Gaijin Slave

A Man's Independence Becomes a Memory in Japan

A Tale of Erotic Female Governance

By
Jason Sexton

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Prologue

Not so long ago it had been different for him.

Very different.

Huddled upon a cold concrete floor, Paul Gertin marvelled again at his situation. Saliva dribbled from the corner of his mouth and his muscles were cramped and angry. A single and naked light bulb hung from the ceiling of his current living-quarters below ground and the surroundings it brought into stark relief only served to keep his sense of wonderment and righteous indignation first and foremost in his mind.

He was still disoriented from the pain that seemed to inhabit every crevice of his body as he gazed upon the windowless cellar holding him.

Pain that screamed from every bone, muscle, and sinew in his body, complaining at the confinement by which it was so prohibited.

And, yet, it was the reminder of his empty stomach and the parched mouth that was the result of having taken in no liquids for so long – a thirst that had resulted in his resorting to the indignity of having to drink his own urine from the bowl inside his cage in order to gain some small and revolting relief from his need - that introduced him from the escape of his daydreams to the living world once again.

Biting his lip that he might not call out for nourishment and invite more pain, Paul gave out a pitiful groan as the full import of his situation thundered home to him yet again.

The Japanese bitch was destroying him!

Already, after so relatively short a space of time, she had him afraid to so much as speak without her permission; lest she deny him sustenance for longer.

Punishment and denial accompanied by not a single word from his tormentor with what was a very definite agenda in his regard.

But why him?

Given his surroundings and how well they fitted him – especially the custom-made cage currently holding him - it was almost as if she'd had some prior knowledge of his existence before he had arrived in Tokyo.

And that was simply impossible!

Unthinkable, in fact, given the ramifications if it were true.

But reasons were not his main concern at this point.

He needed water and food.

Badly.

But especially water.

His own urine was scarcely a substitute.

Even if its repugnant re-insertion into his system at least gave a temporary respite from his dehydration and kept his mouth moist.

His thoughts, not for the first time, cursed the bitch with a venom his fear prevented him from venting when in her actual and unspeaking presence.

Which was when he heard the click of the bitch's heels upon the concrete steps outside his…

How could he best describe it?

Cell?

Prison?

Dungeon?

Certainly, not the "new home" his demented female captor had insisted it was in the note written in impeccable English she had left for him to read in his cage. This as she left him unattended for the whole day to dwell on the bullet-pointed contents of that note.

And now she was coming to visit him in his cage after what seemed like a week on his own – a week that was, in reality, less than the sum of two days.

Too weak to lift his head to greet her properly; so physically, mentally, and emotionally drained did she have him, he waited in suffering silence, praying she was fetching either water, food, or both, to finally alleviate his torments.

At least a little.

As he watched her approach the cage she had allocated him – a cage high enough that he might rise to all-fours but not so high he could stand - it occurred to him through his mental and physical agonies, and for the first time, that he might never be the same man again even if he did get to leave his "cell" at some point.

So cramped were his muscles and joints.

It also occurred to him that there were some men who actually paid to be treated in such an emasculating fashion.

Men who even prayed for the advent into their lives of a gross and totally sadistic bitch such as the one opening the door to the cellar and pecking her way across to him on the heels that were de rigeur for her and gave stature to the short and oversized body above it that conjured up certain images for him whose provenance he could not quite place.

Images he knew he had viewed not so long ago but remained stubbornly resistant to his attempts to recall when and where.

Giving up the attempt at recall, he contented himself with feeling nothing but contempt for such pitiful examples of his own gender who took satisfaction from being treated as if they were the human equivalent of dog-shit.

And especially by a race of women whose culture he was happy to study and make a good living from but for whom he had always felt some small contempt.

Arrogance, and a false sense of superiority when it came to his race – subliminal or otherwise; and especially for of the bitch intent on destroying him - that was fast becoming…

Despair.

Was it only a month ago, that he had flown into Tokyo on a buying expedition as a free and independent Englishman? Searching for the Japanese ephemera, prints and cultural artefacts, that sold so well in the "Emporium of Exotica" he owned with his wife of sixteen years in the centre of Stratford-Upon-Avon. A month that he had intended to be two weeks away from their home in Royal Leamington Spa and now could be as long as…

Well, for as long as the bitch now towering above him could keep him.

And she had already told him via her note that he would either remain with her, trained and utterly obedient, or he would leave with a heart that no longer beat and a pulse that no longer pulsed.

A promise, looking upon the maniacal intensity in her eyes as she made her way to his cage, Paul Gertin had no problem in believing sincere

Such were his thoughts as the memory of his beautiful wife, Jane, and his anguish for the fear and anxiety she must be experiencing at his absence, jabbed at him once again.

Adding yet another layer of psychological torture to the growingly unbearable physical aspects of an incarceration that had yet to reach two days but seemed so much longer.

He wondered how she had explained his absence to their twin seven-year-olds, Josie and Hayley – his wife had wanted to name them Naomi and Hitomi, after the passion she had for the country – or at least its artefacts – that gave them such a good living.

Not naming them for the country of his captor seemed almost like a small triumph for him.

There were no words from his captor as she came to a halt by his cage as he waited inside upon all-fours but he certainly recalled her as the prospective seller he had met at a coffee-house before…

Before waking in her basement!

He recalled sipping at his espresso and sharing some polite conversation with her, and then…

Nothing!

That meeting in the coffee-shop, being the seventh such meeting on a list of possible suppliers of Japanese artefacts, of either antiquarian or exotic interest, and the only one he would be making to a private collector; this after having readied and researched the list back home with the help of his Japanese speaking wife, Jane.

Relief flowed through him that he had been the one who agreed to travel to Japan for the actual buying of the artefacts; he being far more knowledgeable when it came to purchasing; despite his unfamiliarity with the language.

And besides, the twins were far better served by having their mother at home to take care of them.

His ruminations were interrupted suddenly by the appearance of foot, high-arched in the heels with pointed toes she had chosen for their first meeting in her home, as it was thrust beneath the bars.

Still unable to bring himself to believe what she had made of his reality, he could do no more than stare at it; as if his eyes somehow possessed the power to make what they saw vanish.

And what they saw was a short and muscular leg rising above the foot awaiting his attention.

A short and muscular leg that was almost caricatured in shape, leading him to believe he had seen it, or something like it, only recently, waited as he stared down upon it, the

pointed toe of its shoe tapping upon the concrete, almost imperceptibly but undeniably impatient.

He knew what she wanted and was now, given his condition, resigned to giving it to her.

Anger flared throughout the length of his tormented body and, for a few moments, he toyed with the prospect of sinking his teeth into the bare yellow flesh of the ankle she had placed between the bars of his cage to plant its spike-heeled shoe next to his head so imperiously. Impossibly slender ankles for such a short and fleshy woman morphing into those aforementioned and almost caricatured calf muscles, so rounded and muscular were they, before her shapely but oversized legs ended in thighs that would not have shamed a Sumo. Once again, his mind searched for the origins of their familiarity for him.

Which was when he looked up to see that she was holding a bottle of ice chilled water in one hand, and a bowl of food in the other.

"It is your choice," her slitted dark eyes seemed to tell him, devoid of pity and regarding him as if he were no more than a piece of human real estate she could use as she saw fit.

Though he was worldly wise enough to know that the gleam in her eyes signified she considered him a piece of her estate that was very special to her.

He knew from her note that if he did not give her what she wanted now she would simply walk away and take both the water and the food with her.

His stomach groaned in protest and a throat that had known only the liquid refreshment of his own urine since he had been placed in the cage made a more strangled and guttural protest.

He eyed the bitch's ankle and the high instep in a heel of vivid pink that was far too feminine for such a monster. Still tempted to sink his teeth into the skin below those caricatured calf-muscles. Telling himself it would be worth the punishment he would receive simply to hear her howl with the same kind of pain she had inflicted upon him so often during his unwilling stay.

Knowing though, even as he bared his lips and considered it, that he would not be going through with his intent.

He was in a cage on all-fours, chains connected to a collar at his neck and then to bracelets about his wrists and ankles ensuring he remained that way.

An unmissable target for the rage she would vent on him if he were to give way to his desire to cause her what would only be in the end some small pain

But it was the parched throat and hollow stomach; even more than the pain and discomfort she had inflicted upon his body; that robbed him of the strength to undergo more torment simply to provide the bitch with a temporary measure of her own agony.

Better, he told himself as the toe of her shoe continued to tap out an impatient rhythm upon the concrete, that he go along with her and provide the subservience she was seeking.

At least until the madwoman was confident enough of him to make a mistake.

Then, he thought, shuffling the few inches to her waiting and still tapping shoe to place his lips upon it, the disgusting Jap bitch would pay.

Big time.

With a sense of revulsion that must surely have made him throw up – had his stomach anything to evict, that is – he lowered his head and placed dry and cracked lips upon the toe of her shoe.

Just as her note to him had insisted.

In his head, he counted to five…

One

One Sunday morning, a fortnight after her husband's departure to Japan, Jane Gertin was interrupted by a ringing at the front door of her detached four-bedroom house in Royal Leamington Spa. Her mood was not at its best, and hadn't been for the past year now. The family doctor had told her it the early onset of the menopause, which, decidedly, had *not* helped. Moreover, the sex drive she had heard was supposed to decrease with the change – early or otherwise – had, instead, gone off the charts.

Of course, Paul, being the kind of man he was, had upped the amount of their weekly couplings and had also – another example going towards the kind of man he was; anal and a little overbearing, to go alongside the loyal and loving aspects of his nature – researched the condition thoroughly that he may be of more support to her.

His well-meaning attempts to provide her with support – especially as he was the one who had persuaded her that HRT was still too unknow a quantity for his wife to risk her health – had done little more than make her even more irritated with him than her condition made her with those others who were closest to her.

Including their daughters.

And now he was in Japan, thousands of miles across the globe from her and the girls, and yet she was *still* irritated with him.

The doorbell rang again and she cursed under her breath as she made to answer it, swearing that if it was a prophet of Jehovah he would be adding a few words to his vocabulary that would not meet with the approval of the likeminded headbangers and Refuseniks of medical and scientific progress.

"I'm coming!" she yelled as it rang again.

She knew the twins were with her parents for the weekend and looked surprised and alarmed when she saw that there were two large men at the door, one of them a young, uniformed police officer who was standing off to the side. The second man was a bit older, dressed in a single-breasted suit and holding up his police identification. "I'm Detective Bell, and this is PC Unwin. We're with the Royal Stratford Constabulary."

"Yes," she responded, eyes flitting from one to the other somewhat fearfully, aware that the older and uniformed of the two seemed appreciative of her late-thirty-something curves. "What can I do for you both, officers?"

"We're here about Mr Paul Gertin," said the younger plain-clothes man.

Concern immediately creased the attractive wife's face.

"Paul's my husband… He's in Japan on business… Everything's alright, isn't it?"

The two men exchanged a quick glance before the younger one said, “Perhaps we should come inside. It's a bit chilly out here.”

When they were settled in a tastefully and minimally furnished front-room, surprisingly absent of any sign of the objet d’art and bric-a-brac from which the owners made their living, Detective Bell set about one of the duties he hated most as a detective.

That of informing a mother, father, wife, husband, or anyone with loving feelings for another, that the object of their love had either passed away or, in this case, was missing presumed dead.

“But… I only spoke with him the night before last,” offered the instantly tearful and terrified wife upon hearing the news, as if it did not take more than a second or two for either accident or design, fate or fluke, to take a life or lives in a wholly different direction.

The detective gave her a sympathetic nod, having heard similar sentiments many times before in his eight years on the force.

“He was meant to call last night as well, but… Well, I just thought he’d forgotten. Paul can be forgetful that way. I was expecting a call from him tonight. He… He’s alright, isn’t he?”

Detective Bell took in a long breath and told it as it was:

“Your husband’s wallet was found in his jacket on a Tokyo ferry. But there was no sign of your husband and he did not leave the ferry at…”

He flipped open a notepad and refreshed his memory.

“…Port Kanaya on the Boso Peninsula in… Yes. The Chiba Prefecture. Apparently, he had booked his ticket in advance and departed from Port Kurihama on the Kanagawa peninsular.”

“Oh, my god!” gasped the distraught wife. “He had an appointment to meet a dealer in Japanese antiquities in Funabashi.”

“The Japanese authorities found as much in the diary they found in his jacket, Mrs Gertin,” Bell nodded. “But it seems he didn’t make his appointment. They also recovered his Passport from the Hotel safe at reception, where he had left it for safe-keeping. The Tokyo constabulary also has his laptop and are hopeful of breaking his password soon so they can see if there’s anything on there that might explain his, hmmm, disappearance.”

He hesitated a second.

“I, hmm, don’t suppose you know his Password by any chance, do you? It would make their job a lot easier and quicker.

She shook her head, expression devastated.

“I’m sorry. I never needed it and never thought to ask him what it was,” she said apologetically, her courtesy under pressure winning sympathy – even more sympathy – from the two professional.

“Don’ fret about it, Mrs Gertin,” Bell consoled her. “They’ll break it soon enough.”

“But…? But what could have happened to him, detective?” asked the increasingly distraught wife and mother, a typhoon of tears imminent. “Where could he be?”

“It… It’s too early to say, Mrs Gertin. There could be any number of explanations. But…”

Jane Gertin picked up on his growing discomfort.

“But?”

“I… I’m sorry, Mrs Gertin, but, at this time, the only explanation making any sense is that…”

“Yes?”

“Is that… Your husband somehow managed to fall overboard after taking off his jacket above deck. It… It was a particularly hot afternoon we are told and…”

“He fell overboard because he was hot?” Jane Gertin snapped, fetching a wince from the young detective; despite the fact he had been expecting an outburst of the kind; knowing as he did how often the messenger became the outlet for the sense of loss and helplessness experienced upon a relation or loved on being given such news.

“No, Mrs Gertin,” he said in his most consoling and soothing tones. “In fact, I wish I had a reason for you, but our Japanese colleagues say there were few people on that part of the deck at the time and there are no eyewitnesses.”

“But if he fell overboard, wouldn’t they have found his… his…?”

Unable to complete her train of thought Detective Bell came to her rescue:

“Not necessarily, Mrs Gertin,” he explained kindly, knowing there was no way he could he could make the words about to leave his lips any more… *palatable*. “Your husband’s jacket was found at the stern of the ferry, which means…”

He took a breath.

“Which means there is a likelihood that his body was sucked in by the propeller and…”

Jane Gertin let out a scream and ran for the kitchen.

Seconds later, the two men heard her retching into the sink.

Three

All Paul Gertin could remember upon waking in his cage that first morning of his captivity, was that he had been in a coffee-shop with a prospective seller and…

A vague memory of feeling a little woozy and then following the woman out to her car was all that he had – though he recalled streets flashing by as she drove him to her home.

Of the home itself, he had no recall and could only assumed he had passed out sometime before arrival and he had somehow been manhandled into the house, undressed, and been brought down to what was obviously a windowless basement he guessed belonged to a home that had been built post Hiroshima and Nagasaki – explaining what looked more like a fallout shelter than a simple domestic cellar, lit dimly by two simple and without frills wall-lamps.

He knew instinctively that the prospective buyer he had arranged to meet – a *'Ms Hashimoto'* – was connected with his current predicament.

But why?

The space that surely must correlated to the square-footage of the building above it looked to have been transformed from a simple basement which in turn, he guessed, had once been a fallout shelter. There was a sink and shower in once corner but, other than a single high-backed chair with a stool set before it, the space was devoid of other furniture save for his cage.

Which did not mean it was empty.

As he began to collect his senses more fully upon that first morning and managed to think around the shock of waking in such a place, he took a longer, more thoughtful, look about the room.

What he saw was *not* encouraging.

His cage appeared to be in the centre of the room but, hanging upon the white painted plaster of the walls, almost covering them, in fact, were numerous whips, chains, hoods, gags and other instruments of a trade he was aware of but had never felt nor expressed the slightest interest in either viewing or experiencing.

Could it be that he had somehow gotten so drunk the night before that he had been tempted to pay to experience one of the dominatrixes for which Tokyo was so famous?

It seemed totally inexplicable to him given his somewhat vanilla tastes in the sexual department – even if it was a source of great pride to him that his Janey professed herself *beyond* pleased and satisfied with his performance in the marital bed.

The thought of his wife and the love of his wife hit him as if it were the water from an iceberg.

What would she think if…?

The thought was too painful for him to dwell upon it and he prayed, instead, that if this were the basement of a dominatrix he had not had sex with her. Loyalty and fidelity actually *meant* something to him and he and Jane had spent much time before committing to each other confessing their mutual hatred of such betrayal. Even now, all these years after their marriage, just the prospect of cheating on his wife, and the pain it would cause her if she found out, was enough to make his eyes moist.

Even if the hormone imbalance taking her through the change had ensured the past year in her company had been… *fraught*.

In fact, the more he thought about it, the more he prayed his situation was all to do with an intake of alcohol he couldn't, as yet, remember taking, and he was indeed in a *'Professional'* lady's dungeon.

At least this way – at least technically – he could pretend to himself that he hadn't cheated.

Besides that, though, why else would he be restrained in such a way?

Who else would attached a collar to his neck and metal bracelets to his wrists and ankles that chains may be attached to them in order to ensure he remained on all fours.

And, just as shockingly to a man as thrifty with money as himself; if he had somehow gone against all his instincts and paid for a professional dominatrix; how *much* had it cost him!

That prospect alone, while not pleasing to him in the slightest, was at least a sight more acceptable than the more… *carnal*… alternative.

A part of what made the relationship with his wife so successful, after all, was the trust both had in each other.

How else could they spend the time away from each other necessary for their livelihood if that trust were somehow… *soiled?*

The prospect sent him into a fit of remorse that made him forget his situation for at least a while and sent his fledgling – and quite undeserved - feelings of guilt and remorse soaring.

Until, as people will in bad situations, he began to realise there was hope.

This… *misadventure*… after all, was one that need not abrogate that trust.

And especially, his thoughts turning to marital deceit for the first time since their marriage, if she were *never* to find out about it.

His thoughts on the subject – if they were to prove correct – settled, he turned to the more prosaic study of surroundings; unaware his assessment of it being a *"misadventure"* – though it would prove to be *all* of that; if not of a kind his rather limited sexual imagination was capable of guessing at - was about to be delivered a cruel rebuttal.

The cage!

As he stared out from behind its bars helplessly, secured upon all-fours, he gauged it as being a square that was around four-feet in height, width, *and* length.

As uncomfortable as he already was, it was not a leap of the imagination to work out just how… *claustrophobic*… its confines would prove for a stay that proved longer of duration.

The bars of the cage were about one-inch thick and spaced at a four-inch distance from each neighbour.

And they were – he had tried them – *very* secure.

A person put in it would *stay* in it.

At least until someone decided to let them out.

And he was in no position to be able to guess just how long that release might be in coming.

Which was when, twisting around in his confinement to explore the cage door at his rear, that he saw it…

A large chrome bowl, it's purpose obvious.

And, more importantly, alongside it:

A note!

Handwritten and opening with a deceptively formal and courteous:

“Dear Mr Girtin…”

Four

As Paul Girtin had prepared to read the note *she* had left for him, this on that *wonderful* first morning when she had risen from a sleep that had been a long time coming – so excited had she been in regard of the live contents now occupying the cage in her basement she had assembled there for *exactly* that purpose - Katsumi Iwakura knew that there was no turning back.

In truth, the fleshy bordering on corpulent woman in her late-twenties had known this as a fact from the moment she had returned to the table outside where she had left him.

Placing the strong espresso before him to which she had added the Rohypnol, laced with a sedative she had purchased at great cost from an Internet contact she had made in Yokohama – travelling the 500km to purchase it there rather than run the risk of doing so closer to home, she had known the moment it entered his system with the coffee one of her last bridges would be burned.

And had been supremely untroubled by the prospect.

That burning was no more than she had expected, after all.

Why else would she have given her fictitious contact name to Girtin as *"Hashimoto"*?

A surname in Japanese meaning, of course, *"Bridge"*.

Though the reasons her subconscious had made such a choice had not become apparent until…

Well, that moment, actually.

Now, in the harsh light of morning, the ashes from the very last of those bridges were still smouldering and she knew that from now on she could only see through what she had started.

That journey towards making the barely formed sexual fantasies of youth that had become something entirely more focused and irresistible as she had reached her twenties, a reality making all such fantasies a thing of the past.

For what use were fantasies when one could actually live them in the flesh?

"Bridges be damned," she had thought to herself. She felt as alive as she had felt at any time in her twenty-nine years until now. So what if she could no longer travel *certain* routes again?

Had they been routes she found satisfying there would have been no requirement on her part to take the action she had now taken, would there?

Sitting alone in the home her parents had left to their dutiful only daughter upon their deaths in the Tsunami that had struck the island as they had been visiting friends who worked in the nearby nuclear-power-plant, she pronounced herself completely satisfied with what she had achieved so far. Thanks to the unwelcome passing of two parents she loved; parents, moreover, who wanted nothing more than her happiness, she was financially secure and not only owned her own home but had all of her parent's investments and the substantial life-insurance that had come her way after the requisite waiting period. A career had never been high on her list and now there was certainly no financial need to bother.

She caught sight of her reflection in the kitchen window and took in the short tunic kimono she had tied at an hour-glass waist into nature, it had been observed at school and elsewhere, had offloaded a surfeit of sand it had no use for.

A kimono that struggled valiantly to contain her x-size breasts and reached to the top of powerful and muscular thighs were, she *knew,* unlikely to prove themselves acceptable to the sexual tastes of her gaijin captive below.

Not by any means, if what she knew of him proved reliable.

But then she consoled herself with an ironic smile, preferring his captivity in her hands to accompanied by physical distaste for her anyway – how much more humiliating for him that would be.

A man's tastes, she smiled to herself, can always be… *changed*.

And especially when the chosen outlets for those wants and needs were absent and unlikely to *ever* be a factor in his life again.

Strolling to the window with her morning juice, she stared out of the window to take in the view over the bay, her beautifully maintained and, more importantly, enclosed and private garden below her. The Yakushi-Ike Park in Machida, one of the municipalities of Tokyo and the home to over four-hundred-thousand relatively affluent souls was spacious and the houses were at some distance. And, thanks to deliberately landscaped common areas, unseen by each other.

All of which suited her purposes perfectly.

As did the fact that this was not a particularly neighbourly neighbourhood – though even had it been that way, she, of course, was of an entirely different disposition and, like her parents before her, kept her own company and her own counsel.

A semi-reclusive, in fact.

A character trait completely in keeping with her obsessive-compulsive nature.

Her captive, of course, had no idea of this actual address at the time and would have been unable to find it again on his own if she were to release him back into the wild, so to speak.

Assuming she would ever tire of him enough to do so.

She realised her mood was utterly buoyant, and the days that had once stretched before her in a lifeless infinity were now filled with a promise of purpose and sexual satisfaction.

Albeit even she was rational enough to know that the satisfaction exciting her so much was of an undeniably… *warped*… variety.

It seemed to her as if she were at the very start of a life that had been held in stasis.

But no longer.

As she took breakfast at her leisure above, a man – a European man; and, to make her excitement all the more vibrant, a European man who was English – was chained upon all-fours in a cage in her basement.

Was that not a… *delight?*

A delight well worth the torching of a few bridges that had outlived any usefulness they might have had long ag and for she had no further use?

And a delight, if she had her way and maintained her focus, that would go on brightening her days and lighting her nights for many, many, years to come.

Not for the first time since she had returned home with him sound asleep in the back of her Shogun – the sedative having kicked in before Rohypnol that would have made him more suggestive and ensuring she needed to assist him to her car when he professed to feel… *strange* – her fingers sought out the depilated pussy beneath her skirt that she had left uncovered for just such a purpose.

Just picturing his response as he came to his senses, his body in chains and surrounded by a unbreakable cage in a strange basement with its even *stranger* décor, required her fingers did not have to tax themselves too greatly to have her forgetting the breakfast she fully intended to deny her guest.

In fact, though it placed an almost unbearable strain upon her patience, she fully intended to leave him for a day.

Without food.

Without water.

Without human contact.

Alone in his cage, just him and the bowl she had placed there that he might have somewhere for his waste.

She smiled to herself evilly, saying aloud in her mother-tongue:

“And, perhaps, some liquid refreshment.”

She laughed:

“At least when he is desperate enough.

That and the note, written in his own tongue, she had left for him.

Five

Having rolled onto his side to relieve knees aching from having been resting for too long upon the concrete floor into which his cage had anchor-bolted, Paul Gertin held the note between his chained hands and read it for the third time in almost as many minutes; still unable to believe this was truly happening to him and was not some sick practical joke.

But who would have played such a joke on him anyway? Apart from the contacts he had made on his buying trips he knew nobody. And the contacts he had made were people he socialised with.

The simple truth was that he was in a strange country, on the opposite side of the world to his own. Naked and shackled in a cage in somebody's basement. With neither the freedom nor the means to inform anybody of his predicament.

And the note, written entirely in bullet-points, was seeming more and more ominous with each subsequent reading.

Utterly shocking must be taken as read.

Despite its impeccable English…

"Dear Mr Gertin,

1. *You are currently in the basement of my home in a residential district on the outskirts of Tokyo.*
2. *I have used the card-key extracted from your wallet to visit the room you have been using at the Cerulean Tower to leave a certain… short… message there. As I already have possession of your wallet and the credit-cards you had upon you, it was all that I required and the rest of your belongings were left just as I found them. To those who will certainly be inquiring into your disappearance, it will seem as if you simply left behind that which you no longer require.*
3. *Later today I will be making a ferry trip. In my possession, will be your jacket, your wallet, and your passport. This, if all goes to plan, should be found at the stern of the boat shortly after docking and my hope is that, when you do not turn up to claim it and your hotel room is found empty, you will eventually be pronounced missing overboard and, after a suitable amount of time has passed, pronounced dead. It is a ferry many Europeans visiting Tokyo use and when our methodical Police, as they are sure to do, circulate your picture to travellers using the ferry regularly, and to the newspapers and other media, it is highly unlikely anyone will recall you from either our most short-lived coffee outside the always busy Café de l'Ambre, or of the kindly young Japanese woman who helped him to his car when he became sick. After all, and with no intention of being racist or offensive, you gaijins do look the same as one another. As of you*

reading this note, you are missing and it is my intention that you remain that way. Full-stop.

4. *It will take some time, I realise, before you can come to terms with this new reality I have inflicted upon your life. But, and you may accept my advice or not but the end result will be the same I assure you, the life you have known to this point no longer exists. Whether you accept it right now or not, the truth is that I have stripped you of everything that once made you proud to be a man and taken from you your wife, your children, your home and, yes, even your country. Of course, I realise it will take some time and much strict handling of you before you accept you are now what I wish you to be and nothing more. But time is a commodity of which I have plentiful amounts and you will not find me lacking when it comes to schooling you in your new realities. One of the first things I shall set about is the removal of that offensive body-hair which seems to proliferate upon men of your age and race once they enter their forties. I will not have my Gaijin Slave present himself to me in such a fashion. Once you have overcome your understandable desire to find a way from your predicament – this will happen the moment you realise how hopeless things are for you – you will then begin to wish to make me proud of you. And the way to achieve this is perfect obedience to my will – even if that obedience causes you physical and emotional pain. But this is for later and there is much to be done before I consider you… broken… in such a way.*
5. *We now come to exactly how I intend to break you to my will. You are, after all, a man some twelve years my senior and I no more than a girl in comparison. Well believe me, Mr Gertin, you will find me to be like no girl you have ever met, and the moment I acquaint you with some of the lovely implements of persuasion hanging upon the walls beyond your cage will be the moment your spirit begins its journey to it inevitable destination. That is right, Mr Gertin. You read my words correctly. This young Japanese woman intends to punish you until your mind breaks and you own yourself her possession. No begging will prevent this from happening and, if the points regarding your future behaviour I make later in this note are transgressed, will only make the suffering you must endure all the more severe.*
6. *I have no wish to hear a word pass your lips until a response from you is required by your owner. Me. We will come to matters of slave etiquette later in my training of you but, for now, do bear this one rule in mind. Break it and I will neither scold you or even speak to you – for until you are trained you are not worthy of such attention from me. But I will ensure that the suffering you are going to endure anyway will be multiplied many times over.*
7. *You will receive neither words, food nor water from me until – and this applies from the moment you read these bullet-points – you show me the proper respect when I enter your quarters and approach your cage. For now, it being at the very beginning of your training, you will show this respect in the following way: when I approach your cage, you will be kneeling upon all fours with head lowered submissively. When I have placed a foot between the bars I fully expect to see you lower your lips to my toes – be they bare or placed in footwear – and count to five seconds before removing them. The procedure will then be*

repeated with my other foot and then, and only then, will I decide whether your behaviour has been respectful enough to deserve a reward of sustenance of some kind.

8. *I will leave you alone to consider all the above in the hope you decide not to try me on any of the behaviour I insist upon. Should you decide to do this I will have no qualms in making the beginning of your new life with me a living hell beyond that purgatory you must endure before I consider you… trained.*

Your Owner.

It read no better the third time than it had the first and, suddenly, all thoughts of practical jokes and mistaken identity had gone out of the window for Paul Gertin.

What he was experiencing was real.

He had fallen into the clutches of some insane female sadist and no amount of *"impeccable English"* on her part altered the fact. But, at this point, he was more worried about the anguish his wife and their children would experience if this Japanese headbanger followed through on her intent. Being something of a scholar when it came to Japanese culture, he had always been aware of a certain… *savagery*… on the part of its women. A savagery unconstrained by the more honour-based violence of their male counterparts. But it was a savagery he assumed was buried deep beneath centuries of progress and emancipation, just as the barbarity of other countries had given way to rules and laws of civilised behaviour that made such behaviour less… *tempting*.

He had assumed wrong.

As he tried to visualise the young woman of the night before, the familiarity she had inspired in him suddenly made itself known.

And it had been a friend – his closest friend of long-standing, Dennis – who had brought her artistic doppelgangers to his attention.

Yes!

That was who she had reminded him of!

It had been one those outrageous caricatures of womanhood his friend Dennis had surprisingly told him he found arousing – seeming surprised when he, the aficionado of all culture Japanese, expressed distaste at such abominations.

He recalled the cartoons Dennis had flashed up onto his computer console and relived the revulsion and surprise he felt that such an obviously gifted artist could pollute his talent with images of the kind.

That his friend, Dennis the womaniser, could find such… *filth*… arousing was *not* such a surprise.

The artist, who went by the name of, if he remembered correctly, *"Namio"*, appeared fixated with everything he himself found perverse and distasteful when it came to male female relations, and he had told Dennis as much without hiding either his contempt or his disappointment a friend of his could find such things… *titillating*.

It seemed every vice was there in these ably devised cartoons.

Gargantuan Japanese ladies, sitting in either bar, office or front-room, a naked and puny looking male restrained in some way below them with their mouths and noses embedded in an impossibly huge arse; providing the womanhood's of these monstrous animations pleasure with servile tongue's as they knelt before them, the object of their devotions either taking tea, smoking, or applying make-up to a face entirely indifferent to the humiliation of the creatures below them. Some of these pitiful male animations even serving as toilet receptacles for their monstrous masters.

And now, if the note was all it pertained to be – and he had absolutely no reason to believe it wasn't – he, Paul Gertin, had fallen, chained and caged into a real flesh and blood version of the animator's warped fantasies.

Worse, he realised had had not eaten since the night before and she had insisted in one of her *"bullet-points"* that she would be leaving him alone for some time yet.

Worse than that was the thirst that was developing with each minute that passed.

A thirst and a growingly dry and uncomfortable mouth that had found him looking more than once at the urine he had already evacuated into the chrome bowl and on whose behalf he was beginning to think the unthinkable.

Not for the first time since he had woken that morning, Paul Gertin had tested the integrity of both his chains and bars of his cage that blocked his freedom.

And once again grew dispirited after only a few seconds of trying.

With nothing left for him to do – unless he wished to read his insane captor's note and terrify himself afresh all over again – Gertin squirmed into a foetal position and lay his cheek upon the hard-concrete floor; grateful, at least, that *she* had provided the basement with some form of heating that he didn't succumb to hypothermia.

But then, it was hardly surprising she would be so… *considerate*… of his well-being.

For, if her note was to be believed, she fully expected years of service and satisfaction from him in the future.

As he tried to drift off to sleep that his mind might find some escape from the simply unbelievable nightmare it had become, his thoughts had latched onto his lovely Jane and their equally beautiful children and tried to pretend he was actually with them and that this… *nightmare*… he was being forced to endure was the actual dream.

An escape that was not to endure for very long…

Six

“I’ve missed that,” he said, kissing her a few more times. “You are just SO gorgeous!”

For Jane Gertin, the hellish existence in a faraway land to which she… *they*… had consigned her husband – away from his friends and loved ones with only the company of a sadistic and controlling Japanese woman in his life – occupied no part of her thoughts as she began to tease her lover.

“I'll bet you say that to all the wives you take from their husbands,” she told him in a sultry voice.”

“I might have at one time,” he agreed. “But there’s only one wife – one woman – who interests me now.”

“More big talk. How about backing what you say up?”

Her smile was teasing:

“Or are you all talk and no action?”

She laughed aloud before he took her into his commanding arms and mashed his lips onto hers, driving the breath from her and reducing her senses to mush in a way the husband and father of her children now languishing in Japan could *never* do.

“God, Dennis! I'm so hot for it. I know it’s only been a month and we had to wait until the fuss died down but…”

She groaned as his lips nuzzled her neck.

“Just get my clothes off and put that monster inside me!”

Her husband’s former best friend and his wife’s lover these past four months was only too happy to oblige; like her, totally untroubled by the treachery he had perpetrated upon a man who had been nothing but the best kind of friend to him since they were school-kids. Dennis Kearns soon had himself stripped too and had the faithless and all too willing wife lined up. The air escaped her lips with a rush as he entered her without finesse or preamble and all thoughts but that wonderful cock that could turn her insides to mush left her.

“God, it's so big, and so hard, and so beautiful!” said Jane Gertin between breaths that were becoming more and more difficult to suck in. “I guess… you… really DID… miss me!”

And then the talking stopped, replaced by the grunts and gasps of a man and woman in a state of rut. The world around them ceasing to exist. Nothing mattering to them – not

the husband and best friend languishing in the basement of a female sadist in Japan; or his two children in the room next to theirs, hopefully, asleep.

"Oh, Dennis," she moaned, when he rolled away from her onto his side, recuperating before his next assault upon her, "nobody does me like you do!"

"Not even… your husband?" he asked, knowing the answer already but wanting to hear his superiority lauded again; even if he was unable to mention his friend's name.

"Don't fish for compliments now," she chided, reading him correctly. "Paul has… *had*… many qualities completely lacking in you."

His face fell at this truism and she placed a kiss on top of his head as though she were placating a sulky child.

"But," she went on, "his cock was nowhere near your size and what he had he couldn't use as well as you."

Dennis Kearns nodded at the still stunning forty-something, resting on her elbow that she might stare the length of his body and watch his manhood return to life, hardened nipples inches from his and riveting his eyes; though he was not entirely mollified by the faint praise of her comparison of lover and husband – even if *he* was the one there and his friend would *never* occupy the same place again.

A flash of terror had caused his face to drop and, as she was coming to be able to do more and more and more these days, she read him:

"Trust me," she told him. "The moment he went to that coffee shop he may as well have dropped off the planet. He will *not* be coming back and, very soon, everything that was once *ours* will become *mine*.

He gave her a nod that was not as enthusiastic as it might have been; something still nagging at him.

"So, you're not going to miss him?" he asked with no small degree of cynicism. "I'm going to be enough for you? Despite all these *'qualities'* he has and I haven't?"

"Oh, stop your pouting and grow up," she snapped. "Do you think I went to all the trouble of having him… *removed*… just for a fuck with his best friend?"

His eyes moved from her nipples to find her own; a look of genuine surprise widening the baby-blues she found so attractive:

"You…?" he began, not entirely sure of his signals. "You mean…? You love me?"

Her laughter was one of true amusement and also mocked him; that she was the one with the true power in their treacherous relationship becoming more apparent to them with each time they met.

A development she found utterly exhilarating after her husband's almost obsessive-compulsive desire to have the final say in even the most trivial matters of their life together – even if his unstated sense of superiority over her was spurred by love rather than a desire to… *control*.

A tingling at her pussy pronounced she was ready for action once as she thought of her husband's new life with a woman who *did* have a desire to control.

And in the most total sense.

But first there was a man of her own to put in his place.

"No," she answered finally. "I don't mean that at all," she told him bluntly. "In every respect but sex and cock-size, you are Paul's inferior – and by some margin. In fact, it was always a puzzle to me why someone like Paul kept a friend like you around."

She shook her head as if in distaste, conveniently forgetting her own part in the betrayal of her husband.

"After all, we both know you're not exactly… *loyal*."

For a second, Kearns felt like pointing out the obvious to her but, knowing it would serve him no purpose and simply trigger her anger just as he was about to get a second helping of that delightful pussy he had hungered after ever since his closest friend had married her, he contented himself with some irony:

"Yeah, well, don't feel you have to hold back. That fence sitting doesn't suit you. Just give it to me straight."

His sarcasm flew past her as if it were a feather in a Force-9.

"You can be assured I never will," she told him. "Just remember who runs things around here and we'll be fine. We might be in this together but there's only one boss… And it's *not* you. This pragmatism, not love. Never love. I need fucking and a man about the house now that Paul has chosen," her smirk was evil, "another life. And just because you're not his equal either as a man or a provider, it doesn't mean I don't appreciate your lust for this body of mine enough to deprive you of it."

"Fuck me, you're a moody bitch. I don't know how Paul's stood you all these years."

“Yes, well, I can’t deny that the way I’ve been feeling lately. But the good news for you is that I have to see the doctor tomorrow and there’s a chance of getting some new medication that will make less of, as you so eloquently put it, a *‘bitch’*.”

“Good luck. Let’s just hope it doesn’t kill your enjoyment of a good shagging.”

She gave him a hard look for his vulgarity.

Then:

“Well, enough intellectual small talk,” she mocked. “Be a good little pet now, and put your big boy face on.”

His expression quizzed her and she sighed at his slow comprehension.

“In other words, dummy, man up and fuck me,” she told him.

She could see she’d stung him and, ready for round-two and not wanting to piss him off to a point where he couldn’t perform, she reached down a hand to cup his scrotum, still seemingly full despite having just delivered what had felt like a substantial delivery of semen to her only too receptive pussy.

“Now don’t go all moody on me now. All I’m doing is stating the simple truth. You’ve told me yourself that you’ve never been the brightest exactly.”

“Yeah, well, sending yourself up and having your woman rip the shit out of you are two entirely separate things.”

She almost laughed at the *“your woman”* observation but, not wanting to spoil their second-course, she lay a consoling hand on his arm and smiled sympathetically instead:

“When Paul is finally declared dead, the house, the business, and all our savings and investments will be mine. Think what that could mean for you.”

She could see her none too bright lover was doing exactly that and couldn’t resist pulling his chain some more:

“You have to admit that, given you’re unemployed and living with your old mum after the divorce from Denise, that will sort of give me all the power in our relationship.”

His cheeks reddened.

“Wouldn’t you agree?”

“How could I forget?”

“Well, just so long as you don’t, and my twins continue to like you, there’s a good chance I might let their *‘Uncle Dennis’* move in when everything gets a bit less… *frenetic*.”

Her smile seemed genuine now as she leaned forward to kiss the tip of his nose:

“Unlike Paul, you do as you’re told and, so long as you know your place, I’m more than happy to take care of you.”

Despite the demeaning element to her words, his face brightened at this and, together with the hand she was using to feather the undercarriage containing his balls, a twitching of his cock heralded the intro to another bout of…

Not lovemaking, exactly.

But more…

Fucking!

Seven

When Jane had finally got to speak with Katsumi Iwakura on the burner phones they had bought expressly for the one purpose, she was surprised at the heavy accent that made her English seem almost shrill.

Having found each other on a Japanese bondage site, and then swapped correspondence with each other via a secure Box-Number, she had expected her new friend's command of her own native tongue to be as flawless as her written efforts.

Not so.

Though courteous and willing to listen, Katsumi Iwakura was forthright and to the point. Not so surprising really, given what she could for the English wife and mother. Money, surprisingly enough given what was at stake, had not been mentioned and Jane even got the impression that *Ms* Katsumi was under the impression *she*, and not Jane, would be the one parting with cash if a payment were to be insisted upon.

Jane had been asked if her husband had ever dabbled or shown an interest in BDSM.

Her answer?

An emphatic *"NO."*

Did he have a small cock?

"Average," had been her reply.

Was she absolutely and irrevocably certain that, once her husband was in Japan with her, that she would not have second thoughts and rethink her decision to jettison him in such a way, as he was, after all, the father of her children?

The answer to this had been as emphatic as the first…

NO.

Did he like women on the large size? And especially Japanese women of the kind? Of any kind?

On this inquiry, the UK wife had been unsure. Paul was a little buttoned-up sexually and would have been mortified had he known our boring and predictable she found his garden-variety attempts at lovemaking.

Can you find out? Had been the next question. Apparently, her husband seemed perfect in most respects. But, like her husband himself, Katsumi Iwakura gave the impression of being just as obsessive-compulsive.

Perhaps more so.

What she wanted was a European male – and preferably an English example – who had no interest in either having his life utterly and completely controlled or having that domination of him carried out by a Japanese woman.

And a Japanese woman of… *size*.

Apparently, it made his eventual subjugation all the more satisfying when it was made unwillingly.

And to a woman of a race and a size that made no appeal to him.

At first, anyway.

"I might be able to get Denn…" She had caught herself, knowing the less they knew of each other's lives the more chance they had of avoiding prosecution should it all go horribly wrong. "What I mean is, I might be able to get a close friend of his who likes to play jokes to ask him under some pretext or other.

Of course, there had been no need of a pretext and she had simply told Dennis to tell Paul he had a new Internet passion and to show him some pictures drawn by an artist on the Japanese BDSM site by the name of *"Namio"*; getting him to pump Paul for a response on his friend's new… *obsession*.

Paul already thought his pal was a bit… *warped*… when it came to sex, so Dennis would hardly be losing face by admitting he was turned on by things of the kind, so getting him to do it was a wash.

Especially with the carrot of her pussy on a regular basis dangled before his lust-filled eyes.

Her husband's response, as she had known it would be, had proved negative and then some.

"Good ol' Paul," had actually been disgusted by what he had been shown and warned Dennis not to show him *"shit like it"* again.

Had even told him how disappointed he was in him; making his wife wonder how he would feel to know his best friend, rather than beating off to oversized Japanese cartoons, was using his big cock to take his wife to places her husband could never manage with another penis to help him.

Perfect!

All the above questions and more had rolled off the Japanese woman's accented tongue as easily as if she had been making an arrangement to look after a friend's household pet – rather than the lifelong arrangement *both* fully intended it to be. She was brisk and to the point and allowed no stalling or prevarication when it came to the answering of her questions.

It all seemed so ridiculously… *easy*.

Despite being about as off-the-wall as anything she could imagine, let alone be involved with, the faithless wife and mother could see absolutely no reason why what they had planned could not work.

And work long-term into the bargain.

It was soon obvious to Jane also that Katsumi Iwakura was a driven and obsessive woman on a mission to make a long-cherished fantasy a reality.

Her time was precious and, though she wanted what Jane had to offer, her acceptance of it would be on her own terms.

Katsumi Iwakura sounded, in fact, everything that Jane in her frenzy of hormone imbalance had hoped she would be after having corresponded with her.

Rigid.

Ruthless.

Sadistic.

And as focused and hard-as-nails when it came to realising that long-cherished dream of truly owning a white Englishman as her captive and most abject slave.

And doing so without ever leaving the beloved homeland whose borders she had yet to cross and had no intention of ever doing so.

By the time her husband was ready to leave for his buying trip to Japan, and she had waived him a loving goodbye at Heathrow, Jane Gertin was totally convinced it would be the last time she or their twins would ever see him again.

Eight

The first time she had punished him actually took place a little after he had finally acknowledged his need for the food and water she had held above him and lowered his head in abject surrender to place his lips upon the gleaming pink leather of her spike heeled shoe.

Of course, that *"abject surrender"* had been a temporary arrangement in his mind and *"live to fight another day"* was fast becoming a mantra for him. Hardly surprising really, when interior thoughts and resolutions were pretty much all he had in terms of individual volition. Given the human condition, and the comfortable and unthreatening life he had been living until his arrival in her cage, it was scarcely credible that a mere two days deprived of food and drink would break his spirit and reconcile him to a life of personal service to a monstrous Japanese stranger.

But what followed at the hands and feet of that neighbour surely would.

It had started out more humiliatingly than painfully after he had made the requested obeisance to his captor and received the bottled water and been fed the chunks of meat she had fetched with her to the basement – mutton of some kind, would have been his guess bowl of oatmeal; though given his hunger the importance he attached to its provenance was moot.

He had not heard a word fall from her lips since his arrival and had only a hazy recollection of some fluent but heavily accented English from their short-lived rendezvous at the coffee-shop, and, mindful of her bullet-points and promise of heavy – even *heavier* – punishment if he were to speak without her permission, he remained silent himself.

A difficult feat to achieve, given he wanted nothing more than to verbally rip her to pieces in the absence of being able to perform a feat of a similar kind upon her.

Woman or no woman.

Though it did occur to him that the oversized body, clad in a clingy latex fabric body from which the flesh seemed determined to explode – just like the offensive drawings his friend had run by him for some kind of laddy approval - was at least as muscular as it was fleshy and that the physical comeuppance his normally chivalrous and gentle thoughts had in mind for here might not be easily supplied in reality.

First, she had allowed him to drink, watching impassively through slitted eyes and fleshy cheeks that seemed to take on a feline quality close-up. But not before he had made to take the bottle from her hands and having it withdrawn from his reach. A procedure that repeated itself twice more before he divined her unspoken intent.

And humiliatingly so.

The monstrous girl wanted to feed and water him herself!

So long as his hands were planted upon the concrete floor, the bottle was thrust through the bars of his cage and aimed at his lips.

The moment he moved them in an attempt to take the bottle from her and water himself, it was removed once again.

By the third attempt, thirst all the more acute for being so close to having it relieved, he remained stationary upon all-fours and allowed her to place the bottle in his waiting mouth and tilt it so that he was refreshed by the first liquid other than his own urine in two days.

Never in his life had anything tasted so good and, for a moment, he almost forgot his hatred and resentment of the psychopath woman watering him, so great was his gratitude.

But, as said, only for a moment.

The process was repeated until half of the bottle was empty.

And then came the food.

He had watched as she placed a chunk of meat upon the palm of her hand and moved it towards his mouth.

His own mouth dropped open – and *not* simply to receive the food.

Being provided by water from her hand was demoralising enough.

But this!

She actually expected him to take the food from hand to mouth, as if he were some kind of pet animal she was in the process of training; which was, when he recalled her note, no more and no less than what she had promised.

It was beyond a nightmare!

For an eternity that was really no more than a few seconds, he gazed at the meat cooling in her hand. It was plainly cooked and without thrills, but it looked tastier than anything he could recall seeing. And even without sauce of any kind, the primal smell of it assailed his olfactory system and weakened what remained of his resolve and the anger going hand in hand with it further.

Before he even knew he was about to capitulate to her debasing demand, his head had ducked forward and he had taken the meat from her palm, his nose making contact with

the heel of her hand and taking in the scent of some kind of body lotion and a faint hint of perspiration – though his attention was more concentrated upon the hunk of meat he was already chewing upon as if it were the last food he would receive again.

What else but his concentration could explain the fact that, when she patted the top of his head as if he truly were no more than a dog who had pleased its master, his anger was no more than a dull glow beneath his frenzied attempts to chew the meat into submission that it might finally be swallowed and make entrance to his stomach?

The same process had been repeated until the bowl was empty and she had then held the remainder of the water to his lips and emptied that bottle also.

After that, she had taken both bottle and bowl upstairs.

Then, when she returned, his new life truly began.

****

If he had thought those first two days or so to be torture, he soon realised they were days he would look back upon with, if not fondness exactly, then at least as a time less excruciating than what he had endured since.

But his… *breaking*… had not begun with pain.

That would come later.

The woman he knew as *"Ms Hashimoto"* had returned to the basement after his all too meagre feeding and watering. This time, however, she was wearing a long plastic overall over the short lycra dress that clung to her short but powerful body so tenaciously. She also wore plastic kitchen gloves to the elbow and, in one of those gloves, what looked to be a length of chain.

Making straight for his cage, she squatted before him and, before he could react, reached through to take his collar in her hand and thrust his face up to the bars.

He let out a discomfited grunt but did not speak; remembering *that* particular bullet-point and not wanting to provoke the obviously demented woman further.

With his cheek thrust up against the bars, he could not see but was aware of something being clipped to a ring in his collar.

Unsurprisingly, the length of chain turned out to be a lead.

His head was pushed back from the cage then, her handling of him becoming both more familiar and more peremptory with each passing second.

He gasped as the door to his cage was opened and felt a rush of exhilaration at the prospect of being free.

Except that he wasn't.

Tugging him forwards, she led him to the corner of the cell containing the wash-basin and underneath cupboard and the shower to its right. A drain was set in the concrete floor and he could see that the floor in this area of the basement sloped down towards it, effectively creating a kind of wet-room. And it was over this drain, still perched on all-fours and unable to adopt any other position save that of the foetal, that she placed him.

The two bottles of hair-removal cream she took from the cupboard was soon applied to his mortified body and covered legs, chest, and back.

The feel of being powerless and having her hands, in gloves or otherwise, handling him so intimately, both enraged and – though he was loathe to admit it – emasculated him.

But it was the intimate way she applied the cream to his genitals and the crack of his arse that led him to believe he might be about to vomit up the much-needed sustenance he had only just received.

Twenty minutes later, though, and this latest of the ordeals he was intended to endure was over. The cream had been showered from him and the hair now mixed with it had been rinsed into the drain. He was, apart from the growth above the neck, completely hairless.

At least, he thought, until it grew back again.

Which would be when, he knew with a sinking of the stomach, she would repeat the process again.

Never, in his life until then had he felt, or ever expected to feel, so utterly and completely powerless.

Until, that is, she took a box of something else from the cupboard beneath sink and, using the lead, tugged him over onto his back.

He had looked up at her uncomprehendingly, still determined not to speak, when she took something from the box and held up a shiny object that he may see it.

It was a metal cylinder with a tiny hole at one end.

A cylinder that was shaped like…

His eyes had bulged with terror as she knelt between his restrained ankles and pushed his legs apart.

“P-Please!” he screamed, losing his determination in an instant. “Please don’t do th…”

The first words he had spoken to another living soul were cut off and transformed into a gasp of the purest male agony as she took his balls in her hand and squeezed.

And neither did she release her grip.

If anything, her grip intensified and, had he been capable of rational thought at that moment, he would have realised he had been right to suspect there was much strength in that monstrous body.

But Paul Gertin was not rational.

Paul Gertin was in an extremis of that agony only the members of his gender could know.

An extremis that prevented either action or speech and denied all but the one thought:

“Please let it stop!!”

By the time it did stop, of course, the Englishman was as near to being unconscious as made no difference.

What difference there was when he returned to the land of the living again, was that, where once had resided a solitary cock and its attendant balls, there was now a certain jewelry accompanying them.

Encasing them, actually.

Preventing any erection his body might be tempted to supply him.

Unless, that is, the gargantuan twenty-something Japanese woman, currently attaching the key to the padlock connecting the chastity device to the ring encircling his scrotum, was pleased enough by his behaviour to allow one.

Nine

Two months into his absence, and her new medication kicking in, Jane Gertin felt as if she were coming out of an old-time pea-souper.

All the slights, unjust criticisms, and demeaning of his lovemaking skills she had heaped upon her husband's head were as clearly defined as a street lamp in the lifting Whitechapel gloom – and especially since the Tokyo Police had unlocked his laptop to discover the message planted upon it by her Japanese co-conspirator; to whom she had given the password to her husband's laptop she had lied the English Police about knowing.

A message that ensured her husband's status went from that of *"Missing: Presumed Dead"*, to simply *"Dead"*.

Medicated properly and free of hormonal interference, she had never felt such… *shame*.

Had she really fucked her husband's closest friend and plotted with a woman three continents away to ensure her husband – the husband she loved and the father of two daughters she had deprived of a father – never returned from his business trip to Japan?

Of course, and on a level, she could not deny her culpability in all the above.

But, with new medication and the lifting of the hold her out of kilter hormones had maintained upon her, it truly felt as if a stranger had taken over her body and made harmful and despicable decisions on her behalf she could not take back now she was in possession of her senses once again.

Why else would she ever have thought to go on a BDSM website?

Boring as she found Paul's lovemaking, she still loved him with a burning intensity and *never* felt a need to really experience anything so… *perverted*.

Even if she had allowed herself fantasies of control and pre-eminence in regard of her husband.

And now he was gone.

The girls were missing their father to the point of tears and tantrums and she could not bring herself to tell them that he would not be coming back.

Mainly because her guilt refused to allow her to accept such a likelihood.

Of course, the despicable whelp who had masqueraded as her husband's friend all these years, only to betray him in the worst of ways – at least she had the justification of her

condition to hang on to and excuse – had been discarded in the most brutal language she could muster and would never be a part of her life again.

And his attempt to threaten her with telling the authorities what had truly happened to Paul was soon aborted in its tracks when she told him just how long he would get behind bars in a prison separate to hers if he did.

Bastard!

That she could have fucked over her husband to fuck a gutless sponge like Dennis Maitland was almost as painful as knowing the horror she had helped design for the man she had sworn to honor all those years ago.

And some of the way she had badmouthed him to his shit-for-brains so called friend!

Her nights now were sleepless, loveless, and full of remorse. Had it not been for the girls she would have gladly pre-empted the threat from her worthless former lover and gone to the Police herself.

And, having already deprived them of a father, deprive them of a mother they would hate to their dying day when they discovered the fate her actions had consigned the loving if mildly overbearing head of their household.

Self-serving as she knew a part of her decision was, she also knew that there was not a chance in hell she would ever subject their children to that kind of future or the emotions of hate that went with it.

All she wanted, with a passion greater than she had ever wanted anything in her life, was the return of her husband.

But how?

She had no way of contacting the Japanese woman who had him. They had shared neither names nor addresses – though she knew that if she had her husband then she had his personal details also.

No. The only one truly in the dark was her and, wrack her brain as she did, she could think of no way she could discover either the woman's name or her whereabouts.

Until it came to her.

Numbers written in the back of her diary.

The number of the burner phone!

Ten

The day she had taken his male genitalia from his ownership had been the day his own personal Golgotha had begun.

As the days went by, his hopes of her letting him go or of the authorities… someone… rescuing him from the clutches of a woman for whom he was beginning to run out of derogatory superlatives began to fade. Along with his will to resist her. Any doubts he might have entertained on the part of her strength of purpose or the depth of her insanity were, after a month of relentless abuse, now non-existent.

He had been beaten on a daily basis, ignored, and defecated upon; his knowledge of ancient Japanese culture immediately recognising the act as the ritual way Shoguns marked captives and others as their chattels.

Each abuse carried out in utter silence on her part and, on the two occasions he could not hold his own tongue, the most evil savagery.

He was being worn down and it did not take either pain or genius for him to recognise what she was doing to him.

Recognition that helped him not a jot as she began to represent the most terrifying of authority figures to him.

The kind of authority figure that knew a dog had to be beaten mercilessly by its master before it became so pitifully cowed it would slather over the hand chastising it for the merest crumb of perceived kindness.

And, after little more than a month, so had it been for Paul Gertin.

In fact, so cowed had he become he had even stopped speaking aloud to himself when he was alone, simply to reassure himself his underused voice still worked.

The possibility of *her* somehow overhearing him and becoming angry truly horrific to him.

And yet…

Truthfully, in his more lucid moments, and had he been asked, he had to say that he had yet to see her angry. Even when her punishment of him was at its most severe, her expression had, apart from a look of almost celestial enjoyment, never changed. Viewed in close-up, in fact, she could have been mistaken for a novitiate in the throes of some heavenly transference.

Which, with a far less elevated source in mind, was not so far from the truth.

But then, Katsumi Iwakura had dreamed and planned for far too long – even before making contact with his wife on that BDSM website – to be unpremeditated in the steps she took to emasculate, intimidate, and *own* this man of her dreams.

She knew he had to be worn down and thoroughly broken before she began the process of re-making him to her own tastes and that there would be many times in the early stages when he would resist. Times when she would need to be necessarily even more harsh with him; though, and as might be expected, such harshness in his regard would come not only easily to her but provide her warped sexuality with great satisfaction as she heaped it upon his head. It was necessary, if he were to become her complete and utter chattel, that she make him weak in body as well as of mind.

And yet, despite a couple of minor transgressions – for which he suffered greatly, nonetheless – the kind of resistance she had expected from a man of his age and background had not materialised.

Was it as she had read in the psychological studies of men who had undergone conditioning and brainwashing, that the intelligent victims were always the first to succumb to the superior force downgrading them? That it was their intelligence itself that resigned itself to the futility of struggle while a less cerebral person, reliant upon instinct and reaction, could draw upon a reservoir of stubbornness and anger his more intellectual brother found denied him by his addiction to reason? Could this be the reason for his lack of… *fight?*

Katsumi Iwakura had her doubts on this, but was more and more coming to the view that this was exactly the reason making her dismantling of a less onerous – if enjoyable – task than she had imagined. Something passive and weak in him had recognised the resolve and purpose in her and, perhaps without his even realising, had chipped away at his resistance almost from the start of his placement in the cage. And the more evidence she gave him of her inflexible will and her intent to punish him for the tiniest of infractions, the more resigned he became.

It was, she had told herself, contemptible and craven behaviour that made her feel she was morally and righteously correct in finally making of him what nature had intended for him to become and only geography, engrained cultural expectation, and the indulgence of those who were strong towards the weak, had prevented such an outcome. Consequently, it was small wonder that his wife was in so great a hurry to jettison such an impostor from her life.

Katsumi-San was also convinced that her decidedly un-stereotypical behavior as she had set about overmastering him was another reason for the terror of her he had developed so quickly. Of course, the beatings she had applied to virtually every square inch of his body on the month or so he had been with, testicles included, went some way towards explaining this also. That and the fact she knew for a certainty that he suspected her as being mentally unbalanced and, therefore, capable of anything.

A suspicion in which, and she often allowed herself a wry smile in respect of, it, that was – at least in terms of her being capable of anything – wholly correct.

But in regard of all the above, she was convinced that it was her silence and lack of rage towards him – even as she whipped, slapped, of paddled him senseless – that explained the swift onset of his dread and the fact that, after only a month, she had decided that daily beatings were no longer necessary and that she could begin to remake him to her own tastes.

His surprise on the first day of this new regime enough, almost, to make her heart warm to him when, instead of being taken from the cellar on his lead, she simply opened the door and waited for him to crawl to her unbidden and place his lips upon her toes respectfully that he may enjoy a breakfast of cereal and water.

The various creams and ointments she had rubbed into the weals and cuts criss-crossing his body fetching tears of relief and gratitude before he was allowed to relieve his bladder in the drain beneath the shower; this as she sat regally in the basements one piece of furniture and anticipated the next shock she was about inflict upon him.

The sound of her voice.

He was beaten now, and both knew it. The savagery of her treatment of him even having minimalised thought of the wife he loved and the children he adored back in the country she fully intended him *never* to see again. The man formerly known as *"Paul Gertin"* was now broken enough and receptive enough for her to use her voice to best effect.

And move the more domestic and sexual elements of his training in her service along with even more swiftness.

When he had crouched over the drain to defecate - the same drain that served as receptacle for both shower water and his wastes – restrained genitals in full view of her as he defecated, eyes lowered and unable to meet hers, she had watched with a sense of deep satisfaction for having taken a man of his kind so low with such incredible swiftness.

It was *everything* her dreams had ever promised!

When his shamed and beaten head finally raised, her forefinger was aimed downwards at a spot between her legs.

Without hesitation, he crawled on all-fours to the spot she indicated between her high-arched feet.

Feet that, today, were bare except for the purple polish adorning her obviously well-tended nails.

But that was not what surprised him and, worse, made him shiver with fear.

That honour went to the voice and the words it spoke to him for the first time since his arrival.

“The position you now adopt,” she told him in the heavily accent but perfect English he immediately found familiar from the coffee-shop, “it the one I expect you to adopt whenever the word *‘Heel’* leaves my lips.”

There followed a long pause she allowed, content to enjoy the shaking of a pleasing middle-aged body that looked all the more… *ownable*… for being depilated on a weekly basis.

Even if, and despite his terror of her, she knew he hated having her handle him in such an intimate way.

“You may tell Misu Katsumi that her surebu understands.”

Below her, he looked petrified, barely able to take in that she was speaking to him at last.

“I wish to hear you say… *‘Your surebu understands, Misu Katsumi’*, she ordered, widening her eyes that he may see her intent.

He did,

“I…”

He broke off and tried to clear a throat preventing him from functioning through a mix of phlegm, lack of use, and pure horror of the younger Japanese woman above him – though not for one moment did it cross his mind to defy her.

“I… I… Your Su…”

“Surebu,” she told him. “In your tongue, it means *‘slave’*.”

The features below her reddened, despite the far more painful ordeals it had suffered at the young Japanese woman’s hands.

Then:

“Your Su… Surebu understand, M… M…”

“Misu,” she reminded him sternly.

“Your surebu understands, M-Misu… Misu…?”

He now looked as if he were about to shit his pants as his short-term-memory again let him down.

Or would, have had it not been for the fact he was stark bollock naked and his tormentor's out-of-character forbearance.

"Katsumi," she reminded again, allowing him some leeway given his terror of her and the fact he was hearing her name for the first time; realising this was a time to cement her authority in his mind with tolerance rather than physical pain.

He tried again, shaking as a leaf before the onset of a mighty blow, seeing her moderation as no more than calm before inevitable storm and afraid his next infringement might trigger into devastating life; his voice, while a little more steady now, reflecting both the moral and physical weakness of its owner.

"Your surebu understands, Misu Katsumi," he said again, hating what his use of the word – of *all* the words – signified and praying he had gotten it right; even as he waited for her silent and undemonstrative wrath to fall upon him at any moment."

And receiving encouragement instead.

Highly demeaning and patronising as it was.

"That is Misu Katsumi's good and obedient surebu," she told him, actually stretching out a leg and forcing his forehead to the floor with the sole of her foot as if it were a reward; allowing her foot to rest upon the back of his neck and basking in the joys of intimate and one-on-one power the symbolism of their respective positions supplied her.

"I am returning upstairs for my morning shower now," she told him. "When I return, we will speak further. That is: your Misu Katsumi will speak, and her surebu will listen. There is much you have to learn if you are to avoid punishment and know a fulfilling life in my service."

Paul Gertin's soul thrilled.

He was not to be beaten!

So far had she lowered his expectations of what his life now was and what he now considered a reward.

A lowering that had taken barely a month and had shocked the Englishman as much as it had the oversized Japanese girl who now considered herself his *"Misu Katsumi"*.

But the *"rewards"* had not stopped coming yet.

“As your behaviour this morning has been pleasing to me,” she began, “I am not going to return you to your cage, but allow you to crawl about the space as you please that you may… *ease*… your cramped muscles.”

Gertin could not believe how an indulgence he would once have regarded as a mortal insult could possibly be so welcome to him as he felt her toes flexing themselves upon his scalp.

“You will have an hour to yourself,” she went on, “and I suggest that you accompany your exercise with some serious thinking as to how best you may show me your respect and intent to become my most devoted and obedient surebu from now on.”

Eleven

"Hello… It's me," Jane said in the woman's native Japanese in which she was also fluent.

There was silence at the other end of the burner-phone and, for a few panic inducing moments, Jane Girtin thought she had been cut off.

Then:

"What is it you want? We agreed not to use these phones again. I am hanging up."

"No!!"

The frantic and guilt-ridden housewife's scream was of a kind to span the distance between them without artificial aids, but it had least had the effect of making the Japanese woman pause.

"Whatever you have to say be quick," came back the voice who had her husband, finally. "For all I know you could have your police with you and be trying to trace this call."

Jane was about to scream again when the woman's laughter stopped her in her tracks.

"But then, it would not serve you much of a purpose anyway, as I am shopping in the centre of Tokyo for a… *uniform*… suitable for your husband in his new role. My house is many miles from here and finding this phone, after we have finished speaking and I dump it, will not help either you, your husband, or the police – as respected and diligent as our Japanese detectives are."

"Please, we never exchanged names but I know you must now know mine from my husband. He will have told you all about our two young girls and…"

The accented cut across her words:

"I do hope you are not having a change of heart, Jane," she said, as if to verify that she did indeed no more about her than the Englishwoman knew of her co-conspirator. "You will recall that I asked you to be sure that you would not change your mind and you were very clear on the subject?"

"Please, I know I said that, but I wasn't myself at the time. I… I've been having mood swings because of my hormones. But I… I'm better now and I want my husband and the father of my girls back."

Jane realised she was gushing, almost girlishly, and tried to stay in control of herself; though the Japanese woman's reply did not help any:

"And I am expected to hand him back to you, just like that? After all the time and effort I have gone to in order to fulfil my part of the bargain – not to mention risk."

Thinking she was asking for money, Jane's spirits lifted a little. She still had the money banked from an endowment policy her parents had opened for her when she was a child and which had matured some twenty months before the problems with her hormones and her moods had kicked in. It would recompense the woman generously.

"No," she began. "I wouldn't expect that at all. I would be more than happy to pay you handsomely for all the trouble you have gone to."

"That is interesting," came the reply, buoying Jane's spirits further. "But tell me, what sort of a figure did you have in mind?"

"Well, I…"

"A million?... perhaps two?"

As quick as they had risen, Jane's spirits fell. There was seventy-five-thousand in her investment account and she could probably find another one-hundred thousand from their joint savings and their business account; but the figures the woman mentioned would involve selling all their assets.

Everything would need to go: savings, investments, cars, home, *and* business, if she were to have of raising either one of those sums – and even the latter seemed out of reach. And just how would she explain selling them anyway? It was impossible!

"I… I was hoping you could see your way to taking a couple of hundred thousand. It would take all the investments and savings we have," she lied, omitting the house, the cars, and the business. "But I could get it to you if tell me where to…

"I am afraid it is out of the question, Jane," the disembodied voice spoke over her. "Even if you were to pay me five-millions of your pounds, I would not be interested in restoring your husband to you."

"But…"

"No, Jane. Some decisions, once made cannot be taken back. As a woman and a sister from another country, you have my sympathy but, and no matter the reason, you entered into a bargain with me of your own free will that I take your husband from your hands. Permanently. You are asking me to give up a fantasy I have dreamed of living for as long as I was old enough to have… *feelings*. And I am afraid that, now I have actually

experienced that fantasy in the flesh, so to speak, there is no possibility of my returning to a life from which it is absent."

Tears were streaming down Jane Girtin's cheeks and her devastation was apparent in her voice as he begged:

"Pleeeeease!"

"I am truly sorry for your pain, Jane," the woman told her in voice that sounded sincere. "But once some bargains are struck they are struck for good. And I fully intend for this to be amongst their number."

"I there nothing I can say to persuade you?" the near hysterical wife tried again.

The answer was unequivocal:

"Nothing whatsoever."

There followed a few seconds of silence and the devastated Jane thought she had lost the connection.

Then:

"I shall be ending our call soon, Jane. I will then smash this phone to pieces and scatter the remains in Tokyo Harbour…"

Jane slumped down upon the sofa she and Paul had chosen together in better times and felt the weight of the empty and once happy house press down upon her as if it must crush her beneath the twin griefs of guilt and loss. The twins would be home from school soon but, looking into their trusting eyes knowing she was the one who had deprived them of the presence of a father in their lives going forward, would lessen her burden a jot.

"…Before I leave you though," said the woman equally responsible for her husband's absence, if less *guilty*, I would like to assure you that, even if were to consent to returning your husband, you would soon wish I had refused."

"I… I don't understand?"

"I have done everything I assured you I would do to ensure your husband was never returned to you but remained at my side in Japan," the woman went on. "And I tell you now that I have achieved *all* my aims."

"But, surely…? He… He's only been with you for two months!"

“And I required less than half of that time to convince him of his complete weakness and my *total* superiority.”

“But you said it could take up to a year at least?”

“I did,” came the agreement. “But, and to my absolute delight, your husband proved more… *receptive*… to my methods than I believed he would at first prove… I am afraid you married a very weak man, Jane.”

“No! You’re wrong. Paul’s not…”

“You must not be upset for having been taken in by him all these years,” the woman overrode her. “I can assure you that you are not alone in this regard and that many women are living at this moment with an inferior man who has somehow managed to convince them his is strong.”

Jane was shocked, scarcely able to believe what the woman was saying to be true. Paul, for all his lack of imagination in the bedroom, had seemed a strong man – certainly strong enough to be the dominant partner throughout their own marriage. But, if had succumbed to her so quickly…?

Surely, it couldn’t be.

That the woman could actually have achieved what she had outlined to Jane, and in so incredibly short a space of time seemed to her scarcely credible.

“Believe me, Jane.” Were you to be able to see him at this moment, in his cage in the secure basement of my home that have become his living quarters where I lock him if I need to be away from the home, you would not recognise your former partner.”

Free of her hormonal madness, Jane was immediately concerned for her husband – though she had to fight a surge of most unwelcome arousal at the imagery provoked by the woman’s words.

“But…? But what if something happened to you? What if you had an accident or a heart-attack and died? What would happen to him then? Who would know how to find him?”

The laugh that came from the phone seemed more indifferent than amused – callously so.

“If I were dead, why would it matter to me how and when they found him?”

“But I didn’t want…”

“What you wanted is academic and of no interest to me at this point, Jane,” interrupted a voice in Japanese that sounded to Jane’s ears as if it were bored and finding their discussion tiresome.

“I am ending our final conversation now, Jane. But I will leave you with the consolation knowing that, even if you were by some miracle to have your husband returned to you, it would not be long before you hated and despised him for the craven weakness that was always a part of his make-up and I have now encouraged to the surface. Believe me, koibito, he is no longer the man you knew or even someone you would recognise as a man.”

“No, please. Don’t say that. You’re wrong. Please send him back to…”

“I am sorry, Zan'nen'na koto. But what I have made of him cannot now be undone. And neither would I wish to do so if I could. Believe me, koibito, your husband has always been my destiny and, now that he accepts his gaijin inferiority to both my race and my gender, his head will never rise from my feet again… And I mean this last almost as much literally as I do metaphorically.”

“No, please, listen…”

“Sayonara, Mrs Gertin.”

“No, please… You can’t… Listen… No… Please… Noooooooooooooooooooo!”

Twelve

The major change after she had stopped beating him was that she had started talking to him.

TO him.

She had made it plain, and the look in her eye made it plain he could expect dire consequences if he chose to ignore her, that he was not to comment or speak at all. Not now or in the future. Unless, that is, he received her expressed permission.

And she had gone further, confident now that he was in such a condition of terror, in or out of her presence, that there was little or nothing she could not compel from him.

From now on, she had told him, if he wished to speak at all when in her presence, he was to kneel before her humbly and press his lips to her foot until she deigned to give permission.

Katsumi Iwakura could see revulsion at such a prospect, in eyes that were now a sight… *duller*… than when she had first taken receipt of him, and pronounced herself pleased. She had read of the tactic in a work of female-led fiction some years ago, and had spent many interludes since with her faithful and most favoured vibrator working inside her as she pictured such a scenario. But it was a scenario she knew would not satisfy to anywhere near the imagined degree if her subject was *too* de-sensitized.

Where was the thrill of conquest, after all, if all fight were to be removed from her Gaijin-Slave?

And on the above, though she was not able to be totally certain of it, she had gauged her treatment of the older Englishman perfectly.

He was in constant fear of her… but hated her at the same time.

He dreamt of nothing but a return to his own country and the life he had there and loved… and could see no hope of finding either a way to do so or the courage to try.

He had no sexual desire for her… yet knew, or at least sensed, that even without the chains shackling him, she was as much his master physically as she was mentally.

And, as for the former, she had assured herself more than once, the object and nature of his desires would soon undergo a transformation when it finally chimed with him that *she* would be the only woman to be in his life from now on.

After all, had she not read of women who had bought an expensive cat as a pet and, rather than risk allowing it out of doors and have it stolen, had kept it housebound for the duration of its life?

But then, her gaijin was definitely not a cat, even if she did consider him her animal, and she could visualise only too vividly exercising him in her enclosed garden at the end of a lead.

And, of course, the beauty of keeping a human animal as a household servitor was the fact he came already toilet-trained.

A thought that had made her chuckle.

Trained in regard of discharging his own waste matter.

But not – not, yet, anyway – au fait with duty and respect she would insist he show hers.

There was much else she made clear also, and the growingly dispirited and emasculated Paul Gertin had spent many an hour on his knees before her, naked save for the metal cylinder encasing his former pride and joy and the metal ring encircling his scrotum to which it was most securely attached.

On one such occasion, eyes fixed upon a spot between her booted feet as she sat crossed legged in the high-backed chair his thoughts had come to describe as her *"Throne"*, naked body still criss-crossed with the evidence of her brutality towards him, she had switched from a physical dismantling of her subject to a more verbal form of diminishment…

"…Firstly, and for your own peace of mind going ahead," she had told him "you must try hard to stop thinking of yourself as a man.

"This is a wholly inaccurate, and if your craven weakness during your time with me so far has proved, completely undeserved description of yourself."

A wild elixir of lust, prompted by her own innate need for control and the cruelty that went with it, responded to the solitary tear that fell from his lowered head to the concrete below it, added with it a sense of utter… rightness to the cause she had set herself and was on the verge of achieving.

"A man is defined by more than a cock and a pair of balls," she had continued. "And if that were not so then how is it that yours are contained in a device of chastity locked upon them by your Japanese master?"

For a moment, she thought he had, in spite of her most dire warnings, been about to speak in his own defence – an unwelcome diversion at this stage, as she would have then been compelled to beat him when she would far rather prefer to simply speak.

Another beating, after all, was hardly likely to make him any more afraid of her than he already was.

The ground work had been laid in that respect and the way forward now lay in words.

And the finality with which she would encapsulate them.

"A Japanese master," she went on, "who does not view you as a man at all but a beast-of-burden existing simply to make her life more comfortable and, perhaps, should your devotion prove worthy, pleasurable to her in certain… intimate… ways."

She had allowed him a few moments to think on the meaning of her words, certain the lack of any sexual attraction towards her on his part would ensure they did not alleviate his pain or sense of shame in any way; determined to keep his mind on the here and now and what would happen going forward, rather than allow his thoughts to wander to a more loving and comfortable past. in a secure and caring marriage. By focusing his mind to the present - and to the future - she kept his mind from the wife and children who anchored him there still for which he so obviously – and understandably, she was obliged to admit to herself - pined.

Though her reasoning was not based on any tendering of kindness and compassion towards him.

Far from it.

The destruction of the illusion that was his marriage would follow shortly.

"I am not the insane and feministic dominatrix I have no doubts your thoughts suggest when you think of me," she told him, moving to another area of a similar subject. "Though I am self-aware enough to realise that, if those same thoughts were to describe me as a narcissistic sociopath with a need to control all the elements of her life, that you may have a point.

"In common with the sociopath in question," she continued upon the same theme, "I am aware that my desires are their own reason for being and no preaching of right or wrong or a greater morality can divert me from seeking their fulfilment – and I am, obviously, narcissistic enough to realise my pursuit of such personal happiness, though it be at the expense of others, is wholly justified."

She gave a dismissive snort.

"So much for those of my ilk lacking any kind of interior awareness"

After a few seconds of silence, she had leaned forward and, taking his chin between her fingers, raised his head that she might stare into that handsome face she now considered her property.

“What I am about to do with you, I could never do with another woman,” she assured him, adoring the moistness of his eyes and the beaten and growingly hopeless look behind it that was all the more satisfying and arousing for having been given life by her own treatment of him. “My tastes, as you will learn, are eclectic, but they do not run to my own sex.”.

Uncrossing her hosed legs, bulky thighs made even more prominent by the burgundy leotard she had chosen to wear on this particular day, and with the tip of her forefinger under the fleshy part of his chin, she applied forward and upward pressure and it was enough to bring him in closer to her pussy and the unmistakably drenched lycra covering it.

Her free hand went to the back of his head and forced his nose against her concealed cunt.

The first time since he had arrived – if the attachment of his chastity did not count – anything of a sexual had been attempted.

“As you listen to me,” she told him, aware he had screwed his eyes shut against the indignity of his position and the aroma assailing his captive nostrils, “I need to hear you sniffing my scent like the useful animal I intend you to be for me.”

Some moments passed.

“I do not hear you sniffing,” she observed, no more than the slightest injection of… tone… into her accented English securing the effect desired.

“Good boy,” she praised with a demeaning pat upon his head. “You would not want your Misu Katsumi to be disappointed.”

It was a bald statement of fact and needed no embellishing.

“I chose you because you were by far the most appealing subject I had ever been offered.”

She noted the flinch at the “offered” and smiled in anticipation of informing him of his wife’s role in the situation in which he found himself.

But that would come a little later.

“In case you have been harbouring hopes along such lines,” she began, “let me assure you that this is not a game or an experiment and neither Scotland Yard nor your much-vaunted SAS people will be riding in to your rescue either now or at any time in the future. In order to do that they would, first, need to know of your whereabouts; and, second, to believe you are still in the land of the living.”

She stroked his hair, as if soothing a pet about to sense a visit to the veterinarian.

"Unfortunately," she told him, "the short message I left from you to your wife, on the laptop you had left in your room at the Cerulean Tower, makes such a belief non-existent – despite the absence of a body.

She felt his body tense and almost hear his unspoken question; a question it was left to her to give voice to:

"How did this Japanese bitch know his laptop's password?" she said, the hand keeping his nose pressed to her overheating labia feeling his involuntary twitch as she replicated his exact thoughts. "I can guess all too easily at what you are thinking," she confirmed for him, "and can understand how troubling the thought must be for you."

Then, more ominously:

"But, if you continue to disrespect your master by refusing to take in the scent of her most superior cunt…" her voice rose a menacing octave, "…then she will take a paddle and punish your inferior English balls until you beg her to have them removed."

She waited a second or two for the threat to sink in, though she had no intention of removing that which gave her so much pleasure from keeping confined.

Knowing he could not see it, a smile creased her fleshy but feline features as she considered that he could hardly be blamed if he doubted her capable of such a… neutering.

Then:

"If your nose is not pressed against my pussy and the sound of its scent being sucked into your nostrils not heard in the next few seconds, I will thrash you so viciously you will not know a release from agony for weeks."

It did not take a "few seconds".

"That is better," she said in a more… contained… tone of voice as she felt his nose press against her labia through the burgundy lycra of her leotard and take in the distinct perfume of a cunt that, had it been a rice paddy, would have sentenced those working in it to a watery death.

So incredible was her arousal at the level of control she was beginning to wield over this handsome and older Englishman.

An arousal, nonetheless, she was able to restrain enough that she did not deviate from an agenda with her gaijin she had devised and honed down the years, and wished to follow as closely to the letter as the power of her desires allowed.

"Is it not obvious?" she spoke down to him, hand tightening its grasp on the handful of still thick brown hair in her grasp, fully expecting a reaction to her next words and knowing herself more than capable of answering it either verbally or physically.

To his credit, she thought, while allowing herself much praise for her conditioning of him in the process, he actually remained in his demeaning place and continued to sniff at her.

At least to begin with.

Until her next observation sent him over the edge of rage and despair.

"How else could I have come to know so much about you if your… wife… had not been so forthcoming about wanting you out of the way."

The threat to remove his manhood – and just about everything else save one thought - was forgotten as his eyes shot up to hers and she finished:

"Permanently."

When she had finished outlining the details of his wife's betrayal of him with the help of his closest friend and how she had plotted with her Internet conspirator to take him off her hands, a strange silence had fallen upon him.

Until, with a howl of pure and primal fury, he rose to his haunches as far as his restraints would allow him and actually managed to get his hands around his tormentor-in-chief's neck.

It would be the last time he would ever attempt such a thing again…

*****

Three continents away, in an affluent and tranquil residential area in Royal Leamington Spa, seven-year-old Josie Gertin crawled into bed next to her sleeping mother and hoed her presence would help her sleep and, more to the point, prevent the kind of dream that had made her seek refuge next to her in the first place.

"What's wrong, Pumpkin?" asked a sleepy but sleepless Jane Gertin who, if she could have been truthful with one so young, would have had to confess that her own dreams were not… *comforting*.

At least not on those occasions when she actually *managed* to sleep.

"Bad dream?" she asked.

“I dreamt daddy was in a nasty place again,” the little girl nodded, thumb not far from her mouth as she regressed to behaviour she appeared to have grown out of before having entered primary-school over two years previously.

“Don’t worry about it, my darling girl,” Jane soothed her, more disturbed by the fact this was the fourth time her girl had experienced a similar dream than she could or wanted to let on. “I’m sure that daddy’s looking down right now and telling you not to be silly and that he’s alright.”

“Then why is the nasty woman so mean to him, mummy?”

Jane gave a start.

This was new.

And close to the bone.

“Just go back to sleep and think of nice things, pumpkin,” she soothed her, wishing as she did that she had someone to soothe her and knowing she was thoroughly undeserving of such succour. “There is no nasty woman and you’re just having another one of your stinky dreams.”

Josie snuggled in closer to her mother to do just that and, within no more than a few seconds, reassured by the security of her parent’s bed, was sleeping once again.

Which was more than could be said for her mother as she gazed down into the angelic and trusting face of a traumatised daughter she had betrayed almost as badly as she had betrayed her own husband.

Thirteen

It had been almost a day since she had dragged his enraged hands from her throat with contemptuous ease and dragged him by the short length of chain connecting them across a knee more than powerful enough to support his weight on its own; the obscenities, screeched at her from a mouth pure white-hot temper had released from the restraint fear of her had held him, provoking no verbal response from her as she used her free leg to trap him in place and, again and again, brought her hand down upon buttocks not entirely healed and still tender from her earlier treatment of him.

And still the obscenities poured forth, the cries and gasps of agony interspersing them, this as her unrelenting hand pounded down upon flesh in the process of healing but all too ready to go in reverse, only serving to increase their fury.

At least until the pain became too much bear and, in tandem with the humiliation of being overpowered and overmastered by a woman, the gasps became whines, that in turn morphed into sobs and peas for mercy; his mind so full of concentrated agony that he hadn't room to conjure up any further insults to either her looks, her sex, or her race. Even the knowledge that the woman he had loved for most of his adult life, the mother of his beloved twins and the woman to whom he fully intended to remain married for the remainder of his life, faded into the background against the pendulum like falling of the monstrous woman's hand against his excruciatingly tender flesh.

If he had been terrified of her before he was now in awe of her physical power and the effortless way in which she handled him.

An effortless way that would not be taxed further even if his hands and legs were not chained.

Paul Gertin, a mature forty-something in his late-prime, was being handled as if he were no more than a recalcitrant infant by a woman many years his junior, and the soul that sang out a dirge of pain found itself counterpointed by the metaphysically shattering notation of pure humiliation.

Which was the very point at which he felt himself begin to break and his sobbing and pleas for her to stop became nothing more than the strangled and unintelligible croaks of a child on the end of an unjust and merciless punishment he had done nothing to bring upon himself.

Even in his agony he sensed something giving way inside him and, later, when he realised exactly what it was, and despite not detracting from his fear and horror of her one iota, the shame of his capitulation to the woman would be multiplied by the realisation.

For that… *Something*… was not *entirely*… displeasing.

Later again, when able to think more clearly in the absence of his agonies, he would remember her comment about his weakness and her surprise he had submitted so easily and so swiftly, and be unable to own his new *"Master"* to be anything but right.

As his anger mutated from insult, to sobs, to pleas, Katsumi Iwakura confessed that this initially unwanted deviation from her script had worked to her benefit.

Heaving him from her lap to land with a thud upon the unyielding floor to watch him curl into a ball as he dry-sobbed in the way of a child, it struck her that, and without her having seen the signs, he had been one beating away from the breaking of his spirit she had been aiming at all along.

His attempt to strangle, she acknowledged to herself with an ironic smile, had only served to hasten her progress towards that goal.

She also knew from her reading on the subject that what was now happening was not at all uncommon. She recalled reading a memoir by an American military-intelligence operative who had been taken by the Vietnamese on two occasions and been tortured on both. The first time he endured it for eight days without divulging anything. He had been trained to resist torture and, despite the incredible pain, he had come through until his release had been negotiated.

But then, about four years later he had been captured again and tortured a second time.

On this occasion, he did not last any longer than the time it took the torturer to enter his cell and begin preparing the tools of his trade.

The reason?

Having been through it once before - and knowing what the coming days would bring – he simply could not endure it again.

And so he had broke.

In exactly the same way that her Gaijin-Slave had broken upon her knee as her hand punished those same buttocks she had tenderised so often in the days preceding.

It was not the intensity of the pain that triggered his collapse – for he had endured worse at her hands already.

No.

What triggered it was knowing he could soon be undergoing it once again and that her threat to brutalise his genitals with even more severity than on the previous occasion was enough to make his subconscious throw up the white flag of abject surrender.

As with the American military man, it had been anticipation of torture and unavoidable pain compelling his submission.

Unlike that same man, Paul Gertin had not been trained to withstand such techniques and that, coupled with the underlying weakness in him she had noted before, had brought about his collapse.

As she knelt upon the concrete next to him and took him in her powerful arms to the music of his agony, she knew that by consoling him in such a way whispering soothing words into his ear – as demeaning to a *"real"* man as they would be – he would look upon her more and more as a mother figure who was *not* his mother and come to completely accept the authority she intended to wield over him during their lives together.

And in this, time would prove her utterly and completely correct!

Fourteen

“Are you okay, mum?” the older of her twins – and by a full twenty-five minutes – asked as she sat listlessly at the kitchen table.

Jane Gertin turned at the distraction and looked inquiringly at her daughter.

It had been over six years since she had gone totally and temporarily insane and took a wrecking-ball to the lives of her daughters, herself, and most of all, to the husband she had loved so much until her body had taken a premature detour from the rails of normality. A detour Jane Gertin now regretted with every fibre and sinew of a body that had aged badly in the years since the loss of that same husband and seemed a long way removed from the desirable – if hot-flushing – woman she had seemed at the time. A husband she now loved with a passion even greater than the one which had seen her marry him and deliver his children and made all the more potent for the guilt inspired by her involvement in his loss.

The disloyal and despicable waster of a friend who had actually seduced her at that most vulnerable point in her married life – the same man her husband had gone through school with and supported through his own divorce and the attendant inability to hold down a job that had been part responsible for causing it in the first place.

The above and a need to place his cock where it did *not* belong.

And in pussys that had definitely *never* exchanged vows of love and fidelity with a loser of his stature.

Hers included.

To her abiding and eternal shame and deep, deep, regret.

“I’m fine thanks, Josie,” she said, attempting to make her expression light, hating the worry she saw on the faces of her girls when they noticed her suffering and hating herself even more for being the cause of it.

The twins were almost fourteen now and had been without their father long enough for his absence to have a least dulled.

It hadn’t.

They also missed their *“Uncle Dennis”* – but a few hints to them that he had been badmouthing their father and trying to get something started with their mother soon ensured he knew he was no longer welcome in the Gertin family home.

That, and the point of the Sabatier that had buried itself in the plasterboard wall by his head when he dropped by unannounced when they were at school.

The fact that Jane had not intended to miss with *that* point making the main thrust of her argument unmissable.

"Uncle Dennis," had not been seen since and, if Lily, the ex-wife still friendly with his mother *and* Jane, had gotten her information right, was now in Paignton helping his latest *"squeeze"* to run the B&B she ran on the coastal town's outskirts.

"Good riddance to exceptionally smelly shit!" had been her uncharitable but accurate thoughts at the time.

She tried to focus away from such thoughts as she realised Josie was speaking.

"What do you think, mum?"

"Sorry, pumpkin, I was miles again. What were you saying?"

Josie took her hand consolingly and the tender action from one so young who *she* had hurt so badly – even if she could *never* confess to either her or her sister – made her heart ache all over again for what she had done to their lives.

"Were you thinking about dad again?"

Jane nodded.

"I was just thinking about how proud he would be of you and your sister. He loved you both so… so much."

"And you, mum," the loving young girl told her, as hurt by the pain her mother seemed to feel on a constant basis as she was by the absence of a father she and her sister had vowed *never* to forget. "Don't forget that. You were the light of dad's life. Hayley and me used to laugh at how lovey you two were all the time."

Jane Girtin, and not for the first time since her betrayal, felt nausea gurgle up from her stomach to announce itself as bile at the back of her throat. The guilt would never end, she knew that. And, if she were honest, she prayed it never would. For, in the absence of a confession that would devastate her daughter's lives even more, the guilt she felt was her only way of making recompense to the man she had betrayed and still loved.

More and intensely so since his absence than she had when he had been a constant fixture in her life.

And her lover for him then – pre-hot-flushes and hormonal madness – had been considerable.

“Dad was a good man,” her daughter reminded her, placing a hand on her shoulder and a kiss upon her cheek before raising her eyes to the ceiling as if it were heaven itself. “Wherever he is, he’ll know that we all love him and he’ll be at peace.”

The two of them moved instinctively into a hug, though their thoughts travelled a similar path to a different conclusion.

The daughter truly hoping she was right and that the soul of her father was assured of their feelings for him and had found peace, wherever he might be.

The wife wishing the same and knowing that, wherever in Tokyo or on the mainland of Japan he happened to be, *“peace”* would be the last thing his mortal presence would know again.

Epilogue

In keeping with her love of routine and orderliness, Katsumi Iwakura rarely varied the routine of her days.

One day was, with small variations, pretty much a repeat of the day preceding it and, while for most people it would have proved soul-destroying, the routine was the meat and drink of existence for a narcissistic and controlling Japanese woman who now, she felt, had everything in life she needed.

"Misu Katsumi,", as she was always addressed – whenever he had fulfilled the basic and demeaning requirement whereby she allowed to speak, that is – was basking in the satisfaction a fantasy fulfilled that had shown itself to be the heaven on earth she had always believed it would prove. Gone were the days on end with only an empty house and memories of her parents for company; even if the company she had were not allowed to speak until pressing his lips to her feet and awaiting permission. The mere presence within it of a man who was as much her property in a real sense as the Real-Estate left to her by those same tragically departed parents, had brought the home to life again in a way far more vibrant and satisfying to her than even when her loving and loved parents were around to provide animation and security.

Also, and for the very first in her twenty-nine years before meeting him, Katsumi Iwakura's sex-life was being satisfied and fulfilled in the only way the ever-growing power of her youthful fantasies insisted they could be.

Total control over another human-being – a human-being from a country that had once believed itself the world's ruling force – was everything she had imagined it to be and, far from reality disappointing that longed-for fantasy, had proved itself to be by far its superior.

Immeasurably so.

In fact, so resigned was he now to both her physical and mental superiority in his regard, that she had no further need for the chains and shackles that had once insisted he move around on all-fours – though she still insisted upon feeding him by hand and found the serenity of control and ownership doing so instilled in her almost as euphoric as those times when his tongue was placed at the disposal of an orifice of her choice.

She had even provided him with a kind of domestic uniform for those rare occasions when tradesmen or those trained to do household repairs and maintenance were obliged to enter her home.

Though, being the cautious woman she was, that uniform had yet to be worn in front of strangers and he had been locked in the cage of the windowless and pretty much soundproof basement for the duration of any stranger's stay.

Taking him out of the house – for *any* reason – was simply *not* going to happen.

By a process of conditioning and sheer power-of-will, she had developed a system of unspoken short-hand that allowed her Gaijin-Slave to interpret her most minute need. In the six years and more since she had caged him, he had become more and more subdued by his monstrous Japanese master. For though she knew reflections upon his earlier life sometimes clouded his vision - and she could sense it exactly as it happened; so well could she read her servant - she also knew that she had overridden those earlier memories and was now undisputedly and unchallengably the dominant force in both his conscious and his subconscious realities. She would *never* test him, of course, but that did not stop her from wondering if, were she to open the door to his freedom after all this time, he would be able to find the strength to leave the Japanese woman who had ruled his every waking thought – and most of the sleeping ones – since that first caging.

Her never to be tested opinion was that he would *not*.

Her body was now the beneficiary of every pleasure a man could provide it with hands and tongue.

Though *never* cock.

That, she had assured herself since childhood was something she would *never* tolerate.

In fact, just the contemplation of such a possibility, and that of a man even thinking *he* was overmastering *her* in such a way, was enough to send that monstrous frame into a towering rage.

A rage that normally meant bad things for her long-suffering… *creature*.

And yet, when that same chattel's flattened tongue was sweeping the length of her slit so reverently, before finally drawing her engorged clitoris into his mouth and *vacuuming* her to orgasm the way she preferred - and had spent much time instructing him; or as he lay on his back on the bathroom tile, waiting obediently with open mouth and beaten and now adoring eyes fixed upon the sight of his all-powerful master above him as she prepared yet again to anoint him with her waste; she could not help feel a certain tenderness for her possession that she knew was as close to love she would ever feel for a man.

A feeling that was never more powerful than on those occasions when the tip of his servile and beautifully trained tongue gained entrance to her, not always entirely fragrant, despite her obsessive cleanliness, shit-hole and proceeded to show her that nothing could now pre-empt his devotion to her needs.

At the age of thirty-five, Katsumi Iwakura had finally found… *paradaisu!*

No more so on this glorious August day as she walked her gaijin in the spacious garden from which Tokyo Bay could be seen in the background while she could still manage to maintain the existence of her slave and herself as… *invisible*.

An *enclosed* garden on a rise into which those outside could not possibly see – not unless their curiosity was engaged enough to hire either ship-based telescope or expensive air-borne helicopter and powerful binoculars.

And even then, what would they see for their expense?

Nothing more than a man and a woman taking the air in a garden.

Albeit, with the help of either telescope or binoculars, the male half of the equation naked and walking ahead of the woman with a lead attached to a collar at his neck as he was given his daily exercise.

Not for the first time in the intervening years, Katsumi Iwakura professed herself the most blessed and self-aware of narcissistic sociopaths *anywhere*.

THE END