

Presidential Heist

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Though the Japanese parliament was packed, you could almost hear a pin drop between pauses, as the MPs were hanging from every word. Takamoto Yume, the nation's first and youngest female elected Prime Minister, was currently taking the stand, offering a passionate rebuttal to the head of the Liberal Democratic Party, Ishikawa Kaito.

"Mr. Ishikawa says that we'll bankrupt and destroy this country, but he only manages to sound like a whining loser, who can't accept change. You are old news sir, you are the past, and we can't sit here and bother ourselves with an old man's delusions!" the charismatic young woman raised her voice triumphantly in those final hard-hitting words, causing the parliament to erupt in a mix of enthusiastic ovation (from her peers) and furious groans from the opposing traditionalist party.

It had been only 5 months since the shocking results of the most recent election. A newcomer in politics, Takamoto Yume came from a streamer and online activist background and quickly rose to prominence for her biting critique of the backwards, rotten politicians, until the call from her millions of fans became too great to ignore and she joined the race with an independent party of young people, strictly millennials and zoomers.

Yume was a slim, porcelain-skinned brunette, with her silky hair reaching her shoulders and big, brown eyes that glowed, especially when they looked at you. She had an adorable button nose and some cute, pinchable cheeks.

At 5'8", the 27-year-old Asian influencer-turned-president had a model's physique, with her skinny waist, B-cup boobies and tight ass always squeezed into form-hugging suit skirts and blazer dresses that were nothing like the public had seen from the usually ugly, conservative politicians, giving modest flashes of her sexy body (usually her long, gorgeous, pristinely hairless and lotioned legs) while remaining classy. Besides her undeniable charisma, heart-melting smile and breathtaking beauty, her commoner background and eloquent, non-conformist rhetoric drew millions of followers her way and at the same time, drew the ire of her political opponents. Namely, Ishikawa's Liberal Party, which had been governing Japan for the past three decades straight.

As she was stepping down from her triumphant speech, the gorgeous Japanese brunette shot a smirking look towards her adversary, on the opposite side of the vast room. Kaito Ishikawa was frozen with a hard-to-conceal anger, silently shooting eye-dangers back at the trollop that had upset him and his party at the recent elections.

He was certain it was his time to rule and the young whore had taken his chance right out of his hands. If that wasn't enough, she had just humiliated him in front of not just the parliament, but also, thanks to the TV coverage of the hearings, the entire nation.

"That was great Miss Yume! You kicked his butt!" Maruyama Chihiro, Yume's 23 years young secretary rushed to her side upon seeing her exit the main hall with a victorious posture. Little Chihiro was a petite, short girl with dewy, puppy eyes and straight, brown bangs that hovered above her shoulders. It was adorable how she paced quickly towards her boss, holding a warm cappuccino cup in one hand. Wrapped in her other arm was a huge binder, almost as big as her torso, filled with tasks and appointments.

The mousey little ball of busy energy had joined Yume's campaign quite early and with her dedication and hard work had earned her the position of the President's private secretary. With her glasses never leaving her cute face, she was dressed in a turtleneck sweater and a semi-long, ruffled skirt.

"Thanks Chihiro, I think it went well" Yume smiled down at her and took the plastic coffee cup, downplaying the massive roast she had just burned the opposition and its leader with. "It's already trending on social!" Chihiro showed her a clip from the hearing that had concluded only a few minutes ago. "He made it too easy, always blubbing on and on about my short clothes. I can always get him back with the sexist angle on that stuff" Yume was the sort of down to earth person who wasn't insecure about sharing her debating approach with her colleagues.

As Chihiro kept fawning over Yume's 'heroics', the young Prime Minister's eyes fell over the short girl's head, on the woman approaching them. It was Yume's childhood-long friend and now head of her security and personal bodyguard, Nakahara Mio. Behind her serious demeanor, the 29-year-old, hard-faced girl was actually a sweetheart. She had just grown up to always show a tough cookie exterior.

Nakahara had straight, brown bangs that showed some ginger redness to them when the light hit them the right way. Unlike Yume's more wavy hair locks, Nakahara's curved like two parentheses "()", nicely framing her face and the ends almost 'meeting' under her chin. She had glistening, olive eyes that hid her demure nature.

At 5'7", she had a fit, pear-shaped, slender body that made people easily mistake her for an eye-candy secretary. Her pretty face and shy demeanor was as unassuming as a girl next door, but she had the deadpan badassery of an unapproachable mean girl, who could kick your ass with whatever type of martial art you preferred. As per her strict (though mostly self-enforced) dress code, the young woman was dressed in a dark-blue double-breasted blazer, matching pants and basic flat shoes (unlike her boss' sexy 3-inch stilettos).

You never know when running would be necessary.

Chihiro's complimenting words, along with the rest of her surroundings sort of faded out of focus when Yume saw Nakahara. She had never made her attraction known, but ever since high school, she harbored a crush on her good friend. The feelings were never reciprocated, but were never known either by her clueless friend.

Though Takamoto was openly bi/pan-sexual and had run on a platform of LGBTQ+ visibility and acceptance (only infuriating the right wing more), there was no official or unofficial 'partner' in her life. No First Lady or Lad.

"All good, Min-Jung?" Yume addressed the girl with a warm smile once she reached them. That was her actual, her real first name, spoken mostly in private. While Nakahara Mio was her legal, Japanese-adopted name, the girl was what was known as a Zai-nihon-Chosen-jin, a Japanese citizen of South-Korean ethnicity.

Her real full name was Park Min-Jung.

Conforming her name to local standards did not help her socially, though, as Min-Jung was kind of a loner and an outcast in high school. But Yume had approached her with open arms and had broken through her shielded façade.

Ever since the election, it was Yume who was a shield for the idiotic backlash that the press sometimes hurled towards a "potentially dangerous" or "traitor" Korean being responsible for the Japanese PM's direct safety.

"Yes, we are good to go" the introvert, unassumingly kick-ass girl replied, before pressing her finger on her earpiece and sternly ordering "prepare to move" into a subtle half-face mic.

“What about you? Do you need anything?” Yume put her hand casually, but tenderly on Min-Jung’s shoulder, the kind of touch that’s as unnecessary as it is telling. Yume always tried to get closer to her crush/friend/bodyguard with subtle displays of care and affection, but they were never enough to hint at something more. “I’m cool” the stern-faced cutie replied with the best she could do at a smile.

“Great, I’ll be there in a minute” Yume did not show any disheartened emotion, referring to the presidential limo waiting for them outside. Her heart sunk by a centimeter or two each time she watched the oblivious woman walk away from her.

“Silly...” she mumbled inwardly, not sure if she was referring to herself or the oblivious girl.

“Miss Yume, uhmm, I wanted at some point to discuss the possibility of a pay raise...” a politely feisty Chihiro changed the topic, her smiling eyes not scared to look up at Yume’s. “I’m really sorry Chihiro, but you know we’re trying to do an equal pay model for the party, and I can’t increase your wage without doing the same to everyone else’s, too. It’s just not in our budget now and we’re trying to show a good face to the public. You know, that we’re not just money-grubbing opportunists” Yume explained the hard truth. Chihiro was already in the top earners of the party, though it still paled in comparison to what the previous, greedy government officials made in the past.

Yume wanted to do things right. To set a righteous moral example: A new generation doing things differently.

“I get it...” Chihiro both smiled and frowned at the same time, hiding her disappointment. “Anyway, let’s get going before the press ambushes us” the tiny secretary left the awkward moment behind and she and Yume made way for the glistening, black, tinted-windowed car.

“Gentlemen, we need to do something and fast” a very concerned Ishikawa Kaito spoke to his political peers, receiving a bunch of mumbling nods. They were all comfortably seating in separate brown leather sofa chairs that made a semicircle in the lounge area of their unofficial quarters. The air was filled with cigar smoke and crystal glasses, filled with either scotch or sake, clicked every once in a while from a different source. Perhaps the textbook definition of what rich, powerful assholes do in their spare time.

“If we don’t do something drastic, that bitch will be re-elected before we know it!” Ishikawa sounded upset. Trapped. 5 months had passed since they lost and they were still dropping in the polls.

The balding man was already 62 years old, but considered himself the ideal next hierarch for the country. His wrinkles were showing even through the Botox that had tried to make him more appealing to youth. The capitalists around him, exclusively men, were of a similar brand of politician.

Old, selfish and corrupt. The status quo.

At this moment, two young women, a black, Nigerian girl and a much lighter-skinned, Italian one, approached the men's sides, holding trays filled with 'fresh' drinks. Both were clad in way-too-skimpy for regulations, French-maid/bunny outfits that showed off both their heavy titties and round asses. They were gagged with shiny black ballgags that matched their glossy outfits and bunny ears. They were also chain-hobbled at the wrists and ankles, allowing for only necessary movements and small steps in their precariously tall heels.

Kaito grabbed the new, filled-to-the-brim glass of scotch without even registering the woman's existence. While everyone was an honorable, god-fearing family man, behind these closed doors the party was in cahoots with an international slaver agency, named SPIDR (after the arachnoid that casts a wide silky net to catch its 'succulent' prey). The party's elite members benefited both financially and...in the flesh from this collaboration.

No one proposed anything, only sipping their problems away. Then, as the bunny-waitress turned to leave and Kaito got a nice glimpse of her bunny-tailed ass, an idea sparked in his mind. A dumb, silly idea. But it could be the only he had.

He chuckled to himself, everyone looking at him confused. "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll give our friends over at SPIDR a call..." he grinned.

Seated at her presidential office, an exhausted Madam President Takamoto was answering calls literally left and right, since there were two phone devices on her desk. The phones stopped ringing after what felt like an eternity.

"Miss Yume, do you need a break?" a concerned Chihiro asked, standing by her boss' side. "I'm ok, I'll just go to the restroom and splash some water on my face" Yume got up. It sounded stupid when you put it to words, but she didn't think being the leader of an entire nation would be sooooo tiring. "And i thought streaming was exhausting..." Yume often thought to herself. Even though she had drones of

people below her, a woman of her position was required to speak with everyone about everything! It was draining her.

“She means a proper break” Mi-Jung stepped closer, previously guarding the front door as per protocol (though Yume had asked her countless times to not stand that far away, alone). “You’ve burned out. You could use some vacation” she said with that same stern expression of underlying deep care that caused butterflies in Yume’s stomach every time.

The woman, clad in a matching cyan blazer and skirt (ending way above her knees) plopped lifelessly on the huge couch in the center of the presidential office, letting an equally huge sigh. “You’re right. I am tired. But I can’t stop. I mustn’t stop” Yume felt bound by her commitment to this cause. She had been going at full speed ever since the election, half a year ago.

“Nakahara’s right, Miss” Chihiro doubled down. “I have found a very nice house in the countryside, away from people, away from everything! Let’s just go and have a week off. The rest of the party can hold the fort”. Yume eyed Chihiro with her beautiful brown eyes having black circles that even her pristine make-up was having a tough time concealing. She did need some rest. If someone was as workaholic as she, it was her secretary. And even she was egging her on to stop.

Perhaps she should listen.

“Will you come with?” Yume looked up at Min-Jung, who was standing above her, worried. “Yes, I will” the woman nodded with a kind, almost motherly smile. She always looked at Yume like the more popular, more talented younger sister she never had.

Precious; to be protected; to be cherished.

“Ok...” Yume sighed and let her head plot back against the pillows, deadweight.

“One week”.



The place Maruyama Chihiro had found was indeed, idyllic. A discreet, but adorable, lakeside wooden cabin, hidden away amongst dense forest. "This is wonderful! Chihiro, where did you find such a place?" Yume exclaimed as she stepped out of the comfy van. Even amidst this more rural setting, she couldn't help but appear dazzling, only because she left for the trip straight after a high-end meeting.

She was wearing her favorite double-breasted blazer dress, a light pink Balmain with big, silver buttons. Its long sleeves and closed V countered the fact that it ended only a couple of inches underneath the girl's panty-level, giving a nice view of her thighs and pink-heeled legs. The handle of an outfit matching, wheeled luggage bag was following along in the girl's hand. Two more, much larger ones of identical pink color were being carried by her security team.

Yume had insisted she wanted minimum security, like one outdoor guard, but the overprotective Min-Jung had stepped her foot down on the matter and had called three men.

Yume, Chihiro and Min-Jung stepped into the lovely premises. There was a little kitchenette, fur rugs and sofa/couch covers everywhere, and an already lit fireplace waiting for them. Besides cleaned to perfection, it had been pre-scanned for bombs or any other 'funny business'. The girls got settled in while the security got stationed outside the perimeter.

Even during her friend-mandated vacation, Min-Jung was wearing the usual formal, navy-blue blazer with a plain, white top underneath and matching pants. Only difference was a pretty, silk red scarf that was around her neck, a present from Yume who saw it outside a store and thought it would look cute on her. Yume could not tell whether the Korean girl actually liked the gift or not. She always appeared unreadable in that polite, reserved way. Hey, at least she had chilled enough to leave her intercom and gun behind. For her, this should be a day off.

Too bored to change into something more comfortable, Yume fell straight onto the comfy couch. Soon, Chihiro was next to her with some white wine, Yume's favorite. "To self-care!" Yume wittingly roasted her glass. "To taking care of one's self..." Chihiro oddly repeated her superior's words in a different way. The three ladies clinked glasses and an afternoon of drinking and de-stressing commenced!

40 minutes later, Yume had already emptied her (pretty big) wine glass. Each time Chihiro got up, Yume tried flirting with her dear Min-Jung. "Your hair looks really good like that" she said, brushing her slender hand through the bodyguard's pristinely brushed locks. "Th...thanks" she was caught off guard. In her mind, Yume registered as the lovey-dovey-touchy kind of friend. She wasn't that, though. "Uhm,

do you need anything from the minibar?" Min-Jung got up, stomping the moment's spark. "Uhm, I'm ok" Yume sounded deflated.

She wanted to show her true colors, but was failing miserably once more. "I'm going to go change" with the booze making it a tad more difficult to hide her disappointment, Yume went for the master bedroom.

"Fucking idiot..." under her breath, she cursed only Min-Jung, for not picking up what she very obviously was putting down. Stepping inside, she saw the double bed that was prepared for her. Truthfully, she hoped that Min-Jung would join her in it, but the security agent would sleep with Chihiro in the guest room.

Yume caught her face's reflection on a little, round, walled mirror. "You're an idiot, too" she told the annoyed woman looking back at her. Right as she was about to start disrobing, Yume felt a mass fell on her from behind, and the next moment, she was being gripped roughly by what felt like four strong, masculine hands!

"MMNNG!" she moaned in surprise as two of the gloved hands smothered her mouth and held her head secure, while the second pair had yanked her arms behind her back and was already binding them with rope!

"Hush Miss President! No need to fuss" the hand-gagging man cooed the struggling damsel and Yume realized that he was not only hand-gagging her, but shoving a thick, bundled wad of cloth in her mouth! "MMMMMNGH!" the slim hottie tried to scream for help and stomp her pointy heels to the floor to alert someone, but the two big, balaclava-masked men had practically lifted the lightweight woman off her feet, not letting her get any leverage to fight back.

It all happened so fast, the two black-dressed men working in unison like a well-oiled machine. After all, they were professionals; the top SPIDR agents. Before she knew what was happening, the overwhelmed damsel was having silver duct tape wound many, many times around her face, sealing that mouth-stuffing inside. The man seemed to relish just how many tight face-wraps he made with the duct tape that painfully bulged her cheeks and crushed her brown hair as it wrapped around the back of her head. He was treating the beautiful PM about as humanly as a busted car bumper that needed some good "insulation".

Same was the approach with her bonds. Her upper arms were harshly pinned to her ribs by the many coils of rope tied above her pretty chest, 'ruining' her well-ironed Balmain blazer dress.

Even more rope was passed around her slender waist, and her wrist-bound hands were attached to that rope against the small of her back, inadvertently 'presenting' her blazer-covered titties, which were squeezed through the two rope layers. Much more incapacitated than at first, Yume was pushed to seat on the foot of the double bed.

"MMFF! MMMMFFF!" an angry Yume was hopelessly trying to shake the face-wrapped duct tape off, shaking her head. "Ain't gonna help, sweetheart" the second kidnapper chuckled, sounding very American, as his partner was now passing both ends of the rope of her new ropey waist-belt through her milky thighs! "NNNGG! HHHGGKK!" (*Nooo! Stoop!*) the girl's muffled protests were ignored as the rough hemp rope made a sharp V from her hip-bones to her sex.

Her captors pulled the two strands of rope through Yume's too-short-to-protect-her business dress. The tension of the crotch rope made her pink, skimpy blazer dress ride up her hips and expose her black, lace panties! Yume's tape-pinchd cheeks blushed with deep shame, even if most of them were hidden behind the layers of tape. The masked men passed the rough crotch rope around the back and through her waist-rope, before bringing it back the opposite direction, once more over her black, lace panties. Even over the soft, thin fabric, the ropes visibly dug into her delicate crotch flesh, splitting her labia in two painfully clear sections.

The loose end came out the front, making for a handy crotch leash to lead the bitch around with. Some final ropes were tied around her knees, effectively hobbling her.

"How do they think they're gonna get out of here?" in her panic, this logical thought brought some sobriety to Miss Takamoto. There was one agent inside (Min-Jung) and three outside. Someone would rescue her!

This reassurance shattered to a million pieces when she saw the men pull away the edge of the cozy, furry winter rug that covered most of the hard-wood floors to reveal a secret floor-hatch in the center of the room! The entry-door meshed perfectly with the wooden floors where the plaques naturally ended, hiding in plain sight. Yume did not even utter a gagged yelp, her brown eyes stuck wide with pure shock.

At the same time, far away from the action, a pondering Ishikawa Kaito was seated alone, at his private office, anxiously tapping his fingers on his perfectly polished, sandalwood desk, with that rich,

dark reddish brown color. He's expecting a message on his burner phone, an important message. It could not arrive soon enough.

But things should be proceeding well. After all, his intel was correct. The house that Prime Minister Takamoto would vacation at was owned by his family. Well, not in any paper trail, but in essence, by a shady subsidiary. The lake house cabin was old. So old, it featured a secret passageway to a safe route, built during WW2. It was what the SPIDR agents had used to enter the premises. And it would be the same they would make their exit, without anyone ever noticing.

"NGGFFFF! NNMMMGHHH!" a writhing, kicking and moaning Yume offered no match for her manhandlers. Her bound, gagged form was literally carried by the man in his arms. He shoved her through the square opening on the floor, literally handing her over to the guy at the bottom of the little getaway ladder built into the sidewall.

An underground tunnel, reaching 6 feet in height. As for its length, the path's end was not visible, the bare, dirt walls and ground faded into an inky darkness ahead. The men turned on some chest-mounted flashlights, illuminating the path with a cold light. Still, where it led was unknown, with all the twists and turns.

Through the less dim lighting, Yume noticed that two more masked men were waiting on this underground hideout; reinforcements. "Come" the man holding the end of the crotch-leash pulled it with little concern for Yume's sensitivity. "GMM!" she groaned and was forced to follow him, making little, dainty steps with her heels, only able to extend her legs from the knee down.

"Instead of trying to run the country, a cute girl like you oughta be following men" another man's sardonic comment made Yume snort with insulted disgust. Indeed, all she could do was follow the men.

It was at this moment that Min-Jung politely entered the room, seeing the door not fully closed. "I'm sorry. I was being a dick earlier" she went right into her apology. She realized she was being too uptight and distant lately.

"What?!" she exclaimed when she saw open hatch in the middle of the bedroom closing. "GGHUUGHUUNNGG!" Yume tried to call out her friend, her very muffled voice coming from under the floorboards. Her 'handler' yanked at her crotch rope faster, signaling to the other two to get up and 'deal' with the problem. With a moaning, hopelessly fighting Yume being hastily 'escorted' deeper into the tunnel, Min-Jung saw two real-life minions hop out of the hatch. No guns were around. This needed to be stealthy.

The first guy launched himself at the pretty bodyguard. She ducked and used his momentum to grab his whole arm and slam him into the floor like a pro judoka. The very next moment, she received a kick by the guy's combat boot, right in the stomach. Tough to parry two attacks simultaneously.

But with the first guy still dizzy from his quick flooring, Min-Jung made quick work of the second, raising her shapely leg and giving him a flawless Tae-kwon-do kick right in the face that knocked him out cold. She rushed to the first knocked down henchman and twisted his arm painfully behind his back. "How many are there?!" she asked, putting tremendous pressure to the man's joint. "AAaa, two! TWO!" the man yelled in pain. The next moment, the woman karate chopped him on the side of his neck, knocking him unconscious via a pressure point.

"What happened? I heard noise!" a startled Chihiro rushed into the room, to find Min-Jung looking at her over her shoulder, panting and standing between two masked, KO-ed men. "They got Yume. I have to go. Notify the security!" the girl spoke clearly and deliberately, showing just how composed she could be in high-stakes moments. This was certainly one.

"O...ok!" Chihiro nodded, visibly absorbing all this info amidst the chaos. With a gymnast's dexterous jump, Min-Jung hopped right onto the vertical wall mount ladder.

Maruyama Chihiro, Yume's young secretary, was now alone, the only person, well, the only conscious person in the master bedroom. Suddenly, her tense body language relaxed and her prior expression of horror sharply changed into an evil smirk. "Sorry, *chon* slut" (*derogatory term against Koreans*) the tiny Japanese girl spoke to no one but herself. She dragged the henchmen's ragdoll bodies and carelessly dumped them through the hatch, not caring whether they broke their necks from the long fall. She then closed the hatch and threw the rug back on, making everything as neat and tidy as it was before Yume entered.

Adjusting her big, nerdy glasses on her cute nose, the secretary left the room and closed the door behind her, locking it from the outside and putting the key in her coat's pocket. Contrary to Park Min-Jung's orders, she wasn't gonna bother the guards with such... frivolous matters. She just waited to put on her most shocked of faces later on, when everyone else eventually discovered the two women were missing.

Too bad they would never be found.

“I thought politics would pay some more” we see Chihiro in a flashback, speaking inside a dark alley with chairman Ishikawa. “It does if you play your cards right” the old man replies, handing the girl a big duffel bag full of cash. “The other half when it’s done”. “And my position in the party...” the ambitious girl added, knowing how to ‘play ball’. “Yes, after your... grieving period ends” Kaito said with a deadpan, but sarcastic tone.

It turned out the ambitious secretary was not exactly a progressive idealist. All she had to do was to arrange her overworked boss’ holiday spot. “Leave everything to me” she reassured Yume;

Just like a good secretary would do.



“Huh...huh...huh...huh...huh...huh...huh...” Min-Jung panted quickly as she rushed through the twists and turns of the dark labyrinth. She couldn’t really run. If there was a while five feet in front of her, she could not see it. She tried hearing for Yume’s gagged, desperate calls.

“Mmmmmmmmm!” they echoed from somewhere deep in the tunnel. Following them, it didn’t take the agent too long to catch up to the two kidnappers. She spotted them just as they made another turn, with their precious ‘loot’ up close to them. Without a gun or any weapon, she needed to find a stealthy approach.

Closing in the distance, she pounced at the right moment, surprising them and knocking the first henchman on the ground with a jumping kick to the head.

“Hold it right there!” the SPIDR team leader, who was leading the pretty PM by the crotch, yanked Miss Takamoto in front of him, using her as a human shield and putting a gun to her temple. Min-Jung had not closed the distance enough for another melee attack. She sighed, grimacing with anger.

“Another step and she dies” he warned her, while his accomplice was still on his butt, rubbing his head from the dizzying kick. “Ok...let’s talk...” Min-Jung slipped into negotiator mode, raising her open palms in the international ‘calm down’ motion. At the same time, she made small, silent, discreet steps towards the man, hoping to catch him off guard.

“I’m not interested in talking to your *chon* ass” the masked man replied, ignoring Yume’s pitiful squirms in his tight grasp. Even in that deep darkness, her eyes sparked with a pleading sentiment, eyeing her crush, her friend. Her savior?

“MMmm!” Just then, those same eyes widened with a gagged yelp, and before Min-Jung could turn to see what the girl was looking at over her bodyguard’s shoulder, she was knocked out cold by the other kidnapper, who pistol-whacked her from behind on the back of the head.

****Blink****

Minamoto Kaito’s phone (not the actual, 1000\$-worth one, but an ancient, 2008 flip phone) rang with an inconspicuous little bell sound. He looked down the small, flashing screen.

PACKAGE IS SECURE IN SECONDARY LOCATION. BUT WE HAVE AN EXTRA...GUEST.
HOW SHOULD WE PROCEED?

The old politician’s psychopathic eyes scanned through the coded message. He typed back:

DISPOSE OF ANYONE INSIGNIFICANT.

And hit 'send', finally allowing a victorious smirk form on his dry, old lips. That internet bitch would not stand in his way anymore.

"MMnng hhuu uuhhmngg!" (*Leave her alone!*) Takamoto Yume protested in her heavy stuff/tape gag, angrily shaking her head in a (pretty hopeless) defiance. Her stunning, pink, blazer minidress was getting all dusty, since the girl was on her back on the much-less-tidy floors of a small, wooden shack, deep in the woods.

A safe haven during WW2, a kidnapper's temporary hideout now.

Yume's legs were now much more restrained with more rope. Fused together at the woman's delicate, slim ankles, more rope went around the middle of her calves and thighs, folding them together. Rope coils going across the previous ones, between the woman's pressed-together legs, formed inescapable bonds, synching everything nice and tight against the woman's long, porcelain legs.

From this rope, more, taut rope-lines connected her folded knees to her back harness, forcing Yume's knees to lift and almost press against her feminine chest, all balled up. Her snug ankle rope was also tethered to the front of her waist-rope, concluding her folded bondage. It gave a nice view of the young woman's fine ass and black panties, since her lifted minidress was nowhere near to cover it.

"Shut up!" the now unmasked brut (an ugly, white, British guy) turned over his shoulder, before returning his 'inspecting' attention to the PM's pretty bodyguard. Min-Jung was now in a similarly dire situation. Unlike her floored friend, she was tied to a chair, with crisscrossing rope going around her (now fully unbuttoned) navy-blue agent blazer and the back of the chair. More strict rounds of duct tape further 'cemented' her to her seat, for good measure.

The SPIDR agents appeared more thorough with the ass-kicking whore, tying her much more debilitatingly than Yume, to avoid any further... interruptions to their plans by this cute vigilante. Not only were her arms taped tightly behind the chair's back, her hands were also encased in some makeshift tape mittens, prohibiting any 'fidgeting'.

"MMMMMMNNGG!" the young agent cried out into her fierce, wrap-around tape gag and further silencing was mouth-stuffing behind the tape. She shook in her seat that almost wobbled by the force, but did not budge. There was a good reason for her distress. With her pants full removed from her while unconscious, the Korean girl's firm, shapely legs were bound on either side of the chair's seat and frog-tied together with plenty of duct tape. The bondage position spread her thighs and showed more than a glimpse of the woman's modest, light-pink panties.

And now, that unmasked creep was running his filthy 'paws' all over her vulnerable privates, with only a thin layer of nylon separating him between his hand and a nice, 'feisty' pussy. "You got me pretty good back there" the guy had a visible bump from the girl's flying head-kick. As he talked, he was rubbing the helpless girl's sex-hole over her panties with his thumb, really digging the fabric inside her. With his free hand, he was massaging the girl's breast, over her plain white top and bra.

"NNNGGHH" Min-Jung moaned at the clear sexual assault, unable to do anything but pointlessly struggle in her bondage. "Shhh, too much noise" the big-set, mustached man, around 50, put his giant ape-hand over the girl's face, almost engulfing it in as he smothered it.

With her lips already air-sealed with the face-sticking, tightly wounded duct tape, Min-Jung was fully suffocating! The pretty bodyguard flailed silently in her chair, her cries stopping on their way up from her vocal chords, behind her 'locked' face.

She desperately tried to back her head away from the man's smothering hand, whilst he, unbothered by all this, kept 'massaging' her splayed cunt over her pink panties. He was really having fun taking away the chick's oxygen and harassing her at the same time.

Min-Jung flailed in place, with her lungs burning and her pussy violated by stranger's hands. Never in her life was the silent-type, tough chick so...helpless.

A true damsel in real distress.

"Nggff! Nggg!" Yume pulled at her bonds harder than before, seeing her friend violated like that. Her balled-up skinny body, still semi-dressed in her fashionable pink blazer, had tipped sideways from all her wiggling. Her efforts did not free her, only tired her faster.

The SPIDR taskforce leader calmly watched everything, stoically smoking a cigarette whilst seated at the only, small wooden table in the shack. He was a much more attractive man than Min-Jung's "amore": Around 40, with clean-shaved face and a short, militaristic haircut.

He observed Miss Takamoto's struggling, less with an invested interest, but more with the bored indifference of a man waiting for the next step of his job.

Besides his gun and burner phone, there was also a small tablet in front of him, which he occasionally glanced at. Chairman Ishikawa had assigned them to "make the Prime Minister disappear". To where, was off little concern to him.

So, in typical profit-maximizing fashion, SPIDR had set a deep-web auction for the precious Japanese leader. A couple of photos of her bound, distressed body had been uploaded for 'proof of purchase', with the surreal words:

Current Prime Minister of Japan Takamoto Yume

Written under her two less than dignified photos of the bound, gagged hottie, trashed up in her sexy 'business dress'. But since the 'surprise guest' was also a 'pretty bird' herself, the slavers had shared one of Min-Jung's photos, amidst her chair-tied squirming. They didn't even know or care to know her name, simply tagged with the description:

Prime Minister Takamoto's personal bodyguard (South Korean)

There were already insane amounts of money bided, coming from Qatar, Arab Emirates, China, the US and even one from Germany. Having the head of a nation as your personal ballsucker would be grounds for bragging rights, if anything ever was. A small ping sound indicated a new top offer, every few minutes or so.

"I've never abducted a President before" the handsome Asian man spoke to the floor-squirming Yume, who shifted her attention to him. He took another puff of his cigarette, not in a hurry, as his less-attractive partner was 'helping himself' to the secondary prize, pulling Min-Jung's panties aside like a curtains the concealed the 'big show' and teasing her now completely naked, pretty pussy. Her downstairs lips were shaven to perfection, though above her clitoral mound laid a cute, brown pubic bush. The rapist didn't seem to mind.

"It always strikes me as odd, women calling the shots..." he took another puff, his eyes burning into the restrained woman's folded body. His hair from the sideburns up was getting silvery with the first white hairs.

Yume's unblinking, apprehensive eyes were hard-locked on him as he got up and slowly approached her. A few feet away, Min-Jung's gagged cries made up the soundtrack to their one-sided conversation. The fat bastard had now lifted her white top and yanked her bra down to grope her nice, B-cup titties in a more...direct way.

The leader crouched over the young lady's pink-dressed, taped and roped form. "It's not that you can't do it, I'm not an idiot to believe that..." his breathe drew in more smoke, before blowing it at the kidnapped girl's direction. "It's just that... you must feel weird...not having anyone above you..." his

beautiful, manly hand moved to the girl's exposed ass, underneath her folded legs. "MN!..." a single gagged yelp of fear left Yume, who adorable tried to flinch away from his touch, but couldn't in all her bondage. "...leading you..." the man spoke almost seductively calm. "...showing you the way..." he fondled the woman's ass softly, caressing it rather than anything violent.

Near her, Min-Jung was having a much less sensual 'date', being forcefully finger-banged by the vengeful henchman, with his hand happily sandwiched between her pink panties and pussy. He was now standing behind the chair-tied girl and leaning over her, keeping his other arm wrapped around the girl's neck, in a too-intimate way that was as sleazy as it was slightly asphyxiating. With his breath and gross lips 'coating' the young Korean's harshly taped face, he was whispering some fucked up things in her ear.

Stuck up at her captor's, Yume's brown eyes were coated with a thin film of tears, fighting hard to contain her composure. If this man wanted to rape her, he could easily do so; then and there.

Just then, a different ring was heard, not coming from the tablet, but from the leader's phone. With Yume 'saved by the bell', the man quickly got up and checked the message. His eyes found his subordinate. With a simple nod, he signaled to him the bound bodyguard, squirming in his arms. To someone of their profession, their wordless indication was clear:

"Off her"

"Well, it was fun..." the large guy got off Min-Jung, but not for any good reason. The worried girl saw him walk over to his pistol and start screwing a silencer on. "Mfff...mmmfff...nnnfff..." she started breathing fast and heavy through her nose, suddenly seeing her end near! Her 'vandalized' chest heaved up and down in rising horror, her matching, light-pink bra now resting below her titties, ineffective at hiding her boobs.

"MMMMMNNGGG! NNGG!" Yume screamed into her gag, pleading to the men to spare the girl. She yanked at her bundled legs' bonds in her fetal bondage, in a frenzy to do anything, flopping over from one side to the other.

As the large man stood in front of Min-Jung and lifted the elongated barrel of his pistol towards her forehead, completely unfazed by the young agent's terrified puppy eyes, a small ping sounded from the tablet.

"Wait" his boss stopped him with a soft, but assertive voice, eyeing the screen with intrigue. A bid had just arrived from North Korea. A bid that more than doubled the previous contender. The small note under the amount wrote:

Only if paired with bodyguard

“We got ourselves a good deal...” the slaver hunk notified his partner. “But I only got the one” he replied, pointing with his eyes to a small, rectangular wooden crate with a diplomatic sack draped over it, in the shack’s corner. The blue opaque bag was indeed stamped with the seal of the Japanese government, the ministry of foreign affairs and the intelligence agency. With access to the Liberal party’s exclusive ‘goodies’, the SPIDR corporation would have no problem shipping Miss Takamoto abroad.

But the mustachioed henchman had a point. The bag was barely large enough to fit an adult person inside. “We’ll figure it out” the Asian ‘silver fox’ assured him.



Just south of Tokyo, the famous Haneda airport is booming with life. There's rarely ever a downtime in these huge international airports.

The lines for the luggage check-in are filled with all kinds of people. In these pandemic times, everyone has their medical masks on. Some of the queued folks catch the presence of a man, moving towards the 'instant check-in' isle, the only one that's not crowded.

The similarly masked man is wearing sunglasses and a dark green, militaristically colored jumpsuit and a matching baseball cap. However, what draws the eye to him more is the medium-sized platform cart he is wheeling, carrying what looks to be a rectangular crate.

"Looks to be" because the contents are concealed from all angles with a bright blue, nylon diplomatic bag. People glance at the curious item. It's not shocking, but it's not something you see every day either.

The wooden crate is not moving, at least in relation to the moving cart. Why would it be, anyway? But there's this sense of...motion, this micro-vibrating energy coming off of it. Not perceptible with the naked eye.

"MMnnngfff..." a pair of tightly mouth-stuffed and duct-taped, feminine moans come out too dazed, too weak to reach beyond the confines of the soundproof-padded crate. Yume and Min-Jung are tightly packed inside the crate, bound together in a sort of bundled 69. Their facial and upper body tape and rope bonds remain, but the others have changed to 'accommodate' this snug room-sharing. Their back-tethered arms have been fastened onto the other's thighs, locking their limbs together.

The Korean beauty is on top, with her face forcibly stuck between her friend's thighs, her nose pressing right into her black panties! Yume's legs inadvertently headlock the poor woman, with her thighs attached to Min-Jung's arms with rope. Her skinny, crossed calves rest over the back of Min-Jung's. A few critical coils of rope go around Yume's ankles, binding her before looping down from either side to her floored waist-rope, in order to securely pin the bodyguard's face up to Yume's crotch!

In a similar predicament, only on the other side of this bound 69, Yume is on her back, with her face unable to move away from her crush's pink panties and essentially her pussy! Her head is trapped between the pretty bodyguard's (pant-less) ass and her calves and feet, which have been sandwiched together with more loops of rope.

As much as Takamoto Yume tries to turn her face away from the young woman's panty-covered sex, the surrounding bonds do not allow her. Similarly, the down-facing, Korean cutie tries to lift her head off her friend's genitals, but Yume's ankle bondage does not allow the slightest movement.

If their additional, 'linking bondage' isn't enough, the crate's one-person-dimensions, (unofficial term) squeezed them further onto each other, with Min-Jung's back always in firm contact with the top of the crate and Yume's back pressing down to the bottom. Both the top of Min-Jung's head and Yume's sexy, stylish heels were touching the side wall and on the other side, the girl's (adorable) blue socks with cartoon bears on them were meeting the padding of the back wall, along with Yume's head.

It was safe to say that no wiggle room was available.

Inside their discreet transportation crate, both captured women do not seem to struggle, scream or give much of a fight, given the circumstances. It's definitely not for lack of trying.

Before they were roped into this vulnerable state, a couple of sprays of sedative were 'spritzed' onto the...crucial area of each girl's panties. With their noses stuck against their 69-partner's drugged underwear, the two girls could not avoid breathing in the...calming vapors, rendering them semi-conscious for the duration of their 'trip'. Their tightly packed, taped and roped bodies feel heavy, their breathing labored, everything is spinning in the darkness of their crate. And with each nasal inhale, more pantie-soaked drug enters their bloodstream, coming with the added scent of their friend's pussy-smell.

Their peril is indeed, layered. While hopelessly struggling to alert anyone to their rescue, the girls are also fighting their own biology. In their desperate attempts to avoid the sedating fumes and in their struggles to free themselves or simply make their peril known be noticed, each girl shifts her face back and forth, rubbing it against the other's drug-wet crotch.

But after an hour in this sorry, face-seated state, these two crotches might be wet with more than just the sprayed knock-out gas. Both women feel utterly embarrassed, since they are also hot and bothered by the unwanted stimulation their cute little button noses provide each other as they swipe again and again over their cotton-covered, intimate areas. Every 3rd of 4th tapped moan does not sound like a call for help, as much as a whine of sexual frustration.

Countless times has Yume imagined shoving her face between Min-Jung's beautiful legs. But not like this. In her mind, the circumstances were much different.

The masked man takes the cart straight through the security check, simply nodding politely to the airport staff. A young man, no older than 20, happens to be sitting in at the desk of the isle. He watches the mysterious man, the cart and the secret package move past him and slowly disappear towards the gates.

“How come these diplomatic packages can just avoid search? Aren’t they worried about... drugs or money laundering?” the naive boy turns to his superior, a jaded middle-aged woman in a classic pantsuit. “Stop asking so many questions” the lady replies, too bored to engage.

As Yume and Min-Jung struggle pitifully in their enforcing dozing, the extra sticker on the side of the diplomatic bag can be seen, showing the package’s destination with a thick sharpie:

BOUND FOR:

**DEMOCRATIC PEOPLE'S
REPUBLIC OF KOREA**

Seems like a high-ranking, North Korean official is in the mood to hate-fuck a couple of Jap and Chosŏn cunts, or at least he was a few hours ago. Not just anyone, either. The Prime Minister and her cute minion friend will make a nice pair of slave-sluts.

Still preoccupied with it, the young employee stares out the wall-window, as the plane to North Korea takes off. The top-secret crate will have landed in North Korean soil by dusk.

He could have sworn he saw that box shake as it was wheeled past him. He shakes the silly thought as the next passenger approaches.

