been placed. Charley dropped her jeans and T-shirt on the floor in a heap and opened the drawers and cupboards to find that they were filled with a perfect assortment of clothes that looked as if they had been made-to-measure for her.

As she moved her fingers over the hangers, feeling the contrasting silk, leather and latex, she felt a thrill through her. This was what it was like to be truly wealthy! Everything to hand, a naked slave at the end of the bed and a surging feeling of utter gratification that left her wanting more! Time to make use of the opportunity! Of course it was all filmed, so better to make the show good, she decided.

Naked, Charley opened the door to the bedroom to find a young girl standing to attention with her back to the wall. Now she had two slaves at her beck and call. Not a square inch of skin could be seen apart from her face. Shiny black clasped her like a membrane, a seamless integument that created a polished doll of her.

"Oh, this is so good," said Charley.

The young woman nodded, she could not have been more than eighteen, fresh as a rose, with pretty Asian features that masked all emotion. She stepped

into the room and Charley watched as she moved. The only fastening that she could see was the line of a zipper that ran from just under her waist, down between her thighs where two slender chains dropped, each with a tiny tinkling bell ready to be pulled.

Charley could feel Ga's eyes on her as she once again went through the clothing that had been prepared. She knew that she had to make a good impression on the Hye-sisters and choose the correct outfit. After all, Hye-Rin needed to be impressed. In the end, Charley decided that she should ignore all the traditional Korean outfits and the obviously fetishistic suits and go for something striking but casual.

For a moment she considered the silk summer dresses and stockings, but they were not the look that she needed. More daytime wear and now that the sun was starting to set she needed something that would show off her legs and figure to good advantage.

Charley tossed the clothes that she had chosen on the bed and then picked up several pairs of heels and tossed them on the floor nearby. The latex-skinned slave carefully laid out the clothes and organised the shoes in a row before standing waiting for orders.

It took just a few minutes to dress, choosing the correct shoes took longer. The tight leather jeans went on first to be followed by the corset top that cupped her large breasts, leaving most of her back bare. Charley picked a snaking belt and the latex clad slave ran it around her waist and pulled it tight.

"Now then, which shoes?" muttered Charlie.

She tried on the purple mules and decided that the colour did not suit well. In the end, it was the red stilettos that appealed, a striking contrast to the black leather and yet matching the red laces of the corset. Charley looked at Ga and smiled.

"Wait for me," she said with a vindictive air. "You are not to move at all, I expect you to be ready for my return..."

Ga's eyes filled with tears and Charley was tempted to slap her face. The stupid woman was going to be a liability, but Charley could not push too hard! She turned on her heels to face the mirror that hung by the door and admired herself. Even with no make-up, she was striking and sexy. A come-on for Hye-Ren that would be irresistible!

As she left the room, the latex slave started to clear the clothes that had not been chosen and picked up Charley's jeans and discarded clothing. It was then that she remembered the SIM card hidden in the jeans. For a moment, she hesitated, but then saw the precious denim being folded and tucked away in a drawer and felt a sense of relief.

The anteroom was empty but for a single slave who stood in the shadows like a statue. Charley decided that she would explore and considered the options. Better to head outside first and get the lay of the land. Her heels clicked on the marble floor as she opened the door and stood on the steps. The view was the same as from her room, but the pool was concealed behind a high stone wall carved with dragons and other fantastic beasts. A road stretched into the distance and then disappeared into a small copse, gardens with low flowerbeds and small cultured trees speared away from the house and Charley realised that it would have been better to explore the house.

Charley stepped down the stairs and strolled a few paces into the gardens. Every bed was abloom with tiny wild flowers that had been arranged in groups amongst pebbles of different colours. The amount of work to keep a garden like this perfect was obvious, the lack of gardeners striking. She came to an elaborately carved ebony post decorated with brass rings and stood enjoying the stillness and solitude of the garden. Apart from the occasional bird, there was no movement, not even a breeze stirred the trees.

The sun was poised over the top of the tallest peak, a crimson orb that leant a pleasing light and shadow and Charley found herself almost in a trance with the beauty of the place. This was a heaven for those who were permitted to enjoy its understated magnificence. The low palace with gold and red, the mountains surrounding and cupping the gardens that were both exquisite and subtle.

A movement caught her eye, figures emerging from the trees on the road and Charley watched as they moved into view. She almost laughed at the sight as a small trap emerged and she realised what had been meant by Hye-Su when she had said that her sister was out riding.

The trap perched on its delicate high wheels, the Korean woman settled on the high seat with reins in her hands and the prancing naked men who were in the traces. The sight was at odds with the setting. A long riding whip upright in Hye-Rin's hands that she flicked at the human ponies that trotted in perfect step as they pulled her past the elegant backdrop.

It took minutes for the trap to approach, an indication of the size of the gardens that they traversed. Charley watched as the whip punished a misstep by one

of the two high-stepping men with a small flick on his rear and wondered how long it had taken to train them. As they approached, Hye-Rin raised the whip in salute to the American and then applied it again to one of the male ponies.

Now, Charley could see that sweat ran down their torsos, the leather traces that enclosed their bodies and the bits and blinkers that kept them under the petite Korean's control. The small trap drew up by Charley and Hye-Rin tossed the reins to the American to tie up to the post.

"I'm sorry that I wasn't here to greet you," said Hye-Rin as she stepped down from her seat. "I was on an inspection of the stables, everything has to be right for when Auntie comes back... Sort of a duty really, though it is always amusing to dispose of a few of the ponies that are not properly obedient!"

"I was just admiring the gardens," said Charley.

Now that the two men were at rest she could see that the reins ran from gold rings that clasped their hanging balls between their muscular thighs. Collars on their shoulders spread and covered the shoulders and both had rings set in their noses.

"The stables are my duty," said Hye-Rin, "the gardens are all the work of Hye-Su. I hope that your room is perfect for you, I chose it because it's next to the pool and I'm sure that you find the view flawless. When the sun sets, the view is beyond compare!"

As they spoke a man came from the palace and stood waiting for his orders.

"Take them back to the stables at the gallop," said Hye-Rin as she passed the whip to his hand. "One misstep is to be punished on scale three."

The man took the whip and climbed into the trap while Hye-Rin watched critically.

"These two are close to being sold if they do not shape up," she said to Charley. "The ponies are all useless here and we really need new stock to improve the level of quality. I had to tell the staff that they would be in harness if they don't sort it out!"

Hye-Rin passed the reins to the man on the trap and then slapped one of the men between the traces with a casual slap.

"Pathetic, I had to use the whip twice! Once more and he will find himself in a box!"

The pony's face remained impassive at her words.

"How long to train them?"

"Oh, a couple of weeks, that's all. We are very strict here and the results are usually good, it's just that at the moment we have a poor lot. We change them out once a year anyway, the stables is where the worst staff from the house are sent so that at least we get another year from them!"

The trap slowly turned as the reins were tugged and it started to move slowly back down the drive.

"A gallop," cried Hye-Rin, "all the way back!"

As the trap moved away, Charley suddenly noticed something that she had not spotted from the front. Neither of the men pulling the trap actually had their arms pulled behind them as she had first thought. Neither of them had arms at all, just the smooth leather that clasped their shoulders from neck down. Fascinated with her momentary panic, she watched the swaying of their muscular bodies as they pulled. She looked sideways at Hye-Rin who had not noticed Charley's small shudder of distress.

"Tomorrow, I'll take you to the stables and we can go on a nice little ride," said the Korean woman to Charley. "Then you can pick a matched pair and go riding whenever you fancy!"

Learning the Ropes

Truth: *Jusche is not a religion, it is not a belief, it is the only ethical way to serve.*

The mechanical sound from the lift ended and Colin felt hands unlock the clasps that held his ankles and then a tug at his leash. Cramps assailed his legs, but the short vicious crop in the hands of the woman who had released him was a clear indicator of what he could expect if he was hesitant. He stood shakily and allowed himself to be led to stand in the row of other captives that were lined up in the room. Each one of the twelve slaves had an attendant who stood stiffly waiting for the orders from Colonel Kin.

When all the cages were empty, the line moved and they were led from the room where they had spent the last days through the back corridors of the facility. Colin stumbled behind the plump woman who had been in the cage next to his, his eyes watching her rolling gait as she moved. He saw the way that her arms had been savagely pulled up behind her to be chained to her steel collar and realised that this was exactly the way that he too was restrained.

With a few words urging them all to a fast walk, they were led along bare corridors to emerge into a richly furnished area where two women sat in armchairs waiting impatiently until they were arranged in a half circle for inspection. One was a stiff faced woman in military uniform, a wan smile on her face as she looked up and down each captive whilst she tapped a thin cane in her hands. The other was a woman who looked to be Mediterranean in features. Long black hair, soft lips and dressed in a close-fitting suit with her ankles crossed and a long cigarillo in her hand. Colonel Kin arranged the standing slaves and then moved to sit by the uniformed woman who was obviously her superior.

There followed a short conversation in Korean that Colin could not understand and then Kin spoke in English to translate the words for the elegant woman who blew smoke rings to the ceiling.

"Colonel Sun says that twelve is not enough..." said Kin.

"Tell her that it is best to start with a trial group like this and gain the experience as you progress. You have much to learn and this group will be perfect to establish working practices and punishments to build a routine."

Kin translated and then listened to the words of her superior.

"Colonel Sun has just said that not all of the servants produced will be sold abroad. She says that there is an interest expressed by members of the Central Committee of the state for a variety of the graduates from this facility to become the personal servants of selected special servants of the People's Republic of Korea."

Of course, tell Colonel Sun that we shall select and train as needed. However, I would recommend that the first batch of trainees should be given as presents to selected foreigners to prove that the merchandise meets the standards that are required!"

Once again, Kin translated. Colonel Sun nodded and stood up and walked down the line of the trembling slaves. She stopped at the woman next to Colin and spat in her face, striking out with the crop at her breasts with a lightning hiss, before whispering words in a stage-whisper and passing on past Colin to the end of the line.

"You're mine, bitch," translated Kin as her boss nodded to the guest and strode out of the room.

"Personal?"

"Nothing is personal," said Kin. "it is a question of respect. The slave is a former commander that once disciplined the Colonel deceitfully. This is the reason that she is here! It is a case of punishment for not applying the principals of Jusche correctly!"

"Ah, I see," chuckled the guest. "So, we have to pick through these candidates and decide on their future use. Have you the files?"

"Of course!"

"Good, let's start at one end and decide on all and then you can tell me what we should do for Colonel Sun!"

Kin blushed and reached for the files.

"I have everything here," she said. "It includes the police files, the psychologist's evaluations and the full history of all of the trainees."

"Perfect! I think that we need to find each a different tuition program to allow your staff to understand what is possible. This will allow the training regimens to be a guide and training for your staff. Where do we start?"

Kin took the top file from the pile and opened it.

"Number three, Kye So-Hun. Chinese nationality, sentenced to ten years hard labour for divisive and disruptive behaviour. Refused the direct reasonable orders of a member of the Committee of Fisheries and Livestock. Chosen from Camp Seven especially for this facility on the orders of a Colonel who cites her refusal to cooperate with intimate re-education. Listed as a sexual deviant class three as well as resistance to heterosexual behaviour. Her sister is also in Camp Seven and is already listed as a possible candidate for this facility."

The woman with the black hair listened with an amused smile and pointed at the third in the row of slaves.

"Her?"

Kin nodded.

"With what you have just said and my intuition, I would say that she will be perfect to become a nice little dolly for some wealthy man who needs her intimate attention. Languages?"

"Chinese and a little Japanese, but should she not be sold to a woman?"

"Ah, that's the *first* thing to learn. This business requires the production of submissive but *unwilling* instruments of pleasure and the best pleasures are *always* those extracted unwillingly. Who the fuck wants a willing slave? The whole idea is absurd."

"I think that I understand... that means that we need to seek candidates by suitability and then to divine what they would loathe?"

"That's better. Now that we have a nice little puppet in the group, we need to pick from my list and create something else..."

Colin listened to the discussion with horror. Perhaps he was the only one amongst the twelve that could understand the English. Perhaps there were others, but the whole conversation frightened him to the point where his knees began to give way and he struggled not to move and attract attention. He had heard of exploitation like this, but now *he* was standing in a line of victims that were being singled out to be abused beyond his imagination.

Colonel Kin looked along the row of victims. In her hand was an open file and she pointed at the woman standing on his left, the one picked out by the sour-faced superior of Colonel Kin.

"How about this one, I mean perhaps this is what Colonel Sun wants?"

"Mmm, possibly. This is not straightforward, you will need access to medical facilities..."

"We have arranged all of that, they are on twenty-four-hour call. The most modern resources are at our fingertips. I'm sure that Colonel Sun would want this, she is a little harsh."

"Good, then mark it off the list and we can consider the rest of them. I suggest that we do this in reverse, it will be faster and then we can enjoy a nice meal and a chat about some other arrangements that I would like..."

"Is there a problem with the accommodation?"

"No, the accommodation is perfect, it's just that I am used to having a suitable male available!"

"Of course," said Colonel Kin, "which of *these* would you prefer?"

The woman with the black hair laughed and looked down the line.

"You are being very clever Miss Kin! You get *me* to train all of them for you, still, I'll take the bait and have that one..."

Her hand lifted and she casually pointed at Colin with a small smile.

"I can see from his face that he understands every word we are saying and it will be a pleasure to show you how easily Westerners can be broken if the method is tailored to their weaknesses. Have him delivered to a pink room and then we can get along with the boring task of sorting out the rest of this miserable lot."

Kin looked at the list in her hand and frowned.

"I need to know which of these abuses I can cross off your list."

The dark-haired beauty leaned over and pointed.

"I'm glad that you chose that one," said Kin with a laugh. "I need to learn what it even means even though you explained earlier."

"It's easy, 'sissy maid' is perfect for him, he's feminine-looking already. When I've finished with him he will fetch a fortune in India or Thailand. It'll give me something to do with my time here."

Kin nodded as if her companion had uttered words of wisdom and then a thought occurred to her.

"Perhaps it would be better if I was there to help and learn..."

"Kin, it will be a pleasure, but what I really need is something a little more sexual. A stimulating nurse to balance my part in his preparation."

End of the Day

Proverb: *Entrust the cat with a fish.*

The sun had set, the veranda by the pool had been prepared by unseen hands, the air was warm and candles burned by the hundred to cast a gentle flickering light over the four women who lay on the loungers in a square as they ate and drank.

The Hye triplets and Charley had all slipped into bikinis and light silk robes and stretched by the still water each with a slave to serve them as they required. The redhead that she had seen earlier in the day was Charley's attendant. Now she had been allowed the use of her arms, but bracelets joined by a chain that went to each ankle restricted her and ensured helplessness and made every action a carefully considered move. Every step of those heels pulled at the hands that held the tray of tid-bits that had to be offered at every twitch of a finger.

Charley fluttered her fingers and took a cigarillo from the tray and slipped it between her lips. As if by magic the tray was balanced on one hand and a flame appeared magically at the tip. Reflexively, Charlie almost said 'thanks' but bit her tongue in time. There was such a big difference to the bed games of dominance and submission that Charley loved to play bed with her partner, Candy, and the utter service and submission that was the rule in this palace.

"You can tell us apart yet?" laughed Kye-Su.

"Only by the colour of the bikinis," replied Charley with a smile. "If I close my eyes and you swap around I would never be able to tell! Su, Rin and Won, in order."

"So, what are your first impressions of this palace of exquisite pleasure?" asked Hye-Won. "Would you like to stay forever?"

The petite Korean girl giggled and looked at her other two sisters.

"As a guest, of course!" added Hye-Su.

"But, is there a risk as a guest?" asked Charley.

"Of course," said Hye-Rin. "There is always so much risk in life! Either you cause offence and end up in my stables pulling my one-pony trap with high stepping

hooves or you are so perfect a guest that you find yourself in a dream of service and soft beds that lasts for eternity!"

"There is no middle way?" asked Charley.

"Every path leads to somebody's heaven. In this place it is either ours or that of Aunt Tokashirimaso, and her pleasures are notoriously unforgiving. Maybe you will be able to slip through the gaps in the floorboards or perhaps there is a way to fly away and disappear into the sky. We shall see in time..."

Charley swallowed and felt an icy hand on her spine. It ran a finger from top to bottom and made her shiver with alarm, but she hid the tremor and moved a little to reach for the ashtray that the slave was already holding ready. Charley looked at the impassive face of the pretty girl and wondered if she had been a guest or perhaps had been bought at auction. A magnificent figure, tall and striking with large rounded breasts that hung slightly and tinkled with the small spherical bells hanging on stiff nipples.

"You are wondering where we found her?" asked Kye-Won.

"It had passed my mind," answered Charley.

"Her father sold her to pay a debt that he had incurred and she was bought for a very high price. European beauty is a strange thing to us, large-breasted and well-built appeals to the Korean mind, but most men and women who buy a slave find that the best and most obedient are from China, Japan and Korea. So, do you fancy using her?"

Charley wondered how it would be taken if she said 'yes', but she shook her head and noticed that Kye-Rin seemed to smile a little more as she did so.

"Charley would rather have that pathetic *nyeon* that she brought along with her," said Kye-Su. "I can't imagine why she brought a whore here!"

"I did not understand," said Charley. "I apologise, really I do!"

"You could not know when you picked her up, but as we told you she is not a suitable guest and will be staying when you leave. It is good that you are not attached to her and that she is only paid for, because that will mean that you will not be sad when you find that she is gone..."

"Gone?"

"Oh yes," said Hye-Rin, her eyes narrowing as she spoke, "She is now caged and will be trained in the stables under my *personal* supervision. She will look fine, stepping high, pulling the one-pony-trap. Under the cut of my lash, she will learn that police spies are *most* unwelcome here. They so keep on trying even though they are constantly paid well, they try to probe and turn stones that should never be turned to reveal what lies beneath them."

"That's a pity," said Charley as she thought of the male ponies who had strained to pull Hye-Rin around the estate. "I would have liked to keep her until something better came along..."

"Something better always comes along in this palace of pleasure," laughed Hye-Won. "I'm sure that Rin will arrange for a little diversion tonight for you. After all, what is taken must be replaced, that is the rule."

Charley nodded, but the thought of Ga in a cage awaiting training as a pony caused her to swallow. There was fear at the risk that she herself was taking, but it was laced with stimulation. Now she would have to make sure that Ga was released when the raid inevitably came, the silly girl was just an endless problem. Possibly there was less risk if Ga was caged and in the stables and what was more, thought Charley, *'It served her right!'*

"I'll look forward to it," said Charley as she stubbed out her cigarillo.

There was silence but for the calls of a grey nightjar in the dark. The triplets lounged in their bikinis and Charley felt overdressed in her carefully chosen outfit. When the conversation restarted it was Hye-Su that set the tone. A discussion about fashion, clothes and shoes. Seemingly harmless the three sisters discussed the various shops in Seoul and their trips to Osaka where the Japanese fashion-shops offered such a delightful selection.

Even the slave attending to the three women did not stop Charley settling into the normality of it all. Chatter and laughter, comments and little in-jokes surfaced and she relaxed and even Ga's suffering was forgotten. For several hours they chatted and laughed and Charley even started to feel some affection for her new friends.

"I think that we should allow our guest to get some rest," said Hye-Rin at last. "It's been a long trip and she has to get up early to visit the stables in the morning."

Charley pulled herself onto her feet. The wine and the food had soothed her and she kissed each of the Hye sisters on the cheek before she retreated

through the open doors into her room. Once inside, she closed the curtains before she noticed that her personal attendant was waiting in a dark corner.

As soon as she started to get undressed, the tattooed Chinese girl emerged from the shadows and fluttered around her, undoing buttons and zips and helping with unlacing the corset. Charley stood still and allowed the slave to attend to her, the feeling was one of decadence and sensuality. Soft hands that pulled the clothes to leave her naked.

"Would Madame like me to attend to all of her needs?" asked the black clad form.

"No," replied Charley. "You can go now..."

There was almost disappointment on the young girl's face, just a slight shadow that passed in an instant before she slipped from the room to leave Charley to slip between the cool silk sheets and drift into a comfortable sleep.

Turkish Delight

Truth: *Let us build a fairyland for the people by dint of science!*

For the first time in what seemed weeks, Colin slept a deep and untroubled sleep. It could have been the thin mattress on the bed, the fact that he was chained only by the collar, or perhaps it was just sheer weariness and the sleep would have occurred in any case. The confinement of the cage, the fears that filled his mind, all were in the past as he turned in the narrow cot and awoke to a stream of natural light invading his room.

At first, his eyes barely open, he saw the bars of the cot. They stretched like pillars upward and he glanced up to see that they arched up to a point, creating a cage that was almost outlandish. Now, fully awake, Colin opened his eyes fully and could take in the room that he had only glimpsed in the dark as he had been placed here after the selection line-up that Colonel Kin and the strange foreigner had carried out.

The bright sunlight came from the high-set window, coloured by the thin pink curtains that were drawn to block out a view of the outside world. Everything in the room was shades of pink and even where there was white it was stained by the coloured sunlight. A bizarre fusion of a child's bedroom with touches that spoke of the adult world. Opposite the barred cot stood glass fronted shelving almost to the high ceiling. On the shelves, arranged in rows, were women's shoes in garish colours. Pink, lime green, bright sky blue and white. Above them a row of pink forms that made him shudder in dismay. Each one a dildo or vibrator in bright colours. His eyes glanced upward and he took in the soft toys and dolls that had been arranged to finish the display. Pushed between them were an assortment of books, but Colin was too far away to read the spines, close enough to realise that the writing was not Korean.

Colin moved in his cage and pulled his knees up to sit staring around at the room and trying to decide the purpose of the place that he was confined. A chest of drawers, a wardrobe, both decorated with cartoon ponies who pranced around their surfaces with innocent abandon. Rainbows and clouds, castles and landscapes that would appeal to a small girl. Between the two pieces of furniture, a rack that was at odds with the innocent décor. Hanging on it were a selection of leather straps, collars and a brightly coloured bin with several canes standing in it.

His eyes were caught by a small flicker of red light in the corner of the ceiling. It flickered red as he moved to gaze at it and then switched to green. The lens of a camera accompanied the light and he realised that he was under

constant surveillance. Now his eyes moved to each corner of the ceiling and he could see that three cameras were watching his every move.

He looked at the door, white with a small knob, it did not seem to be a prison door. On a hook on the surface hung a dressing gown. A pink cotton robe decorated with lace and frills. His hands gripped the bars of the cot and the cool touch told him that they were steel. No amount of effort served to even bend them. His inspection of the room turned to the cot where he huddled. The sheets were as for a little girl's bedroom and a huge stuffed teddy bear sat in the corner staring at him with wide eyes. Its head was almost on a level with his, and the bulk of it filled the whole of the far end of the bed.

Colin shifted in the bed and touched the teddy bear. It was heavy and soft and made a sort of whining sound when he moved it. Almost as big as the man that it shared the cot with, the bear was difficult to lift in Colin's weakened state. As soon as he had it in his hands he dropped it with a cry as his hand strayed between its legs to find that the bear possessed a huge prick that flopped into sight. Hastily, Colin shuffled as far as he could from the monstrosity and sat staring at it with disbelief.

The bear did not move!

It took a minute for Colin to calm himself and resume his inspection of the room while the bear gazed at him with its staring eyes as if reproaching him for being frightened of it. His eyes turned to the floor. A brightly coloured carpet broken by a single ring set in the floor. A steel loop that formed a small arch in the centre of the room.

Their words came back to him as he took in the room and he realised that he was in some malevolent fairy-tale world. Like a small child, he sat huddled in the corner of his cot and could do nothing other than await events.

The rattle of the door handle.

The door opened to reveal the woman who he had seen last night. The attractive woman who had spoken English, the woman that had chatted with Colonel Kin as they casually decided what to do with each of their victims. Now, she was dressed in a way that made Colin close his legs to hide his rising erection. Short cotton socks that frilled at her ankles over the white stilettos. Her long legs in pink stockings and a frilly pink dress, the hem of which failed to conceal the tops of her thighs and allowed her breasts to almost spill from its lacy top. Following her, just a step behind was a Korean woman in a white coat and wearing rounded glasses. In her hand was a clipboard, her bright red lips pursed as if in contemplative thought.

Hopefully, Colin looked up through the bars at the vision of the tall Mediterranean woman as she strolled to the cot with a small key in her fingers. She smiled at him and turned the key, opening the whole side of the cot that rose with a slow movement. Colin dared not speak, but watched the woman with the clipboard moving around the room as if tallying the contents.

"You and I are going to have some fun," said the smiling woman. "You get to play and learn how to be a good little girl for your Mummy."

"I don't understand," said Colin, clenching his thighs together.

"Of course, you don't, dear. But, don't worry, your Mummy will teach her precious little princess lots of things and her little girl will learn to be a good girl for her and follow her every instruction. You are very lucky, you are going to a good home soon, a place where a new Mummy and Daddy will look after you, a nice family where you will be cherished and loved all of the time!"

Colin shuffled to the corner of the bed and pulled at the sheet.

"Don't be shy, darling, Mummy will look after you and she's going to get lots of help from her friends. There are lots and lots of rewards for a good girl in my care, but if you are naughty, then Mummy must show you that she cares enough to correct you properly!"

"Please help me!" he whined.

"Of course, I will! That's what I'm here for, to help you be perfect for Mummy and Daddy. We are going to have so much fun together, play lots of exciting games and be the best of friends."

She looked around the room and returned to inspect the scared victim who pulled the covers of the bed over his knees.

"Now then, there's no shyness here... Mummy will see everything, so hop out of the cot now and let's have a look at Mummy's little girl."

Her hand extended and she pulled away the cover from his knees and put her hand over her surprised mouth.

"Oh dear, what's this?" she cooed. "Are you showing Mummy how excited you are that she's here?"

Colin blushed a deep scarlet and tried to close his legs to hide his erection, but her hands closed on his knees and she opened them wide to stare at him with a shocked expression.

"That's not what a good little girl does when Mummy is here," she said in a harder voice. "Sissy is going to have to learn to be more respectful."

She was bending over so far that Colin could see that her breasts were about to roll free of the pink lace and the effect did nothing to help diminish the stiffness that made his cock stand pointing up at the woman's face.

"So, we have to start with teaching you how to control that nasty, dirty little sissy-clitty, won't we," she cooed. "Then we can play a little and introduce you to all the lovely toys that Mummy has got for you. After that we start the lessons and in a trice, it will be bedtime!"

Colin crawled from his cot to the softness of the carpet and kneeled looking up at the two women who smiled down at him. His eyes could not help but see up her short dress to see the naked slit of her sex. Slick with her enjoyment of the game she was playing, the lips of her pussy swelled to allow Colin to see the delicate clitoris peep from its hooded hiding place.

"Naughty girl, does Mummy really have to punish you already? You are just out of your cot and not even dressed and already you are being a naughty little sissy!"

His eyes dropped to her shiny white shoes and the frills of the socks that gathered around her ankles.

"That's better, now then, let's get you dressed..."

Part Two

Ponies and Traps

Riding High

Proverb: *Don't try to cover the whole sky with the palm of your hand.*

Cross-kneed in the light robe, Charley sipped at the bowl of *doenjang-jjigae*-soup that was served to her room. It took getting used to, the idea that breakfast was no different from any other meal in Korea.

Her decorated Chinese room-slave had accompanied her to the bathroom and Charley had had to restrain herself as there seemed no understanding at all, of privacy. While she sat on the toilet, the dragon tattooed slave had plumped up the towels and run the water until it ran hot before assuming a position kneeling before Charley with her forehead almost touching the tiled floor.

Charley had looked around for paper, but there was none in evidence and she sat a minute longer trying to figure out if the shower was the only way of cleaning herself. As she stood from the seat, the toilet flushed automatically and the slave raised herself, ready to be used. Charley looked down at the pert lips and the dispassionate face that was circled by tight latex and realised that this palace used slaves wherever it was convenient, no matter how shocking the service.

Delicate hands reached out and parted Charley's knees and the pretty face pushed between Charley's thighs to lap at her gently in a most intimate and pleasurable way. No sexual intent, just a gentle cleansing that left her fresh and ready for her shower.

The shower was a delight, the young Chinese girl carefully sponging Charley under the gush of the water and then offering Charley the warmed towels and the light robe. No word was spoken, the service was totally natural and complete, a caring and gentle help that did not intrude on Charley.

By the time that Charley exited the bathroom, the soup was waiting for her and the Chinese slave emerged to take up her usual standing position by the door. Charley wondered if she had slept or if they were trained to sleep standing, ever alert to be woken when a Mistress required some minor service.

The *doenjang jjigae* was perfect, a little tart, a little sweet just as it was supposed to be. Clearly there were hundreds of servitors and slaves in the palace, all attuned to giving unobtrusive and perfect service. Cooks, cleaners, gardeners and maids and that was apart from the sexual services that were surely on offer all the time.

Charley found her familiar jeans in the top drawer of the chest of drawers and paused a moment to feel the SIM card through the hard denim with a sense of relief. She pulled on the jeans and was helped with a loose top and shoes by the slave before she ventured to the patio by the pool. The male slave stood at the ready, his erection still pointing towards the sunrise. Had he really been there all night?

The fresh scented air from the gardens, a little bird song at the edges of hearing and then the click of heels as Hye-Rin walked around the pool and into sight.

"Did you notice being awoken?" asked Hye-Rin with a smile.

"Er, no," said Charley.

"Perfect! You have had a little to eat, I hope, because it is time to visit the stables and then go for a little picnic."

Charley thought of Ga at the mention of the stables and then the thought of a picnic with Hye-Rin suddenly started to appeal to her.

"Sounds good," said Charley. "Do we walk there?"

Hye-Rin laughed and shook her head.

"Of course not! We are being picked up in a few minutes, it's just a short ride."

"I just love that riding gear," said Charley as she admired the tight boots and jodhpurs that her companion was wearing.

"Well, there is a full set of riding gear in your room," said Hye-Rin. "But jeans and the cowgirl look suits you well, so maybe next time? I think that you would look very sexy in the proper clothes."

Hye-Rin led the American around the pool to the front of the palace where a trap was already standing waiting. A different two men were hitched to the reins and a large wicker basket strapped to the back of the cart. A male slave held the reins and passed them to Hye-Rin's gloved hand. Charley noted that there was no physical contact even when he passed her the long riding whip that he had been holding upright, ready for her.

As soon as the whip and reins were in her hands, the slave dropped to all-fours to allow his mistress to mount the high seat, using him as a step. Charley did the same and tried not to dig her heels into his back as she stepped up, but it seemed that even her weight and pointed heels were no problem for him.

A flick of the reins and they were off.

Charley watched the young Korean girl flick the reins that disappeared between the men's thighs and then could not help but feel a small chill as she watched the two ponies from behind. They stepped high, the boots like hooves clipping on the hard surface of the road, straining forward to escape their mistress using the whip.

"These are the best two," said Hye-Rin casually. "Last month the training was finished and already they have the feel of a matched pair."

Charley looked at her smiling face. Clearly, she was enjoying the ride, showing off her ponies to an admiring Charley.

"Do you always, er, do that to them?" asked Charley, pointing vaguely at their shoulders where the neck corset ran smoothly over their shoulders.

"Of course, they are ponies, whatever would they need with anything except strong legs and stamina?" answered Hye-Rin.

"I see..."

"Darling," said Hye-Rin as she flicked the tip of the whip on the shoulder of the right-hand pony. "It is the best way with all of the servants here. No distractions and each adapted to the task that they are destined for. I'm sure they are grateful that we care for them enough to spend the money to have them exactly equipped for the use that we choose for them. Anyway, it doesn't matter, their feelings are of no interest, they just serve as they must!"

"Are those the stables?"

Charley could see a low building tucked into a copse of trees, a few buggies and carts being cleaned by a small group of slaves.

"Of course! I just wanted to show you around a little first and then we are up into the hills for our picnic. The others will meet us there..."

The trap came to a halt, the two ponies standing straight between the traces whilst one of the slaves working on cleaning duties knelt so that Charley and Hye-Rin could dismount with ease.

"Every day all the leather and buggies are prepared for use and all of the ponies exercised."

Charley followed the young Korean girl into the darkness of the stables. First was a large open area where the buggies and traps were kept and saddles and all the reins were kept.

"You ride them as well? I mean not just the traps?" asked Charley.

"Occasionally, but we have only one stallion at the moment..."

Charley looked down the rows of stalls to see hooded ponies standing waiting for use. Each was collared and chained to the wall and a mass of straw in each stall was clearly their beds. The height of each stall and the way they were placed ensured that even without the hoods on, no pony could see another. As they went, Charley looked for Ga, but even though there were a few female ponies, Ga was not amongst them. Kye-Rin led Charley down the row slowly before they were past the stalls and into a room where two uniformed women had a hooded female pony and were placing bit and headpieces in position.

"The best male ponies benefit from covering a mare once a month," said Hye-Rin. "It's a reward really, but also keeps them in fine fettle and nicely manageable. You are lucky, this new mare is learning what is expected of her and is just starting the training..."

Charley looked at the huge black pony that was being brought into the room on his leash, his huge cock standing in anticipation of his monthly reward. Standing a foot from his thighs, his heavy balls pulled low by the metal band that clasped them. He was breathing heavily and drops of pre-cum dripped from the tip of his pulsing prick as the uniformed woman muttered words of encouragement.

Hye-Rin was obviously enraptured by the little scene that was being played out and pouted her lips as she and Charley watched the mare being strapped to a frame while the stallion pawed the hay underfoot impatiently. The mare squealed and struggled. Her small struggles were easily overwhelmed by the two women who fettered her and then pulled her arms high and hooked them to a dangling chain to pin her over the frame bending forward with her legs spread wide. When the mare was secured, the frame opened to splay her wide and the holes in her mask that allowed her to see were opened.

Charley and Hye-Rin were standing watching as the stallion was moved into position and Charley looked down to see Ga's eyes open in recognition as she saw her American partner standing watching. The bit in her mouth stifled her words, muffled her cries for mercy and then the huge black stallion stepped forward.

He needed no urging, a helping hand lifted his straining cock and he pushed forward deep into the exposed and wide-held hole in the mare. Ga screamed thinly as the massive cock pushed home to the hilt in one thrust. Her eyes opened wide and a strangled sound came from her throat. Charley could only stand and watch as the policewoman was fucked in steady strokes. Each thrust of the strong thighs and hips caused a squeal, each one faster than the next as the pony took the mare with steady deep strokes.

Charley looked at Hye-Rin's face and watched her lick her lips and smile as the stallion finally cried out and pressed hard into Ga with a push that shook the frame. He wanted more, but a tug at his leash pulled him free and a drizzle of come sluiced to the floor and dripped from his mighty cock.

"Make sure all the ponies get to cover this mare today," said Kye-Rin with a little laugh. "Then she starts the training on the one-pony trap in full harness. I want her trained in a week or so because the modifications are already booked..."

Charley stifled a gasp and Ga struggled on the frame that held her exposed. Cries came from her throat and her eyes rolled to look up at Charley for help. Kye-Rin stooped low and moved her face inches from Ga's streaming eyes. Her lips pouted and she kissed the tight hood over Ga's lips and then gently closed the zippers over the eyes and stood to face Charley.

"A picnic, let's go for a ride," she said with a sly smile. "There's nothing to do here except watch the animals fuck!"

Charlie watched the black stallion, his cock was already fully erect again and he made a noise in his throat and sweat was running from him in excitement.

"When all the others are done, my proud stallion can go again, if he is a good pony..." said Hye-Rin, patting his hip with her hand. "I want him in fine fettle for when the Mistress of the house arrives." She turned to Charley who was rooted to the ground and waved her hand. "We are off to the hills, it's beautiful when the morning air is fresh."

The Korean girl led them from the stables, stopping for a moment to inspect some tackle hanging on the stable walls.

"It's so difficult to get everything the way that I want it," she said with a sigh of frustration. "Someone will get a whipping for this!"

Her hand turned the harness over to reveal that one of the rings had chafed the leather slightly.

"All I want is perfection... not much to ask from these monkeys!"

In the courtyard outside the stables the trap that had brought them was waiting. While they had been inside the slaves had added feathered headdresses to the two ponies hitched between the traces. Hye-Rin stepped up and was passed her riding whip. Two feet of straight stiff crop with several feet of curving braided leather that ended in a small frayed knot.

"Come on, we have to move along," she said to Charley who was looking at the dark stable entrance pensively. "It's just you and me and a day in the warm sun."

Charlie turned and stepped on the kneeling man who had offered himself as a step.

"Impressive," she said between clenched teeth.

Hye-Rin did not seem to notice the tone of the compliment, but gave a flick of the whip to the flank of one of the ponies and they set off at a trot towards the low slopes of the mountains.

The park and gardens of the palace stretched miles and the trap ate them up at a steady pace. The two ponies lifted their legs high at each step in perfect synchronisation and the driver seemed satisfied as she used the whip sparingly.

"I love this place," said Hye-Rin as they turned a corner to find a gate in a wall that stretched around the palace. "Harmony of earth and sky..." A smile spread over her pretty face and she started to recite a few lines...

*"a sacred quiet descends
upon the lonely planet.
I close my eyes
to remember the time
your hands washed my face."*

Charley looked at her and realised that Hye-Rin was a complex admixture of grace, charm, cruelty and spite. Beautiful to look at, like both her other sisters, hard and uncompromising.

"Burnt hard steel in a glove of purest virgin silk..." said Charley under her breath and Hye-Rin turned to her and planted a small kiss on her lips.

The lips were not soft, they left a burning touch on Charley.

"You are a poet in your soul," said Kye-Rin. "Korean is not your language and yet you can compose as well as any writer. Moon Tae-jun is my preferred poet, and yours?"

Charley shrugged.

"I can quote endlessly in my own language," she replied. "In Korean, there is much to learn..." Charley spoke on in English. "Wadsworth Longfellow, a favourite of mine,

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing, only a signal shown, and a distant voice in the darkness; So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another, only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

Hye-Rin nodded and flicked the whip to strike the pony that mis-stepped with a cutting slash and then turned to her companion.

"You think that I am far too hard on that little slut that you brought me as a present? Is that why you are distressed?"

Charley shrugged again.

"She does not deserve it..."

Hye-Rin reined back the ponies and manoeuvred the trap to face back the way that they had come.

"Who deserves what they have?" Hye-Rin quoted Confucius. "No-one deserves this life we live in. Not you, not me, but we make our way in the pleasure of life and it is fate that some serve others... Order in this world is all that is important."

The vista that was revealed was heart-stoppingly beautiful. The gentle slope that they had climbed, the winding path, the red rooves and gold pillars of the Tokashirimaso's palace far below. Copses of twisted trees and the slanting golden light of the rising sun from behind the onlookers.

"I punish her because she has a place in your heart," said Hye-Rin. "I can see that you care for her and simply wish to purge that tenderness from you so that you are clean and ready for new experiences that have nothing to do with the past!"

Charley turned to her and smiled. The words that the spiteful and cruel little Korean girl had uttered were a profession of affection, perhaps even love and Charley could not help but warm to the touch of the words.

"You are so sweet," said Charley. "A *nyeon* in a poet's skin..."

"I want you for myself..."

"I will always *only* belong to myself," said Charley.

"I decide that, not you," said Hye-Rin with a hard edge in her voice. "I can have you if I decide, I take what I want, always! All you are permitted to decide is; if you come willingly as a courtesan or unwillingly as my precious loving bitch!"

The words were only just out of Hye-Rin's lips when she lashed at the two ponies with her whip, drawing a bright red line that slanted from the shoulder of one to the rear of the other. They started at a gallop, pulling the two women at a gallop up the path towards a prominence, the trap bouncing on the path, sweat running from the two men, reflecting in the sunlight.

The gallop was just a few minutes and ended as they circled a low cliff to spiral to the top where a few scattered pines had bedded the ground with a soft layer of needles. By the time that the trap had come to a halt Hye-Rin's mood had switched back to a soft affection.

"This is one of my preferred places," she said as she slipped from the seat to the ground. "Perfect serenity and isolation..."

Charley dismounted and moved to stand next to her companion who stood gazing at the landscape. Far below, the palace of suffering, now revealed as a gem in a grandiose setting.

"It is beautiful..."

"The policewoman is a blight on us," said Hye-Rin, turning to face Charley. "A worm in the apple. No matter what you think, her ultimate fate is to draw us to this place and watch as we make love while she stands in the traces and realises that her reason for existing is to please me. She means something to you and you must purge that fondness from your soul. You brought her here, you are to blame if there is any blame to be apportioned. I am simply the hand of fortune..."

Charley nodded and closed her eyes as the hard lips brushed hers.

"I thought that we came here for a picnic," said Charley. "This view deserves a meal that matches its grandeur."

"You are so clever," said Hye-Rin. "That is why I have to possess you whatever the cost... clever and so striking. You will be a perfect companion."

Charley laughed and kissed the petite Korean bitch on the lips, a lingering kiss.

"I simply say what I feel. Now then, that food, I am so hungry that I almost feel that I pulled us up here all on my own!"

Hye-Rin laughed.

"That can be arranged!" but the way that she said the words left Charley unsure if it was an offhand remark or a yawning chasm opening before her feet.

Charley moved to the basket on the trap and heard Hye-Rin tut behind her.

"You forget where you are," said the Korean girl. "Everything in life must be pleasurable and perfect. No chore is ever too small to need it to be done by another!"

Charley looked back and saw that Hye-Rin was smiling and pointing into the copse behind them. Now she could make out a woman kneeling naked, a chain from her collar to a steel ring embedded into the trunk of a tree.

"She will prepare the food while we enjoy the rising of the sun and the stillness of this place."

A small key unlocked the slave who stood with a hanging head in complete submission. Long white hair braided to a single plait, pale translucent skin that was almost white, her nipples were bright pink and her lips to match.

"She is perfect," said Charley as she watched the woman start to unpack the basket from the buggy.

"Scandinavian," said Hye-Rin. "Porcelain and snow..."

"You collect like a connoisseur," said Charlie.

"I saw her in Hong Kong," said Hye-Rin as she slowly sat on the blanket that had lain on the pine needles. "A tourist arriving on her honeymoon and I had to have her before she was spoiled by the husband who accompanied her. Such

potential could not be tainted by a mere man! A perfect virgin as a handmaiden for my use. That was four years ago, the perfect virgin that gives pleasure but is never permitted to receive it..."

Charley watched the pale woman carefully unpack the contents of the basket and lay out the food. Boxes that opened to reveal steaming dumplings and noodles, fresh fruit, peeled and sliced. Finally, three bottles of wine that ran with the droplets of their chill. As the slave delicately prepared the food, Charley could see that apart from the collar, her only adornment was a row of rings that sealed her closed. Perfect chastity that would permit no intrusion.

When she was done, the slave moved to the side and kneeled facing away from Charley and Hye-Rin. She seemed to be gazing impassively over the view; the sculptured soles of her feet tucked under her rounded behind in a composition of erotic living sculpture.

Hye-Rin poured two glasses and offered Charley one of them.

"We should drink to us..." she said.

"Us!" repeated Charley as she raised the glass to her lips.

"Forever..."

Business

Truth: *Capitalism is not a philosophy, it is a disease!*

Mrs Tokashirimaso walked very slowly, forcing all of her attending companions to move at *her* pace as if it was a lesson in humility. The traditional robe revealed her spare figure, but the charisma of her power leant her an air of authority that was resolved as tantalising. She stepped on heels that arched to the floor, an occasional glimpse of the silk stockings making every step drawing to the eye.

In her train followed Colonel Kin, Colonel Park Sun Keong, stiff in her uniform, the tall Anyali and one of the psychologists whose latex white coat parted at every step to reveal translucent stockings and an occasional peek of the tight white corset beneath. Mrs Tokashirimaso spoke in Korean, a lilting slow lecture that indicated that she knew her companions were forced to hang on every word.

"I am satisfied by the arrangements that have been put in place, but there is still much to be done here..."

Anyali listened to the Korean. A month in this strange country had given her only the slightest smattering of the language and with no translation, all she could do was to listen without comprehension.

"We have the first batch two weeks into their re-education," said Kin. "As you have seen, we are finding our feet. Soon we shall be the very best in the world, Jusche is..."

Mrs Tokashirimaso cut into the sentence, "Yes, yes," she said slowly. "I understand your philosophies well, but all that matters is the end result. I have committed much to this arrangement, much risk and much treasure. This is not the time for a philosophical discussion of two irrelevant logics of government. What I need is simple. Goods that are saleable and security that is absolute. For that, what I offer is revenue in the currencies that you need from the *capitalist* world and the pleasure slaves that the functionaries of the Central Committee require. It is a favour as much as a business proposition."

The small group passed into a lounge area and Mrs Tokashirimaso took a place on a comfortable armchair. All except the psychologist, the others followed suit and waited for her to continue. Colonel Sun seemed irritated by her need to defer to the South Korean woman and tapped her short crop against the olive of her skirt impatiently.

"Satisfactory, I suppose," said Mrs Tokashirimaso. "We have much to discuss and not much time to do it, because I need to go home immediately. My agents have informed me that a process has been put in train that is of considerable inconvenience!"

Kin leaned over to Anyali and translated, adding, "Authorities in America and the Netherlands," she whispered.

Mrs Tokashirimaso nodded and spoke in English, forcing Kin to translate for her superior.

"Not just there, this is a serious threat to our business interests. We know of ten agents who have infiltrated in six countries. There may well be more, because the operation against us proceeds from the highest levels where there are still a few politicians who are not yet aligned with our interests. In particular, the FBI is stubbornly resisting our attempts to fully understand the scope..."

Anyali nodded and said, "In my country, we have all of the agents under observation and we are ready to move against them."

"Foolish girl! Don't be so confident, there is real risk, already several important contacts that we have in the Middle east are showing signs of reluctance. When we move, it must be as one if we are to protect the position that we hold by right!"

She switched to Korean again, allowing the time for Kin to translate.

"Our American cousins are so troubled that they have run down their operations to a minimum and are waiting for the storm to break. Here in Korea and Japan we cannot do this, we are far too entrenched. Even in Africa, the reports are that the corrupt governments are being pressured by the American blackmail and may need to move in order to appease their benefactors! What this means is that this place is one of the few training places that is not under threat. The only one that is government supported. That is the reason that we have invested here..."

"The Central Committee of the People's Republic of Korea is fully behind the development of this resource," said Colonel Sun with a smug expression. "The fewer there are in the business, the better the prices. Is this not the essence of Capitalism?"

Mrs Tokashirimaso started to laugh. A thin sound like a steel wheel grating on polished marble.

"Exactly, my dear! The essence of Capitalism, perfect! However, there is a problem. The distribution and sale depends on all of the scattered purveyors of our product. You need *us* to sell for you, that is another essence of Capitalism!"

Colonel Sun frowned, but it was clear that the issue was too complex to resolve so easily.

"I shall speak to my superiors, it is possible that we can add weight to any counterstroke that needs to be carried out. We too have agents and friends in the world. Perhaps it would be suitable for you to meet with my seniors to explain the urgency of this problem?"

Mrs Tokashirimaso sighed.

"It is already a risk me being here. If I am recognised, the result would be a problem in the South. I am in the shadows, unseen and unguessed at. A dealer in art and jade, favoured exporter for the Chaebol. Any connection with your country would expose me as a person of interest."

"I shall do what I can to raise the matter..."

"Good! In two months, you will supply the first of your trainees as we agreed. The Kaesong Industrial Zone will be the point of entry as also agreed. A small test of the plan. After that we can assume that this crisis will be over and the supply can regularise. Now, I wish to make a small point that is vital for you and your superiors to understand."

Colonel Sun and Kin nodded.

"The price of goods depends on two things. Price and scarcity. Flood a market and the price drops, produce poor quality and the price drops. *This is the real essence of Capitalism. Understand this simple rule and all is song birds in the trees of a forest of wealth for all!*"

Anyali inspected the woman who so easily held the North Koreans in the palm of her hand. Thin, almost unattractive, but there was an imperial magnetism that made her alluring in an acid way. Anyali's mother had sent her all the way to Korea to carry out a single objective. Meet and see the elusive South Korean woman who could possibly be the key to a new market and assess her as a full partner. Gauge reliability and competence. The mission to inspect and help the North Koreans an opening to forge a link close by, a line of communication. She now realised that the best way of doing this would be to place herself in

the heart of Mrs Tokashirimaso's world. Somehow, she had to be invited to the fabled Golden Palace to see for herself.

"I think that in a month, my help here will be superfluous," said Anyali. "Perhaps I should use the opportunity to accompany our first product..."

Mrs Tokashirimaso gave a thin smile.

"There is much to be said for the idea of you passing by," said Mrs Tokashirimaso in English.

She paused for a moment and the tip of her tongue showed for a moment.

"You are an attractive woman... very appealing. I can use beauty like yours, dear!" she continued in Korean.

Kin felt a small twinge of guilt and then translated for Anyali.

"I'm sure that we can do business!"

Mrs Tokashirimaso smiled.

A Game of Chance

Proverb: *A mouse in an earthen jar!*

The ride returning from the mountains was a slow walk, one in which Hye-Rin and Charley chatted inconsequentially even though the words that had been spoken earlier rested like a stone on Charley's consciousness. The buggy was driven to the front of the golden palace where the two other sisters were waiting by the pool.

Naked they lounged in the midday sun, drinks by their sides, laughing and chatting as Charley and Hye-Rin joined them.

"A good ride?" asked Hye-Su. "My sister's secret viewing point is perfect in the morning light."

Charley nodded and felt strange. The two naked girls were so alike that she could not be entirely sure which was which. For a moment, she must have looked puzzled as Hye-Rin put an arm around her and pointed at the one that had spoken.

"Su," she said with a chuckle. "Now watch this!"

Her hand beckoned the male slave from the shadows and a curt order to him caused him to strip her of her riding costume. She made a small turn in front of Charley and then said, "Now close your eyes."

Charley smiled and did as bidden.

"Now open them again!"

The triplets stood in a line, presenting themselves with suppressed giggles like small children.

"Which is which?" asked one.

Charley looked from one to the other in puzzlement, causing great merriment. All three seemed exactly alike. There were no moles or other signs, all three had ruffled their hair and all three of the girls presented polished hairless bodies which seemed exactly alike.

"One moment," said Charley as she inspected each like slaves on a block.

She walked around them slowly to return to the front with a confused look.

"A little game," said the one on the left. "Guess all three right and we shall be the perfect hosts..."

All three broke into laughter and span around on their bare feet while Charley decided that the best strategy had to be to discover Hye-Rin whom she knew best and then guess the other two.

"Guess one and escape..."

"Escape?"

"Of course, how can we possibly resist playing games with our American guest? If you guess all of us wrongly, then it's off to Hye-Rin's stables with you!"

'Were they just joking or was this a real test?' wondered Charley with a chill.

"She will be perfect between the traces of my buggy," said the one in the middle. "Those huge breasts up and down as she trots to the kiss of the whip!"

"The male ponies will be so excited to be offered such a juicy mare," said the one on the right. "Or perhaps she will end up in a bed pleasuring us forever..."

They teased and taunted Charley who struggled with a choice that could end in a life of slavery or perhaps just the giggles of these sadists as the champagne popped. Then, Charley realised something that made her swallow in fear. They were all so alike that they could lie and she would be none the wiser! The game was totally under the control of the devious triplets.

"Hye-Su," said Charley pointing at the one in the middle.

"I am so disappointed," said the girl. "I am Hye-Rin..." For a moment, there was a pause before Hye-Rin continued, "You ate the noodles before the dumplings," she said, referring to the picnic.

Charley looked at the other two and walked around them again. The giggling had ceased, a sudden seriousness causing utter silence.

"Don't get this wrong, darling," said Hye-Rin. "You will be perfect as a mare, but I have other things in mind for you and it would be such a pity if I had to train you under the whip!"

Charley arrived at the front of the three girls and decided that there was really only one option left to her.

"Hye-Su..." she pointed at the one on the left and held her breath.

"Well done," breathed Hye-Su. "I think that you understand the lesson..."

"I hope so," breathed Charley as she released her breath. "I really do..."

"And, the lesson is?" asked Hye-Rin.

"That a mouse in an earthen jar is a mouse that is already caught!"

"Oh, well done," said Hye-Won. "Eloquent and very Korean!"

Kye-Rin pointed at Charley and the slave arrived to undress her.

"You have to be naked, I so want to see that delicious big body of yours!"

Charley stood as the slave stripped her jeans and blouse from her, leaving her standing only in her white high heels. The triplets clapped their hands as she was revealed and inspected her with coos of pleasure.

"Burn them," said Kye-Rin to the slave who had Charley's clothes in his hands.

The slave turned on his heel, silently and slipped away while Hye-Rin watched Charley's features closely. Charley watched the retreating man and almost spoke, but Kye-Rin's hard expression kept her lips sealed.

"Is there a problem," smiled Kye-Su. "We shall get you another pair of jeans..."

"Er, no problem," said Charley as the slave disappeared from sight. The thought of the SIM card was in her mind. "They were favourites!"

"Stop!" cried Hye-Rin to the slave. "Put them back in her room." She turned to her sister and continued. "We can't destroy our guest's favourite pair of jeans, can we?"

Charley felt a cold hand on her spine, a wave of naked fear that shook her so that her voice trembled a little even as she tried to dissemble.

"Thanks, but if you replace them, then take them by all means..."

"It's no matter," said Kye-Rin. "Now then, my sister, Hye-Su has arranged a little show for you and then we can enjoy the afternoon by the pool together."

Charley towered over the three tiny Korean girls in her heels, so she kicked them off as she followed her hosts into the house. She was still a foot taller than them, but it was better to walk and the feeling of the thick carpets under her feet was a consolation.

The soft darkness of the silent house filled Charley's ears as she walked. In her head buzzed a single question that she dared not try to answer. Did they know who she was? It did not look good... They were terrifying, sadistic princesses in a world where they could do exactly as they liked. She was becoming a plaything for them, a project in fear and the feeling left Charley with a deep chasm in her stomach. Every interaction was a lesson that had to be learned, every conversation a subtle threat even though the outcome was always blithe.

Was this all just a game?

The three naked girls led Charlie into a suite-stateroom that she had not seen before. The door and entrance were carved with tiny figures that seemed to be frolicking naked in a garden, but when Charley inspected them as she passed, hidden scenes revealed themselves that seemed torn from the imagination of a sadist. A huge bed lay in the centre of the room, furniture, elegant and carved was arranged and thick rugs masked the floor.

"The stables are my concern," said Hye-Rin. "The gardens, tended by Su and the household is organised by Won. Of course, she is the oldest by a few minutes, so the greatest responsibility is hers."

Hye-Won turned elegantly on her heel and rested her hand on a huge chest that was parked in an alcove.

"This is the main guest room," said Hye-Won with a smile. "We put you in the pool suite because we thought that you would wish to admire the scenery. This room is reserved for politicians and those who seek the approval of Mrs Tokashirimaso. A special private suite for those who would experience the decadent pleasures of having pure sensual gratification."

Charley looked around and wondered who had visited this place in the heart of the golden palace. There were no windows, no exits other than the one that they had come in by. One alcove was fitted as a bathroom with a huge ornate toilet and jacuzzi, another was barred with gilt bars behind a glass cabinet that served as a display of whips, shackles and other instruments of pain.

"What do you think of my creation?" asked Hye-Won.

Charley nodded and looked around at the room and agreed that it was perfect.

"Where would you start your play? In the cage or the bed?" asked Kye-Su mischievously. "There is so much to enjoy here as a guest, if only you can find it!"

"It depends what is offered," replied Charley.

"Very good, my dear. Let me show you what our special guests can savour as they while away the long nights," said Hye-Rin. "Where would you like to start?"

Charley looked around, but apart from the alcove with the cage, there was no sign of amusement in the room. Elegant, plush and subtle, it was, but all seemed so ordinary.

"The bed?"

"Ah, Americans always think that sex starts and ends in bed," laughed Hye-Won. "Here it can start in bed, but it does not have to end there!"

She strolled to the bed and ran her fingertips over the coverlet. It was vast, a playing field ruffled in silk with huge pillows, each of which was plumped up and tied with ribbons at each corner.

"Watch this," said Hye-Won with a small cry of triumph as her hand reached out and she tugged at a ribbon.

Charley gasped as the silk of the pillow parted to reveal a masked face. White latex drawn so tight over pretty features that the effect was that of a porcelain doll before being painted. Hye-Won's hands parted the silk of the pillow to reveal the helpless doll that was nothing more than head, breasts and a smooth torso that ended in an oval opening that allowed her to be used.

"Isn't she just perfect for a guest who needs a little comfort in their bed?" asked Hye-Su with a small laugh. "Here she waits for her hard lovers in the dark, always responsive, always ready for use."

Charley looked at the narrow waist, the wide hips that were rounded with tautly stretched white latex, the rounded shoulders and the wide-open mouth that Hye-Won's finger slipped into, to be lapped by a slow long tongue.

"She is so desperate to be loved now, my little French slut that I bought in Bangkok. She lives to be used and abused, loves every moment, a silent heaven that is broken by the gasps of the man or woman that plays with her!"

Charley's knees felt weak, she watched the hand that coursed lovingly over breasts and teased the nipples, before moving to slowly slip into the dripping slit that was the only flesh to be seen. The white torso flexed a little, but there was no sound from the pleasure toy's throat. Just a small twitch of the lips and the pointed tongue that licked them.

Hye-Won turned from the bed and walked to the chest where she had been casually leaning earlier.

"Of course, there are many other pleasures in this special room," she said. "For the men that visit, sometimes a speedy relief is required. This little box is the home for a man that serves as that release."

Her hand slipped to an ornate boss on the short side of the box and rotated it to reveal a mouth pressed against the inside. Her finger poked into the dark and explored.

Hye-Su squatted and looked into the hole as the finger of her sister explored the soft cavity that had been filled a thousand times.

"He's always hungry," she chuckled. "The men that use him always think that there is a woman in the box, the women know better! No guest is ever allowed to open the box, it is just a puzzle to bewilder them."

"Just a small side show," commented Hye-Rin as she looked over at the alcove fitted as a bathroom. "They don't last long in there, but it is the ideal place for those who will not submit and understand that they are here for the pleasure of their betters."

"Auntie's guests soon understand what is required of them after they are shown the exquisite films of their stay in this room," laughed Hye-Su. "You should see their faces when they understand what is required of them..."

Hye-Rin frowned as if her sister had revealed too much and Charley glanced around to see signs of cameras, but there were none to be seen.

In the bathroom alcove, Hye-Won lifted the seat of the toilet to allow Charley to see the face that looked up and blinked in the light.

"Watch this," she said as she pressed the large button on the wall by the seat.

A slight hiss and the seat lowered, but the slave trapped did not. The result was obvious, a personal service that could be used as an intimate pleasure or just casually. Charley watched the seat rise again and Hye-Won dropped the seat cover again.

"So," said Hye-Rin. "Would you like to use this room for the rest of your stay?"

It was another test, of that Charley was sure.

"If you decide, though I think that it would be so distracting that I might emerge from the room after my stay here is over, never having left this room," said Charley with a small laugh.

What frightened the American was that her chuckle was almost unfeigned!

"You are right," said Hye-Su. "There is much more to do than become addicted to this paradise. Tomorrow we plan a little trip to the maze. It would not do if you spent all your hours in bed..."

She led them from the room and back to the pool. By the time that they arrived, a buffet had been laid out, attended to by three slaves who decorously filled plates and bowls as required and they settled in the sun to doze.

In Charley's mind, there was no doubt at all. The cats were playing with the mouse trapped in an earthenware jar and sooner or later the play would become more... terrifying. She *had* to slip from this luxurious inferno, even rescuing Ga took second place to her own escape.

What was the maze?

Ga could come later...

Playtime

Truth: Culture! The special greatness of the victorious Democratic People's Republic of Korea.

Colin looked up to the woman that he called 'Mummy'; at least the woman that he called 'Mummy' when he was allowed to speak. She cared for him, she stood over him and stopped him making the mistakes that would end in a terrible place... because he knew that she was protecting him from the nurse! Mummy was the only thing between him and her needle... Mummy would protect him for her if he was good.

The nurse was always there. Menacing.

A threat, implicit and always on the edge of consciousness. Even when he was all alone in his cot at night, even when the light was off, it was the nurse that he imagined standing there, looking at him through those glasses and waiting for him to fall into her grasp.

He had seen the paper that she dropped.

He knew what she wanted to do to him.

"Every day should start with a short meeting like this one," said Anyali. "Do you have children?"

Kin looked at her with surprise at the question, "No," she said quite aware that her psychologist was smiling at her discomfiture.

"OK, let's look at it this way," said the Turkish woman with a small sense of frustration. "If we want order in a classroom, a nursery, a home or a place of work we need to establish three main strands of contact with our subjects. Reward, punishment and hidden punishment."

"Hidden punishment?" asked the psychologist.

Of the three psychologists left from the Institute of Idiomatic Veracity she was the only one that spoke English. She was also the best, but Kin did not like the way that she got above herself.

"Don't ask questions, learn!" said Kin in irritation.

Anyali ignored the comments and ploughed on with the 101 of discipline that she was trying to explain.

"Reward to entice, punishment to correct and hidden punishment, the threat that maintains a background of fear. Rewards are given when the subject achieves a new level of submission without a direct order. Punishments are either a lack of reward or explicit punishment for defiance and hidden punishments are revealed in such a way that there is always a fear of their implementation..."

"I'm so sorry," said the psychologist, "I don't understand 'implementation'..."

"It means 'putting into action'," said Anyali. "So, I was saying. Each morning starts with a meeting. This is because, as I explained yesterday, tuition is always done in twos until the subject is reliably submissive. Just the effect of a second woman in the room will place the subject in an inferior position. The tuition paths have been mapped out, the meeting establishes direction and discusses expected problems."

"Ah, I thought that all of this training would be just hitting and punishing," said Kin, breaking her silence.

"That is one method," smiled Anyali. "But the results are inferior! What does our customer want from his or her slave? Submission, fear, obedience, emotional ruin and ultimately the fulfilment of deeply held fantasies. Most want a slave that is bound by far more than chains and ropes, they want obedience that runs like reins through the fingers and *this* is what we aim to create. We break down the mind and rebuild it to match the client."

"Part of my university course was animal psychology," said the psychologist dressed as a nurse. "The biggest problem with animals is, no language. No direct communication..."

Kin looked at the woman and nodded. The comment made sense, perhaps the woman was the right choice...

"Exactly," said Anyali. "You will work out your own methods, I can only show you how it works in my mother's place. What I am trying to show you is that subtlety and organisation makes it easier and more pleasurable for you. It is a game where only you can win, but *how* you win makes the game!"

Kin shuffled on the chair and said, "Perhaps we should get to a specific example?"

Anyali smiled. The fact that Colonel Kin was in her uniform with the whip at her hip while the psychologist had dressed for the occasion, was a sign that Kin did not fully understand what she was talking about.

"You are right, learn from practice."

The fetishistically dressed nurse stood silently and watched the interchange with a hint of a smile.

Anyali flipped open the file to reveal the thin file that made-up Colin's history. A simple recitation of offenses and punishments, a litany of camps and then some notes made whilst he was held in the Institute of Idiomatic Veracity. Not much to go on, no detail at all.

"This is no use to us," she said dismissively. "Ideally we would have a biography that would hint at his weaknesses and interests. Married or not, children, education, cultural background, sexual preferences and so on. I suggest that all those brought here from now on are interrogated to provide this. I have seen him once, yesterday. He is heterosexual, about thirty years, single and from England where they have a very reticent view of sex. He is basically in good condition, fairly resistant to pain and normally intelligent. This is enough to work on for the moment. He is fairly ideal as a feminised sissy..."

"Sissy?" asked Kin.

"Like a little innocent girl, but with sexual drive. Sort of a *nyeon* schoolgirl!" answered Anyali using one of the first Korean words that she had picked up. "All pink and pretty."

The last page in the file was an official document, stamped and signed.

"What is this?" asked Anyali, holding up the page.

"I have already allocated an owner for him," said Kin. "It is a requisition from one of the Pyongyang officials and her husband that wish to take part in the program in the Democratic People's Republic."

"Excellent," said Anyali. "It is best when we know the user before we start. A couple... perfect! We will need to interview them."

Kin looked doubtful, but Anyali insisted and finally she gave way and made a note in a small book that she pulled from a pocket of her uniform.

"Since the nurse here speaks English, she will be ideal as my partner. What we are going to do is establish a 'good cop, bad cop' method. I will be the good mother who tries to protect him from her. She will be the goddess that he has nightmares about..."

"Ah, now I understand what you said about 'hidden punishment'," said Kin. "This is standard interrogation technique for all officers..."

"Detail, let's get down to detail! To start with we will establish roles. Fix it in his head what his place is and what he has to do, to be rewarded. All rewards are sexual, all punishments physical. The separation is important. The other thing that we need to do is make sure that we enjoy the process!"

"It is just work," said Kin truculently.

"No, no, no," laughed Anyali. "It is an art and art is there to be enjoyed!"

"Art is tuition for the people," quoted Colonel Kin.

Anyali felt a slight sense of frustration. How could the woman be so dense?

"In this sense, not. If we enjoy what we do, then it is done with feeling and passion. After all, the clients are buying for pleasure and gratification. Don't you enjoy punishing your inferiors? You constantly carry that whip..."

"I punish because it is the rules," lied Colonel Kin.

Anyali shook her head, "No you don't, you are *allowed* to punish because of the rules. You punish because you enjoy it..."

Kin shook her head, but she realised that the Turkish woman had peeped behind the curtain, and inside Kin had to privately admit that it was true.

"Back to the idea of a meeting," said Anyali. "Yesterday we just inspected Colin. Today we are going to start the training properly. Our first aim is to establish roles, I shall be 'Mummy' and the psychologist will be 'Nurse'. No other names are to be used. These words have power and meaning and names allow flexibility of thought. Colonel Kin will never be present, we need to focus him on his tasks and fears."

"I wish to view the progress..." said Kin.

"Use the cameras," answered Anyali. "In the second batch, starting in a week, you can take a central role for one trainee and then you will have intimate and enjoyable contact!"

Kin's lips pressed hard together. This was *her* project; how could she not be a part?

"It will be only two of us, that's final," stated Anyali. "No confusion..."

"Also, today we start the building of ritual," said Anyali. "Clothes are important, they indicate rank and have a power of their own. To begin with we shall start dressed for our parts, then after the client interview the nurse and I will tailor fetish towards their needs. What I want you to do," said Anyali looking at the sexual parody of a nurse that was smiling at her, "is nothing at all!"

The smile faded.

"Stand in the background, make notes on a clip board, look threatening, scowl and look impatient. Say nothing. Later we shall reveal that you speak English and put you more in the foreground. This means that the first days will be essentially slow progress. Then we shall allow Colin to see a side of you that causes him to panic and lean on me ever more. I will be helpless, trying to protect him and so it goes... In three days, we will be ready to start the hormones, until then we shall just build up a new world for him. A soft place where everything has sexual meaning. We shall interview the clients and then we will know what direction to move the training."

"They will be here..."

Colin sat on the pink rug in his room and played. He had lined up all of the dolls and stuffed toys in a half circle like an audience. He looked at them and then over his shoulder at the giant teddy that sat in his cot staring at him. He had carefully tucked its huge priapic prick out of sight, but he knew that it was his enemy.

One by one he picked up his dolls and inspected them. Carefully he lifted the cotton dress of the pretty female dolly and peeped underneath. The details of her sex were perfect in every detail and he put it down again with a feeling of worry that the camera was watching him play. The next was a figurine of a man in a military uniform. He had seen it before, so his fingers probed between the legs and he could feel the erect little cock under his fingertips.

They were strange, but what was even more odd was the third in line. The face was male, in fact it looked a little like him, but the clothing was female in the extreme. A pretty pink dress that lifted to reveal that there was just a tiny little bump, a sexless mound. Pierced through it was a tiny ring. For a moment, he fiddled with the bare legs and shoes, but unlike the other dolls, this one could not be undressed at all.

The circle of toys stared back at him and he regarded them. There was one that was hidden under his bed. The nurse dolly, the very image of the woman whom Mummy protected him from as well as she could. That one never came out to play.

The door to his playroom opened and Mummy walked in with a smile. Nurse followed a moment later and Colin felt a fear that he could not hide. In the nurse's hand was a huge syringe in a sterile pack and she smiled slyly as she strolled in and moved to stand by his cot.

He looked at where Mummy sat on the pink armchair and she smiled in approval, but Nurse scowled and he looked down again at his toys. How he wished that Mummy would come in on her own to play with him.

"Colin needs his injection," said Nurse pointing at some note on the clipboard.

Mummy looked up at her companion and moved her legs to stretch them out and cross her ankles. The spikes of her stilettos pressed into the rug and Colin could not help but admire the calves and the ankles with the lacy socks that decorated them.

"I think that it is too soon," said Mummy to Nurse. "Colin has been such a good little girl."

"He's been playing with himself," said Nurse pointing at the bed. "Look!"

It was true, a damp stain on the sheet indicated the offence and Colin looked down at his toys in shame.

"Oh, you silly little girl," said Mummy with a look of concern. "I told you that you are not allowed to touch your little clitty. Now there's nothing that I can do..."

Colin felt the tears well in his eyes and tried to blink them away. When he looked up, Nurse had a look of triumph on her face and her hands started to tear the covering from the syringe.

"After the injection, three strokes over my knee and confinement to the cot for the rest of the day," announced Nurse as she dropped the packaging of the syringe and held it up for inspection.

"That's very harsh," said Mummy, looking up at Nurse. "Colin should be allowed to play the rest of the day."

"It's the rules," said Nurse.

"Perhaps we can find another punishment for my little girl?" said Mummy looking down at Colin. "Something that won't hurt so much?"

"Like?"

Nurse looked impatient. There was a smile on her face, but it was a cruel sly grin that spoke of her victory over Colin's Mummy. As she stepped forward, Colin flinched and for a moment he got a brief glimpse of the tight latex stockings and the way that the flesh of her thighs bulged over the tops of them.

"Teddy?"

"Injection first, then perhaps we can see," said Nurse.

A plume of clear liquid spurted from the needle and Nurse stood with her legs apart looking down at the fearful man that she seemed so determined to punish. Colin was helpless in her gaze as he looked at Mummy, but she frowned at him and that hurt more than anything.

"You were naughty," she said. "Nurse is right, let's get this over with and then perhaps I can persuade her to be a little kind to you. Kiss her feet to show that you're sorry and perhaps it will help!"

Colin looked up at Nurse. The white coat was parted, the columns of her legs filled him with an emotion that he could not identify and he knelt to press his lips to her ankle boots. Hard fingers tapped his shoulder as a warning and then the needle was pressed home deep into him.

He cried out as he felt the swelling as the injection was administered, but his lips were pressed to the toes of the boots and Mummy soothed him with her words.

"Well done! Good girl, perhaps now Nurse can be a little kind to you..."

Colin felt a hand rest where the needle had been, in a soothing touch and he missed the leather with his kisses to try to please Nurse as well as he could.

"Perhaps," said Nurse, "I may be just a *little* generous?"

Colin felt a feeling of relief and hope, but it did not stop him looking up at nurse where he could see the semi-transparent latex that covered her crotch. He could make out the slit of her and quickly looked down again and kissed her feet again.

"My little girl has been naughty," said Mummy. "You have to decide!"

Three strokes of the cane! Colin shivered in anticipation of the decision. Yesterday one single vicious stroke had been administered by Nurse for turning Teddy to face out of the cot and it had hurt so much. Three strokes would be unbearable...

"He will be locked in the cot," said Nurse.

Colin looked up at her triumphant face. In her hand was the empty syringe, an ache filled his shoulder. He knew that whatever she decided for him, it would be something that would be cruel; Nurse excited him, but she was such a bitch!

"We need to make sure that he does not play with himself," she said.

Colin started to cry. No sound, just a sobbing that shook his body. There was a satisfied expression on Nurse's face as she pronounced the punishment that would take the place of three awful strokes of her cane.

"It's time that he played with Teddy," she said.

Colin looked at Mummy and she had her hand over her mouth in shock.

"Surely, if my little girl doesn't want to?"

"I insist. Either that or the cane!"

With a small laugh, Nurse turned and walked to the door. As she exited the playroom she made a last comment.

"It's the rules, make sure that he does!"

The door closed and for the first time, Colin was alone with Mummy. She looked distressed and he felt sorry that he had put her in such an awkward position.

He knew that Nurse was the senior of the two women in his life and that he had left her with no choice. He was just glad that they had not noticed that the stain on his sheets was not one, but three offences. He shivered as he imagined Nurse checking the cameras and finding out!

Mummy sighed and tousled Colin's hair affectionately.

"Silly little girl, you have brought this on yourself! Now Nurse can inject you whenever she wants! You really have to try to understand that I really want you to be perfect, but if you break the rules, there's nothing that I can do!"

Colin cast his eyes down at those ankles. Somehow, the regret of Mummy was even worse than any punishment that Nurse could give him and he knew that he had disappointed her so much.

"Now then, into the cot, we don't want to make Nurse angry," said Mummy.

Colin crawled into the cot and sat watching as she lowered the side and locked it into position.

Mummy smiled at him wanly and then leaned to the bars to whisper to him.

"Mummy thinks that if you are very careful not to make a mess, you can play with yourself a little... just a little... Perhaps when you are playing with Teddy nicely!"

Colin looked at the bear and back at Mummy. In his head was that moment a couple of days ago when Nurse had dropped a paper from her clipboard and he had glimpsed the short list that was written in large type. The list had started with 'injection' and ended with a word that had frozen his blood. A word that showed just how sadistic Nurse was...

It echoed in his head, '*Gelded.*'

"It's far better than Nurse's cane," whispered Mummy. "Show Nurse what you can do and perhaps she'll be lenient on you! Teddy has to be played with..."

She stood from her squatting position and Colin looked at her with adoration. She was trying so hard to help him and he was disappointing her! He wished that she would say the magic words that she had said every night and his wish came true.

"Mummy loves her little girl," she said. "What do you say?"

"I love you too," said Colin obediently, but for the very first time it was with real feeling, an emotional surge that filled him with gladness that she was here to look after him.

"Now show me..."

Colin looked at her and then turned to Teddy. The huge bear stared at him with those evil glass eyes and his hand stretched out to slowly pull the huge rubber cock free of its legs. It was slightly soft and almost warm to his touch. He looked back to see Mummy with a smile of approval on her lips and then he slowly bent forward and opened his mouth.

He knew what was demanded of him and he would do it for Mummy.

"Good girl, that's what good little girls *love* to play with most of all..."

Anything for Mummy...

The Labyrinth

Proverb: *It is dark under the lamp.*

Charley slept uneasily. She woke a dozen times during the stillness of the night and rolled over to drift back into an uneasy doze filled with dark dreams that were just out of reach. Once she slipped from the silk that lay over her sweating body and stepped out onto the veranda by the pool to gaze at a moon that cast black shadows on the marble. She stood and stared, just visible were the shapes of the mountains, every tree was a blackness and the perfect gardens were transformed to silhouettes of menace.

The bed, so inviting on that first night was ignored, and Charley slept fitfully, naked on the sofa deep in her suite, curled into a ball of foreboding because she now was sure that the Hye triplets knew everything and were just playing with her like a toy.

When she awoke with a start at the gentle touch of the black-clad Chinese slave, she started and almost cried out. The slave stepped back and waited for Charley with that blank expression that seemed her only attitude. Charley uncurled from the sofa and tried to smile. She could smell the soup that waited for her, but her stomach could not possibly handle breakfast. Instead she headed for the bathroom with the slave in tow.

As she sat on the toilet, she regarded the Chinese girl who kneeled as usual and shivered. Charley had only ever *played* the dominant, she now realised. Only played... Compared to the intensity of the Golden Palace, it had just been play! It was why she had volunteered for this mission; because she thought that she knew what was ahead, that she could easily assume the role that she imagined was required. She thought that her experiences in the clubs of Los Angeles, her dominant relationship with Candy would make her the ideal undercover operative for this mission.

She stood and experienced a brief moment of satisfaction as the Chinese girl lapped at her thighs and pussy and then moved like an automaton to the shower. The feeling of the water was wonderful, it woke her and brought her mind from the brink of fear where it had teetered on the edge and the hands of the girl who rubbed and massaged her gave her respite.

As she dressed, Charley's mind ran around in circles to divine a strategy that would give her at least a chance to escape. The hands pulling the cords of the corset tight gave her time to collect herself and she decided that the game had to continue. Continue, until she had a chance to slip away and disappear.

Brinkmanship, a tightrope that she dared not fall from, because there was not net, nothing except her own ability to improvise.

The soup was still hot.

Charley forced it down to start the charade. She had to do what was expected and then seize the chance. Her jeans lay folded on top of the chest of drawers and she tried to think of an excuse to pick them up. In the end, she decided to relax and find the right moment to get the SIM card and hide it elsewhere.

A knock at the door heralded Hye-Rin's arrival. She strolled into the bedroom and looked Charley up and down with approval.

"That's better," she said. "You look the part..."

Charley smiled and complimented the woman that she feared the most before asking; "So what happens today?"

"Nothing much," said Hye-Rin. "The morning by the pool, I have a few bits and pieces to do at the stables and then in the afternoon there is a little treat. We'll show you the maze that Hye-Won has designed for our amusement. In the evening, we'll take a little ride to watch the sun set."

"Sounds good," answered Charley. "I have a question?"

"Mm?"

"Is it OK for me to look around the gardens in the morning?"

Hye-Rin shrugged.

"As you like, just make sure that you're back here by noon."

Charley started at the pool and decided that her stroll would take her to see the confines of the gardens. Understand the lie of the land, a small preparation for any escape that she might try. The thought gave her confidence, at least she was being constructive and that would take her mind off the threat. The fear in her mind had to be purged, she had to feel that she was in control.

She strolled to the front of the house just as Hye-Rin was mounting a small one-pony trap and she waved 'goodbye' as the pony started at the touch of the whip and trotted smartly towards the stables.

Charley headed in the other direction.

Here and there gardeners bent over the beds, one pruning the topiary bushes that were scattered on the lawns. Charley avoided them and zig-zagged as she slowly made her way to the confines of the gardens. She dared not approach the wall that surrounded them, but walked parallel to them for a while, realising that there were few entrances and all were closed with barred gates. Finally, she curved back to the palace to find herself looking at the river that bounded the back of the house.

There were other buildings, all of which were joined by corridors to the main house and she walked back to the front occasionally stopping as if to admire the view.

The sun was almost overhead as Charley strolled back to the pool to find all three sisters sunbathing naked in their usual place.

"Ah, the wanderer returns," said one that Charley thought was Hye-Rin.

Three days was perhaps starting to help her distinguish one from the other.

The girls smiled and then the one on the right asked, "So, which one am I?"

"Rin," said Charley confidently.

"Oh, well done my dear," said Hye-Rin. "So, how did you know?"

"I have a method now," said Charley, "but, I'll keep it a secret!"

"A good idea," said Hye-Won with a chuckle. "Who knows when telling us apart again will be useful..."

Charley laughed with them, but she felt a chill inside.

"Is there time for a bite to eat?" asked Charley as she settled on a lounge.

"Always!"

Charley undressed with the help of the slave who was always present and lay back on the lounge with a sigh. Food arrived and all four ate a little and Charley felt almost as if she was amongst close friends. When they finished, Charley excused herself and stepped into her room.

A quick backward glance showed that she was unobserved and alone, so she quickly squeezed the SIM card from the denim and dropped it down the back of the chest of drawers. A visit to the toilet gave her an excuse for the visit and the Chinese girl kneeling on the floor served with her familiar thoroughness.

'When does she sleep and eat?' wondered Charley as she watched the slave reassume her kneeling position, but there seemed no good answer.

By the time that she returned to the pool, the Hye sisters were dressed and laughed as Charley emerged still naked.

"We're off to the maze," said Hye-Won. "You can come like that!"

"If you like," said Charley with a shrug.

"Fine, let's go," said Hye-Su. "Won has arranged the entertainment..."

At first Charley felt self-conscious as she walked through the house with the Hye triplets through the corridors and rooms. By the time that they traversed a glass corridor bridge over to one of the buildings at the rear she felt relaxed. All three wore identical outfits. Tight leggings, high heels and tight cropped tops that only just covered their small breasts. Charley was now sure that she had worked out a way to tell them apart and tapped one of them on the shoulder and said, "Hye-Won."

"Good girl," said Hye-Rin, but she did not ask how it was that Charley could distinguish them.

The corridor opened into a vast room. Low ceilinged it was on the first floor and the floor was plain black. Charley looked around, but there was nothing but floor and walls. Perhaps fifty metres on each side. Light suffused from the ceiling in a gentle glow and there were no windows to be seen.

"Amazing, she breathed. "But where is the maze?"

All three sisters smiled and walked into the centre of the room, Charley close behind.

"The maze is below," said Hye-Won. "At the moment, it is hidden, but in a moment, we shall see the entertainment."

Charley could sense a feeling of suppressed excitement from her three companions and looked down, but all she could see was the black floor.

"Sometimes a slave needs to be severely punished, sometimes we just fancy a little diversion," said Hye-Won. "Today it is the latter, so what we are about to see is not deadly. This is Auntie's personal playground, but when she is away we sometimes amuse ourselves here..."

"She's due back tomorrow," said Hye-Su.

"I look forward to meeting her," said Charley.

"We'll see," said Kye-Rin. "Now then, it's about to start!"

A bell chimed and suddenly the floor was a window down onto the floor below! Charley looked down to her feet and could see that the whole of the lower room was divided by walls. Some were thick glass, others were smooth wood and between them they created a complex of corridors, small rooms and dead ends.

"A few minutes after the bell, it starts," said Hye-Won. "Every time that it is used, the layout is different. This time it is a simple plan to make it easy..."

Charley moved a few steps and looked down into a small room with just one entrance. A whipping block stood in the centre of the space, the straps hanging loose.

A second bell sounded. The floor became opaque again and Hye-Rin laughed as Charley looked enquiringly at her.

"Today, for your benefit, we make it easy to understand," she said. "Just wait!"

A third bell sounded and Charley realised that even though most of the floor remained black, three patches of light had appeared on the floor about twenty metres distant.

"In this game, only light where the hunters and prey are, so that can we see what is going on," said Hye-Won. "It makes them easy to follow."

Charley walked to where the nearest light lit the floor and looked down. Below her stood a woman dressed in tight leather. From her hand draped a whip almost as long as she was tall. She looked around with a smile on her face and then started to move. The light on the floor followed her progress and Charley followed.

"Can she see where she is going or is the light only where she is?" asked Charley.

"As we like," said Hye-Rin. "This time, the occupants of the maze can see clearly at their level and we can only see the area that they move in. To them, the ceiling is like a mirror."

Charley watched the woman moving and decided that she was hunting prey. The way that she looked around, stopped to listen and then stalked forward showed that she was a predator. Charley moved to where the triplets were following another lit area of the floor and looked down to see a huge man, bald headed and massively muscled who also seemed to be searching rather than fleeing or trying to hide. He moved slowly, his massive erection his only weapon as he peeped around the entrances to his room before moving on.

In the far corner of the vast room was the third patch of light on the floor. Charley followed Kye-Su as she headed for it whilst the other two gazed down with rapt expressions at the man and woman who were hunting for their amusement.

Hye-Su looked down and her hand moved to her bare stomach before slipping down between leggings and skin to slip between her thighs.

"She is so frightened," said Kye-Su breathlessly. "Almost frozen with fear!"

Charley looked down to see a tall blonde woman, naked and anxious as she looked around at her options. Two ways from the small room where she started. Neither offering a clue as to safety.

"Is there an escape?" asked Charley in a whisper.

Hye-Su nodded and gasped as her fingers slipped into herself. She did not seem at all embarrassed or self-conscious of Charley's presence, but massaged herself, gasping as a finger touched her receptive clitoris.

Charley watched her and then looked down. The prey was moving, slowly, but she had decided a direction and Charley followed her progress with a feeling of anticipation that was difficult to mask.

"If she gets to the red circle, then she is safe," said Hye-Su. "In this game, anyway!"

The three lights moved around the floor seemingly at random. The naked brute moved slowly, the dominatrix in sudden bursts and the prey with a cautious slowness that spoke of her fear. The game was engrossing and of the triplets had flushed faces even though Hye-Su was the only one who was gasping as her fingers sought to keep her at the edge of climax.

For a few moments, prey and the brute of a man who stalked her saw each other through a glass wall. The blonde woman panicked and headed away, while the man pressed against the glass and moved to find a way through. Charley held her breath, but the blonde managed to escape when the hunter finally managed to find the other side of the glass wall. It was almost as if he sniffed to decide which way to go next, but he headed in the wrong direction and once again the lights on the floor were far apart.

Charley felt the excitement of the chase. For the onlookers, a source of excitement and amusement, for the actors below a serious game that was no game at all for one of them.

"Three hunters and two prey is the best mix," said Hye-Rin as she watched the woman with the whip stop.

Charley was beside her and looked down as the woman seemed to be making a decision. Her whip flicked on the floor and she watched all four entrances to her room with concentration.

"It's a good strategy," said Hye-Rin as she smiled at Charley. "There aren't many rooms with four exits, she can wait and hope that the prey moves to her. The danger is that, the prey might find the exit and never pass by..."

Charley watched the woman who had finally decided to move on. She wore high heeled boots to her thighs that did not allow her to run fast, the prey and the man were in bare feet. Clearly, her best strategy was to move to intercept rather than to chase the prey.

The game went on.

Hye-Su intent on following the prey, the other two sisters moving between hunters and prey as they made small comments. Clearly, they were all connoisseurs of this diversion and Charley could not help but fall into the rhythm and excitement herself.

"Do you ever hunt?" asked Charley of Hye-Won.

"Occasionally," she said as they watched the man find a cul-de-sac and turn back in frustration.

He was on the far side of the room from his prey and Charley and Hye-Won headed back to where the blonde victim had found a place where the glass wall between her and a huge red circle on the floor was causing her to hit the glass and move to try to find a way through to it.

"The *nyeon* is so close," breathed Hye-Su as she finally gasped with a climax and stood looking down with her hand slowly massaging the mound of her sex. "So close, but she has to go right back to get there! Poor little bitch!"

Finally, the blonde broke into a run. A panic that ended just a few metres from the starting point where the red circle had been in touching distance. The sisters followed her, laughing as they went and then suddenly another light was converging with the prey.

Charley watched as prey met hunter. For a moment, she thought that the barefooted blonde would escape, but she fled into a blind alley and was finally cornered by the smiling huntress. The black-clad dominatrix pulled a leash from her belt and attached it to the collar around the blonde's neck.

The floor beneath the watcher's feet turned a glowing red tracing a zig-zag path under their feet and Charley realised that the path ended at the room that she had seen at the start. The maze was guiding the players to the whipping horse and the finale was about to begin.

The blonde slave seemed utterly compliant. Now that she had been caught and collared she followed the huntress to the centre of the labyrinth and was strapped to the bench, naked and with nothing more than tears that dripped from her face to the floor as she was stretched in position.

"Zhang is so fucking hot," murmured Hye-Rin as the straps in place were pulled taut, stretching the slave over the padded leather to face the floor. "The perfect huntress in the maze."

"She has the highest ranking," said Hye-Won. "A hundred and twenty captures when only two predators are against one prey. Thirteen of them in the deadly games..."

Charley looked at the girls who were all breathing hard and enjoying the sight of the victor warming up by slashing the whip against walls and floor. Charley watched as the huge man appeared in the room, his cock in his hands as he watched Zhang and stood well clear of the whip.

"I was sort of hoping," murmured Hye-Su as she slowly massaged her sex with a small groan. "I love watching him fuck a virgin ass..."

"Here she goes," said Hye-Rin. "Only three strokes because she lasted more than thirty minutes..."

'*Thirty minutes?*' thought Charley, because it had felt like just five or ten.

Each stroke of the whip was laid with precision. Each cause a purple welt that ran from shoulders to that rounded rear until there were three parallel lines that divided the pale skin into four portions.

Charley watched the punishment. She could feel a warmth in her own thighs that drew her fingers to the triangle of her sex where she felt the dampness drip between her fingers like oil.

"Fun?" asked Hye-Rin.

"Exciting," admitted Charley, "and amazing..."

"Do you fancy a go?" asked Hye-Won with a smile.

"Hunter or prey?"

"Prey of course! More exciting for you that way!"

Hye-Su climaxed as she watched Charley's frightened expression. Her thighs trembled and her hand speeded to slip deep between her thighs as she gasped.

"Fuck, let's put the bitch in the maze right now... Just with Wong, I would love to see him fuck her..." she whispered.

Charley took a step back and Hye-Rina and Hye-Won started to laugh.

"Don't worry, not today, not if you behave and keep us amused," said Hye-Rin.

Charley backed off apprehensively.

"What have I done wrong?" she asked.

"Oh nothing," said Kye-Rin. "You'll get a chance."

Homecoming

Proverb: *The husband thinks that he is the master, the wife knows that she is.*

Mrs Tokashirimaso sat in the bus and moved with every bump in the road. In her cheap overalls, she looked just like another worker on their way back across to South Korea. The only place where there were regular crossings and by far the easiest means to exit. The route through to China and thence back to South Korea via Hong Kong or Japan taking most of a day.

Unremarkable, middle-aged, no make-up and carrying documents that would take her through the elaborate controls at the Kaesong Industrial Region crossing. What was in her head was far from unremarkable, because for the first time in years of comfortable ease, she was just a little worried about the future.

Her small venture in the North had been of no particular value when it had started, but suddenly it was a larger piece in the puzzle than she would have preferred. Perhaps even a safety net! The thought worried her because she knew that it was because of her power in the South that they used her. Wheels within wheels. If that were gone then she was nothing at all, and all of the money in Switzerland would not buy her safety.

Mrs Tokashirimaso had so many enemies!

The bus rattled through the border check after a half hour of inspection and pulled up in the carpark on the South Korean side where the taxis waited. Mrs Tokashirimaso looked for the usual car and slid into the seat before it set off for the place where the limousine would be waiting. All the time she sat bolt upright and looked around, but her thoughts were still on her problems.

It would be so good to get back to Golden Palace where she could relax and decide what needed to be done. Her husband would be arriving in two days from Osaka and together they would discuss it all through. Of course, the decisions were always hers, but he was the only one that she could fully confide in.

Just two hours later, the helicopter landed on the pad at the rear of her palace and Mrs Tokashirimaso was gratified that her nieces were there to greet her. Still under the moving blades they kissed, but the noise was too loud for proper conversation.

"So, tell me, everything" said Mrs Tokashirimaso once they were in the comfort of one of the vast lounges, a small collation of dumplings on the table and tea poured by Mrs Tokashirimaso's personal slave.

Hye-Won sat back and crossed her ankles.

"As you instructed, we have been entertaining the American *nyeon*," she said. "I think that you'll like her, she's big brassy and blonde, just like all Americans porno stars! After yesterday, she is also very scared..."

"Is she any use to us?"

It was Hye-Rin that answered.

"That depends on what you want to do with her!"

The comment raised a wan smile from Mrs Tokashirimaso.

"We will find a use for her! When she wakes, I will be taking the guest state room tonight, when she wakes, send her to me..."

Charley woke. There was a taste in her mouth, a dry sticky sweetness, and her eyes were filled with the crumbs of sleep. She rolled over the bed to see the half-light of dusk through the curtains and lay a few minutes gathering her thoughts. She remembered being by the pool, smiling at Kye-Rin's recollections of the labyrinth and had dozed off in the late afternoon sun. She wondered who had put her in bed.

She shook her head to clear it. Now there was no doubt in her mind. They either knew who she was or suspected. They knew exactly who she was... this whole week or more had been a charade, cats playing with a mouse in an earthenware jar! Charley slipped out of bed, and padded over to the chest of drawers. She bent to lift one side and moved it a few inches from the wall. As she did so, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, the wan face and the broad leather collar...

Her hands went to her neck to test the soft leather collar. Underneath the kidskin was a steel band, a single ring embedded at the side. It seemed that her fears were more than justified. There was no break, the collar was seamless! Charlie looked down and picked up the SIM card that she had rescued. She turned it in her fingers and then looked in terror.

A small rectangle of plastic, a corner cut from it, plain on both sides. That's all it was, just a plain piece of plastic. Had it been changed when it was still embedded in her jeans or later as it lay behind the ornate cupboard? It made no difference, what she had in her hand was nothing, just a small piece of plastic that had no value...

Charley stole over to the window and peeped through the curtains.

By the pool stood the slave, as ever, his cock standing like a truncheon, a tray steady in his hands. Motionless, inert, he stood straight awaiting orders that might never come in blind obedience. Now was not the time to slip away! What else was there, but to play the bitter part to its ultimate end?

She dressed, it was what they wanted...

Charley knew it because the cupboards and chest of drawers were now bare. All of the rich selection of clothes was gone except what had been chosen for her. Four pieces of latex, soft and supple, a pair of shoes and a band for her long hair. With a resigned hopelessness, Charley did as she was programmed, there was no hope in defiance, no hope at all. It would just make it worse...

A shower.

The Chinese slave knelt in her usual place, served with her usual gentle lapping of the tongue. A last hurrah as a mistress, a valued guest in the Golden Palace. The shower relaxed her physically, but her mind was a maze more confused than the one that they used for their amusement. The panic pulled her to run, to have at least a few moments on the dark lawns outside, a frantic hue and cry that would end in capture and submission. Her hope told her that there might still be a chance, if she meekly surrendered, the guard might drop a moment for a chance of freedom. Her mind told her that she would never leave this place ever again.

Dusted with a little talc, Charley allowed the slave to dress her.

The tight shiny stockings. Made to measure, perfectly taut over her legs. Seamless and perfect, a narrow white ring at her thighs. Her hands smoothed over the latex, a feeling that she had had before, so long ago in Los Angeles. The tight bodice that stretched from her hips to just under her breasts. Tight over her torso, moulding the muscles of her stomach and narrow waist. Edged in white, perfect in fit. She stood as her slave wordlessly clipped the clasps to the tops of the stockings and looked up for guidance.

"Do you never speak?" asked Charley.

The Chinese girl showed the first emotion that Charley had ever seen from her. A wistful smile, the hint of a tear in the corner of her eye and a gentle touch of her fingers at her throat.

“Not permitted?”

The head shook a little and the fingers massaged her throat before the Chinese slave turned to pick up the last piece of clothing that remained to be added to complete the costume.

Charley nodded to the slave, her pretty voice had been taken from her.

She put her arms behind her back. Fingers touching in a prayer and the slave slipped on the sleeve and slowly lifted her arms and folded them back. One click signified that a metal band closed her elbows, the rasp of a zipper that the latex was pulled tight and then a last snap as a ring was clipped to her collar.

Charley breathed a sigh of relief.

It was done, she had surrendered, now hope panic and her intellect combined in one to become resignation. What would she become? That was no longer her decision, now she had joined the serried ranks of the Golden Palace's servitors, stepped into the shadows.

Shoes and her hair.

Charley stepped into the high-arched stilettos. There was a comfort in their grip as they were laced tight and the laces were tied at her ankles with a tight double bow. She looked down and admired the contrast of the white shoes and black latex. The criss-cross of the laces over her ankles and the feeling of height and delicate balance that would make her step like a model. The slave moved to gather her hair. With a practiced skill, she braided Charley's hair into a plait that pulled tight at the American's scalp before slipping on the latex tube that would cover the first few inches.

She wondered how it would be and shivered slightly.

The ritual was not over. The slave added makeup to Charley. A dusting of foundation, a hint of pink high on her cheeks, blonde lashes that framed her vision and black liner that curved at the angles of her eyes. The slave handled the brushes with skill, pouted to indicate that Charley should mimic her and then brushed on a dark red lip colour that was edged with black frost. Charley had no doubt, she looked the best that she ever had.

Helpless and ready to be used.

Charley had always been the one in command. In charge of her life, in control of sexual pleasure, in command of her police work; on top every time. Teasing and playing with her partners, men and woman in her private life, using her beauty as a lure to get whatever she wanted. Always sure of her abilities. Now it was all reversed, but this time there were no restraints, no games and no influence.

For a minute, the slave disappeared into the bathroom.

When she returned, she was carrying the bottle of Chanel. She added a mist to Charley. The final touch that would add three dimensionality and perfection. Tactility, vision and fragrance. For a moment fingers flickered before her. Between the second and fourth fingers, hidden from all sight but Charley's was the tiny SIM card that had been swapped. The glimpse of pure hope for which the slave risked everything disappeared. Charley looked down as the slave made last adjustments to stocking tops and suspenders and felt as the card was inserted, tightly wedged between latex and skin.

She fluttered her lashes in thanks.

The slave was risking *everything* for Charley. The punishment might be the stables, the maze or perhaps even to end her life helplessly cropped as a plaything on Mrs Tokashirimaso's bed. Charley did not feel that she could betray that trust and hope!

Finally satisfied with her work, the Chinese girl opened the door and stood by it with her legs apart, head bowed, the small bells that hung between her thighs finally stilling as she assumed a posture of utter submission.

"Oh, that's so tempting!"

The voice was Kye-Won as she entered the room.

"The best outfit that I've seen you in! Jeans and a T shirt are such a waste on a tasty morsel like you!"

"There wasn't much choice in the cupboards," said Charley ironically. "I think that I made the best of what was provided!"

Kye-Won strolled around the blonde American with a proprietary air. She stopped and her fingertips moved over Charley's breasts and then over the

taut latex that lay below. They finished at the waxed, smooth sex that curved between Charley's thighs.

"Aunty Tokashirimaso so wants to meet you," she said. "But, she likes her women to be hot and ready for use, so I think that we have a few moments to put a finishing touch to your charm.

The fingers slipped through Charley. Touching gently arousing the American woman as her other hand played idly with one of the nipples that was rising to her touch.

"Already pierced," breathed Kye-Won. "Naughty girl, a few finishing touches and you will be perfect.

Charley found her breath coming in gasps. A foot tapped hers and she opened her legs and the fingers burrowed into her, teasing as they massaged.

"You think that you really are a dominant, dear," said the Korean girl, "taking what you want, making love on top, revelling in the squeals of that lover of yours in America, but you don't understand your own nature like I do..."

Charley gasped as the hand on her nipples slowly drifted high to her shoulders.

"Really, you are panting to be taken, used and abused. Forced to climax a thousand times while the real Mistress and Master of your future play with you!"

Charley could feel the orgasm welling from deep inside. It could not be stopped, a tide that rose and surged from within as the fingers played their wicked games and the voice taunted her.

"Perhaps you will make a fine mare? My sister wants you between her traces, wants those legs working to pull her on her daily round. She wants to kiss those huge breasts with her whip, fuck you while you have the bit between your teeth and bend you over the covering bench for the stallions in her herd."

The climax rose and Charley moaned as the nail of a finger at her shoulder told her what lay before her. It traced a line across the shoulder and then pulled back.

"A few little adjustments will make you hers..."

The climax took Charley, she could not help herself! Her thighs trembled, the fingers fucked her and the thought of being Kye-Rin's helpless mare filled her with horror and desire. An ache to surrender that had to be fought as the

fingers slowed and then moved forward to press her clitoris from its hiding place for the second climax.

"Or you can be mine, perhaps! I have an opening for an opening! An impressive pillow dolly that waits in the dark for the men and woman who need comforting before they sleep. The one in my bed is ready for new use, perhaps you could wait for me every night and show me how much you are desperate to serve me?"

Charley could not help herself. The touch twisted her mind, it overwhelmed her senses as the fingers returned to her nipples and rolled them hard between finger and thumb.

"Of course, that life is not as easy as it sounds," taunted the petite Korean. "My dollies have to learn to manage the pain that I love to gift them with. Learn to climax as I play with my toys and show them that pain compliments and completes their every climax... Could you be that for me? Something that mewls in the dark and longs for the agony to begin at my touch?"

At the very point of coming, Charley felt the nails bite her clitoris. They scratched and knifed into her tender bud, but the orgasm was beyond her control. She cried out in a gasp and thrust against the agony and sting of the sharp nails and came in a welter of conflict that left her barely able to stand.

The hands moved back and Charley opened her eyes.

"You see, pleasure come in many forms, darling! Not all those that serve us are menials, some learn to enjoy and be fulfilled by the agony of submission. They come to relish their abuses until the punishments become rewards and the rest is a haze of tedium between pain and pleasure!"

Hye-Won raised her hand and put a finger under Charley's chin to lift her head.

"I think that you are ready for Aunty now. You will thank me for this poetic insight!"

They walked the corridors and Charley saw the palace from a new perspective. As a slave, a belonging. Others moved silently and stopped to face the wall as they walked by. Herself, she cast her eyes down and watched the heels of the woman who led her without a backward glance, summoning the last vestiges of her humanity. Trying to be what they expected of her, a small-stepping *nyeon* on the way to the interview that would determine her whole life from now on.

They stopped at a door that Charley recognised. The carvings of sex and torment, an archway to the inferno. The door opened and Hye-Won led Charley into the room to confront her destiny.

Playtime

Truth: *The greatest love, is the one that every citizen has with the state.*

How long had it been?

The light in the high window had faded and returned a dozen times, but they were not days, but brief intermissions in Colin's existence. How could he know that even time was at the command of Mummy and Nurse? That it was electric lights and not the sun that lit his days and their turning off did not signal the moon in the broad sky.

Mummy did all that she could for him. Tried so hard to teach him to avoid the attentions of the wicked and sadistic Nurse. Bent the rules for him, held him in her arms after she was reluctantly obliged to spank him. She hid the stains on the bed sheets that would have been punished. It was Mummy that soothed him when he cried, Mummy that gave him the will to be a good little girl.

It was Mummy that occasionally managed to spare him the needle, Mummy that gave him hope, love and affection. He longed to kiss her feet when she came to visit and occasionally even slipped the hard shoes from her feet while Nurse stood scowling and disapprovingly watching.

Nurse ruined every moment if she could!

Teasing him by flaunting the dripping slit between her thighs. Punishing him for the things he could not control. He tried to hide, he tried to tuck himself from her sight, knowing that if she had her way, she would remove the little clitty that so stubbornly became stiff whenever she taunted him. Only Mummy stood between him and Nurse's terrible intentions.

It was she that persuaded that the hard metal restraint be tried as a way of saving him. It was Mummy that made his time with Teddy bearable by showing how much she understood his fear of the giant evil toy in his cot. It was Mummy that showed him how to walk in his new shoes with a wiggle in his walk and curtsy to Nurse's grudging satisfaction.

When he was alone, he played with his toys. Moving them in a simulation of his own existence. The pretty pink dolly serving the others, being punished and tormented whilst his emotions were inflicted on the toys leaving him drained and ready to be played with himself.

How could he know that the woman behind the mirror in his room watched with concealed envy of Anyali's skill at moulding him in her hands? That a visit by his new owners concluded with a list of alterations that should be done to make him what they wanted? How could he know of the endless meetings and discussions that rehearsed every visit of Mummy and Nurse, each with a specific aim and target?

He could not!

One by one, over a week of careful measured control, Colin was bent in the hands of his captors until at last one day he snapped. Not a sudden break, not a realisation, just a slow rending of his mind that had been softened by the months of hopeless isolation and suffering that had gone before. The training, the shattering of the confident lone adventurer had started months before. In the courtroom where every word was so vital and yet not understood. In the camps and prisons where he had been moved to and then the solitary confinement in the crude training in Idiomatic Veracity.

Compared to that, compared to the helplessness of meaningless punishment, the education in serving Mummy and the rules that Nurse imposed was easily understood. It was the framework, the contrast of having a meaning that he responded to and when he finally broke, it was not surrender, but simply a realignment that was so natural that there was really no other alternative.

Anyali watched Colin, as she did every few hours when he was woken from sleep. She could have watched the screens in the central control room, but here it was immediate and real. Undistracted by the other victims of the facility, with just her personal triumph moving as she wanted in the confinement of his little world. Every day was just a few hours long, every night a mere three, leaving Colin dazed and weak, soft to the touch and easily moulded by her hands. The cocktail of hormones and drugs gnawed at his mind, administered just once a 'real' day, allowing her to spare him from Nurse except one time in three. These were the methods that she had instituted in Turkey in her mother's facility. A modern twist on the slow and arduous practises that required months of slow painful effort. Interrogation techniques designed by the experts of the CIA to use on terrorists, to turn and disarm them, methods that she had learned in Miss Clearmont's Institute on Long Island. The results of a partnership that was bearing a harvest of low hanging fruit.

She watched Colin wake to the small buzzer that he was conditioned to. He rolled in the bed and looked dazed, stared at the room and then sat up in his frilly nightgown. His hands were in the fingerless gloves that made him even

more helpless, bright pink and stiff, all he had at the ends of his arms were pads that allowed no fine control. No sign of the breasts yet, but that took time. They would develop a little, the nipples distending and becoming rosy and then it would be time for him to be sent for the adjustments that would create the plaything that the clients were demanding.

Anyali had thought that there would be embarrassment and restraint from the couple who wanted a helpless toy. That they would be loath to admit their lusts and needs to her. So often the case; at least until the clients realised just what was possible; that they hesitated and were shy about their secret fantasies. They had arrived in state, a helicopter announcing their seniority, Colonel Sun standing to stiff attention to greet them and Anyali understood that they were close to the heart of this dark regime.

The couple had watched Colin though the mirror, where she was standing now. Watched and smiled sly smiles before turning to Colonel Kin and asking just a single question. The Colonel had nodded and given a two-word answer that they had showed some satisfaction with and then left to be transported back to Pyongyang in the machine that still had the rotors turning when they returned.

When Anyali had asked Kin what had been said, all she answered was a single word, "Defenceless!"

"That's a given, but what do they actually want," Anyali had asked with a sense of the unreal.

"You will know better than me," had been the curt answer.

It was rare that a client gave such a free hand, but Anyali decided that it was actually an advantage. She would be able to show what could be achieved in just two weeks before she went for her meeting with the South Koreans, especially since her victim had started in such a broken state. Of course, she would have to advise that each new slave was to be treated to a couple of weeks of disorientation without direction first, but then that was something that the North Koreans could probably do better than anyone else!

Colin was now fully awake. He sat regarding Teddy and then knelt, coaxing the long rubber prick from between Teddy's legs before opening his lips and swallowing it. This was the second time that he had played with the huge toy in this way without needing to be coaxed, the fastest that Anyali had ever seen. His head moved a little more and he suckled at the cock for a minute or two before sitting up and regarding the enemy in his cot as if he had conquered it. His gloved hands reached out and he played with the toy,

stroking it and then looking at his own little cock in the confines of the steel tube that grasped it.

The comparison was not flattering...

The tip of his cock bulged from the edges of the steel, Colin's gloves stroking it and playing as he smiled a sly smile and moved a hand in circles. As intended, he had discovered a new way to play with himself, even if it did not bring him to do more than drip a few drops of pre-cum that soaked into the fabric of his gloves.

Anyali was satisfied. It was always good to see that sexual need was still deep, it meant that using him would intensify his needs, making him responsive even as he was abused. The perfect little girly! Innocent and sexual, helpless and yet with a slut-like neediness that promised the client's gratification. Anyali knew that this was the moment that she had hoped could be achieved before she left, because the rest was downhill.

She turned to summon Nurse for the next session.

It was not only Colin that was being trained and moulded. Nurse too was changing in the hands of the experienced dominatrix from Turkey. From having to hide her amusement at every turn and wondering at the strange dress that Anyali insisted upon, she was becoming the sadistic woman that would soon need her own private little toy to play with and experiment upon. At least three times now, Anyali had observed the blush on her breasts that signified a quiet, self-contained climax as she made Colin suffer. All that was needed now was the restraint when functioning as the 'bad cop'. Self-control to stay with the script and use her excitement as a catalyst to make the role a part of herself.

Perhaps a visit to Turkey would bring her to realise her natural talents?

A little homesickness on Anyali's part caused a smile.

Her mother would be so proud!

Betrayal

Proverb: *A snail cannot see past it's shell.*

Mrs Tokashirimaso had rested.

Two hours of easy slumber had brought her mind back into a focus on her problems and suggested several ways of easing the pressure that had intruded upon her calm. Forces that could be mobilised, people that lay in the palm of her hand and contacts that would be brought into play. The respite of a calm mind allowed her to concentrate and brought a need that could not be denied.

It was what made her what she was.

Long ago, in the uncertainty of youth, Mrs Tokashirimaso had felt guilt and ambiguity in her need to cause distress and pain to complete herself and experience gratification. Meeting and marrying had changed that doubt, purged it as her husband revealed his own sadistic lusts. That she had escaped his desires and not submitted gave her the greatest satisfaction that she had ever experienced. She had slipped through his fingers, stood against his attempts to subdue her spirit to impose her own view of the world upon him until she had become his equal.

More than his equal.

Mrs Tokashirimaso could not understand how others gave in, submitted to oppression and abuse. Had she not won through, why could they not? She learned to despise those that succumbed even though she never gave a thought to the fact that they had no chance when she was their owner. She just fell into the role that was so natural and cast all doubt aside!

Her most loved prey were those that thought that they had the world in their grasp. The men and woman who used others and then found the tables turned and their own obsessions turned upon them with a vengeance. So many of the Europeans and Americans who now grovelled at her feet were those that had held the whip themselves. A additional pleasure that always brought such sweet pleasure.

She lay on the bed in the room that she had created as a trap for those that could walk free of the Golden Palace, but never free of her grasp. She smiled her thin smile and reached for the toy that she had created from yet another of those self-styled dominatrices that had fallen into her grasp. She

remembered the trap that she had set two years ago. The woman that had travelled to her doom on a business class flight. The foolish woman who had not imagined that she could fall victim to another.

Yet, here she was...

Mrs Tokashirimaso's hand pulled at the ribbon on the pillow and pulled the silk from the toy that brought such sweet memories. She remembered the party in Japan where the woman had arrived in leather with a whip in her hand and left in a box ready for a transformation that would leave her helpless in a state that she could never have imagined in her darkest dreams.

One bed, one Korean sadist and two toys!

She turned in the bed, her head resting on the other pillow that offered such exquisite pleasure. Her cheek rested on warm skin, closed into quilted silk. The stiffness of his cock pressing into Mrs Tokashirimaso's cheek as she contemplated the little game that she was going to play with them both. Her two playthings would amuse her, get her in the mood for the American FBI agent that would be twisted until she either broke or was bent into the new form that Mrs Tokashirimaso desired.

True creation, the conception and rebirth of a sadist!

She leaned on one elbow and admired the perfection that could be created from the female form. Flensed, reduced to the elements that were pure femininity. Breasts, cunt, pouting mouth with hips and waist that were kept perfect by dint of diet and stimulation. Her hand extended and she stroked the swollen pussy that gaped and begged to be filled. There was no sound from the throat behind the collar. That had been also been confiscated with all that was not needed for purpose. The fuck-doll twitched at the touch of nails that drew lines on the seeping flesh and Mrs Tokashirimaso kissed the warmth and wetness and slipped her tongue into the hole that haemorrhaged lust.

She tasted so sweet!

After sipping at the fountain of the cunt, Mrs Tokashirimaso moved to kneel and admire the smooth doll that she had laboured so long to create. The detail was extraordinary. Tiny Korean characters engraved in the pale skin, a row of tiny studs that formed a neat stitching and would ensure that texture and smoothness were optimal for the user's pleasure. She pulled the ribbon on the other pillow and the silk fell away to reveal the matching plaything. A man who had received the same exquisite attentions, leaving just a huge cock that was forever stiff despite the loss of what had been below.

His mouth gaped open, ready for use, small rings in his nipples ensured sensitivity. So many of her male guests turned to him for relief, enjoyed his helplessness under the unsleeping eye of cameras that ensured that a single night of pleasure placed them in her hand forever.

A whimsical moment caused Mrs Tokashirimaso to consider matching the two toys in union. Playing with them like dollies, mating them for her amusement, top to tail, each gratifying the other at her unspoken command. Idly she played with the rampant cock and watched in amusement as the torso flexed and the mouth gaped even more. Soon he would spray, fountain a gush even though he had no potency, if she continued. But her hand denied him any release and she turned to her favourite. Mrs Tokashirimaso's spare form moved over the bed as she considered what game to play. Her hand slapped the cock and then gave the same slap to the swollen pussy. The power over the two victims of her supremacy was heady beyond lust. It was a consuming flame that could only be extinguished by proving that she was the mistress and they were just tools to be used for her pleasure.

The cock tempted her!

She straddled the rounded form, her calves closed where legs should have been and slipped over that fat cock with a sigh. Her partner flexed as he was conditioned to do. Thrusting deep with all of his strength with a reflex that had become his only form of communication. She leaned forward to stoop over his sweating form as he pumped, his cock pressing hard on her, bringing her to the first climax with sheer force. As he strained she spoke words under her breath and felt him so deep inside that it almost hurt. Hour after hour, he could flex under the weight of the person using him, training and fear forcing every stroke, his own gratification being at a word of command if it was required.

It was required.

She spoke the word and the cock pierced her to the core. Spilling her full of his impotent slime. The word that conditioned him had an effect on Mrs Tokashirimaso, she climaxed and then lifted from him before turning to the woman who would taste every drop that her puppet had spurted.

She slapped the cock that had pleased her viciously before turning to the gasping woman that she moved to cover. The long tongue lapped at the dripping cunt, teased her owner licked and twisted, reamed and worked as it was trained to do. Every touch was like heaven, every penetration an assertion of superiority. When Mrs Tokashirimaso finally came with a groan, she released herself and drained into the gaping lips with a feeling of sheer élan.

Here was something that few had, such dominance and control that even the basest of functions was a pleasure that degraded the server. The lips and tongue of the former dominant mistress left Mrs Tokashirimaso fresh and satisfied. A pleasant, small diversion that relaxed and reinvigorated her for the night ahead. Proved her inner conviction that she was beyond any moral constraint.

The door opened.

Mrs Tokashirimaso was dressed in silk. A robe that whispered on the plush carpets, gold thread glittering whilst dragons chased from front to back. Refreshed, showered and tended to, the moment had arrived to decide if the American FBI agent was a friend or a foe. A tool that could be leashed and used, or merely another pathetic so-called dominant who would be pulling her niece's buggies at the trot.

Hye-Won followed Charley into the room, entranced by the rounded ass and strong latex-clad thighs. It would be such a shame if her Aunt decided to reduce this superb body to nothing more than a set of liquid holes! Charley herself stood tall on her heels. Towering over those that were to decide her fate. She moved in small steps and looked straight forward as Mrs Tokashirimaso inspected her. Occasionally touching, weighing breasts and running her fingers between open thighs.

Charley knew better than to react. Pleasure would condemn her, flinching would show her intense fear. Her eyes took in the two forms on the bed. Now arranged side by side, they were an object lesson in her fate, if the thin woman who owned her decided that she should meet a surgeon's knife. So she stood stock-still and suffered inside, managing to hide the panic that consumed her.

"I understand that you speak perfect Korean," said the thin woman.

Charley nodded, better not to speak.

"I also understand that you work for the FBI?"

Charley nodded again. What use to pretend?

"Are they good to you?"

The question was a shock, Charley had a moment of bewilderment. In the end she spoke, "They are!"

"Of course they are," said Mrs Tokashirimaso. "There is much satisfaction to be had being placed in a position of strength. Now tell me, what do you think of my little hide-away?"

"It is beautiful..."

"It is, especially to me and yet you have been sent here to take all this beauty from me! Your agency is the enemy of my art, they think that none should serve and all should work with their hands... No different to the fools in the northern half of our lovely land."

"It is a difference of opinion!"

"Oh, that's true enough," said Mrs Tokashirimaso with a small smile. "A difference of opinion, and yet here you are and so am I, and now there are decisions to be made that will bind us both. The question is, how will it be?"

Charley stood and waited. It was difficult to decide where this was going, but some sort of offer seemed to be surfacing.

"So now I have just a single last question. I know all about you, your upbringing, your black belt in Tae-Kwan-Do, every mission and failure, your every breath in life, but there is one last thing that will complete the picture. Tell me what is in your head, show me if you are a woman who will walk free or spend a little time in the maze when my husband returns to play his painful little games."

There was a pause and Charley waited for the question, but Mrs Tokashirimaso waited with her.

"I see that you are not so subtle as I thought," said Mrs Tokashirimaso. "The question, you must ask it and then answer it to my satisfaction. Since you are from the barbarian West, I can overlook this one time of explanation needed. In future there will be no other chance whatever befalls."

Charley looked at Hye-Won, but the face held no clue but a small smile. What question and then what answer? Charley knew instinctively that she had time. The woman who threatened her would allow her to contemplate a while to decide on her only throw of the dice. Charley moved slightly to relieve the tension in her arms and spread her feet a little as her mind took in Mrs Tokashirimaso and guess her subtlety. The question had to be something that Charley thought that she did not know, but it seemed that she knew everything! What question would come to an answer that would reveal something that Charley knew, but her owner did not?

Her thoughts ranged free.

Mrs Tokashirimaso seemed to be waiting patiently. No sign of haste or irritation on her features. Charley thought of her childhood, the sweethearts and her discoveries in bed. Of the moment that she had first punished a lover and realised that this was so much more than a game, that it was part of her psyche.

Trivialities! Mere fripperies of personal discovery!

It had to be something so deep that revealed her inner strength! So deep, that she did not even seem to sense it herself. Her thoughts turned to her time in the Golden Palace and instinctively she knew that she was on the right track. Something that had happened, some secret that *had* to be revealed or she was doomed. She thought of Ga, of the stables and the maze, but all were known to Mrs Tokashirimaso. It had to be something that the Korean *really* knew, but thought that Charley did *not* know that *she* knew! Her mind whirled at the boxes within boxes...

Then, at last it came to her.

Charley struggled with the guilt, fought the immorality of her utter betrayal, but she could do no other, it had to be spoken now that she knew. Her eyes took in the dolly on the bed and she knew that she could not resist. It came from within.

"I shall *answer* the question, but never ask it, ever... and it remains unspoken between us as a confidence. Whatever happens!"

Mrs Tokashirimaso smiled and nodded slowly.

"If the answer is acceptable then the question need *never* be asked."

Charley looked over the small Korean woman and wondered what it would be like to be pared to a state where only sex was possible. Where giving pleasure to others would be the *only* reason for existence. Giving pleasure in ways that were *totally* under the control of the receiver. Then another thought surfaced. She pondered what it would be like to be the receiver after all and a warmth spread between her thighs.

"The *answer* is: Under the second clasp on the stocking of my right leg!"

Hye-Won laughed with a rush of breath. She had been holding herself, certain that the American would fail, but the victory brought elation and great pleasure at the subtlety of her Aunt and the American's cunning.

"You will serve me *personally*..." said Mrs Tokashirimaso with a rare true smile.

Art for Art's Sake

Proverb: *Confusion only comes from not knowing who you are.*

Colin was doing so well.

A space of just five days in his little playroom had worked wonders. He counted the days and came to over a month or was it a week? Colin could not be sure. For some reason he felt so tired. Confused and wrapped up in a soft world with hard edges. He woke, he was spoon fed by Mummy and then he was allowed to play under her supervision. At first he was so self-conscious. Wanting so much to please and constantly looking up to get her approval.

She always smiled and he bathed in her praise. Mummy was so beautiful in her feminine little dress, a ray of sunshine in his life. She looked after him, and they had special secrets that were so personal. He so looked forward to being put back in his cot, with Nurse always leaving with a scowl while Mummy showed him how to please Teddy properly. His fear of the bear had become mere caution. He discovered that if he was good little girl and showed Mummy that he could play with his companion properly she sometimes touched him.

Down there!

A hidden and almost casual touch just as he slipped Teddy's huge cock between his lips. That touch, hidden from the camera and he always found that there was a patch on his damp nightie that had to be hidden as it dried through the night. He tried hard not to cry out, moan or make a sign because he so desperately did not want to get Mummy into trouble. He tried to imagine if Nurse would punish Mummy and if she did what it would be like. Somehow, the thought made him excited as he pictured Mummy's behind being spanked over Nurse's knee and he bit back the thought in shame.

He was wearing the gloves all the time now and Mummy always had to dress him in the pretty little dress that was so short that she smiled every time he bent over and revealed himself. It also meant that when story-time arrived, it was always Mummy that turned the pages. Another moment of bliss, story-time was a favourite. Sometimes he was allowed to choose a book. Sometimes Mummy decided for him and sometimes he closed his eyes and just reached to the high shelf with his eyes closed whilst Nurse stood disapprovingly and tutted.

Beautiful pictures, simple text and always a moral to the story! A naughty little girl that was punished for disobedience, a good little girl that was praised for her feminine submission, the stories were simple and always had a moral that

Mummy explained no matter how well he understood. At each turn of the page, she cooed and stroked his lengthening hair and whispered that if he was a good girl Mummy would make sure that he went to a good home...

It was then that he realised that Mummy would not look after him forever. He cried all night and sobbed with the realisation that, no matter what he wanted, he was going to be sent to a new home where Mummy would not be there. He consoled himself by touching the smooth clitty that peeped from the steel restraint and fell into an uneasy slumber, filled with vague dark dreams of falling.

"He's ready for the next stage," said Anyali to the psychologist as they stood by the single-way mirror and looked at Colin experimenting with Teddy. "I want to get this done before I leave, so we'll start today as planned. It's all about our little sissy realising that there is a way to please Nurse. The main idea is that you have to be grudgingly satisfied with him and then threaten to punish him if Mummy finds out!"

"This is so fascinating," said the psychologist to Anyali as she watched Colin's little game with Teddy. "Difficult to believe that a man can be so completely broken down and rebuilt in such a short time without any real coercion."

Anyali smiled and patted the young woman on the shoulder.

"You think of coercion as beatings and torture," she said. "What we are doing now is so much more! We have broken him using the potential of his sexuality. Every activity, every waking moment, every thought in his head is linked to sex, now all we have to do is to exploit that weakness and reveal it to him, that it is his whole life."

The psychologist nodded and bent to adjust her latex stockings.

"I never thought that this could be so satisfying. I mean having a man crawling at my feet, fearful of my every expression and word..."

Anyali laughed and carefully adjusted her little skirt on her waist.

"He is not the only one being trained, my dear!"

The Korean woman looked up at the woman who was teaching her so much and nodded agreement.

"This changes me as well..."

"Of course it does! When I am finished with you in a week, you will be the perfect bitch!

"I feel as if I'm almost there. I have been so tempted to play with him; inside myself I just need it so badly."

"That's what you have to control for the moment," said Anyali. "You are not a client. You are the artist who creates the perfect plaything for them and then moves on to start again and create another. Exquisitely tailored to their preferences."

"I never imagined that psychology could be an art!"

"Of course, it is, you enter the mind of the subject, tweak here and there, reinforce fetish and obsession, change the pattern of thoughts and then exploit those weaknesses to mould and train. If that is not art, then I don't know what is."

"I am ready..."

"Then let's go!"

Colin kneeled on the soft rug and looked up at Mummy.

For some reason, he felt that she was annoyed with him today and he worried that Nurse would give him another of those painful injections in his arm. They hurt so much, but what was worse was that Mummy always looked so distressed when the needle stabbed home. He always tried to be courageous for Mummy now and never cried and it seemed that she was glad that he was such a brave little girl. Today, Nurse had the needle in the packet in her hand and he somehow knew that she would find a reason to punish him.

The thought spoiled his playtime as he worried over the matter and he wondered how he could find out what was upsetting the woman who cared for him.

"I've got to go now," said Mummy finally.

Just when he thought that it was story time, Mummy was leaving and Colin felt a stab of regret and fear when he realised that Nurse was staying. The first time that he had ever been alone with her, a terrifying prospect.

"Please, please, please, don't go..."

Nurse's angry voice cut into his pleas, "Who gave you permission to speak," she said in a hard tone. "Four strokes of the cane!"

Mummy looked up at nurse and frowned.

"Sissy is just upset," she said. "Don't be so hard on her."

"It's the rules," said Nurse as usual. "You are far too forgiving and loving."

Mummy sighed and stood over the crawling Colin and seemed about to have an argument with Nurse while Colin felt a grip of fear and hope inside and tears welled in his eyes. Was Nurse going to punish Mummy? The thought, that had seemed so exciting the night before was contrasted to the reality of Mummy not being able to protect him.

"It's what she needs... a good thrashing and back to bed..."

Mummy looked helpless, the fact that Nurse had called Colin 'she' for the first time going unremarked.

"I won't be long, just a few minutes, please wait until I get back..." said Anyali to Nurse.

Nurse did not answer she just grinned wickedly and Colin shivered in anticipation. The confrontation lasted seconds and then Mummy smiled down at Colin before leaving the room with a hesitant step.

As soon as the door was closed, Nurse looked down at Colin and said, "Mummy is far too kind-hearted and you are getting her into trouble for all of her generosity to you."

Colin looked up from his dolly and whimpered. Nurse's hands were about to open the packet in her hand and, without Mummy here to be brave for, he did not know if he could take it without crying.

"Injection and then four strokes over my knee," said Nurse. "It's time that you learned to be a good little girl and obey the rules!"

Colin shrank to touch the floor with his forehead, he dared not even look up as Nurse stepped forward, even though he knew that what he would see between her legs was so arousing.

Her fingers tapped on his aching shoulder and then came the stab of the needle. Without Mummy to comfort him and give him strength, Colin trembled and started to sob as he realised that Nurse was going to give him four strokes of the cane and there was no one to protect him.

"Look up!"

Slowly, he turned his head and obeyed the command. He saw her calves, layered in translucent latex they looked perfect, but what was above was beyond compare. The legs towered over him, stockings ending at a slight bulge of thigh and then that triangle that was cleft with the matrix of her swelling sex. His eyes turned higher to where her long white coat parted and he could see that Nurse had discarded the empty syringe and was flexing a short cane in her hands.

"You spoke and that is not permitted," said Nurse. "If I had my way you would be silenced forever. You are just a naughty little girl and need a firm hand to make you realise how lucky you are!"

Colin swallowed with fear and his arms trembled.

"I know the little games that you play in the dark," said Nurse. "Touching yourself instead of making Teddy happy. Sooner or later I will catch you and then..."

One hand loosed the cane and two fingers moved in a snipping motion.

Colin started to cry, he could not help himself. Mummy had been gone just a minute and now his greatest fears were being realised. He longed to beg, but the slightest hint of a word was just an invitation for Nurse to impose the rules and punish him in ways that he could not even imagine.

"All you have to do is show me what a good little girl you are..."

Colin's confused and frightened mind struggled. What could possibly please the woman who stood over him? What could he do to make her think that he was a perfect little girly? There was no hint from the stern Korean face that looked down as the cane flexed.

"Four strokes..."

The words caused his elbows to flex and give way. His face slumped to the floor and his little dress rode up his thighs to reveal his naked behind. As he struggled to pull the gloved hands beneath him the point of her boot appeared by his lips and he pouted and kissed them. This was the only contact that he had ever had with Nurse, always at Mummy's orders when she wanted to mollify the stern bitch whose object was always to punish him.

"Good, little girl, but not good enough," came her voice from on high.

He felt the tip of the cane move to pull the hem of his frilly dress up his back, exposing him and he knew that she was enjoying every moment of his torment. Fervently he kissed the smooth leather and then dared to go just an inch higher to where the criss-cross laces of the stilettos bit into the latex that covered her skin.

The tip of the cane hesitated and Colin moved a little higher.

"You are playing a dangerous game, little girly. Don't think that I can be bribed by your kisses!"

Colin tried to look up to see Nurse's expression, but all he could see were the pillars of those wonderful legs extend upward. He moved a little higher and the cane rested still on his lower back.

"It's breaking the rules..."

It seemed as if her voice trembled and Colin was filled with hope. Did he dare go higher, to plant kisses on her knees, or would that cause her to suddenly become angry? If he made her angry, he would be in so much trouble.

He dared!

His lips brushed the smoothness of those legs and he lifted a little. Now he was able to look up at the place that he so desperately wanted to reach. The soft lips of her pussy swelled, revealing a delicate complex of folds and creases from which dripped a clear honey.

Above the knee. Above the knee, was smoothness, a firm stretch of smooth latex that yielded at every touch, was slick to the touch and still it seemed that she was not angry. The legs moved a little, feet inched a little, a subtle movement that was almost an invitation.

"You are being so naughty," said the voice from above. "Trying to corrupt me and make me lenient. Don't you dare move higher!"

Her voice seemed to have a stutter, the Korean accent markedly stronger as a wave of hope filled his mind. What would happen if he crossed the border from latex to the naked skin? What would it feel like under his lips? The temptation rose and he brushed that smooth ivory flesh with his lips before retreating.

Nurse gasped. A tiny exhalation that Colin almost missed. A trickle of that wetness ran down the thigh to meet the latex. It suddenly spread between skin and rubber under his eye and his tongue lapped quickly, furtively to taste it.

Sweet, sweet and heady, the taste of heaven!

“Stop it!”

The order was explicit, but he could feel the trembling under his lips and Colin knew that, like him, Nurse could not resist his clever strategy to make her change her mind. A small lick, a slight drift upward and his eyes took in the glory of Nurse's parting cunt. A tiny bud of clitoris swelling as the excitement dripped, the inner lips and the hint of a cleft darkness that was the key to her. The thighs parted a little, but the tip of the cane tapped on his behind in warning.

He lifted his head and the tip of his tongue ran along the curve of her. The place where smooth skin became pink, where wetness began and where the ruffles of her inner lips pulsed with warmth.

A hand closed on his head.

For a moment, Colin thought that she was stopping him, his long hair gripped in her fingers and then he realised that the urge was not down but up. A pull that closed his lips to her clitoris followed by a stifled gasp from above that caused a flood of relief surge in his mind.

“Naughty girl, naughty, naughty girl,” said Nurse's voice as it broke.

Colin moved slowly, explored the sweet tasting warmth. His tongue slipped the length of her and finally the thighs parted and he felt the cane drop from her hand to his back as the other hand moved to grip him tight, forcing him inside her.

“This is so wrong,” she murmured before a few words in breathless Korean that ended in a gasp.

Before she climaxed, the hands pushed him from her, gripping him tight and forcing to look up at her face as she bent a little and spoke in a cracked whisper.

"You can never tell Mummy about this..." said Nurse. "Never ever, because we broke the rules. You will promise me that this never happened!"

"I promise," said Colin, but there was a hint of slyness in his voice.

"We'll forget about the four strokes," said Nurse. "For now, but don't think that you can blackmail me!"

The look on the little girl's face was expressionless, but it was clear that blackmail was what was in mind, as Colin licked his lips.

Colin lay in his cot. His breathing a regular movement in the darkness, lying with his back to the blinking light of the camera. His gloved hands moved slightly over the dripping tip of his cock, rubbing himself slowly as he lay contented and exhausted.

"Perfect," said Anyali as she turned to the psychologist. "Now we can move to the second phase. Every punishment of the cane from now on will be accompanied by our little girly blackmailing you."

"But, we still use the cane?"

"Of course we do, but each time he must believe that the punishment is less because he is so clever at controlling you. When we have to do an injection, I will always be there so that you cannot help but be the stern nurse. Otherwise we will play the game of hide-and-seek and alternate."

Anyali nodded in satisfaction and smiled at the psychologist.

"In a week, that's a month for him, I have to go. By then he will be ready for the next level of training."

"How will I manage alone?"

"You will manage, you have to find your own way!"

"Ah, that will be interesting..."

"He is going to a couple, so you will start preparing for that! Use Teddy to break him down. Also, your instinct was correct. From now on 'he' is 'she' and so on. This has to become the way that you think! We need to start getting some of the detail right as well. Walking and ever higher heels. We'll also start with make-up and so forth. What the clients want is a totally submissive feminised slut, but they have detailed some other work that to make her a perfect sissy for their requirements. Book him into the clinic for two weeks' time and then afterwards is a recovery time of another two weeks. Increase the level of testosterone to heighten sexual need from today, at the next session, and we can start on preparing him for the fact that he has to be able to please a man orally and anally. We'll chat about that in three hours when he is due to start his next 'day'."

"I was so close," said the psychologist with a grin. "It took all the control that I could muster to pull her off me!"

"The client's climax has to be a reward, his own a punishment," said Anyali. "Take it nice and slow. Each session has to introduce a new idea to keep the forward movement. Now then, I have to get some sleep for a couple of hours. It is an unfortunate fact that we have to manage the same schedule as Colin."

"Is it always like this then?"

"You mean, the long hours and tiredness?" asked Anyali.

The psychologist nodded.

"Only if there's a hurry! It's only so intense because I don't have much time. Normally there will be a month of disorientation, a month of training, a month of recovery and then sale. Six hour days are enough to tire and confuse the subject's mind and in Turkey we work in teams of two to make the initial period easy on the trainers. Each team has two trainees working a twelve hour day with twelve hours rest, six hours with each one. It is hard work, but so rewarding to create what the client wants."

"I love it..."

"So do I!"

Double Crossing

Proverb: *Dependence on another is perpetual disappointment.*

"Mummy has to go now..."

Colin looked up at her. Mummy sat on the armchair looking sad as she always did when she was forced to leave her little girl with Nurse.

"This is goodbye!"

The little sissy looked up at Mummy uncertainly and then at Nurse. What did she mean? Surely, she would be back again? A realisation that Mummy meant that she was not coming back caused the pink frocked man to sit up on the rug as eyes filled with tears.

"I'm sorry, but you have to be a good little girl for Nurse. I have already told her that she has to look after you and she said that she would, *if you are good.*"

Colin dropped the dolly in his hand and wept. His gloved hands covered his face and he wept because he desperately wanted to say 'sorry' to make her stay, but had not been given permission to speak. He rocked on his folded legs and felt the intruder in his behind start to vibrate.

The remote control sat in Mummy's palm as it always did and she smiled as her finger pressed again to intensify the feeling. He gasped and then wiped his cheeks clear of the tears.

"Mummy's going to give this to Nurse and she will use it as a reward when you are well behaved," said Mummy, passing the small black remote to Nurse's hand. "I am going to give you permission to say those special three little words in a moment as I leave and Nurse has a special surprise for you as well!"

Nurse stood behind the chair where Mummy sat with crossed legs and her hand opened her white latex coat a moment and dropped it again. Their little secret! Colin tried to smile, but was overwhelmed by a feeling of loss. A sadness that the only woman who cared for him had to go...

Mummy stood and looked down at the man who snivelled, kneeling at her feet. He had been so easy to break and now the work was done. She was sure that the psychologist was ready as well and the organisation and effort that she had expended was well worth the trouble. Now her main mission was

about to start. Forging a link between her mother's establishment and the Koreans that would bear fruit in the future.

"You may speak," she said.

"I love you," he replied.

The first words allowed in a week! Soon the ability would be clipped from the sissy because the clients had no need for an English speaker that they could not understand; and, anyway, what did a mindless little slut like Colin need to say?

Nothing!

She tousled his hair with her hand, the two bunches running through her fingers. Colin was so feminine, even though there was no more than make-up and pink lace making him so. Long lashes and pink shiny lips. Budding breasts that made possible the additional volume that would be added, a softness of the body vaguely noticeable already and a feminine meekness that was almost a defining feature. In two weeks Colin would return to this room a changed little girl.

Feminine, totally helpless, mind shaped to utter submission and ready for the finishing touches that would switch the girly to a defenceless sex-toy. Ready to be abused, punished and violated by the couple whose position in the upper cadre of the state deserved this reward for their work of oppression.

"Be good," she said; and the most important woman in Colin's life walked from his play-room and left his life.

The official checked her papers dubiously.

All of the others on the bus were Koreans in plain uniforms, this woman was a raven-headed Turk who clearly did not belong on this transport! There was a stamp, a signature and the mark of a chop that was the permission from a high level, but the guard still turned the papers and passport in his hand while she smiled up at him. At last, he decided that there was nothing wrong, after all, Anyali was on the list as well as having the correctly filled forms.

Almost reluctantly he gave back the passport and slipped the papers on to the clip-board before passing on to inspect the others. The check was

interminable, South Koreans were allowed to pass, but any one of them could be a recidivist that was attempting an illegal crossing.

The bus rattled into motion where the South Korean officials passed cursory checks and then released the transport in a few minutes. The passengers stepped off and sought taxis and relatives who were there to pick them up whilst Anyali stood and waited for the limousine and Mrs Tokashirimaso's driver. Even though the few weeks in North Korea had been interesting, Anyali was glad to be away from the place where she was kept inside the fence of the training facility. At last she had a little time to relax, enjoy the delights of the fabled Golden Palace and get to know the people whom her mother wanted to organise and expand operations with.

A meeting with peers.

The car arrived.

A black Mercedes van with darkened windows that rolled into the waiting area as the last taxis drifted away leaving Anyali the only person left waiting. She picked up her bag and strolled the ten meters to where it stood, uncertain if she was supposed to get in the front or the back. When the doors at the back opened and a man stepped into view she changed course and walked around towards the open doors.

Anyali nodded at the man and moved to pass him the bag. His hand pulled back and suddenly she was in his grip. An armlock around the neck as he stepped to drag her backwards. One of her stilettos came off her foot, her heel dragged in the dust and then he almost threw her into the back of the van, lifting her weight effortlessly before the bag was tossed in after her.

Anyali cried out, but a second man moved his hand to hold her throat while the first slammed the door and the van began to move. Anyali struggled and fought, but the bracelets were clipped to her thrashing arms and the rattle of chains pulled them savagely to the roof of the van.

"Fuck," she cried as she attempted to kick out at the man's crotch.

He caught the leg with a smile and another shackle was added. In moments, she was on tip-toes, her other shoe kicked into a corner and the two men pulled the chains tight to almost lift her from the floor of the van.

With a smile a savage knife appeared in one of the men's hands and Anyali knew that she was taken. She had been there often enough when another was the victim and she knew what was going to happen next!

At the empty car park by the border, a single red Luis Vuitton stiletto lay in the dust.

The unnoticed token of the last moment of freedom in her life.

Part Three

Stop and Search

New York: USA – Long Island Institute

Proverb: *Speak softly and carry a big stick.*

Veronica folded the paper in her hand. It was all too much risk! Irene always pushed the limits, almost as if she could not help herself. All of the 'trainees' of the Institute on Long Island had been shipped out and no new victims had been inducted. Equipment had been stored, all the household slaves had been moved to safe cages within the shipping facility in New Jersey, leaving just the trainers, a few guests and the agents that Veronica used for some of the kidnappings.

She had supervised it personally!

As Miss Irene Clearmont watched her favourite toys being boxed and crated, she had fidgeted and fussed about details and it had taken all of Veronica's patience to keep her on an even keel. When the last van left the estate and all was cleaned down and tidied, Veronica had breathed a sigh of relief. She tried to persuade her Mistress to leave, but the woman would not go. Instead she seemed possessed by a spirit of risk that imperilled everything.

Barely had the door closed on the last crated slave than she called for Veronica. Veronica knew that her Mistress was furious at being forced to interrupt the flow of her life for something over which she had no control. Veronica did what she could to soothe her mistress, but to no avail.

"I need you to do this... immediately," said Irene handing her a piece of paper. "It is a favour, I just have to pay an important little bribe..."

Veronica looked at the unfolded paper and sighed.

"My dear Irene, are you serious?"

"Whenever you call me 'dear', Veronica, I know that you need a lesson in humility!"

"I will do anything for you, but that does not mean that I won't tell you when you are making a slip-up! Sometime in the next week they will arrive and take this place apart. The FBI, the police, perhaps even Homeland Security and the security services will be here searching for evidence that we do what we do. A single hair, a flake of skin, a word, a testimony or perhaps a forgotten file on a computer. All of these will see us in jail or worse."

"And?"

Veronica sighed.

"Dear Irene, you are telling me to take a couple and bringing them here and all the while the FBI are tailing us and watching every move that we make!"

Miss Irene Clearmont smiled, but Veronica knew that she was displeased with the criticism.

"Do you think that I would risk everything in a fit a pique?"

"No, but *you* are who *you* are and you need to run risks, it turns you on!"

Irene laughed. She uncrossed her legs and sat back in her armchair, the signal was unmistakable.

"I want you... now!" she said.

"You are also insatiable," said Veronica, "a ravenous user!"

"Mm, you are so right, Veronica. Now prove it to me!"

Veronica blew her Mistress a kiss and crawled across the floor to the feet that were floating on the spikes of their heels. Both women enjoyed the little performance, because it was both drama and reality. Veronica, the assassin and abductress was nothing more than the tool and slave of the woman who gave her life purpose. Irene the ultimate Mistress who loved and commanded, cherished and disciplined. Who gave meaning to Veronica's every breath and desire.

When lips touched patent leather, both were stirred. Miss Clearmont could feel her juices flow and Veronica knew that she was nothing without the middle-aged woman who owned her.

Irene looked down at the younger woman, the tip of whose tongue traced a line from the tip of her toes over the stockings on her rounded calves, past her knees and to the naked skin above while the eyes steadily fixed on hers. Brazen and deferential. Veronica was a dangerous woman, an executioner and a sadist, but she belonged to Irene and both knew it...

A sigh.

As lips touched lips, as the tip of a tongue stroked the swollen and needy clitoris, Miss Irene Clearmont fell for the subtle charms of the one woman who came closest to loving her. She felt the exploring, the delving tongue, the lips close about her clitoris and she knew that *only* Veronica could make her melt like this... Irene's fingers slowly crept to the nipples that stood through the silk of her dress and teased.

"Let me explain," gasped Irene as her second climax stormed her mind. "We need a special gift..."

There was *almost* no audience.

A scattering of people who sat in small groups in the large auditorium while the passion of the performance was wasted on empty seats. The clapping was fervid, but with just twenty applauding, the noise echoed at the curtain call while the feathered burlesque artists and their male dancing partners bowed and the curtain finally swept closed for a last time.

Behind the curtain, the usual frantic rush to get undressed and slip into jeans and a tall drink was a muted affair. A last performance was always a sorry affair after the curtain calls, but this would be the last that the Sun Circus troupe would do in Atlantic City. All of the casinos were surrendering to the financial crisis that was an ever-downward spiral of desperation. Each show attracted less of an audience, each audience ever less likely to play the slot machines.

Soon there would be no shows but those that the casinos could manage without paying the entertainers. Comedy clubs, contests and failed stars and nonentities would be all that would remain. The attractive blonde in the tight corset pulled the bows of the ties and breathed a sigh of relief as her waist swelled an inch or two. The feathered fans in her hands folded closed with a swish and she peeped through the slit of the curtain into the auditorium.

"That was a fucking nothing-end to fucking nothing," she said as she watched the last people pass out of the hall. "Atlantic City is fucked!"

Her partner and occasional lover pulled a face and nodded. As a female impersonator, he aided her act with his flexible strength. He made her burlesque act a little more than just a striptease, more of an acrobatic balancing act that suggested infinite possibilities between two 'women'.

"So, what now?" he asked of his lover as she turned from the curtain. "The next show is in Biloxi in two months and here we are, stuck in Atlantic City with almost not a single dollar between us!"

"Fuck knows?" said Olivia. "We are going to be selling blowjobs under the Boardwalk the way that it's going!"

Larry shrugged and headed for offstage. The situation was catastrophic. Scarcely a dime saved, two months...

He held her hand as they walked from the stage, following the others who had performed that night. All of them were muted, all knew that the show had been the last of an era. Larry and Olivia were leaning on each other by the time that they reached the changing room.

An hour later, they were propping up a bar in the Bally Casino, virtually the only drinkers in the joint, wallowing in their shared sorrows. The only other patron, a youngish woman who sat nursing a Bourbon on the rocks at the end of the bar. Larry dressed in jeans and shirt, Olivia in the black lace dress and ankle boots that was her habitual costume.

Larry tried to laugh, tell a few gags, crack a joke and cheer up Olivia, but once they checked out tomorrow there would be no affording a room, and already he was worried what it would do to her. For her part, Olivia responded as well as she could and when the young woman at the end of the bar bought them both a drink their response was to treat her as a long-lost friend.

Veronica, that was the woman's name, seemed willing to pay for all of the drink for the rest of the night. Larry got the distinct impression that she fancied him, separately Olivia read the same from their new friend. The three barflies got drunk together and agreed to meet the next morning because Veronica had something to tell them...

Olivia and Larry fell onto their hotel bed and slept without even managing to slip under the covers. Bombed, intoxicated they were woken by the chamber maid tipping them from their room. Hurriedly the two artists stuffed their bags and headed down to sign off the room. It was not until they reached the reception and Olivia saw Veronica that either remembered the promises of the drunken night before.

Strangely, Veronica made a small signal with her hand and then left the lobby of the casino. Larry watched her go and wondered what they had done to upset their friend and hurried after her while Olivia signed off the room and followed. The cameras never registered that they left together.

Olivia and Larry never made it to Biloxi...

Three black vans, each with darkened glass windows, followed by another that could be better described as a bus. The authorities were on the move. Sliding down the expressway in a convoy followed by seven black-and-whites, heading west in the culmination of an operation that was the result of a year of surveillance. FBI field agents, a deputy director and three specialists in human trafficking. Inside the lead van, the agents were tense, briefcases of warrants and papers were checked and rechecked. The FBI men tested their earphones and readied themselves for the inevitable clash whilst in the next van three agents tested the cutters and door-rams, ready to burst through the outer perimeter of Miss Irene Clearmont's Long Island Institute if needs be.

It had not been easy to procure the warrants for the search. All the evidence was circumstantial and the Institute had powerful friends that hindered every phase of the offensive, but the Deputy Director of the New York FBI had pushed hard and, at last, the operation was underway.

"I want to get through the gates fast," said Deputy Director John Varley for the fourth time. "Anyone that gets in the way arrested for obstruction and I want the whole complex to be searched with a fine-tooth-comb..."

His second in command nodded and fiddled with her ear piece before nodding and saying, "Sir, there is no way that they can hide what we are looking for in five minutes... We'll get everything that we need..."

The convoy left the expressway and slowed as it negotiated Medford and then the last three miles to the gates of the Institute.

"Do you think that they'll be ready for us? Sir." asked one of the agents...

The Deputy Director shrugged, "How can they be?"

The warrants had all been signed last night at three in the morning; to leave as little time as possible for reaction if there was a leak. Judge Shareen Briggs chosen especially because she was known as principled and considered severe and trustworthy. The surveillance on the judge's house reporting no visitors or contacts... Apart from the agents, all above suspicion, the local police had not been told of their destination or the reason for their presence.

Everything had been done to ensure secrecy...

"Speed, that's *all* that counts..." said John. "We get in and lock the place down. Then we have a few hours to find all the evidence... No fucking mistakes, boys, I don't want to have to explain in court that the evidence was not gathered strictly according to procedure!"

Up ahead, a narrow road left from the junction and the convoy turned into the lane, followed by its escort of black-and-whites. Suddenly a siren sounded from behind and the Deputy Director looked back to see that one of the local police cars had switched on siren and lights.

"Fucking idiots," he cursed just as the lead van braked hard by the tall gates of the compound and the agents started to exit.

A man stood by the gate with a panicked expression, a telephone in his hand that was snatched away before he could use it.

"Warrant, we have authority to search in connection with human trafficking allegations," shouted the agent.

The man glanced at the warrant papers, a sheaf of dockets that were covered with small type. For a moment, he seemed about to argue and then he was escorted to his little gate-house and the gates began to draw back.

"What a fucking place," muttered one of the agents as they all bundled back into the vans while a single police car stayed to seal the entrance. "It's like a fucking fortress!"

A deep ditch stretched along the inside of the perimeter fence in both directions and in the distance lay the buildings that the FBI were warranted to search. A vast house, a mansion where expensive cars were parked and large out-buildings that spread to both sides.

"OK, let's go, go, go..." cried John as agents and police scattered from their vehicles.

The team with the ram and cutters were at the door in moments, the police moving around the buildings with drawn weapons to ensure that no-one in the house could slip away. The Deputy Director walked to the door and rapped twice. He was about to give the signal to break through, when the door opened and a middle-aged woman stood in the entrance.

Her eyes took in the activity at her front door and then Miss Irene Clearmont said, "This is not a casual social visit?"

An agent handed the deputy Director the sheaf of papers and he held them up.

"Mrs Irene Clearmont?"

"Miss... but yes, that's me!"

He looked her up and down and decided that the photos did not do her justice. Powerfully built, but shapely and wearing black... black stockings, black ankle boots, a black dress below the knees, a string of black pearls that draped over the pale skin of her neck and deep décolletage.

"Miss Irene Clearmont, I have here a warrant that gives the FBI the right to search these buildings for evidence of illegal human trafficking and drug offenses," said John, handing her the papers. "Wirefraud, trafficking, drugs and murder. Call all those in the buildings here now and we shall start the search..."

Irene glanced at the papers and then opened the door wide to reveal around twenty people standing in the large ante-room behind her.

"Please come in..."

John walked into the hall and looked around. Plush rugs, oil paintings and a winding double stairway to the upper levels.

"Everyone is here, Deputy Director Varley. My lawyer, Mr Belkin is present... I would be grateful if you would not damage my house as you search. If you need access to any locked area, then my staff will be pleased to assist, Veronica here is my chief of staff and will help if you require it..."

John looked over the staff assembled and felt a twinge of anxiety. How had they known? Even the lawyer was here, a bloated man who cringed behind the lady of the house with a smirk on his swollen face.

"The warrant allows us access to all computers and records and we will need access to all areas..."

Miss Clearmont shrugged.

"We will wait in the lounge..."

"Fine, we will interview you there. I need identity from all of you... We will start the search immediately," his hand extended. "We will need all of the keys or doors will have to be forced!"

Veronica stepped forward with a small smile.

"My pleasure, where do you wish to start?"

The FBI man looked around the hallway and noticed a small door behind the collection of shuffling maids, butlers and other strange inhabitants of the house.

"I'll start there, if you please..."

His teeth were almost clenched with irritation at these superficial and conceited rich bitches. Did they really think that they were going to get away with this? Could they really believe that the evil trade that they were involved in left no trace at all?

Veronica opened the door and John saw a stairwell that curved down into the cellars of the mansion. A good place to start... the lights came on, bright and leaving no shadows and he followed Veronica down to find himself in a room, mirrored on each side with a pair of sofas arranged around a low table. No other exits from the room. He looked around and could not imagine a purpose for this plush underground room with no exits and idly pulled up one of the cushions on the sofa whilst Veronica watched him with a superior smirk.

The two uniformed officers that had followed into the room seemed to be at a loss and stood staring at their own images in the walls before they probed the sofas and waited for further instructions.

Behind the coppered mirrors, Larry and Olivia screamed at the sight of the police officers in their brown shirts. They screamed and screamed for help. They screamed and screamed for attention.

They shrieked in hope and terror...

In the mirrored room there was silence.

Olivia screeched and Larry bawled as loudly as he could. Both of them pulled at the steel collars that chained them to the display posts where they were locked, they waved their hands, almost managing to reach the glass as they watched the two uniformed policemen and the man in a suit probing the sofas behind the windows where they were confined in the client-display cells of Irene's Institute.

Next to the three policemen, staring through the glass with a sly grin was the young woman who had abducted them, taken them to this hell-on-earth. Veronica looked at them directly and smiled. She could not see them through the mirrors unless the lights in the client viewing-room were turned right down, but she knew where she had left them shackled in trembling distress. Traceries of the outlines of the vast interlacing designs of tattoos that would soon be inked-in. They covered her ample-breasted body while Larry's shrill cries filled her ears. The rings in her clitoris already spoke volumes about the changes that she would suffer before she finally got to serve for her new owner.

The smooth, healing skin under his cock showed that Irene had guessed that Judge Shareen Briggs wanted a neutered and nullified man to play with. When the rest of the adjustments were finished, he would serve only to lick the soles of her feet while Olivia worked between the judge's thighs, at the start of a real life sentence.

The FBI man tapped the mirrors with his knuckles, causing Sonia and Larry to become hoarse with their cries before he then turned away. Clearly there was nothing to see in this room! The two uniformed sheriff's officers replaced the cushions on the sofa and all three drifted back up the short flight of stairs back to the entrance hall.

Veronica switched off the lights in the room and now the two naked slaves were visible to her. Olivia, crying, wracked with sobs, the obscene traceries on her body, her hands in rounded mittens to prevent her wilfully damaging the expensive work that had been started on her body. Larry squatted by the post where his collar was chained, exhausted and defeated, his cock stiff, a smooth shaft that would be enlarged to amuse his new owner, a slight pink seam where the sack of his balls had hung...

The Judge would soon be arriving to view the work done so far. The payment made for her warnings and intelligence on the police investigation; the bribe chained and soon ready for her pleasures. She would be so pleased with the results, after all, having tailored slaves was normally so expensive and her payment had been just a few words on the phone...

It would be almost as if she had bought them for nothing at all!

Veronica switched the lights back on and the mirrors hid the cost of the outrageous backhander that her Mistress was about to pay for just five minutes' conversation.

'As usual, Irene was right,' thought Veronica to herself with a shudder of contentment.

Not just the bribe, no, that was not the reason for the pleasure. It was the risk and the excitement of hoodwinking the FBI that was a thrill that was *almost* physical...

They searched.

The FBI Deputy Director with the building plans in his hands organising the twenty officers under his command as the inhabitants of the Institute relaxed in the lounge that looked over the huge gardens. They sipped at their glasses while his officers interviewed them, but not a word out of place came from their lips. A rising sense of frustration caused him to snap aggressively at those officers who reported back to him with empty hands as each search ended in failure.

Standing by him, a smirking Veronica offered keys and passcodes to every part of the buildings and John Varley longed to start breaking down walls, but so far there was no justification. Three months of intensive preparation, hundreds of hours of surveillance all melting away as every room revealed no evidence of the crimes that he knew had been committed here. It seemed that the only hope left was the row of computers now parked in a line on the marbled hall floor.

Four hours after his triumphant entry, the Deputy-Director finally had to admit defeat. He watched the uniformed officers transporting the computers to one of the vans with a sense of dejection. When he had volunteered for the assignment he had imagined leading captives to safety and interrogations with piles of evidence and photos. Tearful victims, brow-beaten criminals and a sense of having done what was good. Instead, he now only had the hard drives... well at least hiding the evidence there would be impossible when the FBI laboratories got to work on them!

The Deputy Director was the last to leave the house. He stood on the steps and watched the vans and black-and-white's retreating leaving just his own vehicle.

"I think that you may need this..."

He turned to find that the detestable Miss Irene Clearmont was offering him a fat envelope. Her manicured hands like claws, he took the envelope with an enquiring look.

"Just to help... we do whatever we can to help law-enforcement. Patriotic duty, I suppose..."

He looked her up and down. Even though he had no knowledge of fashion and women's tastes in clothes, he could imagine that her outfit alone cost more than he earned in a year.

"You can't get away with what you do forever," he spat as he took the envelope and tucked it under his arm.

"Whatever could that be?"

"Kidnap, money laundering, blackmail, murder, human trafficking, drugs and whores!"

She smiled and turned to Veronica who stood with a glacial expression and said, "Did you hear that, Veronica? He's accusing me of all those crimes and he hasn't got a single piece of evidence! Still at least he's got *one* thing..."

"And that is?" asked Veronica cracking a smile at last.

Miss Irene Clearmont pointed at the fat envelope under the Deputy-Director's arm.

"The instruction manuals and receipts for all the brand-new computers that we bought a week ago; he'll need them to get the hard-drives out and test them!"

"I *will* catch you and put you behind bars," he spat back.

"I could say the same..."

Veronica opened the door of the four-by-four. A stiletto slipped out and then a well-turned calf. Judge Briggs took the proffered hand and slid from the back seat before hugging the younger woman and kissing both her cheeks.

"Darling, you almost seem to *thrive* on the subterfuge and strain," she said.

"You know that I do," said Veronica. "I live for it!"

"Well, ever since I first met you, I knew that you were going to be something special in my life."

The two women walked arm in arm to the open doors of Miss Clearmont's mansion.

"I just remember how you wanted to buy the first slave that I showed you as an example of what we can do..."

"But, she had already been sold to another woman and I was so jealous. She was called Elisabeth or something?"

"That was the buyer, darling! The helpless pillow-doll was Chantel. She was not a nice person, but then neither are we!"

The Judge stopped in the hallway and looked at the maid who stood stiffly in the shadows.

"Ours is a perfect business relationship," said Shareen.

Veronica nodded. Her mistress had ordered her to be the 'perfect' hostess and the Judge obviously had her uses and was, after all, a very influential customer.

"Perfect because both parties are always the richer for each encounter!"

"My dear Shareen, we just can't thank you enough!", said Irene's voice.

Miss Clearmont entered the vestibule and moved to embrace the woman who laughed as soon as she had spoken.

"No, no, Irene! It's *you* I have to thank, for showing me that all those inappropriate little luxuries that I now, just cannot do without! I still remember that party where Gregory was so attentive!"

"A glass of wine or are you eager to see what little tid-bit we are working on for you?"

Shareen smiled and rubbed her hands together.

"The wine can wait!"

Miss Clearmont led the way to the small door that led to the viewing room from the atrium.

"You asked for a couple and Veronica has excelled herself. Of course, they will not be fully ready for you for a few weeks, especially with the uproar from this razzia by the FBI, but I think that you will like what you are about to see!"

The room with the coppery mirrors was brightly lit, the two sofas arranged to face one wall. Irene sat and patted the sofa next to her to indicate the Judge to sit.

"This is our client viewing room," said Irene. "Especially prepared for auctions and special shows where our clients can enjoy inspecting their new toys in preparation or perhaps just see what we are accomplishing with their enemies or perhaps wrongheaded family members..."

The Judge settled into the sofa and put an arm around her friend. Irene could feel the fur of her mink-coat against her skin and looked at the middle-aged woman who was relaxing to enjoy the sight of her latest acquisitions. These two would be the tenth and eleventh that Shareen had procured from the Institute and Irene was sure that the Judge would be delighted by what was in store.

"Last time that we met you mentioned that you were impressed by a couple who danced for the Sun Circus group. Veronica tracked the two to Atlantic City and secured them especially for you and with just a few small adjustments they will be yours to be entertained by!"

The lights faded and the coppery mirrors slowly became translucent and then transparent. Shadowy forms resolved and two stretched figures could be seen as silhouettes, each stretched with arms and feet pulled wide to the corners of a frame.

"Olivia is going to be your decorated slut," said Irene as she watched Shareen's eyes betray her fascination with the two stretched black shapes that slowly rotated with a bright light behind them. "Much of the work is done, but the detail needs to be completed. We have done this type of patterning before, but never to this extent..."

Shareen's lips became a pout and she stared at the profile of the curvaceous figure of the female as she turned against the light. Irene carried on with her description, but watched Shareen as she spoke. It was clear that the woman was becoming aroused. Her free hand opened her coat to allow the cool air of the room to move over the thin silk haute-couture dress and her breathing was deepening.

"Larry, on the other hand is destined to be the perfect intimate attendant for your gratification. Neutered already, but fully able to please should you wish it, he would be suitable for bed or bathroom, a perfect tool for a night of pleasure or simple sanitation. This could be the moment to decide which choice would suit your wishes."

The two figures struggled in their shackles as Miss Clearmont spoke and Shareen realised that they could hear every word being spoken about them. Enjoyment of their distress and horror, all part of the power of deciding their fate.

"First, I would like to see them properly," said Shareen, her voice a gasp as she watched Larry turn to slowly profile where his loss could be clearly seen.

"Of course," chuckled Irene. "A little more light; Veronica if you please!"

Four spot-lights that lit the turning figures from the front came to life and now the Judge's two new possessions could be seen in stark detail. Shareen's eyes were drawn to the man first. Suspended, stretched into a St. Andrew's cross by his chains, like a fly in a web. His frame was muscular and strong, his cock sprang from his groin like a staff, rigid from distended tip to base, a velvety skin running smoothly where once his balls had hung, only a pink line now showing the point where they had been pruned from him.

"Oh, he's so perfect," whispered Shareen. "Strong, limber and lithe. Oh, darling Irene, I *just* can't wait to have him delivered."

Miss Clearmont watched that free hand and smiled. The Judge's fingers slowly fluttered to between her thighs and pressed before moving in small circles as she imagined Larry under her power.

"You just have to tell us when..."

"Tonight!"

"Shareen, you really are the limit," laughed Irene as the Judge climaxed with a flutter of fingertips and a shudder of her thighs. "Of course, tonight if that's what you want, but it is just a little risky!"

"Then soon, if not tonight..."

"Of course! But, you can always stay here tonight as a guest and play a little!"

"Thanks, Irene," said Shareen, "but I want to play with him at home, in privacy."

Eyes turned to the second new plaything that was clearly in need of work to complete.

"Olivia will take another week or so to prepare," said Irene. "The montage of all those tasty pricks needs to be completed and Veronica is adding a complete set of piercings that will complement the art work."

"Oh, my God," whispered Shareen. "I can't believe what you have done to her... all for me!"

Olivia was stretched to the limit. Naked, obscene, ripe and so brashly pornographic.

Shorn of every hair on her body, naked as the day that she was born, she was marked with a confusion of black lines that traced across her velvet skin. Some of the shapes had been blocked in with colour, others still were just the pale white of her flesh, awaiting the artist's attention. Every inch of her body was to be covered, from the naked scalp of her crown, to her hanging breasts, buttocks, raw pussy, down to the very soles of her feet. Each design a rampant male cock! Veined and erect, each one being the edge of another, a profusion of erections, pricks and cocks. An artistic pattern, from the vast snaking, rearing prick that wound her thigh and penetrated her, to the mass of tiny little cocklets that formed a spilling mass from pate to neck and shoulders. An obscene tapestry of thrusting, jutting and spurting maleness; drawn onto a backdrop of soft female flesh!

Escher in pornographic glory.

"A true work of art," said Miss Clearmont as she watched her client and her personal Mata Hari come to another climax with a gasp as the woman took in the magnitude of the work that would leave her latest toy textured with erogenous graffiti on every square inch of her skin. "Some of the piercing is done, the rest will be completed after the artwork is complete..."

"I can see..."

Olivia slowly turned to face her new owner and the glints of gold between the lips of her sex hinted at Irene's words. Then, slowly she rotated in the frame and Shareen could admire the four stiff pricks that were so lifelike on the rounded skin of that ass; all four penetrating the cleft, all four veined and hard... pressing home, thrusting deep in invitation.

"Irene, dear Irene," gasped Shareen, "they are so perfect, so sensitive and terrified. Please, please, don't take *that* away with too much training! I want to feel the tears course down my thighs as I come, not have some perfectly skilled robot give me an orgasm. I just can't wait..."

“As you like, no training, just ready for the kiss of the whip and a fear of punishment that will make them both terrified of failing to please you. Now then, what about him?”

Shareen smiled wickedly and then looked up at her friend with a flutter of her lashes.

“He will match my bathroom suite perfectly...”

Side: Turkey – Palace of Valide Sultana Elmas Agun

Proverb: *When elephants fight, it is the grass that gets trampled.*

The German officer watched the Turkish uniformed police arm and he shook his head in disbelief. It was almost as if they were soldiers rather than civil police. Sub-machine guns, stun grenades and pistols. Body armour and visored helmets. Of course, Manfred was there as an observer, not with any official rank, but present to ensure that his knowledge of the criminals who were about to be arrested was passed to the Turkish police in this international operation.

The *Grenzschutz* department of the German Police was synchronising between the Americans, Koreans, the Turks and the Burkina Faso authorities for the simple reason that, no longer, were the FBI trusted by all of the participants to be even handed. Political changes recently, suggested an isolationist America that would serve itself *before* the general good. The Germans were talking no chances.

Manfred looked over the chattering and laughing police who were noisily getting ready to swing into action and imagined what would happen if the targets foolishly resisted arrest. There would be death and mayhem and it would be even more difficult for him to do his job and find the Turkish woman that was *his* particular target. The link between Germany, Turkey, Saudi Arabia and now the Far East.

"In half an hour we shall begin the operation," said Omar Emiri, the Antalya chief of police, to Manfred in Turkish.

Manfred nodded, his strong Turkish was the reason that he had been seconded to the taskforce. He accepted the pistol that the outstretched hand of the Turkish policeman offered him and checked that there was no round in the chamber.

"The timing needs to be exact," said Manfred as he holstered the pistol. "This is just one of four operations around the world that have to go in at exactly the same moment..."

Omar nodded and looked around in satisfaction. All of his officers and men were now shuffling into ranks for the final briefing and the roar of engines outside indicated that the transport had arrived.

"Men!" started Omar in a loud voice as he raised his voice to silence the chatter. "This operation has been a year in the planning, in a few minutes we

embark and full radio silence will be imposed. The criminals that we are seizing are a stain on the honour of Turkey. A blight on Kemal's Republic! This is the moment to destroy a nest of evil and corruption. Any one that resists arrest is to be overpowered with any means. We secure the buildings; the civil police will collect the evidence."

He paused for a moment and nodded towards the German policeman.

"This is Manfred Wagner, an observer from the German police who are coordinating the arrests in Europe. You can consider him to be second in command of this operation and are to follow his orders as though they were mine!"

Manfred nodded and spoke in Turkish.

"I speak Turkish! We need to capture these people and hold them for interrogation, in three other countries there are police moving towards their targets. Show the world what I already know; that the Turkish police are some of the best in the world and can take part in international operations with precision and skill!"

His speech brought a small applause from the policemen before the briefing broke up and they all filed to the waiting transports. Two armoured cars, three lorries and a collection of cars loaded the men. Manfred mounted the lead armoured car with Omar and squeezed into a bucket-seat as the convoy moved off.

"Armoured cars?" asked Manfred.

"We go straight through their gates to the palace to cut their reaction time," shouted Omar over the noise of the roaring engines. "We know that they are armed, so the more force we use at entry, the less we should need as we make arrests..."

For ten minutes the armoured car ran smoothly on metalled road, after that it lurched and jolted over a rough road with a constant deafening roar inside the steel box that comprised the place where Omar, Manfred and four other heavily armed officers hung on to the hand straps tightly. Twenty minutes of noise and yawing movement and then suddenly the engine raced, the driver dropped a gear and the car jumped forward. Immediately there was the sound of grating and metal being torn as the armoured vehicle burst the outer gates of the fortified compound and accelerated towards the palace.

The sound of bullets pinging from the armour-plate and then the vehicle braked to a sudden halt and the double-doors at the back were flung open and the four heavily armed policemen jumped and returned fire.

Manfred had been in a dozen raids in Germany and France, but never had it been like this. The pinging of bullets on steel, the reports of automatic fire. A roar as the engines of the other police vehicles took positions and the cries of the combatants as the officers directed their men. Omar had jumped into the maelstrom of combat and Manfred was alone with his pistol in his hand. He drew the breech and then jumped into the dust where two bodies of policemen lay while their blood was soaking into the dust.

One was still alive, the other had no pulse and Manfred jumped back into the armoured car for the first-aid box. Meanwhile, the small turret at the front of the armoured car opened fire and the insistent sewing-machine chatter of a Gatling gun answered the hidden enemy.

His mission swept away by the urgency and confusion, Manfred applied a tourniquet to the stricken policeman's leg. He crouched and racing for the front door of the house where Omar was directing his men into the yawning opening with yells of encouragement.

Manfred peeped into the vast atrium of the mansion. Shattered furniture, dust and smoke filled the space and hazy figures raced up the stairs whilst the ping of bullets from all directions caused him to fall to his knees and crawl to Omar's position.

"Shit!" he shouted in Turkish. "What the fuck?"

"This is what we expected," yelled Omar back. "Let's go, it's not safe out here..."

With that, Omar ran into the hallway and reached the shelter of the curving staircases, Manfred followed waving his pistol, aware that the confusion of stun grenades and smoke could see him shot by friendly fire.

It took ten minutes for the firing to become sporadic, just the odd report of a rifle and the occasional chatter as a semi-automatic weapon cleared a room. Omar led Manfred through the ravaged luxurious rooms where bodies of men and women were scattered and small fires were being put out. It was clear that the fire-fight had become general and many of the inhabitants of the palace had become victims as well as a few of the heavily armed police.

"We are clearing the cellars now," said Omar as the sound of doors being demolished echoed through the building. "There are things in this place that no man should have to see..."

As he spoke one of the policemen lifted the lid on a large ornate box that was pierced by bullet holes and then dropped the lid with a look of horror. Blood trickled from the holes in the base of the box and Manfred shivered.

"We have arrested twenty already," said Omar grimly as they walked to a window. "My men have secured the perimeter fence and ten more will be flushed out of the gardens, I am sure..."

He put his hand over the earpiece that was reporting to him and then pulled a face.

"Come with me," said Omar. "We have found the corrupt person behind this hell on earth..."

Omar led Manfred over the rucked carpets and remains of gold leaf decorated furniture into a vast bedroom where a policeman stood over five bodies that had been pulled roughly into a line.

"Valide Sultana Elmas Agun," said Omar as his toe kicked at a middle aged woman who lay with the evidence of a burst of automatic fire to her body. "The bitch is dead..."

Manfred looked at the other four and asked, "It's her daughter, Anyali that I need to question!"

He looked up from his squatting position at Omar and shook his head in exasperation.

"We needed them all alive," he said through gritted teeth.

"My orders were different," said Omar. "A trial of these monsters would make Turkey look like a lawless country and that can *never* be permitted. We shall collect evidence to help our friends in the USA, Germany and elsewhere, but this is how we stamp out evil in Turkey! If this bitch's daughter is in this house she will be dead by now, if she isn't we will find her!"

Manfred looked at the steel cage and manacles that was fixed to the back wall of the bedroom and shook his head in despondency. By the open door was the huddled body of a young woman, naked but for the tattoos that embroidered her skin. Clearly a victim and not a criminal, she had been shot

twice through the head and lay with her arms outstretched as though still imploring mercy.

He sighed.

"At least this hole in the organisation is blocked," said Manfred as he took a sheet from the bed and pulled it over the decorated form of the sex-slave.

"Prices will go up in Saudi Arabia," commented Omar grimly. "Someone will fill the gap in the market, but I do know one thing!"

"Which is?"

"They won't set up in Turkey!"

Northern Valleys: South Korea – The Golden Palace

Proverb: Politeness is the best measure of civilised culture.

A single marked police car left the main road and began its slow crawl to the head of the valley. The track turned twice as it climbed to come to the head of the valley and a view that was picture-postcard perfect. Inside the car were three policemen. The driver, a lowly man in uniform, a plainclothes officer of the ANSP whose rank was not indicated, but his bearing suggested that it was very high. The third man was Commander Park, the ANSP officer who had chosen the naïve Park Lo Ga as the companion for the FBI agent who had not been in contact now for weeks.

As the small car struggled over the track, ever upwards, the two senior officers looked at the scenes around them with a contented gaze. This was the 'old' Korea. Korea as it should be! The Korea before computers, cars and the complications of the wars that had engulfed the peninsular for hundreds of years. A few layers of rice paddies up the lower slopes and then evergreen trees that filled the space until raw rock topped the peaks. A few small villages, scatterings of huts and small houses interspersed with a temple or two and the buildings where the owners collected their tithe from the toiling peasants.

Of course, the feudal owners were none other than Mr and Mrs Tokashirimaso who now owned hundreds of square miles of the fertile valleys that were bounded by some of the highest peaks in Korea. The fact that the peasants were in almost-slavery, indenture keeping them shackled to their grind; that fact was hidden from view behind the façade of charming and old fashioned panoramas.

"Did you know that we don't have a single officer posted up here," commented Commander Park. "There is no reported crime up here at all."

The ANSP man nodded and said, "There is no crime here..."

"No *reported* crime, I said!"

"Exactly, *no* crime!"

Commander Park finally gave in and there was silence in the car for a while as it climbed slowly up to the next valley. Every now and again, they had to pull in to allow a truck or ox-cart in the other direction and then they could continue. The uniformed driver looked upwards and indicated with his finger.

Commander Park could see a helicopter high above, trailing their progress as at last they came into sight of the Golden Palace.

The vista opened to reveal a rounded curve in the deep valley where parklands and cultured gardens spread inside a gated wall and the low eaves of the sprawling palace overhung pools and Japanese Zen-gardens. The scene was breathtakingly magnificent. The red tiles were webbed with gold and shone in the sun. The bright blue tiles of the stables and other buildings scattered in the landscape added contrast and the cliffs and revetments of rock piled high over it all made the whole seem like a child's toy from the point of view of the three policemen.

The car wended its way to the gate in the wall, coming to a halt in a paved area.

"This is as far as we go in the car," said the ANSP officer. "The driver waits here and we will pay our respects to Mr and Mrs Tokashirimaso."

The driver stepped out of the car and pulled a packet of cigarettes from his pocket and lit one while he watched his two superiors knock on the gate in the wall. In ten years, he would have the seniority to be a part of this exclusive club of officers who occasionally had business with the Tokashirimasos. *Then* it would start. He would be able to buy an apartment instead of renting, money would flow in a wide stream and he had heard of night-clubs in Gireum where being an ANSP officer of a certain grade was a ticket to heaven. All he had to do was look, be silent and learn the protocols that would add him to that list, a flow of golden recompense for the weight of secrecy and his silence...

The gate swung open to reveal a courtyard that served like an airlock with two gates beyond. The two ANSP officers stepped through and the gates swung silently closed again, leaving the driver to his fantasies and a helicopter so far overhead that it could almost not be heard in the stillness of the afternoon. The two officers waited and then at last, the inner gates to the Golden Palace grounds opened to reveal a vista of carefully arranged copses of trees, manicured lawns and in the far distance the palace itself.

"My first time here," said Commander Park as his eyes took in the view. "They know that we're coming?"

"Of course," said the other ANSP officer. "This visit was arranged a week ago, down to the last minute."

"So, what happens now?"

The other officer lit a cigarette and looked at Commander Park with a superior look.

"The Americans think that they are so clever," he said.

Commander Park thought about the two officers that he had sent here to infiltrate the place. The office girl with no knowledge of field work and the brash American whose presence from the FBI had not even been requested. Both out of touch for a couple of weeks, both just constituting a small sacrifice to please both the FBI and the ANSP.

"Of course they do," encouraged Commander Park.

"They drag us into an international scandal that is all their own fault and then try to get us to coordinate activity that upsets the status quo here in Korea." He looked at his watch before continuing, "Right now, this minute actually, there are raids taking place, all timed to this moment. Even here in Korea the police are investigating those that the Americans think are part of this 'world-wide conspiracy'."

"So where in Korea?" asked Commander Park."

"Right here and now, of course! We promised to investigate and to enter and search the places that the FBI had picked for us. That is why we are here now. That way we do not have to lie when we tell the FBI that we managed to find nothing here and that we did as they asked even though it seems that their undercover agent has decided to disappear!"

"I sent them here."

"And then you did as you were ordered and sent the full details on to your superiors. They passed it up the chain of command and I passed on everything to Mrs Tokashirimaso..."

Commander Park turned to the man that had no rank and realised that he was possibly in the presence of the chief of staff for the ANSP or perhaps even the overall director. He could not help making a small genuflection, a slight bow and the man smiled.

"You have done well so far Commander. Now you get to see what this is all about and how important for us all that the secrets that you see here are kept as if in a locked lacquered box at the bottom of the Yellow Sea. Wheels within wheels, the situation is complex!"

Commander Park nodded as if he understood.

"There will be transport along in a few minutes to pick us up. All you have to do is to observe and keep your thoughts and comments to yourself. Mr and Mrs Tokashirimaso are dangerous people, even for those high in state service, you can be thrown to the wind this easily..."

Commander Park's boss clicked his fingers in the air in a dismissive flick of the wrist.

The distant sound of clopping hooves drew their attention from their conversation.

A four-wheeled landau was moving towards the two men. Four human ponies were trotting high to the crack of leather and a petite girl in riding costume plied the horse-whip. Commander Park opened his mouth to speak, but the words that had been spoken just a few moments ago, came back to him and he just watched as the curious vehicle arrived to transport them.

Each of the ponies was held in place by a complex harness of leather and steel, each strained to pull the coach and stay perfectly in step with the others and the kiss of the whip. The front two ponies were female, heads in tight hoods, blinkered and collared, otherwise naked but for the high-heeled boots on their feet. They were both slick with sweat and breathing heavily as they came to a halt. The ostrich plumes on their hoods nodded and the small bells hanging from their trembling breasts tinkled with every quiver. The rear two ponies were males, similarly accoutred, their cocks stood proudly before them, swaying as they came to a halt. They too were decorated with bells that hung from their nose rings and the rings that pierced their upward-curving erections.

"Mr Tokashirimaso is ready to meet with you at the stables," said Hye-Rin as she looked down at the two policemen. "We should not keep him waiting..."

"Of course, not," said the nameless officer as he stepped into the carriage followed by Commander Park.

The whip cracked in the air and then the very tip scorched the shoulder of one of the lead mares and the landau accelerated to a fast trot. Commander Park could not take his eyes from the ponies. He knew all about this, he had heard it told a thousand times, but actually seeing the humans that had become ponies excited him more than he dared admit. Naked and running with sweat, leaning forward in their harnesses to pull, their hips swaying with every step, the smooth shoulders that showed that they had no other possible use, Commander Park was fascinated.

"A perfect team," said Hye-Rin as the whip left a welt on the nearside male pony's ass. "Auntie doubted if I could mix mares and ponies in the same team and manage to get the same perfect control, but this little team has shown that if the mares are covered by the ponies twice a day, the mares can fall into step and work as hard as the male ponies. Animals are easy to teach if everything is kept simple and the punishments are severe enough!"

"Punishment and the immediate threat of brutal penalty are the best education for obedience," said the ANSP officer with a high-pitched laugh. "I can appreciate the effort needed to train ponies like these and must say that they are most attractive..."

In the distance, perhaps half a mile away, the stables were now visible. Hye-Rin used cries and the whip to force her four ponies into a fast gallop and the remaining distance passed in just a couple of minutes' burst of speed. Commander Park found himself exhilarated and realised that the pleasure of the moment had overcome the shock of seeing humans between the traces.

A naked male slave appeared from the stables to take the reins and whip from Hye-Rin and another kneeled in the dust to allow the driver and passengers to dismount in comfort. Hye-Rin cast a small glance over her shoulder and led the two policemen into the warm, dank stables.

It took a moment for Commander Park's eyes to adjust. Rows of stalls into the distance, some with hooded heads showing and a couple of naked men who worked to clean and clear the stables with hoses and brushes. From a narrow way between two stalls a short, balding Korean man appeared. On his face was a welcoming smile and his hand was outstretched in the Western greeting.

"Good afternoon gentlemen," he said. "Director of the ANSP Shin, I already have had the pleasure, but please, introduce me to this attractive policeman!"

With a giggle, Hye-Rin said, "Commander Park, ANSP with twenty years' service and in charge of undercover operations and liaisons with foreign police services."

"Ah, Mr Park. I am the owner of all that you see around you," said the small Korean with a smile. "That is, everything that my wife does not already own!"

Commander park bowed.

"Mr Tokashirimaso?"

"The same! I understand that you are here at the direct request of the American FBI?"

"Er, that's right," said Commander Park. "They suggested a search of the premises..."

"A search? Well, well, they really are flexing their muscles."

"The Americans are somewhat overbearing," said Director Shin.

"Good, good, good, then I'll show you around so that you can see that nothing that happens here is without the *complete* agreement of *all* concerned and that illegality is a word that has *no* meaning on the Tokashirimaso estates. Meanwhile, I understand that my wife wishes a word with your boss here, so I shall show you around and then we can meet up again before you need to return to report the success of your mission."

Commander Park watched his companion mount the landau on the back of the kneeling slave and the carriage head for the nearby golden-roofed palace.

"So," said Mr Tokashirimaso, rubbing his hands. "What do you think?"

"Of what?"

A small cross look crossed Mr Tokashirimaso's face and then he brightened.

"The Golden Palace of course! What do you think of it?"

Commander Park smiled and complimented the park and its beautiful setting in the mountains before Mr Tokashirimaso became more serious.

"As you well know," he started, "the police in this country of ours have enough on their hands without having to chase and watch over upstanding people like myself who are only trying to create their own small orderly households. When foreigners start to interfere in these normal and legal activities we all have good reason to become annoyed... would you not agree?"

Commander Park nodded and wondered where this was all leading. After all, they could have come here and just drunk a tea with the Tokashirimaso's before leaving, having fulfilled their duties and obligations. However, it seemed that the visit had more purposes than mere formality and Mr Tokashirimaso was about to reveal the details.

"There is another problem of course," said Mr Tokashirimaso. "That is to do with *business*. It seems that in the past few years a number of other bargain-basement establishments have started to encroach into our markets. Selling an inferior and cheaper product, a low-grade substitute for properly trained servants and slaves as well as moving in to places like the Middle-East where there is great demand for merchandise at fantastically high margins."

"I don't see how..."

Mr Tokashirimaso held up his hand.

"We need people to help us regain the position that we have lost! Police, politicians, military officers, secret service, and federal officers. In short, people like you, who know what is expected of them. People who realise the risks of serving our cause, but also understand the rich rewards that it brings, people who understand the difference between those who are destined to be in charge and those who are nothing better than this!"

He waved his arm and indicated the inhabitants of his stables.

"You are one of those people. Personally picked by your superiors as a man who follows orders, an officer of the highest moral calibre who knows when a sacrifice must be made and when it is time to prove his worth. In short a man who knows where his best interests lie!"

Mr Tokashirimaso stepped to the side and indicated that Commander Park should lead. He stepped into the narrow passageway and Mr Tokashirimaso kept talking as they went.

"Of course, an offer like this is not something easily refused. Our reach is long and we keep surveillance on all of our partners. The decision is yours... if you think that you could be of assistance to me and my wife. If you think that orders given are orders to be followed even when you personally do not understand the moral viewpoint of those orders and if you think that questions are what fools ask, then you are the man for us. You have already been of great assistance as you shall shortly see, however we always need more and you will either stand with us or you will become just another pony responding to the kiss of the whip!"

Mr Tokashirimaso's high laugh echoed in the corridor.

"Just joking really! Those that *betray* us by a refusal are lucky to serve in the stables! Those that accept and then think that they can break their sacred word, they are the truly unlucky ones!"

Commander Park parted a plastic curtain and found himself in a large room that was blindingly white due to all of the tiles on floor and walls. A row of steel frames were bolted to the floor, most of them empty but five were already occupied.

"This is a lesson for you, Commander Park. A most important lesson," said Mr Tokashirimaso with a small laugh. "This is a sort of punishment section if you like. Certainly a place where the worst behaved slaves will be restrained in a place where obedience and disobedience are all the same thing, because the only possibility is to comply with every command! Of course, there are other forms of punishment, but this is also a little assessment for those that need testing..."

Mr Tokashirimaso smiled and Commander Park realised that the man that he was talking to had an almost devilish intensity in his high-pitched voice and staring eyes.

"I need to know if you are ready to join those who I count as associates."

"I am," said Commander Park as he looked at the frames.

"I am most gratified, but of course you *would* say that," said Mr Tokashirimaso. "So, what qualities am I looking for? And, how can I be sure that the intense fear that fills you now will last the whole of your life and guide you as my instrument?"

"How can I prove it?"

"My dear Commander Park, you are proving it right now! Every man or woman that chooses to align with us, must undergo a little test of my own devising. Each time I enjoy changing the parameters of the ordeal. For instance, can Mr Shin, your honourable boss swing a Katana with verve and accuracy? The answer, as you would guess, is 'yes' and he has proved to be excellent at disposing of people who become a nuisance. That was *his* test and it suited his abilities, yours will be a little different as I have other uses for you in the scheme of things."

Commander Park felt his knees weaken. The small balding man who was addressing him seemed almost a parody of himself. Short, intense and a high-pitched voice with a slight stammer. But this was a man who could order a death or mutilation to pass the time, a man who, with his wife, had built an empire of slavery and systematic abuse.

Mr Tokashirimaso nodded and smiled.

"You are wondering what it is that I want you to do to prove yourself? What I want you for?"

Commander Park looked at the five naked bodies in the frames. There were no locks, no chains, no straps or cuffs. What held them rigid in their exposed position was the metal frame itself; that twisted and curved to close on wrists ankles, waists and legs like a steel snake that coiled around its victims. Victim and restraint become one, each inextricably wound into the coils of the other.

Mr Tokashirimaso laughed in his high titter and strolled to a man bent impossibly. His hand stroked the rounded behind of his victim and then slid to the cock that now sprang from between the thighs and stood for his delicate touch.

"Are you accommodating?" asked Mr Tokashirimaso. "Can you change your preferences at a moment's notice?"

He looked up and Commander Park followed the focus of his gaze to see the camera that stared with an unblinking lens. He turned back to find that Mr Tokashirimaso's slim hand that massaged the straining cock now fluttered its fingers over the tip and then slowly pulled at it with an almost delicate and loving touch.

"Men," said Mr Tokashirimaso as he concentrated on the rigid cock, "men are creatures that just cannot control their vulnerabilities. Look how he sweats in terror at my touch, but he cannot help himself! He is just a toy, a weak plaything and he knows that after pleasure always comes the pain, but despite all of that, he is desperate for release..."

The hand slowly drew sharp nails the length of the straining organ and then drew back to slap it hard before continuing the massage with a delicacy that spoke of possession. A jewel of precum oozed from the tip and Mr Tokashirimaso smiled before withdrawing his hand and turning his attention to Commander Park.

"Women, on the other hand, woman are creatures that have hidden depths. My wife delights in breaking them to her will. Taking the strong and dominant and creating the mewling creatures that delight her. To her, men are just pets ready to be stripped to become puppets while strong women present a real challenge..."

Mr Tokashirimaso's tone became almost wistful as he stepped to pat the upturned ass in the next frame.

"This woman, a German who fancied herself as a dominatrix, was ensnared by the idea that she could enjoy a perfect world of utterly submissive men and found herself the subject of my wife's obsession..."

His hand fluttered over the perfectly white skin. Fingers traced the veins lovingly over the marble freckled skin to tease the swelling clitoris that slowly unfolded from between the closed lips of her slit.

"Now, she has become nothing more than what is between her legs. Every focus of her being is driven by a few touches that bring her to endless pleasure at the caress of her owners. Simply a part of an exhibition of sculptures that are occasionally shown in the gallery for honoured guests. Two years to break her..."

Glistening lubrication oozed and the lips swelled to reveal the silky-slick pink inner lips.

"Captured in a universe where there is only one mode of stimulation, a dark place where every touch is the only form of contact that she will ever experience!"

Commander Park could see that the woman's head was enclosed in a thick hood that was smooth and featureless and that every contact with the frame that held her was softly padded even though she was held totally immobile.

"In her enclosed world, the touch of a hand, the penetration of a needy cock is everything she has left and is all that she will ever sense for the rest of her useful life. The perfect expression of pleasure, a need that makes her a work of art that has pleased so many of our guests."

Commander Park felt a silent shudder run through him. The sheer helplessness, the depth of degradation, the imagined use... All of it combined in a single question that Mr Tokashirimaso asked at the moment of a tremor that rippled the porcelain flesh of her upturned behind.

"So, are you prepared to reap the rewards of cooperation?"

Five immobile sculptures, each in a private hell to which the whim of Mr and Mrs Tokashirimaso held the key. Commander Park's imagination tried to slip into the minds of them and he knew that even though he felt a rising tide of horror, that he longed to have a small share of the power that was being offered.

"Yes," said Commander Park in answer.

He was sincere, it was what he wanted! He wanted to be a man who could at least say that he took what he wanted, took what he needed, took what was due to him and never regretted a moment of it. Most of all, he so desperately needed to fuck that pussy that was leaking lubrication until it dripped the length of inner thighs. He was at the edge of the cliff, all he had to do was to jump.

"Show me..." said the ANSP officer.

"I'm glad that you have chosen well," said Mr Tokashirimaso. "Now then, I have to get back to the stables. "Why don't you stay a few moments and enjoy them for a while? They will be yours to play with..."

Mr Tokashirimaso glanced at the cameras and then nodded.

"You will of course obtain a copy of the recording your games and I will know that you are ready to comply with any minor assistance that you will be called upon to perform!"

Commander Park found himself alone in the white room with the five immobile victims that offered themselves to him. Each a tempting hole to try, each an unforgettable experience that would bind him forever to the Golden palace. He inspected each possibility carefully. Touching, caressing and enjoying the feel of his supremacy before deciding that the milky, freckled mounds that encompassed such a needy hole was what he craved. His hands fumbled at his belt.

At the first touch of his rigid cock the pussy bloomed like an opening flower and he sunk into it smoothly, enjoying the velvety grip with a small moan. Her helplessness was his goad and he knew that the Golden Palace owned him.

The small red light in the corner of the room flickered as his cock pushed home.

Western Isles: North Scotland – Oban Manor

Saying: Failing means yer playing!

"Ladies," said Chief Inspector McCowan. "How about a short holiday in the Western Isles?"

Jenny, Angela and Christine, two constables and their Inspector stood to attention in front of the huge desk while their Chief Inspector tapped her fingers

on the surface and awaited an answer. Outside the office, the headquarters of the Glasgow police station was just muffled voices and the sound of scurrying feet.

"You would be a small part of an investigation that Whitehall and the security services have worked on for months. Here in Scotland we are being asked to check out a few locations for suspicious activities and I need to send three officers up to Oban from Glasgow to search and report. They don't want us to use the locals, so it's been thrown over to me..."

Chief Inspector Victoria McCowan signalled her officers 'at ease' with a wave of her hand and smiled.

"It's just a very small part of a huge international investigation and they are insisting on exact timing. All you have to do is to go and report on what you see and hear and then come back to report back to me. Quite simple, really!"

"Ma'am," said Christine. "When do we go?"

"Tonight! Up to Oban and then over on a launch that I have arranged with the locals. In three days, you'll be back here in Glasgow. I have the written orders here," Victoria's hand pushed a file over the desk. "Try not to raise any commotion and be careful to observe and report back..."

The Inspector took the file and flipped it open to find a sealed envelope inside. She raised her eyebrow enquiringly and her Chief Inspector explained.

"You open your orders when you get to Oban, this is all very hush-hush... Don't discuss it with anyone."

"Ma'am."

"Good. Now take the rest of the day to get packed. At ten tomorrow a car will be here to take you to Oban..."

The three officers filed out of the plush office and closed the door.

For a few moments, Victoria sat, as if considering what to do next, before she took a cheap mobile phone from her pocket and tapping a message. A click as the 'send' button was pressed. Carefully, she slipped the SIM card into her hand and dropped it into the shredder before loading a new one and slipping the phone into her pocket.

The deed was done, the debt paid, now it was just a case of '*what happens is what happens*,' she thought.

The police launch moved with the grey swell, lurched a little and then the crewman jumped to the pier and tied her fast. Three police women, their skirts whipping in the squall, jumped to the stone of terra-firma and stepped to a place where the spray did not quite catch them while the two crewmen tied the boat firmly.

"You've got two hours before the tide is up and the storm hits" shouted one to the uniformed officers. "There's no phone coverage here, so if you're not back by then we need to get the boat back to Oban and you'll be staying the night! We'll wait offshore, it's safer."

"It's just an inspection," shouted Christine back to the boat. "If we're not back, just come back tomorrow..."

The crewman nodded and moved to sit on a rusty bollard, his yellow oilskins running with the spray whilst the three women set off up the narrow path from the harbour.

"God, I wish that we'd changed before we came out here," said Jenny to the back of the woman that she was following up the rough-cut steps. "I'm soaked through already..."

"Uniforms, I was told," came the answer that was almost blown away in the wind. "All we have to do is take a look around to see if there's anything suspicious... far better in uniform!"

They reached the top of the low cliff and a few first drops of the oncoming storm splattered the rocks and heather around them. From this point they could see the small launch rocking at the pier and the oncoming storm from the north. Vast clouds that closed the light to clear grey, a clear light that cast every detail of the place into relief.

"Jenny, the storm's about to break," said Angela as they looked down. "Either we get off now or we stay the night!"

The sailor on the pier waved up at them and pointed at the oncoming clouds, making a motion to throw off the lines to the launch. For a moment they gazed into the north before Angela waved back, clearly indicating that the launch should cast off.

"They'll be back tomorrow," she shouted to her companions. "Shit, I haven't even got a toothbrush!"

The man on the pier looked up and Jenny repeated the gesture. The rain started, huge heavy drops that splashed like bullets on the rocks around them and they watched the two crew of the boat cast off and back the struggling launch through the swell.

"It would be a rough ride back to Oban anyway," yelled Angela, "let's get to the Manor and into cover!"

A brief pause in the rain, almost an inward breath of the storm and then it poured from the grey sky in a wall of water. The three policewomen ran down the track to the next rise before Oban Manor was visible. Water soaked down their backs, drenched them in cold as they ran to the welcoming lights below. A huge stone manor house where the rectangles of the windows glowed with a cheering glow.

Constables Jenny and Angela following their Inspector over the roughly paved path, through the gateway until they reached the shelter of the portico that fronted the manor. They banged the huge brass knocker and tried to shake the rain from their uniforms.

"Join the police, a career and a vocation!" yelled Angela ironically. "I'm fucking frozen!"

The door opened to a warm light and a woman in evening dress stood smiling at them.

"You'd better come in, dears," she said.

Bedraggled and dripping, the three young women stepped into the vast hallway and the door closed behind them whilst the woman stepped fastidiously to one side. A pretty maid stepped up by the Lady of the Manor.

"Miss Elisabeth McCowen," she said by way of introduction. "Welcome to Oban Manor! Let's get you changed into dry clothes and then you can explain what three Glasgow officers are doing here in my little kingdom."

Inspector Christine slipped her soaked jacket off and gave it to the maid.

"It looks like we are stuck here until the storm has passed," she said, "and we haven't got any overnight things..."

"Don't worry, dears. I'm always ready to help the Police. You have a room, courtesy of the Manor and in an hour, we'll sit down and discuss whatever it is that brought you here. Lucy will show you to your room and make sure that there's a nice fire in the grate."

Up the stairs and along a long corridor, the maid led the three officers through the semi-darkness of the Manor. The maid came at last to a huge oak door and opened it to reveal an old-fashioned bedroom with two double beds side by side and a view to where the storm outside was gathering force. Angela pulled the envelope from her jacket and tossed it onto one of the beds while the other two watched the maid kneel and start the fire that was prepared in the grate.

"Must be a lonely job?" commented Angela to the maid. "Out here all alone, isolated on this tiny island..."

The maid nodded, but did not speak a word. In her frilly black and pink uniform, she looked almost out of place and Angela felt as though the friendly question was out of place. The maid, satisfied that the fire had taken, stood gracefully and went to the wardrobe and opened the door. She made a small gesture at the clothes hanging in the shadow and smiled before retreating to the door of the bedroom and slipping through. The door closed to leave the three guests bewildered looking around at the old-fashioned luxury of the room.

Angela pulled out her phone and inspected the screen.

"No signal at all," she said as she shook her phone as if that would cure the problem. "We can't report in..."

"Well, I'm glad that I'm not in that fucking cockle-shell of a launch in this weather," said Jenny as she inspected her own phone. "Though this place is just a little weird!"

"Weird? In what way?" asked Christine as she fastidiously stripped off her skirt.

"That woman who owns the place, to start with," said Jenny. "I thought that they'd be alarmed to see the police here if that file is anything to go by, but it was almost as if we were guests that were expected! Then - the silent maid. What the fuck is that all about?"

Angela started to laugh.

"Bizarrely attractive, but that uniform! All frills, stockings and high heels..."

"Louboutin, actually," said Jenny. "Five hundred a pair in Glasgow and then there are the stockings. I bought a couple of pairs to tease my boyfriend and they cost fifty each..."

"Kinky bitch," said Angela. "I've got to get the uniform off, I'm drenched!"

Inside five minutes the three policewomen's clothes were a sodden heap on the floor and they stood in bras and knickers. Jenny stood in front of the fire where the flames now leapt upward providing the only light in the room.

"This is sort of fun," said Jenny. "Paid to stay in a hotel, a storm raging outside and a mystery to solve!"

"Scooby-Doo, where are you?" laughed Angela. "Let's see what there is to wear... Wait a sec, where's the light switch?"

She searched by the door and then around the room for a switch and then realised that there were no lights in the room at all.

"Light a candle or two," said Christine, "there must be a dozen here at least."

With the room swathed in candlelight the three-woman inspected the room.

"Three of us and just two beds..." said Jenny.

"But, so luxurious," replied Jenny as she bounced on the edge of one of the four-posters. "Silk sheets and just loads and loads of room..."

Angela lifted the hanging bed clothes and uttered a startled cry.

"Look at this!"

"Fuck, I've never seen anything like it," said Christine as she lifted the silk that trailed on the floor. "A bed with a cage!"

"Perfect to keep a secret lover under the bed," laughed Angela.

Both beds were the same. Each was fenced with bars that had been bolted to the floor. A small gateway at the end leading to a space that was paved in glossy wooden floorboards. Steel rings that matched the rest of the cages were welded to the corners and padlocks closed the gateways.

"Jesus!" exclaimed Christine. "Looks like there is something to the report!"

"Either that, or it's just a kinky playground," said Jenny. "There's nothing illegal about a bit of bondage..."

Jenny started to laugh.

"My boyfriend is into it, he'd just love this place!"

"Let's see what else there is..." said Jenny with a giggle and a disapproving look from her Inspector.

The three policewomen explored the room. Now that they had seen the beds, other details came to light and they realised that the space that had seemed a luxurious hotel room was far more than that.

The sturdy box full of fresh bedding had feet that were steel fastening points, the beds too had rings where fetters could be locked and what looked like a sturdy iron candelabra hanging from the ceiling also had possibilities.

"The door is locked," said Jenny as she tried to turn the handle. "We're trapped!"

"Shit," said Angela. "Have you seen the bathroom?"

She stood in the entrance to the en-suite with a candle in her hand and gestured.

"You've got to see this..."

The other two gathered at the open door and looked inside.

"What?" said Christine as she peered into the gloom lit by the single candle.

"This..."

Angela walked into the bathroom to the elegant porcelain privy and bent to point at more fastening points distributed around the room.

"What the fuck!" exclaimed Christine as she joined the constable. "Beyond kinky..."

"This whole place is a prison. A luxurious prison, but still a prison," said Jenny. "What goes on in here?"

"You saw the maid," said Christine as they filed back to the bedroom. "This is the mother-lode. We've hit the jackpot, when our report goes in there'll be a hundred police here tearing the place apart! All we need to do now is to spy out the rest of the place and then get back to report."

Angela looked at her phone.

"We have just half an hour to get decent," she said. "Let's get dressed and see what's what."

In knickers and bras, Jenny and Christine clustered around the open wardrobe while Angela opened drawers with exclamations of surprise. In the deep bottom drawer, she had discovered a line of elegant stilettos. Each pair had been stuffed tight with silk cloths to keep their shape and she turned a shoe in her hand with what could only be interpreted as a drool of desire.

"They are beautiful," she breathed. "What I wouldn't give to have a few pairs of these! My boyfriend would love me in these..."

"Never mind that," said Christine as she lifted a leather dress on a hanger from the wardrobe. "Just look at this!"

The dress hung to the floor. Like a narrow tube that flared at the top and hips, laces hung from the open back and a concealed zipper went from crotch to stomach.

"They're all like that," said Angela as she pulled another dress from the darkness of the wardrobe. "Silk and almost see through! What's more there are just three and a load of dessous."

"My uniform is almost dry," said Christine. "I'm going to put it back on!"

"Don't be silly, Christine! How can you resist these gorgeous clothes?"

"Inspector! My rank..." said Christine. "We are here on police business and not to play dressing-up. I insist that we all dry our uniforms when we go down to meet this 'Elisabeth'."

A truculent look came over Jenny's face.

"Well, I'm not and that's that," she said. "It's still sodden and I think that it would be better to blend in. We need to spy the place out, find out what's going on and get back to Glasgow safely. If that means wearing the most expensive and perfect clothes to do it, I for one am going to go along with it!"

"It's not right," said Christine. "We are officers on duty and..."

"Fucking hell," sighed Angela. "Let's not argue over this. I can't put that back on," she said pointing at the pile of wet uniforms. "We haven't even hung them up to dry by the fire."

"OK, OK, I'm outvoted, but at least I'll be in uniform!"

The third dress was pulled from the wardrobe, a tight sequinned bright pink creation that flared below the knee.

"How does this even go on?" asked Jenny. "From the top or the bottom?"

"From the top," answered Angela. "But I've already chosen. That one's mine!"

Jenny handed it over to the outstretched hand and compared the other two dresses.

"Leather for me," she muttered. Now I just have to find what to wear underneath."

"Here's loads of stockings and so on," said Jenny as she pulled the top drawer of the chest of drawers open. "No knickers though," she chuckled. "Looks like this place is not involved in a cover-up!"

Christine held up her damp skirt and stood before the fire as steam started to wisp from it.

"My shoes are soaked as well," she sighed. "I hope that that flouncy maid has dried out my jacket. Shit! My phone and warrant card were in the pockets!"

She turned to see Jenny who stood naked as she pulled on a tight corset and got Angela to pull the laces tight.

"Can't have my boobs wandering," she giggled. "And it pulls my waist in so tight!"

For a few moments, Jenny wriggled herself before she was satisfied.

"Stockings and shoes and then the dress..."

Christine frowned, but stayed silent. She was starting to regret her decision to put her uniform back on, but it was too late to go back on what she had said.

Angela looked the two remaining dresses over, deciding that the pink was too pink before she went to the drawer to search out the rest of her outfit.

The hour had nearly passed by the time that the three policewomen were fully dressed. Jenny in the tight leather tube that reduced her walk to steps of just a few inches. Angela was in the almost see-through dress that clung to her figure to allow the tops of stockings and a shadow where her clipped pubic hair had to be guessed at, whilst Christine stood in her damp uniform. The only concession was a lacy bra that she had found after a thorough search.

"Well, don't we look ready for a ball?" said Jenny. "This dress fits like a glove..."

She adjusted the top of the corset until her breasts swelled into view and wriggled her hips to drop the thin leather to drape almost to the floor.

Christine glanced at the sequinned pink dress and stepped towards it as if she had changed her mind, but at that moment there was the sound of a key in the door turning and it opened to reveal the maid that had served them earlier.

A sharp squall of rain pattered at the windows, but the blazing fire in the grate gave the room a comfortable feel. With the place well-lit by the ten candles that flickered around the room, the three policewomen could inspect the maid and notice the details that perhaps they had missed earlier.

The maid's uniform bordered on extreme.

Taffeta and silk, the shiny red stilettos and long exposed legs that were encased in pink fishnet stockings. The clasps that held those stockings taut were visible as was a few inches of smooth creamy skin. The lacy edge of the dress flared over those thighs, layers of frills beneath and the broad silk sash that had been tied into a loose bow. Frills upon frills, bare shoulders and breasts swelling upward, the maid wore a steel collar that was at odds with the rest of her outfit. Even her face was made-up like a porcelain dolly with lashes that fluttered and bangs of blonde hair tied into pony-tails with pink sashes.

The maid nodded and retreated into the corridor outside and the three policewomen followed her back down to the hallway. So far, they had only seen two others in Oban Manor, now, when they descended the stairs, another maid stood in the shadows. This one dressed almost exactly the same as the one that led them, but dressed in a red so deep that it was almost black with an crimson sheen. She too was collared, but hanging from her lace-gloved hands was a short crop that was suspended from her wrist by a leather loop.

"Welcome to Oban Manor," said the crimson maid. "I am Odette, the superior-maid. Miss Elisabeth has prepared a small meal for you, please follow me..."

A small flick of the crop in her hand signalled the pink maid to stand to attention and then Odette turned to unlock the door that lay behind her.

"We have just a few guests at the moment, ladies. You will not interfere with their enjoyment of Oban Manor unless it is permitted. The maids are not to be interrogated or spoken to unless you have a need. In that case, you will ask for permission. Do you understand?"

"We are here on police business," said Christine, glad at last that she wore her uniform to give her words strength. "We can talk to whomsoever we like..."

Odette turned to face them with a smile on her face.

"You have a warrant?"

"Er no, but..."

"Then you will show proper respect and do as you are told, young lady. If you do not, then you will be spending the night outside!"

The Inspector opened her mouth to voice a retort and then closed it again with her angry words unsaid. It was true, they were trapped in the Manor and perhaps it was best to relax just a little!

"Good, then that's settled," said Odette. "Now that we all know the rules of the place, a bite to eat with Miss Elisabeth."

They passed into a corridor that led to the back of the house and Odette locked the door behind them. The passageway turned and Odette unlocked the barred gate that led to another heavy door.

"Miss Elisabeth insists on absolute privacy," she said as she unlocked a third entrance door that led to a huge room.

A roaring fire lit the room, a candelabra casting light and shadow over the erotic paintings that covered the walls. Seated on one of three huge sofas, Miss Elisabeth looked up and smiled in welcome.

"Please sit down," she said. "I have ordered a little bite to eat and I am sure that you have a lot that you wish to discuss."

Jenny found it difficult to sit, the dress was so tight, but she extended her long legs and crossed her ankles, discovering that once she was down she felt comfortable before the heat of the fire as the rain lashed the windows.

"We are on duty," said Christine, as she started a small speech that she felt was necessary after the put-down by Odette.

"Of course you are," said Miss Elisabeth soothingly. "But, you are also here and accommodated at my whim! Relax a little and enjoy Oban Manor, after all, your orders are to investigate the place and it will be so much easier for all of us if you do that according to the rules on the island!"

"Candles and fires..." said Jenny, trying to ease the tension.

"Of course! It is more romantic and adds mystery and just a *little* anxiety to my little kingdom. All of the guests who patronise this place find that the old-fashioned feel gives them energy to do the things that they come here for..."

The only other door to the room opened and a butler appeared. Young and handsome he wore a tight uniform in grey and was bearing a tray. He proceeded to lay out small dishes full of tid-bits of lobster and cakes before opening a bottle of wine and pouring three glasses full of red wine and one with plain water.

"A bite to eat and then we can talk," said Miss Elisabeth. "This Muga is one of my favourites..."

Christine looked at the water that had been placed before her and cast an enquiring glance at her hostess.

"Since you are on duty, no alcohol," smiled Miss Elisabeth. "You are in uniform after all!"

The Inspector nodded, but felt herself blush as her hostess made fun of her.

"Of course, if you pop up and change, then perhaps a glass of Muga would be appropriate!"

Christine looked at Jenny who sat smiling ironically and found herself wishing that she had never come to this place.

"OK, I'll go for it," she said. "Why not?"

"Why not indeed? It's rude not to follow the rules, so Odette will take you back to your room and then you can join us in proper style!"

With the thought of the pink-sequinned dress in her head, Christine left the room, following Odette who had a small smile on her lips, but did not offer any reproach.

When the door closed, the mood lightened and the three women settled down to enjoy the meal that the Manor was offering. Jenny and Angela felt as if in a dream. The lobster melted in the mouth, the exquisite Muga slid down her throat and she found herself liking the woman who was being the perfect hostess. Glasses were refilled by the butler and Jenny noted the large mound between his thighs and almost giggled.

The final dish was cleared, the second bottle had been emptied and the small-talk became a discussion of fashion and their little secrets while Miss Elisabeth encouraged the two constables to relax and tell her about their lives. Jenny blurted out her boyfriend's little kinky games and passions whilst Angela admitted what Jenny had guessed at, the fact that she had a girl-friend back in Glasgow with whom she lived.

The door opened and Odette strolled in. Trailing in an arc from her wrist was a leash which she gave a small tug to and Christine stumbled into the room in an outfit that bore no resemblance to the sequinned pink creation that she had refused to wear earlier.

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Jenny when she saw the police inspector enter the room. "What the fuck?"

"Clothing is so important," said Miss Elisabeth with a small smile. "It has to match the wearer's role!"

The leash went to a steel collar like the maids wore. Attached by a small padlock that rattled as Odette tugged at it. Christine had been gagged, a large red ball between her lips with drool dripping as she struggled to speak. Her dress was a parody of the maid, her breasts exposed and hanging, the tiny skirt of the pink dress so short that stocking tops and freshly shaven pussy were exposed, or would have been if a steel band had not covered it! Between her thighs hung a short tube with a rubber bulb and the stockings that she wore were printed with the word 'slut' in neat rows that spiralled to the ballet pumps that had been locked to her ankles.

"Perfect, Odette," said Miss Elisabeth. "Please, let's see it all!"

Odette pulled at the lead, forcing the gasping Christine to turn, allowing Jenny and Angela to see that her arms had been pulled high up her back and shackled to the steel collar.

"This is the way that we teach respect here at Oban Manor. Rudeness and bad manners are always punished harshly to teach *proper* service to superiors and social betters..."

Jenny and Angela turned to look at their hostess with a shocked look.

"You can't do this..." said Jenny.

"It is already decided," said Miss Elisabeth dismissively. "This is a lesson for you! Here at Oban Manor, we value good manners and teach the proper way to behave."

Jenny and Angela both looked from the stricken figure of Christine to the elegantly dressed figure of Miss Elisabeth and shivered in shock. They were not just trapped in Oban Manor, not just on an Island that could not be left without her permission, but they now saw her world, a place where beds had cages underneath, maids wore steel collars and the commands of the mistress of the place were decree.

"This is assault," said Angela with a croak. "Assault and kidnap..."

Miss Elisabeth ignored the words and waved her hand to Odette.

"Take the slut away and prepare her! And, Odette..."

Odette turned to face Miss Elisabeth, "Yes Miss?"

"I want her to promenade properly in those shoes, in a week she'll be out of the training heels and into something else and I can't have the slut stumbling around like some drunken ostrich!"

Odette smiled and bent to grasp the bulb that hung loose between Christine's trembling thighs. Her hand squeezed it slowly and Odette then straightened planning a kiss on the red rubber gag that filled the wide-open mouth. A terrible moan, a groan of discomfort and horror came from the police inspector's throat as the intruder inside her swelled and thrust at her. Odette's kiss was lascivious and erotic and her hand pumped the bulb again and again while Christine squealed and her knees buckled.

"Did you hear that, dear? You're all mine to make ready for use, bitch," whispered Odette to her sobbing victim. "You'll learn things here under my tuition that you never dreamed of..."

The door closed behind the stumbling victim and Odette and there was silence. Shock on Jenny and Angela's face as they looked at each other, their eyes wide in astonishment. It was Miss Elisabeth that broke the silence.

"Forget her, she is not worth the effort, concentrate on what happens to you," said Miss Elisabeth. "You now face choices that have to be made, preferences that will determine if you are to become mere playthings or have a different place in my world..."

"But, you can't just do this. Tonight, maybe for a day or two, but in the end the police will be here in massive force. You will face questions and there will be forensic searches and, and..."

Words failed Angela as she spoke, because Miss Elisabeth just smiled slightly and sipped at her wine.

"My dear girl, do you really think that I will be held to account? Really imagine that all you see is all that there is?"

Jenny tried to stand in her long dress, but it was so tight that she slumped back into the sofa and sat with her mouth open.

"If you look at the bottom hem of that dress, you will see that I can close a zipper and bag you like a kitten in a sack ready to drown. Locks can close, and you could find yourself under the bed that you thought that you would sleep in tonight or perhaps chained in the bathroom ready to serve as the lowest of the low."

She placed her glass on the table and nodded to the butler to begin to clear the remains of their food.

"But, let's not dwell on what I *could* do! Instead let's consider what could happen if you are well-matched to my plans for you both! First, this..."

"I don't understand," said Angela.

Miss Elisabeth nodded to the butler who was now standing behind her. he produced a remote control and one of the paintings lifted to expose a television set.

"Twenty-four-hour news," said Miss Elisabeth. "Let's have a look..."

The screen flickered on. For a moment, there was a view into a room where Odette was standing between the camera and a kneeling Christine and then suddenly the channel changed to show a news show.

The newsreader spoke for five minutes about some terrorist outrage in southern Turkey before passing on to the local news for the west of Scotland. At first the storm was mentioned, film of people struggling in the wind and spray of the sea and then a reporter with a background of huge waves, splashing surf and a gale that blew torrents of rain almost sideways.

"Reports are coming in that several people have been lost at sea," shouted the reporter over the wind. "Police say that three officers on a routine assignment have possibly been lost in the storm, but that helicopters and launches cannot brave this force-ten hurricane to search for them. Questions are being asked why three seconded officers from Glasgow were at sea by Oban but so far there are no details on the names or ranks of the officers. More details as they come in." The screen switched back the sombre looking newsreader who said, "Meanwhile, in further developments at Glasgow Rangers football club..."

Jenny stared at the screen as it switched back to the room where Odette had finished shackling Christine to a wall. Her legs were spread wide at full stretch and that rubber bulb swung from side to side together with another where the tube extended to the metal strap buried deep between her ass. Christine was facing the wall, ankles and collar chained to the wall, her knees flexing and trembling as Odette whispered in her ear and then left the picture.

"So, you see," said Miss Elisabeth. "It appears that you were all swept overboard and probably will never be found. Of course, there will be an official visit here, an investigation and then a demotion or two as the officers that used the launch are punished, but it appears that the three officers that were aboard will never be found..."

Jenny glanced at Miss Elisabeth, but her eyes were brought back to the screen as Odette reappeared with a long bamboo cane in her hands. Once again she whispered in her victim's ear and squeezed the bulbs that hung between the trembling thighs. Then, Odette stepped back and swept herself in a move almost like an elegant ballet pirouette, the cane rose high. The whole of Odette's body curved before she swept it down with a wide sweep and suddenly the television screen darkened and the picture slid back into place.

Jenny managed to stand. She looked down at the woman who sat so easily, smiling, on the sofa opposite with a faint smile on her face and blurted, "What are you doing to us?"

The smile broadened to show her teeth and the two policewomen felt a dread of this feral woman.

"That depends... In fact, I can do whatsoever I like. It all depends on you!"

The door opened and Odette reappeared. Her uniform no longer seemed at all quaint, the crop hanging from her wrist a threat. A small cloth bag in her other hand clinked with what was inside.

"Personally, I think that you both have what it takes to become the women that I think you have the potential for, but we shall see..."

Jenny turned back to Odette. In her hand was a broad steel ring, a hand-span in compass. She offered it to Jenny and then moved to Angela.

"Put it on yourself," said Miss Elisabeth. "Collar yourself and find out what you can be!"

Jenny looked at the hinged collar. Two inches in width, a steel loop where a leash could be locked and a single blinking red light on the slight bump opposite the welded ring. It opened in her hand and she could see that once clicked closed there was no visible means of opening it again.

"You can't expect us to put on collars..." said Angela as she inspected the one in her own hands.

"If we need to collar you, then you go down the route that your Inspector is treading," said Miss Elisabeth. "If not... then there is still hope for you!"

"Well, I'm not putting it on," said Angela. "No way, this has gone far beyond a game. We are police officers, you have to respect that!"

Miss Elisabeth raised an eyebrow and nodded to the butler that stood silently in the corner of the room. He stepped forward, unseen by Angela, while the scene froze. Jenny felt that she had to call out a warning to her friend, but somehow her throat was unable to respond.

"This is outrageous," cried Angela. "Illegal and impossible!"

The slightest of nods was Miss Elisabeth's signal for the butler to close his hand on Angela's long hair and pull her head back. He took the collar from her nerveless fingers and pulled hard at Angela's head whilst the other hand slapped the open collar against her neck making it close with a click and then he pulled at her hair, dragging her to her feet from behind the sofa while Odette dipped her hand into the bag and passed him a pair of cuffs. While Angela screamed he suddenly loosed her hair and grabbed her wrists from behind, closing them at her waist and slapping them closed with a practiced movement while Odette moved to steady Angela.

"I am disappointed, my dear!" said Miss Elisabeth. "I really thought that you would revel in what I was about to give you, but now I can see that I misjudged you..."

Jenny's head span, the capture of her colleague had been so swift that she scarcely felt that she had time to breathe. Miss Elisabeth's eyes turned to her enquiringly and she felt her hands lift almost of their own volition. The cold of the steel on her neck caused her to flinch and then it clicked closed and she was collared.

"What for this one?" asked Odette as she tangled her hand in the long locks of Angela.

"Take her away to the punishment cells and teach her the meaning of the word 'obedience'. She has such a lot to learn," said Miss Elisabeth. "As does my other little pet here!"

Perhaps she can learn what it is to obey...

Jenny woke.

She turned under the heavy blankets on the bed. Her fingers moved to her throat where the heavy collar surrounded her neck with almost no room to spare. The steel was warm with the heat of her own body, the LED light a slight bump under her fingertips. For a few moments, she lay staring at the ceiling, the grey dawn light streaming in through the windows.

The storm of the previous night had passed leaving slate clouds to the horizon. A few drops of the rain still hung suspended on the windows but there was no sign of the fury of the wind except the movements upon high of the clouds scudding to the south.

She was naked, but for the collar.

A foot and then a leg, Jenny slipped from the bed to stand by the window that gave a view of the rocks and heather that strewn the landscape. The events of last night took her and she shuddered and once again her hands explored the collar. Could it possibly be true that she was really trapped in this place?

The room was the same one that the three officers had dressed in the evening before. Now, even in daylight, it seemed sinister, every detail of its use as a prison cell leaping to her consciousness. How could they have ever believed that this place could be benign? Bars on the windows, steel rings set on the floor, the blanket box a whipping stool, the candelabra a means of suspending a victim for whipping...

Jenny turned to survey the room and noticed the maid from the evening before standing motionless and silent in the corner. She watched Jenny with emotionless eyes, as if waiting for command and suddenly Jenny became self-conscious of her nakedness. The situation was so fantastic, so bizarre that Jenny stood for minutes with her hands folded to cover her bare sex wondering what would happen next as her thoughts focussed and a realisation came to her.

The room, like a Victorian bed-chamber was not all it seemed. Now she could see four cameras in each corner and knew that she was being monitored, tested, merely an experimental animal under the gaze of her captors. Somehow, she had to show them what they wanted, but how? What was expected of her? What did she have to do to prevent herself being taken to the cells by Odette?

Her thoughts resolved to a single question that seemed to surface almost naturally. Was she a victim or not?

That notion led to others...

Was that television report that she had seen last night even real? Were her colleagues really in medieval cells being whipped and tormented? Was this all some inexplicable test of her resolve?

She padded on the thick carpet to the motionless maid and inspected her from all angles. Like the night before, she was dressed in pink frills, a collar around her neck showing a small green light that blinked occasionally. Her shapely legs in the fishnet stockings and impossibly high heels on her feet. The maid just stared into the middle distance and ignored the inspection as a hand approached the hem of her skirt and brushed it with shaking fingertips.

Jenny withdrew her hand and then extended it again in uncertainty.

The maid ignored her and stood straight as she lifted the hem and focussed on the expressionless face. Long lashes, curved upwards, the delicate pink over white foundation, plump pink lips that were parted, pouting in repose. Jenny's eyes cast down to see the one signal of emotion from the maid. The breasts that rose and fell with every breath, plump and lifted, nipples barely concealed beneath her dress.

She looked down.

Her hand pulled the hem ever so softly, as if she were waiting for some sign that what she was doing was not permitted, but the maid stood stock still. Now, Jenny could see the hems of the stockings, the smooth marble skin that curved upwards. For a moment, her fingertips touched something hard and unyielding and she bent slightly to see what she had discovered. She gasped and lifted the hem higher in disbelief.

The maid was a man, there was no doubt! A man, and yet not a man at all...

The skin of the maid's groin was smooth and unblemished. Soft and yielding under her fingers Jenny traced down to the steel that enclosed the maid's tiny little cock. A tube, just an inch of curved steel no thicker than a finger enclosed that little cock to allow the delicate pink tip to swell from the tube like a delicate clitoris. Tiny balls hung behind, another steel tube pinching in the soft skin, making them swell tight like tiny cherries.

"You are a man," breathed Jenny with a whisper. "What have they done to you?"

Her eyes lifted to the maid's, where a single tear welled and seeped to run a few inches to her cheek.

"Who are you?" asked Jenny.

The slightest sound issued from the pouting pink lips. A small moan, a sigh and then it was that Jenny noticed another detail that had escaped her before. Under the collar of the maid was no bump, no trace of the Adam's apple that should have been there. Jenny's fingertips noticed a slickness as they slid over the tip of the maid's little cock and she could not help herself.

There was something so cute, so desirable about this man that had become a toy. Something about the power that she held in her hands despite the collar on her own neck. Something that made her flick her finger at the tiny balls and

feel a surge of dominance as the maid stood motionless even when she tried to provoke a reaction.

"You are so perfect," breathed Jenny. "How can you possibly be in tears when you are so beautiful?"

The maid fluttered her eyelashes as Jenny touched the tiny cock again and teased it with the tips of her nails.

"Is this what you want?"

The question caused the maid to nod ever so slightly and Jenny felt a wave of power surge through her mind as she rubbed the slick velvety skin and leaned forward to kiss the lips that pouted.

Apples and peaches, the taste of the maid was delicious and Jenny lowered her other hand to stroke the taut skin of the tiny cherries that were so vulnerable. Between her own thighs, she could feel something stirring, lubrication, honey that dripped and her mind whirled. This was nothing like the sweaty encounters with a boyfriend that loved her to be a perfect bitch in bed. This was silk in comparison to cotton because she was truly in control. This was not a man that desired to be conquered on his own terms, this was a man that surrendered because he had no choice other than to surrender.

Jenny stepped back, the hem of the dress dropped and all that there was to show of the encounter was the single tear that perched on a pink cheek.

"I need to dress," said Jenny.

She moved to the wardrobe and the chest of drawers and opened them. The pink sequined dress and her own leather dress were no longer in residence. Just a frilly frock like that of Odette, but with a blue metallic sheen instead of crimson.

She dressed slowly.

Enjoyed the feel of the dress, the hem of which barely covered her. She flounced the frills, pulled it straight and plumped her breasts before pulling on stockings and slipping on heels, the height of which were extreme. She clicked the tiny padlocks closed as if it were a final decision. When she turned to observe the maid, she realised that she must look just as much a slut as her companion.

"Like?"

The maid nodded slightly and Jenny felt so happy that she was bursting with glory.

"Now then," she said to herself in a mutter. "Let's see what happens next in Miss Elisabeth's world!"

The door was unlocked and Jenny pondered the corridor outside, before turning back to the window to look outside. There was a little more light, a clear grey light that cast every detail of rocks heather and the path to Oban Manor in relief. She was about to turn back to the room when figures appeared in view.

Police uniforms, three people walking purposefully towards the manor house and suddenly the dream seemed to fade in her mind. Her hands went to the collar, the frilly dress and she realised that Miss Elisabeth's reality was at the point of crashing to the ground. The leader of the three officers was Chief Inspector Victoria McCowan and she knew that she had to fall back into the real world...

Her hands pulled at the collar in futile grip and then moved to the zipper that closed the frock that she wore. She tugged at the zipper, but it would not open. Jenny pulled harder and the tab came away in her fingers. She looked at the shoes locked to her feet and pulled at the straps with the padlocks that enclosed her ankles. Now she could feel the steel cords beneath the leather and realised that the costume that she had willingly slipped on was a trap that had closed around her body. She had placed her own collar around her neck, dressed in the clothes willingly and now she was trapped.

Panic took her.

Jenny went to the door and opened it. She crept along the corridor with small steps and around a corner. Now she could hear the click of the door to the manor opening from afar. A balustrade swept around the hallway like a balcony, leaning on it, looking calm and composed was Odette who turned to the approaching Jenny and held a finger to her smiling lips.

"We need to talk," said Chief Inspector Victoria's voice from below. "This is a police investigation."

"In respect of?" asked Miss Elisabeth's voice.

"Four officers lost in the storm."

Jenny leaned over the balcony to look and saw her boss with several officers behind talking to Miss Elisabeth. The owner of Oban Manor was dressed casually, jeans and a loose top, her hair pulled into a tight bun.

"By all means," said Miss Elisabeth as she moved to one side, allowing the uniformed police to enter. "Two and yourself..."

Victoria turned to the officers behind her and gave an order before she entered followed by two constables in uniform.

"This way..."

Miss Elisabeth led the Chief Inspector and her two constables across the hallway to a door and opened it. All four passed through, out of Jenny's sight while Jenny stood and watched. For a moment, she almost cried out, but Odette by her side held her wrist lightly and the moment passed.

The hallway was empty, the front entrance closed and Jenny turned to Odette.

"They will never stop..." she said.

Suddenly she realised that she was behaving more like a conspirator than a victim of Oban Manor, but Odette just smiled and said, "Let's see!"

"Four? Angela, myself and Christine, who is the fourth?"

Odette just smiled sweetly and pulled a phone from a concealed pocket in her dress.

"Look..."

The screen sprang to life and then a closed-circuit view of a room where Miss Elisabeth sat while the three police officers stood and asked their questions.

Had anyone arrived last night? Did Miss Elisabeth know about the tragic loss of officers from a police launch in the storm, three female officers and one from the Oban constabulary?

Miss Elisabeth shook her head and it seemed that the Chief Inspector accepted her story.

"We will search the island, of course," said the Chief Inspector. "There will be a full investigation and if the staff of the Manor find anything washed up..."

The conversation moved on and Victoria dismissed her two constables.

"I will complete the interview," she said to them. "There is nothing here! Go and add yourselves to the shoreline search..."

The door to the room opened and Jenny and Odette pulled back into the shadows as the two constables left by the main door. Jenny watched the screen in Odette's hand as the conversation between the two women changed its course.

"You have all four?" asked Victoria as soon as the door closed behind the two officers.

"Three, just the ones from Glasgow," answered Miss Elisabeth.

"And?"

"Two are in the cells, one is suitable for my needs..."

"Constable Jenny?"

Miss Elisabeth nodded as she answered; "I will sell the other two when they are trained, Jenny is a natural!"

Victoria looked up at the camera and smiled as if she knew that the two women had an audience.

"Good, I may want Christine for my own use!"

"As you like, I know your tastes so well, darling; and will have her prepared for you!"

Victoria turned back to Miss Elisabeth and said, "The storm was a stroke of good luck really, but I had arranged the accident anyway. It would be better if I go back now and organise the search. We still have a body to find!"

The two women stood and embraced, Victoria's hands cupping Miss Elisabeth's breasts.

"I would seem that we have escaped," breathed Miss Elisabeth. "What else is going on?"

"I am not privy to much of the detail," said Victoria. "Just the local actions here in Scotland and the rest of Britain. I understand that three or more raids took place, all of them revealing shocking crimes..."

Miss Elisabeth started to laugh and kissed Victoria on the lips.

"Nothing worse than happens here," she chuckled. "It has been coming for a long time, too many of us have been careless and blind to the risks. Still, it will all spring up again as it always does!"

"True, just make sure that you lie low for now and let's hope that there are no links left to catch us out," said the Chief Inspector. "I heard on the grapevine that a clinic north of San Francisco was raided, that there has been a serious incident in Turkey and that our African contacts have suddenly gone silent. In Germany and Holland, the police are in a tangle, but 'are making progress' with the arrest of seven criminals. I happen to know that the evidence is circumstantial and they may well escape conviction. All in all, a confused picture that will take weeks to resolve."

"Well, all I can do is thank you for covering base," said Miss Elisabeth.

"Self-interest," laughed Victoria. "I have to go the extra mile to keep my little debased diversions from being exposed to the light!"

Miss Elisabeth seemed to find the statement amusing and led her friend to the door of the room, almost out of sight of the watching Jenny and Odette.

"You get back to your search, I have a little work to do..."

"I will be here next week," said the Chief Inspector. "We can discuss the progress that you are making with Constable Jenny and I get to spend a pleasant night with that stiff little bitch Christine. It will be perfect..."

"I'll reserve your favourite room and have her ready for use," answered Miss Elisabeth. "If you want to retain her for yourself, we can decide what work needs to be done to make her the perfect little toy. It takes weeks to get our clinic to fit in these big jobs; but consider her as a gift from Oban Manor if you want to keep her for your own personal use!"

"We'll see," said Victoria. "If I do, I'll have one to dispose of!"

"Details, details! The market will be short of dollies with all of these problems in our chosen business. I am sure that I can get a good price for him and won't even charge you the commission!"

"Sounds perfect, Darling. Now then, I really must get out there, I have work to do..."

They kissed again and the uniformed officer and Miss Elisabeth walked to the front door under Odette and Jenny's gaze.

"A week," said Miss Elisabeth.

"I can't wait. I so need this..."

The door closed and Miss Elisabeth strolled to the centre of the hallway before looking up to see Odette and Jenny looking down at her.

"Ladies," she said. "As you heard, we have work to do. Jenny needs to find out what is required of her, Odette, you need to start Christine in the severe punishment restraints in preparation for our friend. Book a clinic appointment for her immediately."

She clapped her hands and Odette took Jenny's hand.

"We'll start with Angela, once you grasp the basics we'll make her your special responsibility to prepare for sale. It's easy really because she's already half broken just from last night's games."

Jenny resisted the tug of the hand and looked down as Miss Elisabeth disappeared through a door to the back of the house.

"Is that it?" she said in a whisper. "Is it all just that easy?"

"It is in Oban Manor," replied Odette. "Just cast off your old skin and enjoy the fun. There is nothing quite like serving Miss Elisabeth. Pleasure, bliss and the satisfaction of preparing people for use who are just there for the pleasure of others. Three years of bliss, in another, off comes the collar and I become one of the ladies of the manor. What more could you aspire to?"

"And my life?"

"Gone, but replaced with something infinitely better!"

Part Four

Eastern Promises

Turkish Delight

Proverb: *The bird that sings the loudest is the one that is in the net.*

Anyali felt the van sway as it cornered. The stress on her arms increased and then shifted to her legs before the van ran straight and she could balance on her tip toes. Her mind was in confusion. How was she not protected by the fact that she was second in command after her mother in Turkey? How could whoever had taken her believe that her mother would not expend every effort to release her? For a few moments, Anyali felt comfort and then the reality of her situation swept her like a shadow of doom.

She had been taken...

Of all the women, Anyali knew what lay ahead if she was not released. She had seen it all from her position of organiser and Mistress to harbour any doubts about the future if she was not soon set free. They would work on her, twist and remake her and no amount of knowledge and understanding could provide a barrier to those changes. They would measure her and make her in the image that they desired and when the mask lowered over her lips in the operating theatre she would have no idea what the result would be.

A pony? A passive puller of a master or mistress, stripped and designed to pull in harness with a body that would match the imagination of her owner. Here in Korea, in the East, the fashion for helpless bed-dollies, flensed of all superfluous detail, to lie waiting on a bed all day and night until an owner arrived to lavish love on his or her helpless selection of vulnerable holes.

The thoughts caused Anyali to cry, she shook and sobbed as further nightmares swept her up in a nightmare of helpless terror.

A maid, a slut-bitch who and offered herself for punishment. Pink and taffeta, a sexy cheerleader to be fucked in a brothel of endless torment. As a mouth behind the hole in the wall that offered solace to needy cock, as a star in films that would cause the privileged few to privately orgasm to the depths of her anguish, or worse. Another thought sent her into paroxysms of struggle. Perhaps she would be boxed and placed in some wealthy collector's bathroom to be nothing more than an unseen opening...

Or openings...

The thoughts and nightmares in the Turkish woman's brain festered as she recalled all of the victims that she herself had condemned to all of those fates.

Anyali had no remorse, just a deep self-pity that she herself was about to tumble into the abyss. Only the hope of her mother's influence kept her sane, the knowledge that this might be a mistake or a political lesson that was being administered and that, maybe, just maybe the ride of terror would be the whole of the suffering!

Three women released Anyali. She collapsed to the steel floor and was dragged into the light as a leash clicked to her new collar and she left her other stiletto in a corner of the van. There was no time to take in the gardens, the low eaves of the Golden Palace, the magnificent pillars and the perfectly groomed maids that moved with silent grace.

Just a maze of corridors through which she was led, the back of the woman that had her in tow and then the room where she was stripped and inspected before being taken to the terrible place that was her new home.

The dream, the idea that somehow this was all unreal. That she would be released and freed to return to the world; it faded to be replaced by the realities of her situation. A new collar replaced the temporary one, clicking into place with a finality that did not bode well, that before the frame came into view.

Anyali could not help but struggle.

She had always been the one, the one that decided. The Mistress supervising and enjoying the misery of a victim, now that she was that prey, her mind was mazed and her body struggled to fight the inevitable. Pulled into a frame that stretched her open to inspection. Tubes fed into her body, electrodes planted on her skin and then the violation of hands and gag. Anyali fought, she wept, she sobbed and she struggled, but futility was the rejoinder. Fixed on her back, arms held straight down, legs pulled up and then back to put her knees into her face while her ass spread wide.

The woman who closed the shackles and pulled her body into the distorted shape that was required by her captors pulled back her head and strapped leather restraints around her forehead before the next stage of the preparation was begun.

They shaved her.

Darks luscious locks fell to the floor and were swept away. A hand coursed over the naked scalp and a foam replaced her hair. A foam that penetrated and

sought out every follicle to leave her smooth and bald. Eyebrows, lashes and every other hair on her body parted and dissolved from her skin leaving her like an olive skinned wax doll that still had to be completed.

But this was not creation, it was reduction!

Nails were clipped short, teeth and mouth inspected and a cleaning began that scraped her until she was raw and sensitive. Anyali could only see the ankles and feet of those who carried out her regression. She felt their hands, the cool of the foam, the slither of blades as she was recreated in wax. As a thing and not a person.

There was a pause, a few minutes as the team who had scraped her clean retired and the next group arrived to attend to the addition of small improvements that would be the start of the remodelling that was sure to take place.

Lips injected, Botox swelling and itching as a pout swelled from her already generous lips. The piercings in her nipples were renewed and bars added to stretch them ready for the latter addition of the jewellery that would adorn her before a face appeared before hers and tapped her on the lips.

Anyali clamped her mouth shut, but the steel implement that forced her jaws wide could not be resisted. A new inspection of her teeth and much discussion in Korean and then a gag was inserted that covered her face from nose to under her chin. A gag that held her sore and itching lips wide open before a stopper, a simple practical chained plug, closed the surprised hole and they passed to other things.

The terrible scratch of a needle on her thigh and Anyali knew that her owners were now adding a mark. A tattoo. A mark that labelled her as property, a code that identified her as a slave. A barcode that could be read and used to identify her when she lost her name in the process that would eventually strip her of all identity. A sudden pain in the tender muscles of her thigh that ran deep through her leg signalled a chip being inserted, a locator, a permanent label that would allow her owner to monitor and find her as needed.

She screamed.

The plug caused the cry to become a muffled mew, but it was ignored as the team finished their work and the cell emptied to leave her pinned by the bright light to the frame that held her distorted stripped body like a steel lover.

The tears dried, her eyes took in the plain white wall. Anyali's breath whistled in her nostrils and she knew that this was just the beginning of her life. She would be reborn as a helpless doll, a plaything to dress up and torment.

Footsteps.

Now three women stood over the stricken Turkish woman and discussed her fate, but she could not understand a word, even though her fate was being determined. Anyali heard the voices and then felt probing fingers. From her ass to the soles of her feet. From her pinned fingers to her throat, the hands kneaded her and felt for detail as the Korean washed over her in a flood of words. She felt a hand move over the tender flesh of her groin and then slip into her before gently massaging her clitoris and inner lips.

A little laughter at the flush that spread over her breasts and then a slap to the upturned ass that was almost playful. The discussion continued over her and she felt two pairs of hands knead her breasts and further talk. More laughter and then three faces appeared in her vision.

Three pretty Asian girls.

Almost identical, indeed totally identical, they smiled and pulled the plug from her lips and probed in her mouth with invasive fingers. More laughter and then a casual slap to her face before the plug was pressed back in position and they stood to chat over their victim with giggling amusement.

Anyali had read the information from her mother. Undoubtedly these were the Hye triplets. Nieces of the woman that owned the palace where she was captive. She tried to cry out, but the result was a sharp slap to her upturned ass and a hand that stroked her pussy and fluttered over her in an almost tender exploration.

"Uncle will enjoy his little games," said Hye-Rin in Korean. "Aunty wants to break her properly afterwards and then we have to make a decision what to do with the foreign slut!"

"Well," answered Hye-Won. "I don't need her in the house and she's far too fragrant for the farm."

"We can discuss it later," said Hye-Rin. "She's strong enough to be matched with a pony as part of a pair. Meanwhile we have that American bitch to discuss."

"Aunty has taken a shine to the bitch, though why she likes the big-titted slut is beyond me!"

"It's because she can," laughed Hye-Won. "Aunty breaks and remakes. Occasionally she plays her little games and likes to create a monster. I think that this is one of those times!"

"It's because she's American and in the police..."

"FBI," corrected Hye-Rin. "It's different!"

"OK then, FBI. But she is an asset. All over the rest of the world there are problems, only here do those in power realise that they need us and people like us!"

They looked down at the stricken Anyali.

"I heard that the Turkish police attacked a terrorist cell. That was the story on the news, anyway! This one has no value any more, but she will make someone happy!"

"Aunty!"

"And us. I almost feel as if I fancy taking this one on as a personal project," said Hye-Su. "Even though she is large and gross, she might be perfect for the idea that I have in my mind!"

"I see what you mean," answered Hye-Rin. "If you want her, then take her after Aunty has played with her."

"Good, that's settled then," said Hye-Won. "Su gets the slut in a couple of days and then we can think about that trip that we were talking about."

"Osaka?" asked Hye-Rin. "A shopping trip, just what we need! A little relaxation..."

"We can take Charley with us," said Hye-Won. "It will move her along nicely and we can develop her as we go."

"Good idea," said Hye-Rin. "Let's play with her in Osaka and then she'll be ready to serve Aunty as a pretty little spy in America. A little fright, a little play and some mind-games. It sounds like a plan!"

“More than this one has to live for!” said Hye-Su as she slapped the upturned ass sharply. “She’s for me and I am full of ideas...”

Nursery School

Truth: *Our capitalist enemies underestimate our determination to outstrip them.*

Sissy Colin was drained.

Her mind was in a state of confusion, each thought struggling with the next until nothing made sense. She looked around her familiar room, the storybooks, the toys and the armchair that was waiting for Nurse and she tried to focus her thoughts and bring them to order. Sissy felt a need to sleep that was almost overwhelming, but the light from the window signalled the day and she knew that he had to do the thing that was expected of Nurse's little girl.

She moved in the cot.

Rolling over to stare upwards at the mobile that hung over the bed, focussing on the pretty little animals that moved slowly around and around. A pain caused her to wince. A sharp discomfort tempered by soreness and aches that spread from chest to back. With the gloves on hands she could not feel anything under her fingertips, even hands seemed paralysed, but the tightly wound bandages that swathed her chest could be felt on the skin. She tried to remember the night, but it was a muddle of Nurse leaning over the cot and then the sudden sharp probing of a needle in the arm and shoulder.

Then had come the nightmares!

Lifted from the cot in delirium. Sobbing as Nurse smiled from above and strangers man-handling the feeble sissy from her bed. Then her eyes had closed, the weight had been too much to resist. Movement and a fading sense of helplessness that dragged Colin's mind into the depths. Oncoming terrors that could not be defined, things at the edge of perception before finally, a narcotic sleep had overwhelmed all conscious thought.

She coughed... a meagre sound.

It triggered a new discomfort, a sting from inside her throat that caused tears to roll from Sissy's eyes. Far above the ache and searing discomfort of her chest underneath the tightly wound bandages there was another pain that rose to choke her until she managed to stretch her neck and lie just so. It was a terrible soreness, a raw hurt that paralysed jaw and neck, almost as if every breath was won through discomfort.

At last, fear of Nurse's displeasure and punishment overcame the distress.

Sissy slowly hauled herself onto her knees to kneel under the arching bars of the cot. Focusing on a determination to obey, to be a good girl for Mummy, she slowly came back to the small world bounded by her room and the bars of the cot and her thoughts fell into place. Teddy looked reproachfully at her, his unblinking eyes signalling his need and she dared not disappoint him. Carefully she crouched and rocked forward, pushing her face between his legs, lifting what lay there to slip between her lips. A familiar hardness, warmth and smoothness that comforted her with its familiarity.

Her eyes rolled up to Teddy's steady gaze as she tasted the ooze that always filled her sense of taste. Slick and oily, a soapy essence that signalled his approval even though his features never changed...

Nurse stood behind the mirror and watched with interest as the subject of her training fulfilled her morning chore, even though clearly, he suffered from the long operations that had filled the night. Nurse shook her head and remembered the advice from Anyali. From the point of feminisation, the subject became female and needed to be thought of as such. She smiled to herself at the fact that she was talking to herself inside her head and decided that nearly everything that she had learned in the past weeks had meaning and needed to be applied.

Most intriguing and enjoyable.

Nurse had expected shock, dismay and protest. Expected the feminised slut to curl into a ball and cry herself to sleep; but instead, the results of the intensive training forced obedience to routine and a fear of the toy that dominated the cot overcame all defiance. She watched the swollen lips surround the head of Teddy's cock and slide down and back slowly and felt a rush of satisfaction at what had been achieved so far.

The tight routine of four hours per day and four per night had also left Nurse exhausted, but her interest had never waned. She supported herself on the glass with one hand while her other slipped between her thighs. There was so much still to do, but somehow this was the real high point, the supreme moment. Everything else would be downhill as the final preparations and adjustments fell into place before the new owners took possession.

The climax arrived like a slow wave that filled her senses. A stolen moment of personal pleasure at the change that she had wrought on a helpless man. Such a shame that she would have to hand the fruits of her work to others, but already she was looking forward to the next!

She watched as Teddy reacted to the twenty movements of Sissy's lips and spurted into the wide-open mouth, a few drops oozing from the corners of Sissy's lips. How easy it was! How easy to cause a man to become a soft thing, a helpless pink worm whose very thoughts ran through the channels that were carved by a female owner. The ultimate expression of the power that a woman could wield if she knew how to find natural weaknesses and had the patience and determination to create total dependence.

In the cot, Sissy moved to kneel. Every movement caused discomfort as the tightly bound breasts that now adorned her pulled at the hand of gravity. The bandages on her neck almost concealed the fact that a small incision had stolen all power of speech and the gloves hid the delicate work that had been done on her hands. Sissy sat and managed to find a pose where the discomfort was at a minimum and feebly explored her new body. The mittens moved carefully over breasts and neck and then retreated to lie between slightly open thighs.

Another moment of self-discovery.

Sissy looked down and seemed to realise that something had changed and she looked down, expecting the familiar hardness of the steel that had formerly encased her clitty. Instead, more bandages, and she sat and stared with bafflement at her inability to balance all of her discomfort by even just a little secret gratification.

A trickle of Teddy's come dribbled from chin to thigh.

A Stable Relationship

Proverb: *A horse like the wind, a breeze at my back, a crop in my hand and freedom.*

She opened her mouth wide and felt the bit being settled into place. As the straps around her head were pulled into place the hard rubber rod between her teeth pulled back forcing her to open even wider. Hands adjusted the straps behind her head and then slipped a tight hood over her eyes and face that covered from nose to crown.

Ga stood passive, shuffling slightly in the boots that created hooves on her feet, to receive a sharp slap on her behind as a consequence. Hye-Rin, who was personally supervising her training, moved so close that Ga could feel warm breath on her open lips and her hands running over her breasts with an intimate molestation that caused her to hold her breath with terror. In the darkness of the hood, Ga was more than helpless, she was at the mercy of a woman who had none.

"A bit small to be pony," whispered Hye-Rin as her fingers closed and her nails bit into Ga's swelling nipples. "But, perhaps I'll have a tiny trap made especially for you."

Ga moaned in fear.

The noise in her throat rose involuntarily, but she could not help the intense panic manifesting itself. Hye-Rin ignored the slight sound and her hands slid over the almost naked body of her victim with a caress that could have almost been a lover's touch.

"Do you know what happens to a failed pony?"

Hye-Rin's tone was soft and tender, almost as if lecturing a child. Ga stood still, not daring to shake her head, even though the impulse was almost upon her before she could stop it.

"Mares that disappoint me are used to keep the stallions in fine fettle," said Hye-Rin. "I'll soon have three, all of which need to cover a mare regularly or lose their tone. Just think of it! Shackled to the mounting frame, used and fucked. I also know that some of the slaves slip into the stables at night to use the mares, a little perk that I ignore if they do their duties well..."

The hands lifted from her body and Ga trembled, but managed to keep her hooves on the ground. The tight boots, her sensitive feet pushed into en-point, hurt more than the bit, more than the thin straps that were so tight on her arms and torso, but she dared not even shuffle a little.

"I think that you will do just fine," said Hye-Rin. "I have decided to train you personally, it's been a while and I want to keep in practice. That means that we shall start where we left off yesterday. High stepping trot on the leash for an hour. After that there will be a visitor and I expect you to be perfectly behaved as she is a busy woman."

A sharp slap to Ga's ass and then she felt the training lead click onto her collar and was at last allowed to move. Standing still was worse than being able to walk and she lifted her knees high with each step as she had been taught over the last week. In her head, Ga imagined her unseen trainer standing with the leash in her hand leading her to the hard circle that broke the smooth lawns. The slight tugging of the leash, a dribble from her lips and she followed where she was bidden.

Something hard touched her briefly on her behind and Ga responded by stopping. Once again, her weight bore down on her feet and she felt a cramp that could not be hindered. From her calves to her thighs, muscles were being strengthened, prepared for her new life and they protested at the unaccustomed strains.

Another tug at the leash and then a sharp tap and once again Ga was in motion. She sensed a sideways tugging at the leash and realised that she was fastened to the training post in the centre of the circle. She lifted her legs high and felt the strain and stress of balancing with the hood on as well as the hardness of the surface that she trod.

"Faster," cried Hye-Rin. "This is not a stroll! It is a fast trot with knees as high as you can and each hoof in perfect time... Ten minutes at four-beat fast canter, ten at slow two-beat trot."

Ga moaned, but she lifted her legs high and concentrated on the pull of the leash. She could hear steel grind as her leash pulled the top of the post around and knew from the sound each time she had completed a circle. The agony of her legs mounted... surely the ten minutes had passed, but it seemed to last an age before the order came to descend to the two-beat trot.

The slash of the long riding whip on her ass signalled a fault.

"When you move from one pace to another, do it with grace. You are a show-pony not a cart-horse!"

Ga bit back a cry and felt the agony in her thighs subside as the slow trot became a steady rhythm. It was only an hour, but Ga felt as though she was in a terrible world of agony as she tried to match the pace that was expected. Fast and then slow, the slash of the whip was less painful than the cramps in her calves, but she knew that these were just prompting guides. The consequence of a fall or displeasure would make the strain of the training seem like a gentle outing.

The last slow trot was the worst of all. Exhausted and trembling, Ga tried so hard to lift her legs elegantly and smoothly, but her body was just no longer able to respond. Three swift slashes with the whip overcame her fatigue until at last the session was at an end and she stood on trembling legs waiting for Hye-Rin's orders. Her naked body ran with sweat, her muscles felt as though they had been ground to paste, but this was the fifth training exercise and, somehow, she was getting strong enough to complete the drill.

The crunch of Hye-Rin's heels on the hard-packed gravel surface announced that the trainer was approaching and Ga tensed and fought to battle the weakness in her legs.

"There, you see! You can do it for me. Eventually we will build to three hours and you will realise that you can do *anything* that I demand."

Ga felt an irrational surge of pleasure at the faint praise of her Mistress and realised that her mind was being trained as well as her body. Split between fear and the sweet victory of completing the session without falling as she had twice before, Ga breathed slowly and deeply to stand in the motionless stance that was expected of all ponies at rest.

"She's a bit small..."

The voice was that of a woman that Ga did not recognise and she wondered if this was the guest that Hye-Rin had warned her about before the agony of the last hour.

"True, but she has potential and I have decided..."

Firm hands gripped Ga's shoulders, probing with hard fingers before moving down the length of her body to her thighs.

"When?"

"As soon as possible," answered Hye-Rin.

"Are you in such a hurry that you want to break the training for this?"

The hands squeezed thighs and then moved to massage the cramped calves.

"She'll catch up later, I'll make sure of it."

"Well, it's up to you," said the stranger's voice. "I can fit her in tomorrow if you're in such a hurry. After that, the recovery time must be observed perfectly. Only light exercise, halter and obedience training is allowed or it will damage her value."

There was a pause as if Hye-Rin was considering and Ga felt the hands move upward and inspect her intimately. There was no sense of eroticism in the touch, it was an inspection that then moved to trace a line from belly and breasts to massage the shoulders again with a hard grip.

"She might well be a gift, so it has to be perfect!" said Hye-Rin's voice. "I haven't decided yet..."

"Tomorrow then," said the other voice.

"I'll arrange it at this end..."

"Three days' observation and then back here?"

"Perfect! I'm popping over to Japan for a few days for some shopping and a little break. After that I will have plenty of time to complete the training..."

"Fine, make sure that you prepare her and she'll be picked up in the morning. I have been told by Mrs Tokashirimaso that there will be another joining your new pony..."

Amazing Grace

Proverb: *Choice can be heavy a burden.*

Blackness and silence.

The room was no more than a cell where the occupant could stand upright or possibly kneel. Tiled walls could be felt with fingers and the floor was rough concrete. For the first time in days, Anyali was free of shackles, free of the awful frame, free to move and breathe, but not free to go more than the few inches allowed her by the cell. The darkness was complete, an ink-black that sucked in her sight and left small hallucinatory stars in the eyes, the only thing to be seen.

Her hands moved over herself.

She could feel the firm skin, the lines of the welts from a caning and the featureless body which had been stripped down to flesh. Her fingers explored between her thighs, the tiny ring that was now seated in her clitoris caused her to gasp. The feeling of pleasure was so at odds with her captivity and fears!

She explored and felt the first hints of a climax before her hands moved up her body to the gold posts that pierced her erect nipples. Once again, a twinge of excitement that did not belong, something that had to be quelled if she was to concentrate on what was important! Her hands slipped to the steel collar that was the only thing that she wore. A seamless band two inches wide that had no break, no lock and no means of ever removing it.

Anyali fought to suppress her despair.

This freedom, no matter how restricted, had a purpose and those who tormented her had some terrible fate in store, that was sure. Her mind ranged over everything that her mother had told her that was known about the Golden Palace and the Tokashirimaso's. That it was a heavenly pleasure for those who owned it and a terrible hell for those who provided those pleasures. Vague reports of the devilish amusements that included pastimes that were almost impossible to find anywhere else!

The starts flickered in her sight. Illusion, nothing more than a delusion.

She almost broke down as her thoughts turned to self-pity. Why had she not just returned home? How was it that her mother had not been able to release her to escape this fate? She blinked back the tears, the back of her hand feeling

the strange smooth skin where eyebrows and long lashes had been plucked from her.

Anyali lowered to her knees and crouched in the tiny cell, awaiting her fate.

And, in the utter silence and darkness she shivered in terror.

"You understand that *everything* is just for our pleasure? What is the point of money if not to do whatever one wants?"

Charley nodded.

"The maze is so entertaining, as you have already seen" said Hye-Won. Afterwards, we will leave for a few days of amusement in Japan."

"You trust me?"

"There is trust and there is expectation," laughed Hye-Won. "You are bound to my Aunt by more than that collar that you still wear!"

Charley's hands went to the steel ring around her throat and nodded. So many obligations constrained her and pulled from all sides. Duty to the FBI, dread of the consequences of rebelling against the hands that had collared her, but most of all, the discovery that her sentiments pulled her into desires that were ever more difficult to resist.

"Aunty wants to speak to you afterwards, I think that she is going to offer you a choice," said Hye-Won.

"A choice?"

"I tell you this as a friend, be ready to decide the rest of your life..."

Charley felt a tweak of affection for the small Korean girl who smiled up at her. One part of her mind realised that she was being manipulated and groomed, the other welcomed it with open arms.

"I will decide, when the moment comes," said Charley.

"I know that you will make the right decision!"

"And the maze?"

"You have seen it once, now you will see what it was really created for..."

"The rules?"

Hye-Won started to laugh.

"There are no rules, the players decide how the game is played."

Charley looked to where the maid stood by the door and felt a curious mixture of anxiety and thrill. The last few days had been like a dream. It was as though she had suddenly discovered that the Hye triplets were lifelong friends; as if she had been born to the extraordinary world in which they lived. Evenings by the pool, the attention of servile slaves, free to roam the grounds of the Golden Palace as an honoured guest and all the while in the knowledge that she had betrayed the one person that had tried to rescue her. That betrayal was like a stained badge of honour, a lifeline that had saved her from the fate that had swallowed her ANSP colleague.

Charlie had seen the petite girl on her leash, lifting her knees high, trotting at the touch of a whip and she knew that she now despised the little Korean girl. Ga was so perfect as a pony, in her hood, stepping and struggling to please Hye-Rin with every high step. Sightless, just a delicious little pony being trained, a creature whose sole purpose was to delight her betters... Those feelings and concepts were strange to Charley at first, almost unwelcome guests in her head, but they roosted nevertheless. They took on reality of meaning as Charley slipped into a natural feeling of superiority that blossomed as she partook of the temptations of the Golden Palace.

Every care attended to, every wish fulfilled.

That first night after the betrayal, she had turned in her bed, tempted by thoughts that consumed her. At last, unable to sleep, she had slipped into the darkness of dusk to beckon the slave by the pool to be her chosen paramour. That long hour, with his lips between her trembling thighs, had released something inside her that had sought relief since the first time that she had tied up her first boyfriend in Los Angeles and ridden him with her nails leaving deep red trails on his chest.

Now it seemed all so natural, so appropriate that she could take what she wanted almost without thought. Charley had passed through the flames and was becoming what Mrs Tokashirimaso had perceived deep beneath the surface.

"It starts in an hour or so," said Hye-Won with a small smile. "I'll be back..."

"What do I wear?"

"Whatever you want!"

The slave maid, a pretty little Japanese girl, looked like a doll. Her uniform emerald blue and white, like a little sailor-suit that left her vulnerable and ready to be used. The sweet Chinese maid had gone, all reminder of Charley's crisis of uncertainty purged by her silent absence.

As Hye-Won left, Charley beckoned to the tiny slave and strolled to the bathroom. Without thought she slipped the dangling leash to one of the eyelets on the floor and started her preparations. All that was in her mind were the words that Hye-Won had spoken, the knowledge that she was at the edge of a cliff whose drop was so precipitous that a fall would be for ever.

That final step into free-fall beckoned.

Charley entered the glass floored room above the maze to find the Hye sisters standing in the centre of the room chatting casually with a woman that she did not recognise. An austere Korean woman, well over fifty years, with a severe look on her pinched face that made her look uncomfortable, almost as if she was awkward at even being present. Charley coughed to announce her presence and all four of the other occupants of the vast hall turned to acknowledge her presence.

Suddenly Charley felt self-conscious in the tight latex that she wore. She wished that she had dressed informally, jeans and T shirt instead of the elaborate and tight cat-suit that she had decided would be appropriate.

As Charley joined the group she suddenly realised that for the first time she could not distinguish between the triplets. All were in short black dresses and red high heels, the tiny differences of their faces hidden behind the heavy make-up, the bright red lips and foundation that masked features. The brief look of confusion on Charley's face seemed to amuse all three. One held up her hand and the other two followed suit to reveal that each wore a ring with a different coloured stone.

"I would like to introduce Colonel Park Sun Keong," said the sister with the red stone in Korean. "She is visiting the Golden Palace at the moment as a guest of my Aunt and Uncle."

"A pleasure," said Charley.

"American?" asked Sun.

The accent was unfamiliar and Charley realised that this woman was North Korean, a startling revelation that shocked her as she wondered what sort of contacts the Communist North would have with the uber-rich of South Korea.

"East Coast, Los Angeles," said Charley. "Also, a guest..."

"Don't be shy! She's much more than that," said one of the sisters. "Charley is a representative of the FBI..."

The North Korean woman nodded as though it was no surprise that an agent of the American authorities should be a guest in such a place. The bell rang and the floor beneath their feet slowly brightened to allow the five women to see below. Colonel Sun seemed startled by the transformation and looked down at the endless glass panels that formed a labyrinth below their feet.

"One against one," giggled the sister with the emerald ring with a salacious pout.

"Hye-Su!" said Charley with a smile.

"Oh, very good! We can't trick you for long," said Hye-Su. "So tell me, which is Rin?"

Charley looked at the other two sisters and suddenly she was back at that moment when the decision had been so dangerous. This time, it was just a game, and she laughed.

"Ip dip," said Charley with a laugh. "It's you!"

"Right again," said Hye-Sin. "Luck or skill?"

"Skill of course!" said Charley as she blessed her luck.

Below their feet, the glass floor had revealed an expanse of glass walls that formed tight corridors and occasional rooms. They were standing above just such a space where three corridors intersected and a frame stood ready for a victim. Charley moved a few steps and realised that the maze below was a baffling complex that would allow all the participants to see each other with ease. The glass walls were so polished that only from above could their course be seen.

"The prey has no exit," said Hye-Su. "Where she is finally caught will determine her fate."

Charley walked a few small steps and cursed that she had put on the highest heeled boots that had found. She had forgotten about the smooth glass floor of the viewing room. Below her was another small glass walled room. Just two paces from the first, she realised that the whole maze might have to be traversed to reach it. In this room was a smooth stone box the size of a trunk. The elaborate wooden lid lay on the floor, a hole at each end of the beautifully ornate and the shackles inside suggested its use.

"Any moment now, the game begins... come here!" said Hye-Rin.

She was standing at the far end of the hall looking down and Charley arrived just as the bell rang again. On the solid wall below was a sliding door that slowly raised. When it was a foot from the floor a slim hand appeared to be followed by a crawling naked creature that blinked in the light and looked around at her eccentric surroundings.

"Ooh, she's a tempting bitch," said Hye-Su with a small titter.

The naked, bald and collared woman slowly stood as if for the first time. Stretching her legs and touching the glass with her fingertips as she tried to assess the situation before she looked up and saw the figures standing smiling above.

Above her was a glass ceiling that was more than proverbial.

Anyali blinked in the light.

Five women stood far above looking down at her. Three young Korean girls in short black dresses wearing kitten heels. From her vantage point she could see that none of them wore anything other than those scraps of black, exposed and shameless. A tall blonde in tight latex and an older woman in almost decorous dress who looked down sourly with disapproval written all over her features.

Anyali's hands sought the glass barriers that were polished to almost-invisibility and started to move. She could see that wall after crystal wall stretched to infinity, greening the light into the far distance. A feeling of hopelessness overcame her and she realised that this was a game for the amusement of

those over her head. She took two steps and edged around a wall cautiously and wondered what awfulness she would find in this vast trap.

Dogs? Hunters? Was there even a way out?

She glanced up again to see that only two of the girls were following her, the shadows of the others at a slant in the distance distorted by the glass. Her heart thumped in her chest as she made her way into the maze. This way and that, each few paces a junction or a blind cul-de-sac. Naked and helpless, the quarry moved in random directions, steered by walls and junctions for five minutes before she suddenly remembered the formula for finding an exit to a maze.

Follow a single wall and the whole labyrinth would be covered...

But, did she want to pace every foot of the maze? A sure way to meet a pursuer. For a moment, she stood, deciding if pure logic would help or lead her to some terrible fate. Anyali stretched a hand out and touched the cold glass. This wall would lead her out...

Step by step she moved, looking all around her, following her wall through every angle and junction before she found herself in a space with three ways out. Standing in the centre of the room was a huge box with a leather padded top. By the box lay a saddle and a short crop. Anyali picked up the crop and held it tight before tracing the wall and following it into a long straight stretch of corridor that was so narrow that she almost touched both sides as she moved.

She paused a moment to look around.

Above was the blonde woman and one of the small Korean girls. When she looked behind, Anyali saw a sight that made her cry out in shock. Seemingly from nowhere the other occupant of the maze stood smiling at her. A middle-aged Korean woman. Clad in a matte suit of black, she was painfully thin, her hair braided into a plait, boots on her legs that met between her thighs, a simple bamboo rod in her hand that flicked towards Anyali in a sweep, hitting the glass with almost no sound. Anyali panicked, forgetting her plan she chose junctions at random to get away, while the shadow of her pursuer faded a little in the distance, baffled by the complexity of the maze.

Three turns to the right, four to the left, or was it five?

Twice, Anyali collided with a sudden twist or angle of the glass before she slowed and realised that now she was once again in an open space. This time

there was a carved stone box, the lid lying nearby. Inside, shackles and clasps to hold its victim powerless, she knew what it was and shuddered. This was what she had done to others, now that Anyali was the victim she could feel the fear that she had so relished as the one with the keys in her hands.

Exhausted from the terror of the pursuit, Anyali rested on the box and tried to calm herself.

'What is this place?' she wondered.

A realisation struck her and all hope of escape vanished in the realisation that each of the rooms so far described a fate that she herself had administered. Pony and boxed slave... what else was there here in this nightmare place?

Anyali stumbled from the room in a daze. No longer objective, no longer able to think coherently, she staggered from the room, taking choices of paths that she could not recall. A nerveless hand dropped the crop as she felt for walls and blind alleys and when she turned back to pick it up she found herself able to see it on the floor, but an impenetrable sheet of crystal lay between her and the only weapon that she had managed to find.

The woman who pursued her with obvious enjoyment was twice just a few inches from her, but each time, glass lay between them as Anyali moved through the nightmare. She stopped to sob, almost curled on the floor to await her fate, but managed to move on to find a solid wall on her right. The prey was at the outer edge of the maze and was, for only the second time, blocked by a wall that was not transparent. Ahead she could see that she was close to another room. A place where a metal frame stood waiting for a victim. A frame that was surrounded by devices that would torment and violate. Mechanisms that could fuck a victim endlessly while an owner enjoyed a show of helplessness.

Anyali gasped for breath and then cried out as the Korean huntress stepped into the room with a smile. The woman pointed at the frame and then Anyali, who shrank against the solid wall with a whine. She bent and picked up a long dildo and slowly screwed it to the stalk that emerged from one of the contraptions before her toe switched on the machine. Anyali watched her allow the machine to move with slow strokes through the palm of her hand, fucking her hand.

She ran.

Turned and moved as fast as possible until the horror that she had seen faded to green shadows. In and out of the corridors. A blind alley, a turn back and a

turn to the right that led her towards another room that she saw long before she entered. A chamber with a bed. Vast, like a soft playground, the bed had no torments to present. For an irrational moment, Anyali decided that if she had to choose a fate this one seemed the best so far. The coverlets on the bed were loose and ruffled as though the sleeper had just awoken and Anyali was tempted to await her fate in this, the place of her choosing.

She pulled off a silken sheet with the idea that not being naked was a good idea. It came to her hand easily, revealing a crumpled heap of latex. Anyali dropped the sheet and picked up the suit, thinking to put it on to boost her self-confidence. Somehow, not being naked was almost a step towards escape.

She dropped the suit in shock and it crumpled to heap on the sheets.

Blindly, for minutes, Anyali sought to escape that room. Ran hither and thither, bruised from slamming into unseen walls before she found that she was back in that room, the latex costume crumpled on the bed, the silk sheet strewn on the floor, slippery underfoot. In the distance, she could see a shadow of movement and realised that somehow she had been driven back to the worst of all fates. The bed where the armless and legless latex suit waited to be filled by a helpless dolly for endless nights of defenceless torment and play.

Now, Mrs Tokashirimaso, was nearly upon her, moving with confident steps past Anyali in a direction that would lead her back to the room where Anyali trembled in terror.

A different route!

Anyali left by the one unexplored exit and moved at last with purpose. This game had crystallised to become an evil choice of sorts. There was no way to escape, all that she could do was to find the least terrifying nightmare in the crystal maze of Mrs Tokashirimaso.

For the first time, she heard a sound other than her own breath. A noise that was not her own padding feet. The slow click of heels on the hard floor. Anyali surged forward to seek another room and find another fate. Desperate to put as much distance as possible between herself and the terrible bedroom that she had visited twice, she suddenly found the edge-walls of the maze to her left.

Behind her, the sound of heels had faded but was still audible.

Ahead, Anyali could see another room, objects faded to green by the glass of the labyrinth. She traced the glass with her fingers and tried to get close until she was just one pane of glass from her objective. A feeling of misery filled her as she saw that this room was a bathroom. Steel rings fitted on the pillar of the porcelain of the toilet showed that this room was not one that Anyali wanted to find and once again she panicked.

'There has to be an escape,' she thought. 'There has to be...'

Anyali looked up for the first time since being in the bedroom. Above her one of the Korean girls stood, her hand between her thighs and a look of sheer bliss on her face as she looked down at the stricken Turkish dominatrix. She was joined by the others. The sour-faced woman, the tall blonde and the other two Korean girls.

She cried out with an incoherent scream of frustration and then moved fast.

Her hands sensitive, held in front, finding every turn as she moved. There was movement ahead, Mrs Tokashirimaso with a smile suddenly stepped sideways and was upon her before Anyali could turn and run. The bamboo rod bent in her hands and she struck out like lightning, striking at the Turkish woman. A searing pain caused Anyali to scream and she ran back from the menace before her.

Right, left, left again and then right. Right, left, each turn seemingly random, each decision made by the woman who pursued her by a noise or the smack of the cane on glass.

Behind the steady steps of pursuit, now certain of victory, Mrs Tokashirimaso knew the maze so well. Driving her quarry to the fate that she had determined before the game had even begun. Taking her to the centre, anticipating each choice by a spoken word or weight of her step.

And, so far above, the watchers realised the skill of the huntress and applauded each move like aficionados. Like a game of chess or go, each move led to another and another as Mrs Tokashirimaso steered the frightened quarry.

Anyali turned, turned to the left and then right to be faced by the bedroom that she had fled twice already. A wall of glass separated prey and a terrible fate. It stretched for miles under Anyali's fingers, even though it was just a few feet. Suddenly it ceased, entry into the bedroom was gaping in front of her eyes. Anyali lurched forwards and hit the glass with a shock that sent her reeling.

She turned.

Behind, Mrs Tokashirimaso moved like a cat before a mouse. Stepping slowly, a grin on her face, she stalked forward and Anyali crossed the bedroom to find the exit. Her eyes were so misted by tears that she reached to find an exit. Surely there had been one by the head of that bed? Her hands spread wide and then the cane struck and she collapsed in a heap to hands and knees.

Tried to crawl from the room.

In Turkish, Anyali babbled pleas and implorations, but the cane swept down and Mrs Tokashirimaso stood astride her, Anyali crawled on to the bed, its soft silk under her knees as another stroke of the cane raised a welt across the back of thighs. Weakened by days in the frame, the strain and stress of the chase, Anyali was at the end of her tether as the Korean woman tossed the cuffs at her waist to the bed and Anyali held her wrists imploringly.

Crushed!

Above her, the ceiling closed to black, the light faded to a gloomy grey and Mrs Tokashirimaso lasciviously slid a zipper from navel to the small of her back as she watched the crumpled naked woman on the bed finally slip on the cuffs and close them. This was going to be a sweet, private pleasure.

Mrs Tokashirimaso mounted the bed and picked up the abbreviated slack latex costume to hold it up for a few moments before Anyali's tear-filled eyes, then dropping it to the floor. It would fit perfectly so soon. Mrs Tokashirimaso could feel *that* response, that twist of excitement that was so delectable, the moment of utter misery. This was the emotion that made all the effort worthwhile, the moment when all hope was finally lost.

The game had been excellent and longer than many.

But, there had been better!

Bank on it

Quote: *I don't know who invented high heels, but all women owe him a lot.*
Marilyn Monroe.

Kansai Airport.

Packed with scurrying people, tourists in the midst of their first confused minutes in Japan; businessmen moving smartly to their gates. The Hye sisters and Charley emerged from the sliding doors into the stream of people, casual in denims and leather jackets. Charley's fingers were hooked into the tops of her jeans, her thumb on the place where a belt-loop had been excised. She towered over the three girls that excitedly chattered about the weekend before them, but Charley could feel a pit in her stomach, a desire to run away from them. Run and run, head back for the Los Angeles that she loved, because all she could feel was the surrender that had led her here.

"They will know that I am here," said Charley, breaking into Hye-Rin's excited chatter about the shopping that awaited.

"Who?" asked Hye-Su.

"The FBI, of course," muttered Charley.

"That's the idea," said Hye-Rin. "We need them to know that you have not just disappeared, keep you in their eye and have them believe that you have inserted yourself."

Charley looked at her and muttered under her breath, but Hye-Su elaborated her sister's comment.

"You are our 'reverse' spy..."

"Reverse?" asked Charley as they started to walk down the concourse towards the front of the airport buildings.

"Sun-Tzu, the Chinese philosopher," answered Hye-Won. "There are five types of agent, the 'reverse' agent sits at the heart of the enemy's councils and reports his inner thoughts... They must think that you are still theirs; to do this you must be seen to be at the heart of our plans!"

"A double agent?"

"If you like," said Hye-Rin.

Charley digested the information. There were so many questions to ask about their plans for her, questions that she dared not ask; but she decided that now was not the time to ask *how* they could be so sure that she was not a double-double agent. The thoughts sent her reflections in ever decreasing circles.

Hye-Su put an arm around Charley's waist as they walked. The contact was intimate and her voice came to Charley's ear caused her to start.

"You were so very subtle with Aunty," whispered Hy-Su, "almost as clever as a Korean!"

Charley looked down at the cute face that pouted up at her, "It was how I felt," she replied.

"Ah, you had feelings for my little Chinese Dragon-embroidered slut?"

"I betrayed her..."

"Of course you did, how could either of you do *anything* other than follow my design?"

Charley shrugged, but she felt a tug inside, a twitch of guilt.

"You will learn where you belong... just hope that you do not share her fate! Such a shame to desecrate the expensive creations on her pelt, but then I expect utter obedience from my servants!"

The four women had arrived at a bustling taxi rank and paid a premium to join the front of the queue before stepping inside the limousine that was to take them to the hotel.

"We have just two days, so let's make the most of them," said Hye-Su. "Shopping, clubbing and a little more... business of course... business always comes first."

"Yumerakuen tonight," giggled Hye-Won. "We all have separate suites in the hotel, so that we can have a little fun!"

"I just love the Japanese men," said Hye-Su. "Arrogant and so straight, then you get them on their own and they are like little puppies and put up with anything!"

"I called up a couple, we are expected, I just love the role-play!"

Charley looked from one sister to the other. This was their whole life, skipping here and there, running errands for their Aunt, organising behind the scenes and obsessing about sex at every moment. In casual dress, demure and almost like little schoolgirls, they chattered and laughed while she sat, tensed and anxious.

The suites in the huge hotel were luxurious and perfectly appointed. The luggage already placed in the rooms and displays of pink cherry blossom filling the room with their scent. Charley tried to guess at the price of a room like this, but her imagination failed her. A thousand dollars a night? Two, three, ten? The suite was bigger than her whole apartment in Los Angeles and finished in cool marble and gold, the view onto the busy intersection below a mass of people that hurried like a river.

Was this all a show?

Teaching her what could be if she capitulated? Money no object. Only luxury and indulgence. The reward for being a part of their twisted world. Charley stared down at the river of people and realised that she was no longer a part of the normal world. A world of mortgage payments, bills and ordinary relationships. She was above every part of that, all because they had tempted her into their world.

Charley turned to open her case. She had not packed it, had not even realised that she had a full case, assuming that they would buy clothes when they arrived. Inside were two of the most beautiful dresses that she had ever seen. Her trembling hands lifted one and held it to the light. A fall of lace that would drape to her feet, artfully designed to cover and reveal, a dress that would allow no other clothes at all if the lines were not to be spoiled. The other dress was red and smooth, a total shroud of lace. A fresh skin in matte-red that would cover from wrist to feet with a form-fitting tightness and she realised that this was another lesson from the Golden Palace.

They chose her dress, they chose her image, creating the Charley that *they* needed, moulding her and making everything that she did a surrender to their designs. In some ways, Charley was as helpless as the vulnerable pillow doll in the guest room that she had witnessed what seemed an age ago. Moulded, reduced and rebuilt for the pleasure of her owners.

Charley stripped and contemplated the two dresses.

Which was the right one?

The clues that the American woman had were so slight; she knew that they would be paying a visit to some office to find partners before going to the Yumerakuen club that they had been so effusive about. Business first. After that, back to the hotel for more games... Charley unpacked the suitcase and laid out the contents on the bed. Two pairs of stilettos, both fitting perfectly. Hold-up stockings, a padded silk jacket in black, embroidered with writhing dragons and a small handbag in silk, almost like a small sack.

She opened the handbag to find the contents startling. Apart from the make-up and folded bank-notes, a coiled whip, a pair of cuffs and a tiny mobile phone fitted perfectly into the bag, leaving no room for other items.

Another test? Of course! Everything was a trial, from now on, her life was a test!

Charley stood naked and decided.

The smooth red dress, she hung in the wardrobe and held up the delicate lace dress against the light. With the jacket and black laced stilettos, it would be perfect. Three zippers and a row of tint eyelets down one thigh, Charley slipped into the dress and carefully closed it to the thigh. She could close the entire drape of the skirt, but it would be so tight that her steps would be tiny. She slipped on the sparkling stockings, closing the dress just below the point of the wide seams that closed around her thighs.

With the shoes on her feet, towering over six feet in a world of diminutive people, she looked like a divinity in lace. Large firm breasts with almost opaque lace that swirled over nipples. Paisley florets that massed between her thighs and then faded to allow her pale skin to highlight the lace. The emotions that filled her as she stood and admired herself in the mirrors of the bathroom were intense. This was the Charley that emerged when there were no limits. Sexual goddess, temptress and mistress, revealed and hidden, a woman who was at the edge of naked, but covered.

The woman that she wanted to be!

Her hand dipped into her bag and pulled out the mobile phone to check the time. Dressing had taken longer than she had realised, in five minutes, Charley had to be in the foyer of the hotel, ready to go wherever the Hye-triplets had decided. She looked at the phone and then closed its clamshell with a click. The only numbers that had been listed on the tiny screen were labelled 'Su', 'Won' and 'Rin'.

Charley stalked out of the lift into the foyer.

There was no other way to move and she suddenly felt herself the centre of covert glances and hidden admiring looks. It seemed that she had made a suitable entrance and she stood for a moment before slowly strolling to the doors of the hotel with a tilt of her hips. Suddenly, Charley realised that she had not checked how revealing the back of the dress was and almost hesitated, but checking in the mirrored foyer would not fit her image at all! She felt as though she was in command of the whole hotel, the central attraction as a couple stepped out of her path with a deferential side movement. The Hye-triplets were waiting outside and showed the same admiring looks that Charley had received in the hotel.

"I knew that she'd choose the lace," exclaimed Hye-Su.

All three were dressed in soft pastels, like three little schoolgirls dressed in their dolly's outfits, they were a surprising mixture of suggestive and bashful. Flounces and wide collars, décolletage and legs terminating in savage spikes. Each of the three had a small bag that matched their outfits and Charley could guess the contents.

"So, where to?" asked Charley.

"The place that we have arranged to meet our partners for the night," said Hye-Su. "Business and pleasure. You are so perfect in that dress, a million dollars! I'm almost tempted to have you as my partner for the night!"

The other two sisters giggled at the sally, but Charley felt unease because the comment seemed an indication of their power over her. Suddenly, she no longer felt as though she was the mistress who had stalked the hotel foyer, but the plaything of the girls who were dressed like dolls.

"Then, let's go back to my room," said Charley, but the laugh that followed it sounded hollow in her ears.

For a moment, it seemed that Hye-Su was mulling over the idea when a taxi pulled to the kerb and the moment slipped away.

Ten minutes in the confusion of the heavy traffic and they stepped on to the pavement. Stretching high above were commercial buildings, banks and offices. Streaming from the doors were those that had finished their working day.

"These are the offices of the bank that Aunty uses for the business," said Hye-Won. "Of course, she owns most of it and it provides an amusing diversion whenever we are..."

"I don't understand," said Charley as they made their way to the row of lift doors.

"Sometimes she sends us here just to show the men that run the bank that she truly controls everything that they do..." said Hye-Rin with a small laugh. "One of her little games, but the married salary-men that work for her always need reminding that *her* word is law!"

A key allowed access to the suites and offices at the very top of the building and the lift swished silently upwards while the three little dollies with Charley dipped into their hand-bags to pull whips into their hands. Charley followed suit with a self-conscious smile. This was one of the strangest events so far and she was unsure of what exactly awaited them.

The doors opened into a vast open space. Glass walls and throughways between the desks, most of which were empty. Hye-Su lifted her lace-gloved hand and cracked the whip. It curled in the air and snapped, causing a petite Japanese woman to stand with a smile. She made a small bow with palms pressed together and spoke in fluent Korean.

"Mistresses, you were not expected!"

"But, we *are* here," said Hye-Su. "Please escort us to the offices..."

The Japanese woman bowed again and once again, Charley felt all eyes covertly examining her. Why was this giant American woman here? A feeling of fear pervaded the office, but Charley floated above it, revelling in her authority. Her hand flicked the whip making it crack before she followed the other four down a long glass corridor. The whole office seemed an everyday reflection of the maze in the Golden Palace, a vast trap where her victims awaited her. Men and women at the desks stood and made small bows for the passing group until at last they entered the office of the bank President.

Seven men and two women sat at the vast table in the room. Each stood and turned to face the entering women before the secretary that had led them to this opulent office retreated with another small bow and closed the door.

Hye-Su spoke first.

"Where is President Togugawa?" she asked, "My Aunt sent the invitation..."

There was a moment of frightened stillness before the young man in the throne-like chair of the president said, "His wife has fallen gravely ill..."

"No excuse," hissed Hye-Won. "Mrs Tokashirimaso gave very clear orders. Have him picked up without delay, boxed and taken to the Golden Palace! A man that values *personal* needs over his owner's is no use to us. You will now vote on the motion to dismiss him immediately and realise that this is a lesson in obedience. You will all be punished with loss of bonuses for the next two months for not reporting his absence..."

The group around the table spoke in Japanese in whispered tones and then all raised their hands and signed the document that the chairman passed around. He looked over his shoulder at the schoolgirl behind, the tail of her whip writhing like a living thing.

"May I make the arrangements?"

Hye-Su nodded and the whip fluttered like a snake.

He slipped a phone from the pocket of his suit and spoke briefly in Japanese, all Charley could make out was the name of the president of the bank.

"I am not happy at all, not in the least!" announced Hye-Rin. "My Aunt, Mrs Tokashirimaso is considering all of your futures. She will be most disappointed that you take your responsibilities with such a casual attitude that the president does not even bother to turn up to discuss the agenda that she has set."

She drew breath and looked at the upturned frightened faces of the Japanese executives that quaked in their seats without daring to say a word in defence.

"I *could* be swayed to pass this off as a single fool not carrying out her wishes," continued the petite woman with a tight-lipped smile. "It depends on your fidelity to the principal that Mrs Tokashirimaso and those that she chooses to implement her wishes are properly contrite..."

Her language became flowery and rhymed in Korean and Charley was impressed with the way that she manipulated the language to browbeat those around the table.

"My sisters and our valued guest have decided that we are going to have a little entertainment tonight. I think that each of us should have one of you as a guide and companion for the next couple of days. This might soften the report that we give Aunty Tokashirimaso. It would be a great shame if those around this table ended their careers in the Golden Palace with former President Togugawa, even though I think that there is real potential... he will receive my personal attention when I return, you can be sure of it..."

Charley watched the faces of those around the table melt in fear like wax. The colour dripped from their faces. The young chairman of the board dropped his pen on the table and watched it roll to drop to the floor.

"I think that Miss Engel here should choose a partner first as a sign of her importance to my Aunt's plans and then we shall head for a little club for drinks, to all get to know each other a little more intimately..."

The terror became palpable.

"Charley?"

Charley's mind jumped from her reverie and she looked around the table. Each of the seated executives dropped their eyes as she cast her eye over them, as she tried to make the right choice. The implication was clear, she was expected to pick one of the nine to play with for the duration of the trip and the choice had to be right. For a moment, she considered the chairman of the board. Young, fit and strong. Then her eyes took in the two women. One petite and so very Japanese, the other a young woman of impressive size and build who had a hint of defiance in her eyes as they fluttered under long lashes. Perhaps one of the two older men? One was so handsome that she was tempted, but her roving eye scanned the rest looking for a sign of what she and the Hye sisters wanted, because this was yet another test.

Charley was sure of it!

They all seemed to be holding their breath, hoping that they would not be the one chosen by the frighteningly tall American in lace. And yet, the fear was greater that if they were not, they might accompany one of the devilish schoolgirls that smiled at their terror.

She lifted her hand, the whip hanging in a loop, and pointed at the woman who was the only one of the nine that seemed to have an emotion apart from sheer dread at what was happening.

"Her," said Charley.

"Ooh, I wanted that bitch," said Hye-Su. "So, I choose you..." she pointed at the petite female Japanese executive with her manicured finger, confirming what Charley had suspected.

Charley picked the large woman because she instinctively selected the one with the most defiance in her eyes to meet the test. Hye-Su, because women were her personal bias!

Hye-Rin and her other sister picked the chairman and the older man sitting by his side with relish and then dismissed the board of the bank.

As they filed out of the plush office, Hye-Won said, "These pathetic worms will all end in the Golden Palace and the stables if they do not wake up to smell the coffee..."

The four selected victims sat at their table and shook...

The eight of them in the group made a strange contrast that brought stares and averted eyes from passers-by. A tall American blonde, brash and attractive in her heels and lace dress. The three identical triplets, each in another pastel colour, looking demure and bashful. Giggling like little girls on a day-trip. Each partnered with a suited Japanese executive dressed in a suit, each with an emotionless expression that signalled their unwillingness at being led to an unsure destiny. The only one of the four Japanese not trembling, the tall board-member whose generous figure was even more shapely than Charley's, even if she was five inches shorter in height.

Their steps took them through the last dying rushes of commuters. Any who were not on their way home were destined to work all night at their desks.

The Yumerakuen Club was twenty minutes' walk from the bank. Charley was just starting to feel the pinch of the heels that she wore as they arrived at the plain door that led up to the un-signposted Club. When the door opened, she was reminded of the Club in Seoul where the whole tale had begun in the company of Ga. A single woman guarded the door and welcomed the eight guests with a small bow.

At the top of the stairs was a small bar and Charley realised that the club was a converted apartment. Confined, almost claustrophobic, the bar was naked of stools, behind which stood a naked man whose collar was attached to a ring above his head by a leash. A woman moved from the shadows and Charley guessed that she was the owner or mistress of what was clearly a sexual haunt for fetishists.

The walls were decorated with framed photos that depicted men and women in tasteful poses, all tied with yards of rope that was knotted in complex and intricate knots.

In Korean, the mistress of the house said, "Welcome, ladies. Everything is prepared as you asked. My place is private and yours for the night as you wish and the assistants that you required are waiting for your selection..."

It was Hye-Rin that took charge and she indicated the four women's Japanese companions and said, "A little preparation, please. We shall be using them later..."

The mistress nodded and lifted her hand to show a small bell in her palm that rang twice.

"They will be cared for as you normally require," she said.

The door opened and a stunning Japanese woman strolled into the room. A few words in Japanese sufficed, and she led the four bankers from the bar, the long bamboo in her hand herding them like helpless sheep as they filed into the darkness.

The barman made up the elaborate cocktails that they ordered and Charley wondered what they were waiting for. She had a little Japanese, just a few words really and stood feeling unheeded as their hostess exchanged a few words with the Hye triplets. It was almost as if the three girls had two distinct personalities. On the one hand, a girlish coyness, on the other hard and cruel, completely at odds with coquettish femininity. In the bank they had been ruthless, demanding and brutal, now they moved like little dolls, holding their hands over their lips in shock at some comment from the Japanese dominatrix who chatted with them.

Charley found herself lost in a daydream and she was startled as Hye-Rin slipped her small hand into Charley's and spoke in Korean to her.

"In Japan, the vogue is always to push the limits. Humiliation is never enough, it has to be extreme, so Aya here has organised a little show..."

Charley nodded.

"Each of us has chosen a slave, now they need to be taught a lesson in humility! We, on the other hand get to see how experts handle a whip..."

The lights changed, waned to a dim twilight and Charley realised that the entire back wall of the bar room was a glass wall that overlooked another where all four of their chosen partners were strung, naked and helpless in a mesh of rope. Elaborate knots stretched them in a row between ceiling and floor, a web of cords that left them with toes on the hard-wooden tiles showing

every twitching muscle and the rivulets of sweat highlighted by the hot spotlights over their heads.

"This position is known as 'heavenly flying bird'," said the hostess. "The woman that I have chosen to make the display is my daughter, an expert in the long whip..."

Every detail of the exposed bodies was revealed starkly in shadow and light. Bunched muscles, small twitches and writhing veins. The woman that Charley had chosen was revealed as a woman who did not conform to the stereotyped Japanese woman. Unlike the petite small breasted woman that Hye-Su had chosen she was wide-hipped with large breasts that were full, but hung like cones, nipples pointing downwards. Her thighs were round and strong, her legs shapely and long, her waist narrow with a delicious small pot-belly that moved with every breath.

The young man that Hye-Rin had chosen, the chairman of the board hung slackly in the ropes. Strong and well-muscled, his cock stood straight and bobbed with every move while the older man bore a series of scars on his back and ass that bore witness to the fact that he was not unacquainted with the kiss of the whip.

Only the woman that Charley had chosen dared look across through the glass to the four owners. Not defiance, but a slight smile crossed her rounded face, almost as if she was appreciating the encounter even if she was unwilling.

"The Tokashirimassos certainly has an interesting take on business matters!" said Charley.

The three triplets broke into giggles and the hand in Charley's closed and squeezed.

"They have to understand that they owe everything to my Aunt and Uncle," said Hye-Rin. "On the one hand, all the rewards of wealth and status, on the other that there is a price to pay for disappointing their superiors. This way, they learn that corporate power and absolute power are all part of the same spectrum. They are expected to train their own staff as they are trained themselves..."

Charley started to laugh, but she did not reveal the thought that had slipped into her mind. How perfect it would be if all banks were run with such ruthless control! If the punishment for poor decisions was the kiss of the whip...

Behind the four exposed figures, a nightmare figure stepped into view. A woman dressed in bright red, tight and smooth, a long whip trailing behind into the shadows from which she had stepped. Only her almond eyes and full lips showed, every inch of her smooth shiny latex from the spiked heels of her long boots to the tips of her fingers. She stepped around her victims and made a small bow with closed hands to her appreciative audience. The hand clasped in Charley's slipped free. Hye-Rin held up four fingers, Hye-Won two and the other Hye triplet four.

They all looked at Charley and she realised that this was a signal to the red demoness and she held up two fingers of her own hand.

Once again, the smooth red figure bowed low and snicked her whip with her hand causing it to writhe on the hard wood. She stalked around her victims and whispered something into the ear of each before she took a stance with legs apart.

Her wrist flicked. The movement was sudden, the braid of the long snake utterly under her control and the tip of the whip leapt from the floor to snap in a blur against the inside thigh of the older banker. No sound was to be heard through the glass, but Charley winced in shock as a line of red appeared that perfectly encircled the trembling thigh of the middle-aged man.

"A difficult stroke," commented the hostess with relish. "Making the ends of the circle meet perfectly is an art that takes *true* skill."

The red Japanese dominatrix stalked around her victims. It seemed to Charley that the waiting, the expectation was an important part of the story that was being created. The woman that Hye-Su had chosen twitched in reaction to the passing of the svelte red figure and she received the next touch of the whip. A welt appeared, from her pouting slit, over her belly, between her breasts, a straight line that could have been laid with a plumb-line.

Sweat poured from the petite woman as she writhed in the ropes as her tormentress moved on and inspected her victims for signs that would cause her to show her expertise with the writhing lash at her feet. Charley watched in fascination. The show was so artistic, an expression of pain and skill that caused her to feel almost as if she were the subject and not merely an onlooker.

The woman that she had chosen was still. Almost relaxed and was the last to receive a touch of the tip of the whip. When it came a thin line of purple bruise extended from shoulder, crossed one of the pendulous breasts leaving a drop of red to hang on the very tip of a nipple. Charley felt a wetness between her

thighs and clenched them to experience a thrill as the next to receive a stroke was the chairman.

Across his thighs, catching his heavy balls, the stoke caused him to bend forward and sway as he fought to remain motionless, but failed. The hand of the red demoness stroked his cheek momentarily in affection as if his fight to contain the terror was something that she sympathised with.

"His wife will be ashamed when she sees the recording," said Hye-Rin with a small smile. "He will be chastised for not having remained immobile as he should."

Charley looked at Hye-Rin.

"She knows?"

"She was chosen for him," laughed the petite doll in the light blue frills. "Every part of his life is controlled by us, it is the price that he pays for the advantages of the money and status. She is such a sadistic bitch, not at all the perfect little obedient Japanese housewife that he had to divorce when he was promoted to the board..."

"And the President of the bank?" asked Charley.

Hye-Rin looked up at Charley and smiled.

"The woman chosen for him will end in the Golden Palace as well. There is a price for failure and she will pay it too... She should have shooed him from her sick-bed, she knew the price!"

The tickling between Charley's thighs, the prickling heat and sensitivity took her to the edge of climax. She enjoyed the sensation, falling into a fugue as the red huntress stalked her staked out prey. Of all of the four, her own chosen partner was the only one that did not seem in fear of the long-braided whip.

The second touch of the whip left a line that began at the soft stretched inner thigh. From the pouting lip of pussy it crossed her belly and faded by her broad thigh. For the first time, she showed a reaction, an almost-climax that shook her thighs and belly and Charley realised that her chosen slave relished the touch of torment with lascivious pleasure.

The show was at an end, half an hour where the tension and expectation of torment had been almost greater than the actuality. The red dominatrix, the

daughter of their hostess, bowed low and slipped from the room behind the glass after placing a small kiss on the lips of all of her victims.

The four bound players of the demonstration hung in their elaborate rope webs while more drinks were ordered and stools were brought into the bar by a naked man. Charley could not help looking at the place under the steel restraint on his cock where his balls had once hung. Fascinated she reached out and ran her fingertips over the silky skin before allowing him to complete his task.

The guests at the bar drank and became merry. They chatted about the shopping that they would do next day, the doings at the Golden Palace and their plans for a trip to Hong Kong where it seemed that they had close friends. Charley felt strange, the chatter seemed inconsequential, like a girl's night out, and yet occasional references uncovered the uncompromising means by which they amused themselves with helpless victims.

Charley found her quizzed about America and Los Angeles in particular and she realised that none of them had ever visited the States. It seemed that the Hye sisters knew almost everything about her life with Candy, every detail of each lover and time in the FBI. She realised that this was another lesson, to teach her that there were no secrets, nothing that could be hidden from them.

When the subject wandered to the proper training of ponies, Charley's attention wandered. She could not help thinking about Ga and she shut out the thoughts and watched the four partners behind the bar being carefully unbound while the daughter of the hostess supervised the fitting of cuffs and shackles. The lights raised and all four were brought into the bar.

Whilst the conversation continued, they were each added to the stools occupied by the five women who were drinking and enjoying the evening. Just like in Lady Aga's Club, each of the guests found that they had a servitor face-up under their seats. Charley watched the Hye sisters and the hostess adjust themselves to the new possibilities. The petite Korean girls flounced their frocks and settled with smiles and satisfied expressions to the intimate touch of lips and tongue. Charley followed suit. Carefully she undid the row of tiny hooks that were open at the tip of her thigh until the dress was open to the hip. Her hands parted the delicate lace and she moved to enjoy the tempting touch of the woman below her.

When she looked down, she could see through the lace on her lap, the eyes of her slave looking up at her as lips opened and a slight touch on the swollen lips of her pussy as a questing tongue moved to please her. There was no rush to climax, seemingly no effort or attempt to make Charley orgasm. Instead a

slow soothing kissing and probing that came and faded with exquisite sensitivity.

Just the eyes that looked up through the lace and locked to hers.

Charley sighed and settled in the chair a little to aid the gentle work that the lips were administering. Her feet rested on the circling rest of Hye-Rin's stool and when she looked down she could see that the soles of her stilettos were just an inch from the straining hard cock of the man who pleased the ass beneath the blue frock. With a smile, she moved her foot a little to run from one end of that cock to the other and started to chuckle when it stiffened to full extent under the point of her shoe.

Hye-Rin seemed startled and looked down at what Charley was doing.

Then she gasped and whispered, "Bitch!"

"Anything for you, dear," retorted Charley with a chuckle. "Get ready for something unique!"

The cock was upright, the sole of Charley's shoe, pressing it hard. The spike of her heel pressing at the root of it. She slowly moved her foot upwards, the heel running across the throbbing veins as it approached the vulnerable tip. The reaction from Hye-Rin was gratifying, it seemed that the man under her was working ever harder to please, but he knew what was coming and nothing that he could do could possibly stop the violation that was coming.

The sharp spike of the stiletto was poised on the opening of the rigid cock, it rested there while Charley moved her other foot into play. She used it to press him hard and then slowly allowed her heel to slip into him as the first welling of slick pre-cum slicked the fuck.

An inch. A second...

Charley's spike heel slipped into the cock. She could see the swelling as she slowly pushed home and Hye-Rin wriggled down in her chair while the others at the bar realised what Charley was doing to push her to climax.

Hye-Rin gasped.

The man under her pressed home hard under her skirt as the heel pinned his cock with a small movement that slipped another inch of heel into him. Charley withdrew and pressed home again. Her heel fucked the cock slowly

while the point of her other shoe placed a small kick at the hanging balls that had been ignored so far.

In and out.

Hye-Rin was past the point of no return, she pressed down hard onto the face of her slave while he was delicately fucked by the American woman. The others held their breath and Charley placed another small kick at those balls. They all heard the gasp from under the blue frills, saw Hye-Rin hold her breath and then Charley pushed that final inch until the widening of her heel had the cock at full stretch.

Hye-Rin climaxed.

A shuddering as she released into the wide-open mouth concealed under her and a welling of come surged between hard heel and soft tender flesh. Carefully, Charley withdrew her heel and watched as the slick come pumped from the tip of the cock that she had tormented. A last hard kick at his balls caused drops of come to splatter her shoes and Hye-Rin gasped with another small aftershock of orgasm.

"Oh, God," said Hye-Rin as she controlled her gasps and shudders. "That was so perfect, you bitch..."

The other two of the triplets applauded lightly and the five women who occupied the stools at the bar all burst into laughter.

"I've never seen it done better," said the hostess as she congratulated the American. "Now I know why you are here, I think that you will do well!"

Subjective Decisions

Truth: *Capitalism can only be shown as a paper tiger by an application of Jusche!*

Colonel Park Sun Keong breathed a sigh as she passed through the border inspection. It was rare for her to show any emotion, but relief at being back in the glorious Democratic People's Republic of North Korea allowed at least a moment of liberation. Here she was at home, here the rules of the state, the solid reassurance of Jusche and the normality of the superiority of her rank were a relief.

A week in amongst the temptations and pleasures of the South was almost too much. The strange and exciting game in the maze, the false friendship of the Tokashirimasos and the four men who had pleased her every night had been such a temptation and she knew that she wanted to return to savour more gratification. But, she had a job to do and there were pleasures in her own stamping ground that could also not be denied.

The first batch of subjects was ready and needed to be moved. The second batch had to be organised, camps and prisons had to be trawled for more victims. Her subordinates needed to be organised and shown the reality of their faults in a harsh light. What was more, she was in command and there were so many possibilities.

Political and personal.

As the decrepit buss rattled down the well-made highway she reflected on the possibilities. She had been unwillingly thrust into this world, now she realised that there were possibilities beyond a standard career in service of the State. She would find herself in the centre of a network of officials and Politburo members who would be at *her* mercy, if she played the game for all it was worth. For every slave that found its way to a senior member of the hierarchy, there would be a man or woman that was in the palm of her hand!

Information, personal fetishes and weaknesses.

The bus passed the turn-off to the Kaesong Industrial Region where foreigners were tolerated and the road suddenly dropped in quality. Now the bus truly rattled and she had to hold on as it lurched through the pot holes and dodged the hand drawn carts that cluttered the road.

As the fields slipped by with their raggedy peasants and indentured students hunched over the next harvest, Colonel Sun's thoughts followed her train of thought. Even though she could not understand all of the strange and twisted desires of the clients, she had her own agenda. Strong men that served, men that were hers to use, hard cock between in her moist cunt and the lips that kissed her ass. This was *her* need. The needs of others would just fuel the possibilities! What she needed was a plan, a method that fitted the requirements of Jusche. A means of finding those whose needs could be used as levers to forward her own clear superiority.

It never occurred to her that what she had in mind was nothing less than a perversion of the ideals that had been hammered into her brain since she was a child. Unknowingly, she was placing herself in the hands of the capitalists that lurked in the south of her beloved country. What she was planning was not the self-sufficiency of Jusche, but a dependency that would flower into addiction. That her widening of a net of perversion would place her in their power! Her and everyone that she tempted... All she could see was that her rise in the ranks was certain, if she moved with care.

The bus arrived at a railway station, three high platforms with bare shelter and a host of men and women in military uniforms. In ten hours, she would be back in the facility and during that time Colonel Sun would place the idea of her plan in place. The problem was to find people who would act for her, people whose interests intersected her own.

The name of Colonel Kin Sung Nam sprang to mind.

An ideal helper...

Colin was no longer Colin!

So, what had he become?

Colin was Sissy! Months of hard learning in the North Korean camps where he had been incarcerated had reduced his self-worth to naught. Then had come the confusing isolation of the place where science and political rhetoric mingled with terror and punishment. At last that phase had ended and he had found himself in a place that took him back to a welcome childhood. A helpless little girl who had a loving Mother and a wicked Nurse.

His beautiful Mother had gone, but Nurse had remained, and Colin had regressed to a point where all that had ever happened to him before was a

dream that had no reality. Only the games, the routines, the nightmare compressed days and nights that disordered him to the point where the only reality was obedience. Days and nights had fluttered by like butterflies, though he could no longer remember what had gone before. Even his Mother was now just a Goddess of dream who had guided him and led him down a path of docility. He had pleased Teddy, obeyed and been reduced to nothing more than an empty vessel.

Once empty, Nurse had filled him with new needs and hopes. The need to venerate her and please her, the hope that she would allow him to kiss her feet and show his utter dependence. It was all so easy... Resistance always led to punishment, obedience to redemption, the path chosen for him was the *only* way. More lessons in pleasing his superiors, new ways of making them happy, that was all that mattered in this new world. Where he went willingly, he was led by the hand, where he struggled the punishments quickly reduced him to compliance.

Then the physical change, the dividing line that made it so easy to obey.

From the moment that Sissy discovered that the only communication that was possible was to earn respite by gratifying Nurse; Sissy was reborn. Now at last Sissy was as Nurse wanted. Feminine and docile, needy for attention that could only be earned by pleasing her. Desperate for her touch, her shuddering climaxes while Sissy's huge breasts were fondled, Sissy's rigid cock played with, *almost* to the point of reaching a heaven that he was unable to achieve. A moment that could never come.

The smooth velvety skin, sensitive to the touch of Sissy's fingers that lay between thighs had had a meaning, but Sissy did not miss what had been there. There was no sense of loss, a permanently stiff cock was the centre of Sissy's world. Heavy breasts that weighed Sissy's body to a stoop were something to be proud of. How Nurse cooed over them and fondled them. Even the injections that pained so, the injections that rounded and smoothed her to total femininity were welcome because they were what Nurse enjoyed...

What she needed was stiff cock and the warmth and wetness between a woman's thighs. Sissy longed to be taken and used, tormented and played with. Fondled and abused, violated as Nurse required. Filled with those toys on the shelf, fucked and penetrated, brought as close to paradise as was possible as Nurse trembled at the tip of Sissy's tongue. The need to speak, to have desires and hopes had been replaced by a simple and clear mind where only the pleasure of others remained.

Colin had become Sissy, 'He' had become 'she' and only the need to please remained as a strand in his diminished mind. A craving to milk Teddy of every drop, the necessity of making Nurse shudder to orgasm after orgasm and the comfort of the clothes that defined every reason for existence.

Sissy hoped that it would never end!

The three women passed down the line of men and women who had been sent from cells and camps the length and breadth of North Korea. Fifty potential victims that were to be inducted if Colonel Sun so desired. Following the Sun was Kin in her tight uniform, her accustomed whip at her hip. Standing in her white coat was Nurse, the newly promoted chief psychologist.

Of the fifty possible candidates, just ten were to be inducted. Colonel Sun moved slowly, inspecting each silently before either dismissing them to the labour camp that they would build nearby, or ordering them to stand to attention to the left. Nurse realised that the sour Colonel was picking by physical attributes and not the small signals that showed their potential for training.

'*Never mind,*' she thought to herself.

The colonel would pick twenty and she would decide from them the final ten to refine the choice. Nurse watched her move and saw that she picked more males than females, well-toned and virile, it seemed that her personal likes and dislikes were a priority that would need adjustment. It revealed much and Nurse wondered what had transpired in the week that Colonel Sun had spent with their South Korean partners. Something had changed and Nurse was eager to divine what it was!

At last the selection was done.

Thirty of the fifty had been chosen, twenty men and ten women, all physically perfect. A scattering of obvious foreigners. Three Chinese, two European and several Thais. The rest were all obviously Korean and the way that the Colonel had lingered while she inspected two of the men showed her personal likings more than she would have liked.

Uniformed guards took the two groups and led them away in shackles leaving the three women alone in the chilly shed that served as an induction area until the building at the back of the facility was finished.

"So, we have twenty subjects ready from the first batch," said Colonel Sun. "We are sending just five onward to be sold, it is important that they are the best. We need to show competence and skill, we need to make a name for our product!"

Colonel Kin did not speak, but her face showed that she realised that her boss had learned the importance of quality when she had been south of the border. She nodded agreement and Colonel Sun continued.

"The rest go to fill the quota that I have received from the Central Committee," said Sun. "We need to make sure that the allocation fits the requirements on this list..."

Her hand showed an official form with a list of names.

"Needless to say, if we please the honoured few who are to receive a servant from us, there will be more demands from above and this facility will flourish and our positions will be secure!"

Kin wondered if she dared ask her superior about her week in the south.

'*Better not,*' she decided as she followed the sour faced woman.

She could sense a change in her boss, but, yet, could not put her finger on the difference that she felt. Not exactly a softening, more a less-hostile temperament. A small swagger as they crossed to the main buildings? More feminine? Kin could not be sure.

"Let's review what we have," said Colonel Sun. "Ten subjects. Five go up for sale, the other five to Pyongyang."

Behind the two Colonels, Nurse followed and listened to the conversation. Unlike Kin she read between the lines and realised that the change in Colonel Sun was simple confidence. The woman had realised the latent power of her position, even though doubtless she was still deciding how the political leverage could be harnessed.

Nurse had noticed something else that Kin had somehow missed.

Colonel Sun's heels were an inch higher and her uniform fitted perfectly to her narrow figure, instead of being the standard sack that hung as if from a washing line!

"Subject three," said Nurse as they looked through the window into a small cell where just a bed had been pushed against the wall. "Twenty-five years. He has been trained as a heterosexual stud. I estimate another week of training before he leaves."

Subject three sat on the edge of his bed with a pornographic magazine resting on his knees as he played with his cock slowly. Teasing himself and extracting every moment of the pleasure permitted.

"Probably the easiest subject to work on, he just needs to be prepared according to the woman that buys him. A little fixation and he will be ready. Restraint training has just begun and we see him here in one of the five periods where he is out of restraint."

Nurse looked at Colonel Sun's features as they inspected the man who turned a page and renewed the slow stroke that was all that was permitted for self-milking. A small smile curved those thin lips and then vanished as soon as the Colonel realised that he was being observed.

"I have someone special in mind for him," said Sun. "He is not for sale!"

The three women passed to the next window that allowed observation without further comment, but Nurse knew that three would be for the personal use of her boss.

"Subjects one, two, four, seven, nine and ten are in sleep periods at the moment," said Kin. "I have the files here and you can view them in a couple of hours when the next 'day' begins for them, Colonel."

"All of them are men prepared for intimate service," said Nurse as they passed a darkened window. "There is a great demand for this type of slave in the Capitalist world and I think that we should prepare at least half of all subjects for this role."

"The easiest to prepare, simple confinement and severe punishment for failure is the key," said Kin. "A little simple surgical work and then practice..."

Colonel Sun peered through the glass, but only the outlines of the cell were to be seen, the shadow of a large box centred in the room and a few blinking lights from the monitoring equipment that ensured that the subject was prepared for use.

"Male or female?" asked Sun.

"Of the six, two female, four male, the male subjects having being neutered to improve passivity," said Nurse.

"Keep the poorest two back for use by facility staff," said Colonel Sun. "I have positions for two, the others go for sale!"

They walked around a corner to find a window that looked on a cell that was decorated like a child's room. A Korean woman in a nurse's uniform and stilettos sat in a comfortable armchair whilst a woman dressed in a pink frock kneeled at her feet and held one of the nurse's shoes and kissed it while she blinked up at her mistress.

"The most difficult transformation," said Nurse. "This is subject eight. Subjects eight, five and six are an attempt to create a female or feminised male version of subject three. It proved difficult to find the correct stimuli, but I think that we have now found the methods that are effective. Subject eight was male and has been prepared for the use of a couple. Helpless, almost childlike, an obsession with sexual fetish and a longing to accept prolonged abuse."

"Impressive," said Colonel Sun, fascinated by the way that the Sissy watched the Nurse for small signs of approval at every move. "I see that this one is a European or American..."

"Sissy is the last of my former subjects before you arrived at this facility," said Kin as she watched the former man being reprimanded for some minor mistake by the nurse who was leaning forward and instructing on how a woman's stiletto was to be held. "Since we have no male nurses at the moment, we have installed this to train on satisfying male needs..."

She pointed to the small sliding panel at waist height below the mirror and made a small motion with her thighs.

"Sissy has discovered that this is not a punishment, but a reward," she smiled as her hand made to open the hatch.

"This has been a personal project of mine, started with the help of our Turkish visitor and completed by myself. I have learned a great deal and will almost be sorry to see subject eight leave us!"

Colonel Sun watched for a few moments and then moved to the next window.

"Sell it," she said.

"Actually, we were preparing Sissy for a specific couple in Pyongyang," said Kin.

"I decide," said Colonel Sun with a trace of disdain.

"If you would like to see the file..."

Kin passed an olive coloured file to her boss who opened it casually and stood a moment to absorb the contents.

"Send it to them," said Sun in a clipped voice. "But, in future do not make promises without clearing it with me..."

Kin took back the file and felt the annoyance of Colonel Sun being forced to change her mind because of the seniority of the couple who were to receive subject eight. Colonel Sun turned to look through the next window to find a small intimate scene being played out. There was a flicker of a smile on her lips and Nurse decided that it was satisfaction at having changed her mind. Slowly the thoughts of her straight-laced boss were revealing themselves!

The cell that they were now looking into showed a bedroom where a pretty Korean girl kneeled by the end of a bed, a chain from her collar to the bedpost. Dressed in candy-stripes, long socks and with her hair in bunches the kneeling girl looked up at a woman who stood over her with an expression of whole-hearted adoration.

"This is subject six. Female, nineteen and fully trained for male and female use. Basically, her training has created an insatiable craving for sex with no other thought in her empty little head!" said Nurse. "Quite a different course of schooling compared to subject eight. Colonel Kin has taken an interest in her preparation..."

"Sell..."

They passed to the last window where a naked man, strong and well-toned had been bent over a framework. Sweat dripped from him and the marks of a recent caning were clearly visible on the taut skin of his ass.

"Subject five is the last of the three feminised subjects," said Kin. "We wanted to create a neutered male that would be exclusively used by a male owner."

"Interesting," said Colonel Sun, but Nurse could see the slight look of distaste in her face as she looked to where he had been neutered.

His cock was long and thick, swollen and awaiting attention that it would never receive except as a lesson in obedience.

"This one is neutered and silenced like the other two, but instead of training to accept the exploitation, he has been sensitised to feel that every use is a violation. If we wait five minutes, his nurse will arrive and start a series of punishments..."

"No need," said Colonel Sun. "Sell it!"

Kin nodded and made a mark in the file.

She always loved it when Nurse walked through the bedroom door!

Of course, there were others now, but the others did not cause Sissy such excitement. It was Nurse that she longed for, Nurse that she loved and Nurse who gave those small signals that showed that she cared so much for Sissy.

Alone in her room for a few moments, she cast around for something that would cause Nurse to reward her. Her eyes moved from the books that lay scattered and then to her cot, where Teddy sat waiting for attention. Her leash allowed just enough slack to get to the cot without climbing into it and she dared not simply unhook it from the chair where it was looped.

Teddy looked at her with reproachful eyes and Sissy knew that Nurse would be so pleased if she came in to find that Sissy was practicing at her latest skill. She shuffled to the cot and reached out with her hands. The mittens that she wore moved clumsily and lifted Teddy's cock a little to allow her lips to encompass him. The hardness between her lips, the slickness that leaked from the toy tasted like heaven as she bent to the task of proving that she could make him last forever if she was clever.

Slow strokes, teases and kisses, Sissy had discovered that Teddy would pump into her throat after twenty strokes, but that if she slowed it could be prolonged for hours. As she teased the toy, her hope that she would be rewarded soared high and the sound of the door opening caused her to slowly swallow Teddy until her pink lips were pressed to the base of that cock.

The voice behind the kneeling Sissy cooed in approval and Sissy felt a sense of accomplishment at being so clever as to please Nurse. She dared not look behind her as she heard Nurse sit on the armchair, but slowly pulled her head

back and then kissed the tip of Teddy before making ready to swallow him whole once again.

A small tug at the leash caused her to hover a moment and then turn to admire the woman who had become the whole world to her. Sissy crawled to those perfect feet and waited for the word. The woman seated over her said a few words and Sissy dared to gaze upwards under fluttering eyelashes. She did not understand the words, but the warm approval filled her with hope.

A pat on the head, and more words.

Sissy heard a mechanical squeak behind her and her heart leaped in happiness. She dared not look behind her, but she knew what was happening and held her breath in hope.

Nurse smiled and stood, towering over the feminine form of her little slut. A small tug of the leash was the signal for movement and Sissy crawled as she had been trained to follow the feet of the woman who had created her.

Birthed her.

Mummy was forgotten, only Nurse existed.

At last she dared look, to see what she had hoped for. Stiff manhood slowly emerging from the reward hole, heavy balls visible, the bulbous head that she longed to satisfy, swelling until a drop of clear dew issued from the tip. Sissy knew this one so well. She knew what it liked, she knew how running her tongue the length of it would make it jerk and tremble. This was the third time and she knew that she could make it last forever!

So much better, so much more responsive than Teddy. This one was her favourite! All she had to wait for was the small pat on her head that signalled permission-given. And, something else, something that she loved! For a moment, Sissy saw the fingers of a hand, a ring on a finger and then the cock pressed further from the opening, signalling need.

The touch of fingers on her head. The delicious buzz of the vibrator deep inside and then her bee-stung lips parted to encompass the slick tip of the needy cock. Her tongue played up and down the shaft and then she slowly closed her lips and sucked it in.

A few more words that she did not understand. Soothing and caring, but all that Sissy could think of was the vibration deep inside her, the oily taste of

manhood and the pleasure of feeling it open her throat and filling her as her breasts hung and the nipples started to harden.

Sissy's eyes opened to see the shaft embedded between her lips and hoped that she could make her reward last forever. She loved pleasing Nurse, she longed for those smooth thighs to open and reveal the holes that required her skill, but what she really needed more than anything else was a man's hardness buried deep inside her, spurting and gushing, to allow her to show her devotion by licking it clean.

Sissy was in heaven!

Open Door

FBI: *To serve and protect.*

The day in the centre of Osaka had been a flurry of shopping, a hither-and-thither as Charley watched the Hye triplets indulge their passion in clothes shoes and fashion and Charley started to look forward to resting her feet in the hotel. She meandered around the shop, losing sight of the triplets as she admired a pyramid of shoes and turned to the rack of casual clothes behind her. In her small bag was a credit card that seemingly had no limit. Anything that she wanted...

Her hand carelessly ruffled the racked clothes as she investigated the labels. Charley looked up to see where the Hye triplets were and her eye caught that of a European woman drifting towards her. For a moment, their eyes locked and the woman nodded before moving beside Charley and inspecting the jeans on a hanger.

"No contact," muttered the woman to Charley.

Charley looked back and could not see the triplets in sight.

"Not possible," she replied.

The woman nodded slightly and pulled three hangers at random from the rack.

"Five minutes, in the changing rooms..."

Charley nodded.

As she stood, pretending interest in the racks of clothes, her mind swirled. The other world, the one that she had left was suddenly to the fore and Charley found that sweat trickled down her back. She picked three tops and drifted towards the changing rooms. A narrow entrance leading to a circle of stalls that had open doors. Only one was closed and Charley scratched on the door.

"In!" hissed the woman's voice from behind the door.

A quick check over her shoulder and Charley entered the small changing room. There was barely room for both women and Charley found herself looking down at the woman who was riffling through her pockets. The woman produced a small wallet and displayed the shield embedded inside.

"Frances Riley, FBI," she said needlessly as she folded her ID back and slipped it in her pocket. "We thought that we had lost you..."

"First time unwatched," said Charley.

Her eyes took in the slightly scruffy appearance of the woman. No make-up, cheap Fruit of The Loom clothes from Macy's and baseball boots. Quite out of place in a shop where the cheapest clothes and shoes cost a months' salary for an agent.

"What happened?"

Charley tried to smile, but it came as a cracked grin. Her heart was beating and the sweat trickled between into the crack of her ass.

"I am *in* the organisation..."

"And?"

"It's bigger than you can imagine," said Charley, her voice shaking.

"What happened when the ANSP raided the place? They gave no details, just a note that 'everything was in hand'!"

Charley thought about the visit by the authorities and suppressed a smile.

"An unprofessional job!"

"Jesus," said Frances. "This whole operation is turning into a joke! A Wild West shoot out in Turkey, a few minor arrests in Germany. In the USA, humiliation and in Africa a mess that we're still trying to understand."

Charley saw the intense look on Frances' face and saw herself. Saw the woman that she had been just a couple of months ago reflected in the American's expression. Dedication to law and order, a loyalty to principles that now seemed so irrelevant.

"I think that the Korean ANSP agent I was with has joined them..."

"Fuck, fuck, fuck..."

"I think that I can get out OK, in a week or so."

"Too dangerous," said Frances. "I've been given the decision to make and you're getting out now! This moment."

"What? Blow it all, just when I'm getting close?"

"Well, what have you got?"

"Not enough yet," hissed Charley. "I just need a week..."

"Now!"

"Is that an order?"

Charley could sense panic in the woman's tone of voice. Not fear as she should have, just panic that she was making the wrong decision. Charley sized her up and felt a sense of superiority rise over this American woman.

"It's an order!"

"Tough luck," said Charley. "I need another week, it's worth the risk!"

Now Frances was struggling. Not used to making tactical decisions and what was more, Charley outranked her. Her hands lifted the clothes that she had chosen and she looked up at the agent that she had been so sure would rush at the opportunity with open arms.

"A week?"

"A week... If I get nothing, then nothing is lost, if I do then it's the jackpot!"

Frances opened the door to the changing cubicle.

"You've got a week... If we don't hear from you, I'm not sure that we can persuade the ANSP to get you out!"

"Here, in a week..."

"Your neck! Did you know that the North Koreans are involved?"

Charley nodded.

"That's part of it..."

"The border crossing, we follow them all, or at least the CIA and the ANSP do! Mrs Tokashirimaso and an, as yet, unidentified Turkish woman crossed. There are some others as well..."

"I'll take my chances!"

Frances turned without another word and slipped back into the mass of clothing racks in the store, leaving Charley to digest the encounter. Frances hung the hangers on a rack and disappeared and Charley stood looking through the archway. It seemed that she still had a choice, had left the door open to her former life. Leaving the hangers in the changing cubicle she wandered back into the room and noted that the Hye sisters were at the far side of the shop.

The incident had passed unnoticed.

Her eyes roved the shoppers and the colourful displays, coming to rest on a display of shoes to her left. Her confused thoughts jumbled in her mind as she tried to sort her options and make a decision. There was an attraction to slipping back to Los Angeles, but then the world had opened her eyes.

There were those that had and those that did not, she was perched at the cusp of both worlds.

Charley's feet took her to the pyramid of shoes. Short boots at the bottom, stylish stilettos at the top. The prices climbed upward and she picked up one of the shoes and inspected it. Ten thousand dollars for a single pair of shoes!

'Ridiculous, no matter what label,' she thought.

Her hand moved to replace the elegant shoe that would lift its wearer a full six inches on its gold spiked heel. Under her fingers, she could feel the soft polished leather, the tiny studs that prickled the uppers and the faux spur that rose from the back of the leather.

How would she look in them, how tall would she be?

With lips kissing those metal studs...

She hesitated and placed both shoes on the floor to find a male assistant by her side.

"They are perfect for you," he said in English.

"If they fit, I'll take them," said Charley, her mind made up.

The assistant crouched to hands and knees and held one of the shoes while her foot slipped into the comfort of the shoe. His hands pressed a little and stroked her ankle as she stood into the other one.

"I'll take them," she said imagining that golden spike slipping into a rigid cock.

"A good choice," said the assistant as he stood and looked down at her arched feet.

"They'll be perfect for tonight..."

Mummy and Daddy

Truth: *Serve the state. Serve the principles of Jusche. Serve and be content!*

Her heart beat in anticipation.

Today was the day, the day when her owners would arrive!

She placed the dollies carefully in a circle around her, an audience for her farewell. Each had a name, each a personality and each their own needs and wants according to some unseen quality. A Mummy and Daddy and four children that made up the family. Sissy identified with the dolly that she had named after herself. The one in the pretty pink dress, the one that always kneeled because it was made that way.

She moved the leash into Mummy's hand where it belonged.

Daddy's cock stood straight as always and Dolly-Sissy was ready to show her devotion to him. In Sissy's head, they all had voices, all except the poor little doll in the pink dress. All of them wanted something from Sissy-Dolly, all had their needs that had to be served and the pink doll was *always* the one that provided.

The door to Sissy's bedroom opened and Nurse stood looking down at the pathetic girl that moved her toys and enacted the programming that was now so deeply embedded that it had become ordinary.

"Stand..."

The order was in Korean.

Sissy understood the single-word orders and little else of the language. It was enough. She rose to her feet and looked down to where Sissy-Dolly was firmly planted against her Daddy, where Mummy held the leash and the other children looked on as she performed.

Nurse spoke again in Korean, but this time Sissy did not understand the words. She just looked to where a young couple stood with smiles on their faces as they saw her for the first time without looking through screens and glass.

Mummy said something, a rush of Korean that was followed by a laugh and the couple were ushered into Sissy's room by Nurse. Sissy inspected them and felt a warm glow. They were so like her dolls, almost as if the dolls had been

modelled after reality. He was smooth faced, short and well-muscled, Mummy was young and so pretty with her smile and Sissy felt so happy that they liked her.

How terrible if they had not?

Her eyes moved to see the large tenting of his trousers and Sissy felt a wave of gladness that reality and her hopes had become one. It was then that she noticed the ring on his finger, a gold ring with a red seal embedded and her heart swelled with realisation.

Her knees trembled and Sissy was so glad that Nurse gave the order to kneel before she fell to the floor. She looked up as Nurse slowly undid the zipper that hid the bulge to reveal the pole that tented the cloth. It sprang free and Sissy knew that this moment was so perfect.

The familiar cock stood proud and Mummy moved a step and held it tight while Sissy held her breath in anticipation. Her eyes focussed on the bulbous head, the perfect drip of dew at the end, the taut soft skin. The click as a leash was clipped to her collar, the loop in Mummy's hand.

Nurse spoke and Sissy longed to lean forward to kiss the object of her desire.

But, the word did not come.

Mummy stooped and lifted Sissy's frock to inspect her and ran her fingers on the tight flesh that tried to escape the bars of her restraint. The fingers searched underneath and Mummy spoke a few breathless words as she inspected the smooth root of the restrained cock that led her soft thighs.

"Slowly!"

Another of *her* words.

One that she understood so well!

Sissy leaned forward and kissed away the drop of pre-cum, massaging the sensitive tip with her lips. Tasting the salty, slick drop before slowly opening to slip over it. The ridge after the tip, the vein that wandered, the hardness. It was just as before, but now it was real and not just flesh sticking from a hole in the wall.

It was reality, and the hand that teased between her own thighs showed that her new Mummy loved her too. Nurse spoke as Sissy looked up and saw the

small smile on Daddy's face and he replied, a faltering in his voice as the lips that encircled him reached his hanging balls.

The hand that fondled moved upward to Sissy's breasts. Fingers curled into the hem and slowly pulled down. Rasping lace and then Sissy's breasts hung free. They tumbled over her dress, distended and pierced nipples hanging down to be petted and aroused until the nipples hardened and the tiny bells on the golden rings tinkled.

Sissy was so grateful and she matched the teasing hands to her own efforts with Daddy's cock. Fingers teased her nipples, smoothed over the ripe flesh, feeling the plumpness and tracing the veins that were just below the pale skin. Flicked at the tiny bells and then weighed them.

Mummy exclaimed and Nurse answered her and all the while Sissy teased the cock that was at her lips. The two women chattered over the kneeling slave and Mummy patted Sissy's head.

A tightness in the restraint, a need that could never be satisfied.

An oozing cock at her lips, warm and smooth.

Sissy was in heaven.

"We have prepared everything," said Mummy in Korean as she looked down and watched the lips of her new possession slip over her husband's cock. "She's so cute!"

"As arranged, she will be accompanied by one of our staff," said Nurse. "Just a week while you settle your new slave to new routines and pleasures."

"Who was she before?" asked Sissy's new owner.

"Just another arrogant Western capitalist pig," replied Nurse. "He thought that he could come to the People's Republic and treat it like a zoo!"

"My friends and comrades will be so jealous when they see what goes with my promotion to Room 39!"

Nurse smiled, but a small twitch betrayed her uneasiness at knowing that her client was a senior rank in that shadowy secret part of the State.

"Of course, Room 39 is funding all of this," continued the woman whose hand rested on the top of Sissy's head and idly played with the pigtails and bows. "The highest cadres of the state need proper recompense and relaxation for their responsibilities..."

Unaware of the conversation over her head, Sissy sucked in the swollen cock until her lips were pressed to the root of its hard stem. She could feel that it was so close to erupting and slowly pulled her head back and rolled up her eyes to look at the two women who were talking over her in Korean. As she did so, the first gush of come leapt into her open mouth and the thighs before her thrust between her lips and Daddy's hands closed on the back of her head to force it forward.

"The labour camps are such a waste," continued Sissy's new owner. "So many criminals are suitable candidates, we are already looking for more, especially the foreigners that think that they can come here and bring their decadent attitudes and spread their poison to the peasants and workers of our glorious republic!"

"It is good that they learn to serve the State... properly!" said Nurse.

"Exactly my thoughts..."

Part Five

Eastern Promises

Pony Express

Proverb: *Ten thousand horses for the Empress.*

Ga resisted the impulse to paw the hard floor of the stable. The boots were tight on her feet, holding them arched inside the hard leather, making it difficult to stand. Now that she was fully a pony in Hye-Rin's stable, trained to the leash and whip, she dared not move while the slave fitted the harness and bit. Her tight costume gripped her, emphasising the adjustments that had been made, making it difficult to stand straight.

The corset made her breath shallow and pinched hard at her narrow waist, it cupped her breasts that weighed so heavily on her chest and held her rigid and straight while the harness was buckled tight and the hood pulled over her head. Ga saw the intense concentration on the face of the female slave and then darkness swept over her eyes as the hood was zipped tight.

Blinded, Ga would only have the pull of the bit between her lips and the sting of the whip to guide her. She could feel the hands of the slave that prepared her slip between the lips of her pussy and heard the tiny click as a slender chain was hung from the ring embedded in her tender flesh.

A hand guided Ga, making her step at a brisk walk as she was led from the stable to be harnessed to the small trap that she would be pulling. The same hand halted her and she stood still as she was buckled into the harness. It was not the first time, but until now every outing had been a mere training exercise, now she was finally ready to be used to take her Mistress on her daily rounds.

Ga stood and waited.

In the far distance, she could hear voices, women's chatter and she tried to mentally prepare herself for use. The voices laughed, an outburst of gaiety that was quite at odds with her trepidation.

"Here she is, all ready to go," said Hye-Rin's voice. "A little on the small side for a single-pony trap, but give her a spin and see what you think!"

"Just a quick gallop," said Charley's voice. "In an hour I have to set off."

"She'll still be here when you next visit," said Hy-Rin with a laugh. "Then we can pop up the mountain for another little picnic in my favourite spot. I'm already looking forward to it."

Ga felt a wave of emotion, hopelessness and despair at the sound of Charley's voice and then contact that made her shiver. A hand was on her face, it dipped a finger to explore the bit and then moved under her chin.

"Such a perfect pony..."

The voice was Charley's and the hand moved to move over the Pony's shoulders where the wide collar ended and torso smoothly began.

"Give it a go..." said Hye-Rin. "Later on, she is due to be covered by the stallions, a shame that you'll miss the fun!"

Ga felt the shafts dip and pull at her waist as Charley stepped onto the cart from the back of the kneeling slave by her feet. A small experimental tug on the reins and then a twitch between her thighs. It was a flick of the whip on her naked ass that sent her into motion. She could feel the weight that she was pulling, heard the metal rims of the wheels on stone and then a slight pull on the reins guided her as she had been trained.

"Just to the house and back," said Charley and the sting of the whip moved the pony to a brisk trot.

She lifted her legs high in a brisk walk and realised that even though the load was the heaviest that she had pulled, it was easy once the trap was in motion. Ga could feel her breasts moving up and down, the corset pulling at every move and the bit between her teeth that guided her. The occasional flick of the whip speeded her to a canter as she concentrated on her high-stepping.

"Slow!" came the command from behind and Ga slowed back to a brisk walk.

Underfoot the ground had changed and Ga realised that they were already at the front of the Golden Palace. It had taken just a few minutes and the pony felt that she could have continued for hours. Weeks of exercise and training had strengthened her legs, the short canter to the Palace well short of her endurance. A feeling of achievement filled the pony as she slowly turned the cart to head back.

"At the gallop!" cried Charley and flicked the whip at the delicious little pony to cause her to start in the traces.

Now, Ga was depending on the bit for direction. She lifted her knees high, felt herself lean forward and put all her effort into the run. Her legs pushed hard at the ground, the whip urged her on and suddenly she was at full stretch. Inclining forward pulling as hard as she could to the cries of the excited

American who urged her on. The lash stung at the naked cheeks of her ass, she could hear her breath hissing between the bit, the pull of the traces and shafts and a delectable sensation between her thighs.

The ring and chain that ran between the muscles of her upper legs moved and brought her to an ecstasy that Ga had never experienced before. It teased, it pulled, it goaded her to more effort to heighten the pleasure. Now she was gasping in bliss as the first climax caused her to run ever faster. It lifted her above her misery, took her to a place that she had never experienced. Even the kiss of the whip on her skin threw her into an ecstasy of frantic effort.

Sweat ran down her, her breathing came in gasps of rasping sound and Ga put every ounce of strength into each step. She climaxed, again and again, the ring and chain embedded deep between the lips of her pussy, it rasped through her slick inner lips and moved in time with each frantic step. All she could sense of the outside world, the place beyond her smooth hood, was the sound of wheels, the cries of her driver, the thundering of her hooves on the hard ground and the creaking of the traces as she ran in a delirium of sheer bliss.

It took a sudden strike of the whip and a cry from Charley to slow the pony to a walk for the last few paces to where Hye-Rin waited by the stables with a broad smile on her face.

Ga stood, every breath a labour, as her legs trembled and the delectable feeling between her thighs subsided to a warm comforting sensation. She felt her driver dismount with a small laugh and the shafts at her hips lifted. Drops of sweat ran inside the corset, trickled to mingle with the sweet juices that flowed from her pussy.

"Perfect!" said Charley.

"Isn't she just," said the voice of Hye-Rin. "I think that I have never had such a needy pony before. At the gallop, she just comes and comes at every step. There is nothing like being pulled at the gallop by a strong stallion, but for short gallops this pony is such fun. I am thinking of ways to make her so sensitive to the reins that she climaxes at every step!"

Ga felt Charley's hands on her breasts. They pulled down the top of the corset to allow them to fall and then stroked the soft skin tenderly, playing with nipples, making them stand to attention.

"She's so enormous," said Charley's voice breathlessly. "I just love what you have done to her. I am so looking forward to my next visit."

The hands tweaked the nipples again and then moved to the smooth shoulders, exploring the perfect skin that showed just a single red line where the pony had been pared of her arms.

"In a couple of months nothing will show at all," said Hye-Rin.

"She is so delicious," said Charley. "Helpless and needy, a perfect pony."

"This one was born to be between the shafts of a trap. All that remains is a few more months of work to empty her head of anything but desperation to be between the traces. Then she will be perfect!"

Charley patted the smooth latex of the top of the pony's head.

"Well, next time I'm here we'll take her for a good long run and I'll see how the training is getting along. All she needs is a new name, have you given it thought? Something cute and sweet..."

"My little pony!"

Privileged Guests

Proverb: *A truly valuable guest is given the best that the gracious host can offer.*

Anyali lay between the silk layers of the bed.

The tight covering that cocooned her from neck downward was warm and slick. Every twitch of her caused it to slide over her skin. Over her face, the silk sheet of the bed was loosely pulled over her to allow her to see a little light. A haze of cream just an inch from her eyes that hid the luxurious bedroom where she had become part of the service. A room where guests would treat her as just another facility for their pleasure.

In the en-suite bathroom a restrained man to serve, in the carved chest another ready to gratify, and finally the ultimate sex-toy embedded in her niche in the mattress carved to make her one with the bed. This was her resting place, the place where she would never leave, an exquisite addition to please and pamper any honoured guest to the Golden Palace.

Anyali moved a little, twisted her head and felt the tight hood that smothered her head. Under her chin, open faced, it was a stiff head-covering that enclosed her naked scalp and ears, locked tight with a looped grip at the crown that allowed her user to guide her head as desired. Stripped of everything that made her liberated, a dolly that would supply any pleasure that the user could imagine. Anyali imagined that she could feel the silk on the exposed skin of her breasts, thighs and ass, but perhaps it was just a fancy. Plucked and waxed of every hair on her body, the skin was sensitive and vulnerable.

The sex-doll started as the door opened.

She heard a female laugh and then a man's answering tones. Footsteps on hard marble and soft rugs and the sound of more laughter followed by the door closing and a kiss. For a moment, Anyali flexed and tried to raise her head, but the stiff collar defeated her and from her open lips came no sound. The couple in the room could be heard exploring, one sat on the bed while the echoes of the man's voice in the bathroom held excited tones. An American drawl from the deep south, answered by a New York twang in a woman's high voice.

"That's right, lick me clean, bitch..."

"How can he be a bitch?" said the woman's voice, echoing in the tiled bathroom.

"Well, he's got no balls!"

"It's still a man, darling; even if its tongue is stuck so deep in your ass!"

More laughter and then the sound of a hard slap.

"Deeper slut," said the woman's voice. "Then it's my turn!"

The sound of a moan from the woman was followed by more sharp slaps and then she said, "A shower and then we have to get ready for dinner..."

"Mary-Ann, there's no hurry, a little fun first!"

"Not until we have explored first."

Anyali heard another slap and more chatter. Amusement and sounds of water splashing, the click of heels on the marble, half heard voices in the bathroom, the sound of clothes being shed and the shower hissing. She could feel a gathering tension of panic in her stomach, tears stung her eyes as the person on the bed stood. Her apprehension caused a rigidity in her and she could feel the soft edges of the mattress that confined her helpless body. Tears rolled warmly to be taken by the edges of the open-faced hood and a croak from her lips filled her head. A cramp at her waist caused her to settle back into her hollow as the water stopped.

"Wait a second, let me get my heels on..."

"We've found one, now, where are the other two?"

"It's like hide and seek," said the woman's voice as the click of heels told Anyali that they were now back in the bedroom. "All we have to do is to find them and then we can have some fun!"

"What's this?" asked the man's voice. "Wait a sec, look, this opens here..."

Anyali imagined the couple by the massive stone carved box and shivered. The slight sound of scraping metal on stone was followed by an exclamation of surprise.

"I know what this is for," said the woman's voice.

"Better than a wank!"

"There's one at this end too, darling. Nice and tight too, much better than your end!"

"Here, let's have a look."

There were more sounds of laughter and then the click of heels again. Anyali could hear an echo and realised that Mary-Ann was in the bathroom and then the footsteps told her that she had re-joined her partner.

"Ah, just the thing, here you go, Austin... Press it in hard!"

Austin's laugh came just before the humming of a vibrator that was muffled as it was pressed home.

"That'll keep him satisfied until later," he said. "I'll bet that he loves it fucking his ass! I wonder how long the batteries will last?"

"Hours, I expect," said Mary-Ann in a matter-of-fact tone. "Now all we have to do is to find the third..."

A scrape of metal on stone signalled the closing of the opening and the hum of the vibrator was cut off.

"I just love this place," said Austin. "I never thought that we'd see something like this when you got promoted to the Seoul station."

"Perk of the job," replied Mary-Ann. "Local customs and all that!"

Anyali heard the two occupants of the room moving around.

"Nothing under the bed," said Austin. "Where the fuck is the other one hidden?"

The sounds of drawers being opened, cupboards being opened and drawers being pulled filled the next minute or two and Anyali held her breath. The two Americans in the room were searching for her and surely, they would find her? Finally, they seemed to give up and both sat on the edge of the huge bed. Anyali could feel the mattress pull under their weight.

"I'll bet that there's a lot of cash on the table..." said Austin's voice. "If they're willing to do all of this for you, then they'll pay loads for you to close your eyes!"

"That's not your concern! We'll see about that, meanwhile, we really should get ready for dinner. Just make sure that you keep your mouth shut and don't make any mistakes. This is the biggest thing that's ever happened to me and I don't want you ruining it!"

"Aw, Mary-Ann, don't be such a mean bitch! You know that I just want the best for you, and all."

"Well, just make sure that you keep your mouth closed, I would hate to travel back to Seoul alone! You know what I'll do if you embarrass me."

The weight of the seated couple shifted a little and Anyali held her breath as she felt the pull of the bed on her helpless body.

"Meaning?"

"Meaning," said Mary-Ann in a serious tone, "these people are very dangerous and don't give a shit about me except for what I can do for them. All you have to do is be a good little boy! I love this place and want to make sure that I keep my job at the Seoul station and keep the locals happy too, so just you make sure that you follow my lead. There's nothing that I wouldn't do to spend half my time here!"

"You threatening me?"

"Perhaps! No, of course not, darling, just keeping you nicely in line as usual!"

Austin did not reply and Anyali felt him stand up.

"Now then, where's the third?" said Mary-Ann.

The sex-doll trapped within just a foot of the seated woman felt her shift position on the bed and then a hand came to rest on her belly and a shocked cry from Mary-Ann filled the room.

"Jesus, Austin, I've found it!"

The silk sheet was torn back to expose Anyali and she found herself looking up at the shocked face of a naked blonde woman who still clutched the silk sheet in her hand.

"Well, fuck me!" said Austin as he came into view and started down at Anyali.

"She's beautiful," said the blonde as she dropped the sheet and leaned over the tearful pleasure-doll that nestled in the bed.

"Perfect," said Austin.

Anyali looked up at the woman who was smiling down at her from above. A hand moved over her skin, pinching her nipples before moving to the grip at the top of her head.

"I can't wait to use you," said Mary-Ann. "Would you like to show me what you can do?"

Anyali tried to nod, but the rigid collar that clasped her neck gave no ground.

"She's so fucking sexy," drawled Austin. "Better than the sissy in the bathroom, that's for sure."

"I can't believe what they've done to her," said Mary-Ann with a small snigger. "I wonder what she did to deserve this?"

Anyali could see the huge erection that stood between Austin's thighs. His hand moved to grasp it and pull, making it stand like a rod from his groin. The look on his face was enough to indicate his need.

Mary-Ann turned to him with a smile.

"Want to fuck the dolly, darling?"

"Can I?"

"Of course you can, darling, come on, let's get her on the edge of the bed."

Mary-Ann's hands pulled at the handle and Austin slipped his hands under the defenceless Anyali and together they pulled her to the place that Mary-Ann had decided. Her ass hung over the edge of the bed and Mary-Ann moved to straddle her face, her thighs smeared with her excitement. Anyali looked up at the gaping lips of her pussy and then felt Austin's hand moving over her own.

"Fuck the bitch!"

The American woman's voice had a hardness that was close to being an order as she leaned forward to guide her lover's hard cock into the smooth pussy that gaped before it. Then she slowly settled, watching as the lips of her pussy met those of the helpless dolly and her hands circled Austin's neck.

The cock that pushed into Anyali opened her wide. She could feel the tip pressing inward, the smooth press of his hips on the smooth skin where her thighs had been and then a grunt of pleasure as he thrust home deep inside. Mary-Ann gasped as she made contact, putting her weight on the face below, moving forward to slide over lips and nose before leaning forward to kiss her lover.

"Slowly, darling, I want it so very slow..."

Austin's lips touched Mary-Ann's and they kissed as his hips rocked slowly forward and back. He gasped as Anyali shuddered beneath him, the lack of air causing her to flex and tremble as his cock pressed deep again and again.

"Use your tongue, bitch!"

Mary-Ann's words were muffled by the hood and the thighs that pressed at her head, but she heard and slipped the tip of her tongue between the swollen lips of the American woman's sex. She could taste every drop of excitement and gently stroked a swollen clitoris with her tongue. The response was a shudder and the woman using her lifted a little before the nails of fingers and thumbs nipped her pierced nipples with a fierce grip.

"Not so fucking hard, bitch," said Mary-Ann's voice from far above. "This is not a fucking race, nice and slow while Austin fucks your tight cunt!"

Austin pumped into Anyali with ever faster strokes and only slowed when his lover slowed him by saying, "Take your time, lover, this is *my* fuck!"

Thighs lowered again, a warm, wet world that filled the breath of the helpless Turkish doll, whilst hands opened the lips of the pussy wide to allow the slightest of touches and caresses to tempt the swelling clitoris from its hiding place.

Mary-Ann moaned and lowered a little, the cock unhurriedly slipped in and out of Anyali as the couple petted each other whilst their marionette suffered beneath them.

"Oh God, I am going to fuck her ass," breathed Austin as he slowly withdrew.

"Not now, darling," said Mary-Ann, "I'll let you do that later, just do as I tell you, nice and slow..."

The words were said with a gasp and the body of the American woman slumped to press hard against the lips and cunt of Anyali as Mary-Ann took her second climax with a cry of sheer bliss.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," she cried as Austin speeded his strokes. "Fuck her deep for me..."

Austin smoothly went into overdrive, Anyali sucked and kissed the distended clitoris and Mary-Ann ground her thighs against the face that was pleasuring her.

The third orgasm caused Mary-Ann to scream with joy. It echoed in Anyali's ears and suddenly she felt the penetrating cock pull free from her before she herself could climax with the friction. The thighs lifted and Anyali looked up to see the smiling face of Mary-Ann looking down.

"My fuck," said the panting American woman. "No one else's!"

Anyali heard the groan of disappointment from Austin that was followed by a laugh from Mary-Ann.

"You can come later, darling, but first we have a dinner to go to!"

"You promised!" said Austin petulantly. "You said that I was allowed to come on this trip..."

"When I decide," said Mary-Ann with a laugh. "This trip is my mine, maybe tomorrow if you are a good boy..."

Austin stood with his cock in his hands, a disconsolate look on his face and he cast an envious look at his lover.

"Darling, you know the rules! Once a week and no more, save it for a better moment... if you come now, then I can't allow another, can I? I'm only being strict for your own good."

Austin nodded slowly and looked down at his fading erection.

"Don't make me lock you up all week," laughed Mary-Ann. "If I have to, then you'll miss all of the fun!"

"I just wanted..."

"Now, you're starting to annoy me," said the American as she lifted from Anyali and pinched her nipples viciously. "You are only here on sufferance and don't you forget it!"

The shamefaced look on Austin's face showed his frustration and Mary-Ann patted his limp cock with an affectionate caress.

"You know that you are mine, darling," she said with a chuckle. "This little cock has to save up its come for me and not for some slave bitch. If you're a good little boy, I might let you fuck the back end of the box..."

"Aw, please, Marry-Ann," he begged. "Not some faggot, I want to come in her ass."

"That's my decision, darling, now then, not another word! If you keep on arguing, then I'll lock you up for the month. That means that the next trip here will be a dry one as well and you don't want that, do you?"

"No Miss!"

"Now then, let's you get this whore back into her nice cosy little slot and then we can get ready for dinner. What do you think that I should wear? Red or the sexy black?"

It took moments for Austin to slide Anyali back into the cut-out in the bed whilst Mary-Ann slipped to the bathroom with a giggle. As soon as the water started to splash, Austin bent over the trapped dolly in the mattress and kissed her lips, tasting his lover's juices while his hands fondled her pussy.

"I'll persuade her, never you mind," he muttered, "and then your ass is going to be sore for a week!"

Anyali tried to speak, intending to beg, but only a breath issued from her lips. His hands played with her, causing her to moan as his hard fingers explored her ass and cunt and he smiled wickedly.

"If I can't come, then neither can you," he drawled as a finger pressed into her ass. "I'll bet that you just love being fucked... fancy wanting to be a helpless little fuck-toy for whoever uses this room!"

The bed-toy flexed, she was so close to a climax, all she needed so desperately was a touch, a caress of her pussy, but the finger in her ass only pushed deeper.

"Anyway, when the cat's away, I'll show you what it is to be fucked by a real man..."

As he spoke the words, Anyali saw Mary-Ann loom over his shoulder. She had been in the shower just moments, her hair dripped and she was beaded with the dew of the water.

"That's it!"

The American woman's sharp voice behind him made Austin jump in shock and an expression of terror swept his features.

"Just what I suspected, you really don't know how to be a good boy for me, do you?"

"I was just teasing the slut," he said defensively.

Anyali looked up at Mary-Ann's anger filled expression and felt a fleeting pleasure at the pussy-whipped man lying to a woman who could read every thought in his head.

"Put on the punishment restraint, darling, and get ready for dinner! I warned you!"

Austin's face showed a brief moment of defiance.

"I won't say it twice, Austin! Get dressed and don't let me catch you fiddling with yourself!"

A hand appeared in the periphery of Anyali's vision and the silk sheet was pulled over her. She heard footsteps, the padding of the outlandish couple moving around and then the irritable voice of Mary-Ann giving an order.

"Not that one, stupid; the shiny new one!"

"But you said..."

"If you're not careful you'll be in real trouble," said Mary-Ann's voice in a curt tone. "This is not the right moment to test me... not the right place at all!"

"It's too tight," whined Austin.

"It's fucking supposed to be."

Anyali heard a loud click and a grunt from Austin.

"Just one word out of place, Austin, just one word..."

"I haven't said anything," he whimpered.

"I am the only thing between you and twenty years in jail, Austin, you depend on me to keep discreet and that makes you mine forever and don't you forget it!"

Anyali heard more movement as the two occupants of the room dressed. The rasp of zippers, the rustle of silk and then the click of heels as Mary-Ann stood in her stilettos. She wondered what crime the bitch was covering up for her subjugated lover, but no clue was given. A shadow on the sheet and it was gently pulled back. Mary-Ann was leaning over Anyali with a smile on her lips, the silk in her hands.

"You are so sweet, darling," said Mary-Ann. "I am so looking forward to nestling in with you and having a little fun later."

Anyali tried to smile, it felt as though her face was cracking with the false emotion.

"I'll have to ask how you got here and who you were before this happened..."

A hand stroked shoulder, seeking and following the lines of the blemishes that were fading where the dolly had been altered. Mary-Ann's face lowered and she planted a small kiss on Anyali's lips and whispered to her with a private whisper.

"Poor little Austin, he doesn't realise that he's staying here forever, time to make adjustments, clear up my past life and indulge in the new one that is beckoning!"

Her finger closed Anyali's lips.

"It's all hush-hush of course, you won't tell him, will you? Tonight's his last night, so you'll have to make it special for both of us..."

The sheet dropped over Anyali's face and Mary-Ann spoke to her lover.

"Well, we both look a million dollars, darling. Let's make this night special..."

Maid of Honor

Scottish Proverb: *A pritty face suits the dish-cloot*

The dress was so tight!

It pulled in at the waist where the corset cinched it tight, making Christine stand rigid in the pose that was expected of her. Ass out, belly in, one foot posed before the other, hands clasped behind back and breasts proudly displayed with just a semi-transparent layer of lace. The wall mirror showed her posture as well as the other two maids to either side as they waited for inspection at the start of another long day.

Occasionally they had to stand an hour waiting for Odette to inspect them, this time just a few minutes. Up at five to prepare for the day. Shower, make-up and hair. A new manicure each day, fingers and toes, before the corsets and dresses, stockings and stilettos completed the look. By six they were ready for inspection, by seven, hard at work making sure that Oban Manor was dust-free and perfect by ten. After that endless hours of standing to attention in assigned posts, ready for the use of the guests who visited the Manor.

Each guest was allotted a maid, each room had a small circle where the attendant stood so that their Masters and Mistresses had them on hand. Intimate service, bathroom duties, striking a pose, helping dressing and undressing, as the guest chose.

Christine inspected the other two maids by her sides and decided that she would not have believed them to be men except perhaps for a slight solidity of their features. The make-up rounded and smoothed them, the poses and dresses flattered them adding femininity that most women would have envied.

Since she had been here, Christine had occasionally seen Jenny, of Angela she had no idea. Always smiling, revelling in the shadow of Odette, Jenny had winked at Christine slyly as she followed her Mistress to learn her new duties as chief maid. Mistress Elisabeth, she had seen in the background, but her owner had not even spoken to her since that day that the collar was fitted. Internally, Christine was sure that she was the same woman that she had ever been, externally, she was something else. Now that the recuperation from her visit to the clinic was almost complete, she found that she had to stand straight and walk carefully just to prevent her breasts from overbalancing her. Diet and exercise, training and strict instruction had done the rest.

The door to the maid's chamber opened and Odette strolled in, trailing Jenny behind. The cane in her hand was rarely used, but the threat of it was ever-present.

"Ladies," announced Odette. "We have guests coming, so look sharp. The green room, the blue room and the Loch Lomond suite will get special attention. I want it all perfect by ten as they arrive at midday."

As she listed the rooms, she pointed at each maid, Christine the suite and thus the most work.

"When you are done, you will assume positions in each assigned room and await your guest. Needless to say, I expect perfect comportment and attention to detail! Jenny will inspect the whole manor for me from now on in my place and decides on punishments and duties, so pay attention. I have more important duties to do and I expect that you will follow her orders as if they were mine."

Odette strolled to the three maids and inspected them. Lifting the hems of the short dresses to check that they were fully waxed, that stocking-tops were perfect and restraints in order. For a moment, she took the rubber bulb that hung between Christine's thighs and squeezed it playfully.

"You are so hot, bitch," Odette breathed to the rigid maid as she squeezed. "You get a special guest to care for, so make sure that you are on best behaviour..."

Christine stood still as she felt the intruder in her swell at each press of Odette's hand. Despite herself she could feel a giddy excitement at the treatment and when the fingers slipped to find where rubber and skin converged, she had to suppress a small moan of satisfaction.

"Good girl, you so love to be full, don't you?"

Christine could not restrain the small nod.

"I think that you'll be perfect, dear," said Odette as her fingers lifted to her maid's lips. "Now then, off to work..."

As the maids left the room in single file, Odette turned to her stand-in.

"Mistress Elisabeth wants everything perfect and flawless, even though this is your first day as chief-maid, I expect no mistakes or complaints! Keep them at it and at ten, I'll meet you in the front drawing room."

"Yes Mistress."

As if a ceremonial, Odette's hand offered Jenny the wicked cane and then turned to leave. Jenny felt the rigid bamboo in her fingers and looked down. This was the moment that she had been waiting for, the moment when it all became real at last.

Every day the whole of Oban Manor was polished from front to back. Others had the duty of the slave cells and rear, the maids the responsibility for the guests' areas and rooms. Christine did not know how many slaves resided at the manor, but now that the crisis had passed she knew that the cells were filling up again.

All three started in the entry hall. They mopped the floors around the statue-like maid that stood in the shadows, all the while watched and controlled by Jenny who pointed with the cane in one hand and had her hand on the collar-remote in the other. As soon as the foyer was spic and span, each moved to their allotted area. Christine the stairs, the other two the ground floor rooms.

It seemed that Jenny had decided that Christine needed special attention. She followed the maid and decided that the wooden bannisters needed polishing, the pictures realigning and had her dust the skirting boards, a task that had been done yesterday and was usually done just once a week.

"This bit, that bit," she said in a cold tone as she pointed with the cane.

The problem for Christine was that every time that she kneeled, she risked laddering her stockings, every time that she bent she was in danger of falling out of her dress.

"Not so high and fucking mighty now, are you?" asked Jenny, knowing full well that the silent maid could not answer even if she wanted to. The small pink scar on her neck attested to the perfect silence that had been imposed by the surgeon's knife.

"Procedure this and process that, now I decide when you are doing a good job, so make sure that it is all perfect, bitch!"

The suite was enormous. Filled with antique furniture, difficult to dust and clean. The sheets for the bed huge, the duvet difficult to cover whilst tottering on her stilettos. It was almost as if the uniform had been designed to make every simple task an inconvenience, each step an agony. Jenny stood in the centre

of the room and controlled every moment, only occasionally slipping out to check on the other two.

Finally, she pointed to the circle where Christine would await the guest's arrival and inspected the room. It was almost as if she was reluctant to admit that perfection had been attained. The tip of the cane flickered from the slight twisted pleat in the curtains and the rug that was not perfectly aligned with the bed for attention before she was satisfied.

"It'll do," she said at last. "Assume position three and wait for the arrival of the guest..." As she spoke a small grin twisted her features.

Christine slowly lowered to her knees, careful to keep inside the markings and bent back with her hands on the floor behind her. Under her fingers, she could feel the steel ring set in the floor and knew that Jenny had one last petty little revenge to complete.

Sure enough, manacles on wrists and looped to the steel ring. Christine could feel the corset bite, dared not move and risk her stockings and stared up at the ceiling as her former colleague added a chain from collar to the ring on the floor.

"This is for all of the paperwork you used to dish out, bitch," said Jenny as Christine felt the chain tighten and pull her back against her fettered arms.

Two squeezes of the bulb and a fondle of her massive breasts finished the humiliation and then Jenny stood and looked down at the helpless maid and laughed.

"When these guests are out of the way, I am going to make sure that you do some 'special' training," said Jenny, "because at the moment I cannot leave a mark on your tender skin!"

Christine could see the smiling face above her and struggled to stop the tear that welled in her eye rolling down her cheek. For a moment, she saw a hand that threatened to smear her make-up, but it seemed that Jenny thought better of it, but had an uncompromising surprise in store.

"This is to keep you nice and still..."

The hand reappeared with a slender vibrator. With exaggerated care, Jenny balanced it on the maid's forehead and then touched the perfectly glistening red lips.

"This had better still be where I am leaving it when your guest arrives, slut," she said with a grin. "It will help you to realise what is in store when you are in my charge!"

The face pulled from Christine's vision and she heard the steps on hard boards before the door closed softly. Her back already ached, her arms needed to be flexed, the hard rubber inside her pressed so hard and the collar at her neck bit into the skin.

But, Christine dared not move.

An hour?

Three or four?

Every muscle ached, every joint felt strained. Christine's knees were numb and still the black shape that filled her vision towered over her eyes and filled her vision. A strange moan came from her throat, a whine of breathed air and rasping anguish, but still she held position three even though even her neck ached with her rigid pose.

The door opened and Christine heard Jenny's voice say, "The Loch Lomond suite..." in a grandiose tone.

"Thank you and tell Elisabeth that I'll be down as soon as I have freshened up..."

The voice was Victoria, Chief Superintendent Victoria, Christine's former boss. The woman that had consigned her to this torment.

"I'll tell her directly, Miss," said Jenny.

"Good. I can see that you are fitting in well here?"

"Yes Miss," said Jenny. "It's getting better all the time!"

"I have heard good things..."

"Thank you, Miss."

The door closed and Christine heard the steps of her former boss crossing the room. They came closer and then her face was looking down with a broad smile.

"You are looking good too, dear," said the Chief Superintendent. "Later we'll have a little chat and then a bit of play-time is in order!"

Christine rolled her eyes and saw the tight black dress that her guest wore. Cut dangerously low, her breasts threatened to tumble at each movement. Victoria's hand picked up the vibrator and waved it as she spoke.

"There's loads of time for us to get better acquainted, dear. For now, you can stay there and just be a pretty ornament. In fact, you look so good all dolled up, you suit it so much better than your last uniform!"

A clatter as the vibrator fell from her hand and Victoria inserted a finger into the décolletage of her victim's dress.

"Let's see what you have for me," she said as the finger slowly pulled the thin cloth from Christine's huge breasts. "That's good, Elisabeth has left them unpierced, that's something that we'll do together sometime in the next week while I'm here."

Hands weighed breasts and allowed them to tumble.

"I am tempted, how could I not be?"

There was a rustle of cloth and Victoria stepped close. She towered over the quaking maid, looking down with a lascivious chuckle before her hands came into view, holding the hem of her dress high.

"A little loving is what I need, but there's no time for that. Let me show you what's in store for the next week..."

A click of heels.

Victoria stepped forward to put her stilettoed feet near the maid's hands. Her thighs, well-muscled, her pussy dripping with craving. She stepped a little and opened wide before lowering herself over the red lips that opened to encompass her cunt.

"That's better," said the disembodied voice from far above.

Victoria groaned as the tip of a tongue slipped into her and then she sighed with pleasure and pressed down at the maid who was trapped between her thighs.

The first taste was sweet. Perfumed juices that filled Christine's senses. Slick fluid, oiling lips and face and then Victoria sighed as she released slowly and drained herself into the mouth of the maid.

"That's right bitch, drink every drop and then lick me clean and sweet for my shower. I'll have you begging to drain me and lick my ass clean!"

Christine swallowed, the stream filling her mouth forcing her to hold her breath as Victoria drained into her. It seemed to last minutes before a sigh told the maid that her Mistress was emptied and then the woman stepped from the face of the maid and turned to reveal her naked ass. A puckered hole, a sweaty crease that led to it, hands pulling it open as Victoria slipped over the smeared face of her maid.

"Clean me, slave..."

State Secret

Truth: In the fields and factories of the State, within the walls of houses and homes. In the thoughts and souls of the proletariat. This is where the State resides.

The new name was hers to answer to.

The only thing she now owned for herself!

'Nyeon', a word that held the truth of Sissy's future. In fear of Mummy with the cane in her hand, desperate to please Daddy's rigid cock to keep him happy. Kept in a playpen, a cot with steel bars, chained and restrained, helpless and willing. Nyeon could no longer remember the past. Former Mummies, Nurse who had been nightmare and teacher. Stripped of all but an unquenched desire to please, no matter how they used and abused.

The uses were endless.

No thought in her head but a hope to serve. No reason remained but the endless obsession to be a perfect little girl for her Mummy and Daddy. Even the words that they spoke could not be deciphered, even if their wishes were plain. Nyeon fluttered her eyelashes, bent for the cane and sucked lovingly at the warm cock that pressed so deep.

Others came and went.

They played with her, fucked her and used her to the sound of happy laughter while Mummy and Daddy looked on and encouraged them to new cruelties. First there was always shock and amazement that the neutered man could pose as a perfect Western bitch. After that, tentative cruelties and humiliations followed by ever surer confidence. Finally, casual abuse and exploitation until they too joined the list of hopefuls to receive their own special sex-toy.

Nyeon was the beginning.

The first of a subtle undermining of a culture *supposedly* based on equality. The scars of canings and abuse, the endless use. She fawned on Daddy and cried when Mummy was angry and needy, crawling as they alternately rewarded her with their own gratification and punished her for things that she did not even understand she had done wrong.

But, Mummy's pleasure made her whole.

All she knew was that she *had* to look perfect, had to have every pleat and lacy dress in place, just so. It was who she was! She had to drain Daddy and present her rounded ass for his use. Make Mummy groan and shudder as she willed and suffer the savage punishment that came with every pleasure.

It was the sissy that she was.

There was no longer any need for the restraint, no need to control Nyeon's own urges; for she had none. No urges, but her ever-hard cock was now just a weeping plaything for her owners.

The journey was at an end.

Nyeon's hopes were those of a child; hope had not gone, for Nyeon hoped every day that Mummy would be satisfied and that Daddy would empty himself into her open mouth, splash his come to be then suckled from his hard cock.

There was always hope...

Part Six

View from A Hill

Unsatisfied Vista

Quote: *It is not the mountain we conquer but ourselves.*

Up on Electra Heights, the view was breath-taking. Lights spread to the edge of vision into darkness. A livid moon hung on the edge of the horizon. Occasional low cloud shadowed its disc and the few unlit areas of Los Angeles were dark stains on the patchwork of distant streetlights.

It was not a balcony, but a jutting outcrop of rock that supported the broad terrace that finished with a glass-sided pool where the water lay like a mirror. Behind the figure of the woman who gazed at the view, stood the house that she had dreamed of, modern, wide spaces enclosed by glass while a warm breeze from the south bathed her in its arms.

Charley leaned on the low wall that faced the drop with both hands and took in the sight of the city below. Even now, at three in the morning, lights could be seen on Hollywood Boulevard below. A complete contrast to the utter darkness of the mountains that enclosed the Golden Palace that she longed to revisit with a passion that she was almost afraid to admit, even to herself. Just a year before, she had stepped from the trap in both senses of the word. Her heel pressing into the naked back of the slave who was her step, with the hand of Hye-Kin in hers, a smile on her lips. Hye-Rin; the woman that brought a mixture of fear and passion to her thoughts, Hye-Rin, the woman that owned her body and soul.

Of course, it was not Hye-Rin that owned her, but her Aunt, the terrible Mrs Tokashirimaso who was the black-widow spider enclosed in a web of dominance that went far beyond any dreams of depravity and debauchery. Charley understood that strand that stretched to the woman's hand, but it was Hye-Rin that was in her thoughts as she observed the city below. It was Mrs Tokashirimaso's house that she lived in, Mrs Tokashirimaso's money that was lent to her at an interest rate yet to be determined.

Charley had returned to L.A. as a heroine! Her evidence had brought down corrupt politicians on both sides of the Pacific, her reports a model of undercover FBI penetration that would be used as classic cases for evidential discovery. Charley was a heroine of the Bureau, decorated and feted, promoted and placed on a pedestal for her peers to admire. And, all the while she was what the sage Sun-Tzu would have called 'inward' and 'converted'. Inward, because she was an enemy official whose loyalties had been subverted, converted because she had been turned.

And yet, there was a feeling of dissatisfaction. A lurking need that had to be filled. Candy, the girl that was confined in the wide bed in the mansion was just a pale shadow of what the Golden Palace offered, a hang-over from her past that could never match the unlimited possibilities of dominance that she dreamed of at Hye-Rin's side. So whence the discontent, the niggling dissatisfaction that filled Charley's mind as she surveyed her kingdom? She had unlimited money, a villa that would have graced a movie star, the admiration of her peers in the FBI.

Charley had it all.

A year ago, she had stepped onto the apron of L.A. International to be greeted by the FBI section head and, since that moment, not a word from Korea, not a whisper from the Golden Palace and Mrs Tokashirimaso, its Queen of pain.

Charley turned and looked stepped onto the high arch of the glass bridge that crossed the still pool, allowing the tip of the whip in her hand to trail and break the surface of the mirrored water below. She looked down and saw the ripples break the image of the black clad form that looked back at her. Pointed toes, pointed heels, matte black latex that clasped every curve of her. Dark red lips, plaited blonde hair, the very picture of the dominatrix that she had always dreamed that she was, deep inside. Whip in gloved hand, the very image of fetish domination. Her hand moved and a drop of water fell from the tasselled tail of the whip to ripple the reflection again.

All she had to do was to wait for her owner to use her... but the waiting was so very arduous. For a few weeks in the Golden Palace, she had had everything. Had it all! Fear, terror and sexual bliss. Power over slaves so degraded that they had been modelled to their mistress' desires. Seduced by Hye-Rin, horrified and fascinated by the delights of the Golden Palace, swallowed by a frightening world where anything was possible.

Now all that remained was the wetness that dripped from between her thighs at the memories of stolen moments with Hye-Rin while the startling blonde served them both on that secret view over a placid valley of agony in South Korea. That and the woman who willingly served in a subtle and very American mockery of true female dominance.

Just the surface remained, the depths were out of reach.

Charley sighed and turned back to the open window. Passive, Candy was waiting for her return, but the thought of the willing slave on the silk coverlets did not entice the way that she had dreamed that it would. Her heels clicked

on the marble, the snake of the lash trailing behind as she moved to the open door to the darkness of the bedroom.

Already she had decided!

Tonight, she would push Candy past previous limits and take her further down a dark path of true servility. Already her lover had been decorated and transformed, tonight she would taste the depths that were lurking in her lover's jaded dreams. A pause, a moment of gathering herself, then she stepped into the shadowed room. Candy lay on the bed, the silver and gold of her piercings that were laced with pink ribbons. Tattooed patterns chased over her pale skin, some in unfinished outline, others complete and blocked in. Fetters held Candy outstretched on the bed, chains to the posts, a collar that held her head rigid for use. Every hole stoppered, her feet cramped into the rigid ballet shoes that made her calves bunch with the strain.

Tonight, the whip would score that vulnerable body and Candy would learn what it was to drink at her mistress's whim. Thighs close over her wide mouth as Charley enjoyed her slave falling a sharp drop further into the slavery that was just a shadow of what the Golden Palace could offer. Such a shame that she was not so very unwilling to fall!

Legs wide apart, Charley stood and looked down at her slave.

The black circle of the dildo filling her lover's cunt. Stretched inner lips clasp it as it thrust and moved of its own volition. The half-hidden stopper that stretched her ass and the black ball that held her jaw impossibly wide. Candy's eyes were bulging with the strain of her helpless pose. They rolled up to take in the woman that had sucked her into bondage three years ago. No safe word would ever pass her lips, that was a luxury of control that had been taken a year before. Now all that was left was the hope that she would climax in Charley's arms, to feel just a little of the love that had been purged by the Korean visit.

Charley smiled.

Her hand descended and slowly pulled at the zipper that ran from waist to between her thighs. It slowly crept down, revealing a thin triangle of skin of her belly. Lowered further to allow the skin to swell from underneath the latex, a smooth slit that dripped want, a bud that flowered like a rose to expose swelling inner lips and engorged clitoris. Now, the hand parted its fingers to show the dark entrance and flushed matrix of Charley's sex.

For a moment, Charley was transported back to the hillside, the knoll where Hye-Rin directed her Finnish slave to pleasure the American with a small laugh at Charley's disappointment that she was the director of passion and not the leading actress. That last week of bliss... Surrogate sweetheart, proxy passion controller of climax. Charley came back from the delectable dream of the past and she despised the lover that simply surrendered to her abuse.

Charley's hand moved and the whip snaked a light drawing blur in the darkness over the slut on the bed. A cry caught in the throat behind the gag, a moan that brought no fulfilment to the mistress. Another followed, this time scorching a welt from belly to thigh with a sharp crack as the tail of the whip snapped like a hornet against the stretched lips of Candy's cunt. Inside her belly, Charley could feel the pressure that needed relief. The fountain that was soon to be drained at her pleasure. The exclusive Cristal that had been turned from wine to water by the magic of her perfect body. In the eyes of the fettered slut on the bed a realisation that this was another descent into pure slavery.

Gloved hands released the ball that plugged Candy's lips, leaving the ring that still held her jaw wide. Words of pleading and fear distorted by the savage gag that the gloved hand slowly widened to its utter limits. Candy felt the weight of her mistress slide over her body. The slither of the latex on skin, the heels that gouged a path on the outsides of her thighs. Ignoring her cries and piteous gasps, the revealed skin between Charley's thighs slid over a face that could not elude her wide-open lips being forced to a kiss with the gaping opening of her owner and lover.

A sigh of pleasure from above.

Candy's eyes looked up the wall of black that was her lover's belly, the breasts being slowly released from the latex and the glow in Charley's eyes. The familiar perfume of pleasure, the clitoris at the tip of her tongue. Then a new hint, the salty tang of her mistress. Thighs bore down, wide lips sealed against soft swelling flesh and Charley's red lips opened in pleasure as she dripped into Candy with deliberation, stretching the moment to its limits, allowing realisation to fill her slave as she climaxed to the warmth that dribbled from her, drained and relieved that carefully hoarded liquid.

The first orgasm was delicate. More an internal release as Charley watched the face below and enjoyed the dread of what was to come. The second was physical, the rasp of clitoris against the gag and tongue and the slight movement that was the only struggle that Candy could achieve. Fingers and thumbs tweaked her nipples to sensitivity, the whip falling to the silk with a

whisper as the third climax unfurled; tears filling the eyes that stared from between her thighs.

"So sweet!"

The words were softly spoken in Korean, causing Charley to start at the presence of Hye-Rin in the room. The darkness resolved into a shape and Charley felt another climax arrive at the sight of the petite Korean girl stepping into the moonlight that streamed through the open doors to the terrace.

In her summer frock and green high heels, the smiling Korean stepped forward and leaned to kiss Charley on the lips to silence her words.

"Come for me now, my little bitch," said Hye-Rin. "It's time to be mine!"

Was it an order or entreaty?

Charley was swept up in bliss as delicate hands stroked her breasts gently and then pinched her nipples savagely. The brutal agony and the delicate perfume of the elfin Korean girl filled her senses as she released all control and drained with a rush into the mouth below; Charley orgasmed as she spontaneously wept tears of ecstasy. Swept up in ardour for the Korean mistress that she longed for. The words whispered in her ear filled her brain with desire and she knew that at last the long wait was over.

"This lovely slave bitch will make a fine little pony for my personal use... Helplessly pulling me at the trot! Thrilled with every leather touch of my whip. Covered by my powerful stallions, fucked brutally like the slut that she so desperately wants to be. Surgically prepared for my pleasure, dependent and decorated, perpetually at the edge of endless climax that is never ever fulfilled in her gelded state."

Were the words for Charley, or were they for her slave?

Only Hye-Rin knew the answer to the question.

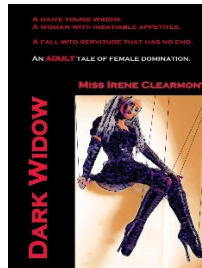
Charley screamed in pure ecstasy.

The End

The Clearmont Novels

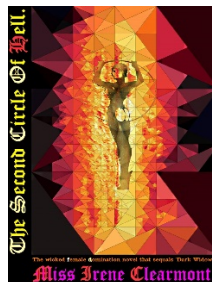
Each of the four novels is complete in itself. Each from the viewpoint of male and female victims as well as their dominant owners. Each one telling a larger tale with a mélange of close-up and intimate narratives as the central plots unfurl to take your breath away. The result is, as one reader informed me, 'such sweet agony'. The final part of that series, 'Honey Trap', is in your hand...

Dark Widow



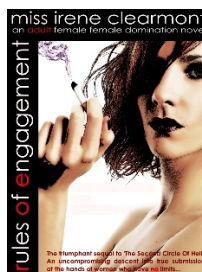
Denise is made a widow by the rapacious and manipulative Miss Irene Clearmont. What follows the funeral is a devious game of hop-scotch where blackmail becomes coercion, love becomes fetish obsession and Denise becomes the property of the woman who is clawing at her mind and fortune.

Second Circle Of Hell



The circle of lust... Denise is now nothing more than a helpless chattel in the Institute that Miss Irene and her partners in female domination have created to train and oppress the slaves that they trade in. Now those partners are at odds with each other, playing a deadly game of cat-and mouse as they enter a poisonous struggle for dominance.

Rules Of Engagement



Miss Irene Clearmont spreads her wings to the Middle East. Aligning her business to link with a Turkish sexual-slavery Academy, there is the danger that the whole card-house of female-dominated slavery will fall. What ensues is brinkmanship of the highest order as the two organisations move to control and possibly share the largest sex-slave market of all.