Ms Hasekura

PARTS-ONE-&-TWO-COMPLETE

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One

Charles Fraser had no idea why he had accepted the invitation of his neighbour, Mrs Hasekura. He had never had much time for socialising with neighbours and – to hell with political correctness – had no time for the Japanese. Neither did he like the woman herself and he was certainly *not* in the mood for a party.

All the above begging an obvious question he duly asked himself as he sipped at a nonetheless welcome glass of Scotch and eyed his fellow guests with indifference.

"What the fuck am I doing here?"

That the woman's home was no more than a hop and a skip from his own residence across the road – the same house the father of the wife who had divorced him owned and had now sold out from under him – was surely not the only reason he had chosen to spend an evening with a woman he actively disliked and who, he got the impression, returned the compliment with equal intensity; even if, he also knew with certainty, she desired him physically.

The vol-au-vents he was shifting from salivatory mouth to hollow and groaning stomach at such a rate of knots his tongue hadn't time to make even a guess at the constituents of the filling inside them went, he knew also, only a part of the way to explaining his presence at the woman's gathering of neighbours, friends and business associates to celebrate…?

Whatever it was she was celebrating.

Fear of the future - especially now the wife from the wealthy background had finally taken enough and jettisoned him was, he was compelled to acknowledge, another reason for his attendance. A jettisoning that had been made after he had played on the awe and infatuation his handsome looks had inspired in a woman who had always been, and would always remain, a plain-Jane to walk all over her. Yet another aspect of his current situation leading him to seek out food, drink, hospitality and other people.

Even if it meant finding it in *her* home.

It was, though he wasn't to know it, not the only thing he would find in her home that night.

And for a *long* time to come.

The rooms of the minimally furnished, if traditionally Japanese, house were

full of chattering people, male and female, in a whole a range of homogenous and mostly grey conservative suits. Some of them were fellow neighbours and, though Charles knew them well enough to keep himself occupied if he wanted to talk, he found he was happier drinking and eating alone as he observed the lucky bastards around him who would at least be returning to a home of their own that had not been sold from under them at evening's end. An observation, along with the scotch, not about to improve the somewhat self-pitying mood with which he had entered.
Ditto the following intrusion:

"Here you are, Fraser-San. I trust you are having fun?"

Charles forced a weak smile it had to be pretty obvious to even his hostess that he didn't feel, aware, as he had always been aware, of the physical attraction she felt for him that matched her obvious personal distaste; even though she tried to disguise it with some form of oriental inscrutability he, as a practiced womaniser, had seen through as easily as if her mind were plate glass and her thoughts and feelings etched upon it in bold crayon:

"I can't stay too long, I'm afraid, Mrs Hasekura," he said by way of accompaniment for his pallid and insincere smile of greeting, not for the first time finding her an unimpressive example of her sex unworthy of his attention – and certainly any attention of either a romantic or sexual kind.

The widow gave him what he took to be an inquisitive look at this, as if surprised, and her next words in their clipped and precise, if heavily accented, English, proved him right:

"I would have thought there would not be too much waiting for you across the road of, shall we say, a pleasant nature, Fraser-San?"

Charles felt his teeth grate at being addressed in such a way, even though he knew it was no more than formal and very Japanese politeness on her part.

But then, he had never liked *formal*.

A little anger also accompanied his irritation at her inference that she knew of

his marital situation and, perhaps – she had invited Louisa across for coffee on a few occasions – more.

Again, her next words confirmed his suspicions.

“It is why I invited you to come here tonight,” she told him. “When my dear husband passed away it was the kindness of friends and neighbours who helped me through my terrible loss.”

An image of the wealthy, elderly, and *decidedly* unmissed, Mr Hasekura presented itself to him and, as he recalled the few times he had spoken with the man himself, Charles struggled to remember any evidence relating to why his passing would provoke the *“terrible loss”* of which she spoke and came up empty handed.

Not, as may be expected, concerned by his lack of success in this endeavour, he returned his attention – or that much of it he was inclined to spare her – to the widow and hostess.

A level of attention that had not been much to begin with.

On the rare occasions they had encountered each other – he liked to take a run each morning and the woman enjoyed a brisk and unaccompanied walk around that time also – he had, along with spotting interest on her part for his features and still lean physique, sensed something of disapproval for him in her attitude during their short and stiffly polite exchanges.

Of course, being a child born in the sixties and having spent much time with a grandfather and former second-world-war serviceman who had spent time as a POW in the *care* of his neighbour’s countrymen, a grandfather who enjoyed scaring him with comic book type tales of their *“fiendish”* cruelty, it did not sit well with him to feel he was being judged by a person from a country with – similar crimes against humanity committed by his own country conveniently brushed aside – so much to answer for.

It was a sense of disapproval he picked up on even more after Louisa instigated divorce proceedings and left their/her Blackheath home to live

once more with her likewise separated mother back in Buckinghamshire; though knowing how private a person his now ex-wife was it would have amazed him had she shared any of their marital details, and his less than exemplary behaviour throughout it, with a neighbour she had done no more than share a morning coffee with on a couple of occasions.

Though it did strike him that people *did* open up more readily to strangers.

It was, after all, a facet of human nature that had been most beneficial to him down the years.

He guessed the woman to be around thirty-five, maybe a touch more, some nine years older than him if he was right, with the usual oval and very oriental face; though it lacked the daintily defined features he mostly associated with the women of the same region.

In fact, the hooked nose had more in common with the curve of a scimitar than the slim and straight lines of a ritual dagger and the slitted yet still somewhat feline eyes hinted at more of the Mongolian than that of a child of Japanese parents whose formative years – this according to Louisa – had been spent in the historic former capital of Kyoto.

Her hair was jet black without showing any sign of artificial colouration and she was - for a Japanese, of course - of middle height.

“That was very… thoughtful of you,” he had thanked her, knowing she was waiting for an acknowledgement of her kindness for inviting him as, careful to keep the irritation and burgeoning anger he felt from his voice.

At least, that is, until he had drank and eaten his fill of the supplies that were in short supply across the road in the home he would soon be obliged to vacate.

The oval face and its quasi-Mongolian features as it took him in was unreadable.

“It is hard enough in life to have a loved one removed from our lives by

natural causes," she continued, missing, or unconcerned enough to be bothered, the signs of his displeasure for the area into which she seemed intent upon taking the conversation, "but to know that loved one is still alive but no longer feels the love previously felt for one must be…"

"Really," he cut in quickly, "I know you mean well, hmm…"

"Rin," she prompted him, looking completely self-contained and unperturbed by his interjection.

"Yes, thank you. Anyway, *Rin*, I would…"

It was her time to cut in this time:

"In Japanese it means: *'dignified'*."

"Really?... Well, look…"

"It can also mean: *'cold'*," she told him, adding then, as if meaningfully: "*'Severe'*, also."

"You learn something every day," he told her, unable now to keep the sarcasm borne of irritation at bay entirely. "Anyway, it's getting late and I should be getting off."

"I have offended you, Fraser-San."

"No, really," he protested half-heartedly. "Not at all."

"Why else would you leave so early?"

"Truly, you haven't offended ne in the slightest," he lied. "I'm just tired and there's so much to do before…"

He found himself at a loss as to how to phrase the fact he had only a week remaining to the end of the month to find himself a roof and - god forbid! - a job of some kind without looking and sounding desperate – even if that was

exactly how he did feel. New residence and a form of income to go with it found before the family of Indian grocers, to whom Louisa's father had sold the house he had provided his daughter on her wedding day, took possession and he was out on his ear. Out on *everything*, in fact.

As it turned out, it was a loss he had no need to make good on as his hostess was ahead of him:

"Before the new owners take up residence in what, for the moment, is your home," she finished for him, not even bothering to phrase it as a question, so certain was she that this had been what he was about to say.

Charles Fraser bit into his cheek and pinched at the bridge of his nose as if at a sudden migraine, hoping that she would stop spouting her mixture of fact and bullshit before the effects of the Scotch and the irrefutably dire nature of his situation she seemed intent upon highlighting provoked his famous temper.

Famous to Louisa, anyway.

If she sensed this response in him she looked supremely unconcerned and, as she stood before him in a figure hugging and sheath fitting dress in a maroon fabric, he realised she at least had a supple and shapely figure to match the full and most *un-Japanese* like breasts that were the only things about her ever to have caught his interest.

And even then in only the most detached of ways.

Womaniser or not, her face and – again, to hell with political correctness – nationality pre-empted any interest of a romantic kind on his part towards her.

Even if the fortune left to her by the late Mr Hasekura was of more interest.

Thoughts switched instantly by the reminder of her wealthy widow status, in the way of all such men who've pretty much gone through life living off their looks – mercenary and moral free self-interest triggered by the attention

rather than *"inscrutability"* she seemed to feel free show in him now he was free of Louisa – he put aside his irritation and began to wonder if there wasn't something here for him after all.

Aside from the breasts, that looked as full and pert as ever, he noticed the dress looked rather tight around her hips and, though out of preference his tastes were more bamboo-shoot catwalk than tree-trunk high-street, assured himself there was nothing so wrong with a full-figured woman that a healthy personal allowance and a few debit and credit cards couldn't overcome them.

Acting skills honed from many years of seduction kicked in and his expression took on something of the heroic victim:

"Yes, you're right. That's what I was about to say. It… Well, it's a bit of a worry if I'm truthful."

"I should think it must be," she agreed.

Taking a half-step back, he used the perspective his new position provided to take a fuller and more covert look at her; allowing eyes well-versed in these matters to take mental snapshots of her physical dimensions, other than the Mongolian facial constituents and full breasts, without her being in the slightest way aware he was doing so.

The first thing he noticed, as he lowered a shaking head and pretended to be deep in thought in respect of his current plight, were a pair of nylon covered, and surprisingly shapely, feet with strong ankles and slightly muscular calves.
Encased in a pair of pumps the same colour as her dress, with short dagger heels and pointed toes, it was obvious they were well maintained and he recalled reading somewhere that women from her part of the world were most particular in this aspect of personal grooming.

The shoes themselves, though he had no idea which designer they were from, were undoubtedly expensive and were yet another reminder of the luxuries in the way of male apparel that would soon be a thing of the past for him now

that Louisa had kicked him into touch and taken her money and a cast-iron pre-nup with her.

In fact, he had already visited one of the recently sprung-up second-hand clothing stores to sell off a part of his wardrobe that he might have some cash in his wallet now his usual outlets had been closed to him.

The only concession to make-up he could discern on the severe looking face that lived up to her name was the bright red lipstick covering full lips that were the best features of the visage itself.

Which was not saying much.

From each ear hung a small teardrop pearl earring – again, *expensive*.

“Have you ever visited Japan, Fraser-San?”

“A pleasure still left to me, I’m afraid. Why do you ask?”

His glass was empty and he wanted more, but held off; sensing as he did that there might just be something to his advantage that could come out of this most unpromising evening.

Fucking a none too pretty Jap suddenly didn’t seem too great a price to pay if it bought him some time. It wasn’t, after all, as if he hadn’t made similar sacrifices in the past. And, if the antennae that had proved infallible in the past could still be trusted, she did seem… *interested*.

“I was thinking that you would not find it to your… *taste*… which I find a waste.”

Despite knowing she was on the button – about it not being to his taste, anyway – he was intrigued:

“What makes you say that, hmm, Rin? And why would it be a waste?”

“Your glass is empty, allow me to fetch you another,” she offered without

answering, though he could not be sure if she was being evasive or simply an attentive hostess; though it did strike him she seemed pretty certain he was going to stay - even if mercenary and predatory intentions had only a few moments before persuaded him to do just that.

“Scotch with no ice, please,” he said, smiling his most winning smile which she returned with a polite if formal example of her own before taking off to the bar to have one of the staff she had hired for the evening pour his drink.

“What’s to lose?” he told himself as he watched her ample but not unattractive buttocks in the confinement of the sheath dress oscillate away from him. *“I’ve been with worse.”*

And she *had* gone to the trouble of inviting him over, after all; the least he could do out of simple neighbourly courtesy was give her a run-out.

Who could say what might develop after that?

When she returned she handed him his drink and told him she needed to pay more attention to her other guests. This had both surprised and disappointed him. Simple logistics told him that if he was going to work on her then he needed to spend some time in her company.

Her next words were quite an encouragement, however:

“Fraser-San,” she began, “I would like to speak with you in private when my guests have gone. Would this be acceptable to you?”

“Acceptable?” he thought, hackles of opportunity raised as he caught the familiar scent of a female patsy susceptible to his charm, though he contented himself with a friendly and amenable:

“Of course, Rin, what’s troubling you?”

“If I may speak frankly,” she began, before going on without receiving his permission to do so, “I was thinking more of your troubles, Fraser-San.”

“Oh?”

“On the subject of which, I have a proposition to make you that could prove a solution to your present problems.”

Two

After the little conversation with his hostess, Charles Fraser’s evening became a whole lot brighter. He even mingled a little and spoke to a few neighbours, many of them congratulating him for the way he was bearing up under the split from Louisa. He was, though, sensing on him the eyes of the Japanese woman who might just be about to step into the shoes vacated by his former wife, careful not to pay undue attention to the few single women who made a beeline to him.

There was a bigger, if less attractive, fish about to be snared on his line.

He had a pretty good idea of what it was she wanted to discuss – even if she did, like the rest of the women he had lived off, try to dress it as a mutually beneficial arrangement rather than a simple hunger for the sex they knew he could be guaranteed to provide them. What else could it be? She hardly had a business proposition to put after all; unless she wanted to pimp for him?

For pretty much the first time in months he laughed. Suddenly the dire nature of the predicament Louisa’s desertion had left him in – for despite his faithlessness and dismissive treatment of her once she’d been on his hook, he

still considered her actions in such a way – did not seem so… *irreducible*. For the first time since Louisa's legal people had effectively put him on notice, Charles realized there might be possibilities of keeping the idle and pampered life he had come to think of as no more than his due.

With a level of intensity he would once have believed impossible, he found himself growing more and more impatient for the evening to end and the guests leave that he might spend time *alone* with the Japanese neighbour he would not previously have given a passing thought.

Charles had never slept with a Japanese and, truth be known, he was not busting a gut to do so now. But then, he told himself – and along with any other number of conceits in regard of himself – he had always been a pragmatist. If the solution to a problem was not to his taste then he would just have to bite the bullet until it was solved; plenty of time after that to luxuriate in the rewards resulting from his sacrifice.

"I have a proposition to make you that could prove a solution to your present problems."

Having heard a number of such propositions of the type he expected to hear from her, though he knew she could have no real idea of the gravity of those *"problems"*, it did not take him long to reach a conclusion concerning the one he would soon hear coming from her lips once the evening was over – over for the guests, anyway.

Forearming himself, he wondered how best to play his oriental fish and decided that, as she seemed to see herself as some inscrutable and exotic eastern bloom – albeit of the wallflower variety – he would take that route to flatter her sense of self-wisdom and pretend a growing attraction to her homely Jap beauty.

As she had walked away to mingle with her guests, he had again allowed his eyes to drink in the rear view of her and was able to reassure himself that, once he found a way of putting the face aside, there would be compensations until he had her smitten and could find the more facially and ethnically

appealing compensations elsewhere.

Along with her tits and shapely and well-cared for feet, her buttocks and legs were by no means unimpressive – even if the legs were, in the way of many Japanese women, slightly bowed. From the back he could almost convince himself that she looked enticing.

Almost.

Now, as the guests began to disperse and the hired help from the outside caterer had started to clear away and tidy, he found himself with a strange desire to see those more… *erotic*… aspects of her physicality again.

Returning after having seen some guests to the door, she laid a hand on his arm and stood on tiptoes to whisper in his ear, uncaring that the remaining guests might see her acting after the fashion of a lover with a recently divorced neighbour – and a neighbour with something of a reputation as a lothario at that.

“At the top of the house is a spiral staircase leading to the loft-conversion I use as a study,” the warm breath he could feel on his earlobe coalesced into sound and meaningful words. “If you wish, pour yourself a drink from the decanter you will find there and then wait for me. I will be with you shortly.”

Not waiting for him to reply and sure of his compliance, for reasons his self-interest found no reason to question at that point, she took off to an Asian couple helping each other into their coats and, in a shared language incomprehensible to Charles Fraser, went about the formalities of thanking them for coming and wishing them a safe journey home.

Given the amount of Scotch he had put back since first speaking to Mrs Hasekura, all the would-be seducer wished for at that point was a safe journey up the spiral stair and into her study.

Sensibly, he told himself he would decline the drink she had offered once he was there.

*****

Lit and shadowed as it was by the light of a number of small table-lamps, the loft-conversion-cum-study was impressive and ran the whole length of the house; a considerable length that was lined with bookshelves crammed with titles in both English and Japanese.

At one end was an area containing a couple of comfortable and expensive sofas next to a television while, directly opposite at the other, was a desk with computer and the rest of the desktop paraphernalia people seemed to consider obligatory.
It was to the desk end that he took himself and, foregoing as promised the Scotch he could see in the decanter on a sideboard, the Highland nectar highlighted by the light from a nearby lamp and looking all the more inviting for it.

But not as inviting as what Charles Fraser hoped would come from this tete a tete with his well-provided for hostess.
"Good," she said, having ascended the spiral so quietly she was on him before he detected her presence, "you managed to find my little… *sanctuary*."

On his best behaviour and knowing how precise and formal the Japanese were in matters of etiquette, he quickly recovered from his surprise at her appearance and rose from the seat he had taken in front of her desk, already sobering up with some swiftness now the opportunity to win something to his advantage was upon him.

"I wouldn't call it little exactly," he told her in complimentary tones. "Cosy, certainly, but *'little'*?"

He allowed her a small smile to accompany the shaking of his head.

"You are not drinking," she reminded him. "Is this your English good manners that prevent you helping yourself, even with permission? Or have you had quite enough for one evening?"

Not sure if he was being complimented or criticised, judgement plumping for the latter, he allowed his smile to broaden that she might feel the full effect of his handsome looks:

"A bit of both, I suppose," he told her, resuming his seat once he was sure her surprisingly enticing arse had made contact with her own behind the desk, switching to seduction via ingratiation seamlessly. "I confess to feeling a bit sorry for myself earlier and I have a feeling I may have availed myself of your hospitality a bit too freely."

"And are you still *'feeling a bit sorry for yourself'*, Fraser-San?"

Having already decided upon limited honesty, not in a position to know how much she knew of his situation from Louisa and sensing a little self-recrimination and regret for how he had treated the former wife who had been nothing but caring and indulgent of him – *very* indulgent – Charles Fraser took the first step along a well-trod and insidious verbal path he hoped would lead him to yet another pot of gold.

Even if, along with all the others he had uncovered, it would not belong to him.

"As you indicated downstairs," he began with what he hoped was the right mixture of a vulnerable if heroic soul bearing up under the effects of loss and regret, "I don't exactly have a great deal to sing and shout about at the moment."

Sympathy, he noted with no great alarm – it was early days, after all – was conspicuous only for its lack and Mongolian features eyed him impassively.
He shrugged fatalistically, act getting into its usual smooth – if highly clichéd - gear:

"It's just so easy to take all the really important things for granted. We men are past masters at it."

Pausing to wait for the words of consolation past experience convinced him

would be forthcoming, he found himself forced to continue when she remained silent.

“It’s taken me a while, but I’ve resigned myself to the fact Louisa won’t be coming back.” He allowed saddened eyes to lower themselves to the plush carpet covering the loft space and again shook his head. “Hardest thing I’ve ever had to do, but… Well, I’ve only myself to blame.”

“Have you found somewhere to live?” she asked in a matter-of-fact voice he had not expected and which threw him off balance somewhat.

“Er, well, actually, that’s proving a little problematical.”

“Then what about employment?” she pressed. “Louisa explained to me that she made you a monthly allowance.”

“She did?”

“Does that surprise you?”

“Well, he began,” more blazingly angry at his former wife for betraying a confidence she had promised *never* to divulge than surprised that she had, and to *whom*, “a little, if I’m honest.”

“Forgive me if I seem blunt,” Rin Hasekura told him, picking up on his annoyance, looking secure and, unless he was mistaken, smug behind her study desk in *her* home, and certainly not like a woman either seeking or needing forgiveness – especially from *him*; “but your wife – your *former* wife – was simply stating a fact. The truth is you accepted the money she provided you that you might not have to seek to make a living for yourself. It hardly seems fair to be angry with her for sharing that with me when she thought your marriage would not last.”

Though these were, he consoled himself, no more than the early salvoes in the dance of seduction – his seduction of her – it was not going the way he had expected it to go and he could feel the earlier antipathy he had felt towards the *“Japanese wallflower”* was reasserting itself – even if his need

was greater than his distaste.

“It’s just that I’m a very private person,” he began, speaking truthfully for the first time, “and I thought Louisa shared that with me. “I’m sure the late Mr Hasekura would not have shared details of any allowance he made you with a… with a…”

“Stranger?” she added helpfully.

“Well, relatively speaking, yes. I mean no criticism of you, of course, but you hardly knew Louisa well.”
“Well enough to know that she deeply disappointed in you as well as very unhappy with your relationship.”

Fraser felt his gorge rising and tried to fight it.

“Yes, well, I’m going to have to live with it, I’m afraid,” he said, then quickly: “So, you said you had a proposition to put to me.

In the years to come, Charles Fraser would wish on countless occasions that he had chosen not to remind her.

Three

Mrs Rin Hasekura was dreaming.....

…….“*Strip you worthless English dog,” she told him.*

They were in the basement of her Kyoto home and she indicated a section of white plastered wall to which was attached what looked to him like leg irons.

It was the first time he had been naked in her presence and she allowed hungry eyes to roam over him, drinking in the still lean body and the chest hair of the middle-aged man women of her race found so erotic on gaijins of European descent. She flicked a glance at what she had to admit by the standards of her countrymen was a larger than average cock and ball sac then stepped towards him and cupped his scrotum in her hand. The smile twisting her features when he winced was not pleasant and did not bode well for what he was about to receive at her hands.

“As you now belong to me, so does the worthless seed in your unworthy gaijin balls. Understand?”

“Yes, Ms Hasekura-San,” the older white man answered, the tremolo of his voice betraying the fear he now felt for the woman who had once been his neighbour and was now, to all intents and purposes, his owner.

“And what is it you understand, dog-man?”

“I…” he began.

“Look at me as you say it,” she demanded.

His eyes slowly raised to hers and she felt the same thrill she had felt of late to note the absence of the smug superiority his undeniably handsome looks supplied him in his dealings with her. Gone in its entirety was any assumption of the pre-eminence to which he once felt his looks and race entitled him in respect of her. A most acceptable development.

For her.

“The… The worthless seed in my unworthy balls…”

He gasped as she squeezed the tarnished jewels in question.

“Unworthy gaijin balls,” she reminded him. “Begin again.”

“The worthless seed in my unworthy gaijin balls belongs to you now, Ms Hasekura-San.”

Releasing her grip below she transferred it to his chin and stood on tiptoes to spit into his face.
The older and stronger white man flinched but did not make any attempt to either censure or escape her.

“That is right,” she told him in a voice that sounded almost complimentary. “You are learning the your owner may do as she wishes with you. We are no

longer in England and you are no longer your own master. You are penniless and without means many thousands of miles from your homeland and it is I, Rin Hasekura, who has control of your entire existence from here on out."

Slitted and cruel eyes held his to search for any kind of rebellion before, detecting none, ordering:

"Turn around and face the wall then attach the leg irons about your ankles and lock them in place with the key."

As he turned from her to do so, she took the opportunity to smooth a hand over a pussy made ravenous by degree of control she was beginning to exercise over the former lady's man and seducer. Never had she experienced such sensations and she began to understand something of the joy the late and masterful Mr Hasekura had taken from dominating her so completely. Even if she had been made of stronger stuff than the gaijin dog whose life she now owned and had sent her abusive and controlling older husband to dine in Yomi.

She watched, tongue protruding to moisten suddenly dry lips, as he bent down to close an iron band around one leg and lock it before repeating the process with the other ankle.

When he turned to face her, careful not to cover his manhood – or what used to pass for it – from her view, having been told it was her property and her right to gaze upon it and do whatever she wished with it whenever she chose, she was holding the palm of her left-hand in his direction.

"Now," she said after pocketing the key to his freedom – at least from the wall - raise your hands above your head."

It was only then that he noticed the wrist-restraints hanging from the ceiling and attached to what appeared to be a pulley system.

He hesitated and then shrieked as the thin bamboo cane she had escorted him down with made contact with the lily-white male buttocks that had yet to be used in such a way until this point.

It took only one more slash of the cane to have his eyes reaching skywards – had there been a sky visible towards which he could reached.
Placing the cane down, she filled the few steps separating them and locked the restraints around his wrists before moving out of his sight and fetching the pulley handle into play to retract the ceiling chain.

Within seconds, he was on tiptoe, arms and legs stretched to what seemed like snapping point; the sound of the handle being locked into position was heard and she stepped around him to look up into those once smug eyes that now looked utterly terrified, an entitled hand stroking his reddened buttocks proprietorially as she did so.

"It is my intention now to really cane you," she informed him. "These will not be like the two love-taps I just supplied you that made you squeal like a schoolgirl and no begging or pleading on your part will stop me from applying them until I consider you are thoroughly broken to my will."

She had read and been told that many men became – voluntarily or otherwise – erect at the prospect of such treatment and was, she confessed, a little downcast to reach out and take a decidedly cowed gaijin cock in her tiny Japanese hand.

Though she was not downcast for long.

That he was not taking pleasure – consciously or subconsciously – from her command of him was all to the good; she did not, after all, want a willing subject.

"In the light of what I know of your weak character," she told him, giving the head of his cock a spiteful twist between her slender fingers, sharp nails painted the deepest crimson that the colour of blood might emphasise her cruelty, "I do not anticipate it to be long before you are totally abject and pliable in the way I require you to be. On the other hand, should you prove more durable of spirit and will than I expect, it will be no hardship for me to simply leave you here as you are and repeat the procedure until you are what

I require."

For the first time since they had entered the basement he spoke unbidden, or to be more accurate, begged:

"P-Please, Ms Hasekura-San,"

"What is this?" she thundered. "Speaking without my express permission?"

"Forgive me, Ms Hasekura," he went on, the terror of the physical punishment she intended to visit upon his unprotected English arse, she could see, threatening to tip him over the edge into hysteria, "but please don't do this. You have made your point. The fact I'm here in such a condition must tell you you've won. There's no need to…"

The futile scream attempting to pierce the thick – and decidedly un-Japanese – brick walls of the basement in a house that was anyway some distance from its nearest neighbour – a testimony to wealth in over-populated Nippon, was made in response to the knee she had brought up between his legs to all but mash his testicles against his pelvis.

"Never again," she warned him unneccesarily when his senses had returned enough for him to take heed, "attempt to tell me what I can and cannot do in respect of your worthless carcass."

She moved behind him.
"For the whole of this first punishment, until I consider you sufficiently broken – and do not attempt to pretend your abject submission for I will know – I shall use a rattan cane. It is very thin and, I know from experience, very painful. With expert and constant application, the agony of its caress will send you to the very edges of madness and you will scream abuse at the mother who was cruel enough to bring you into this world that you may fall into my hands and be forced to endure it."

To her delight, she saw the whole of his body was shaking with anticipation of what she intended to do to him, lean frame quivering in his manacles as the full horror of what he had come to finally began to sink in.

"Feel at liberty to scream and curse or anything else you wish to try in order to take your mind from the agony I am about to supply you. It will, I promise you, supply me with only more pleasure. You will soon learn that mercy is not in my nature and that only by becoming the obedient white chattel I intend for you to be can you hope to gain a respite of sorts from the threat of further punishment that will always from now on hang over you in my service."

Still behind him, she saw her gaijin possession crane his neck to try and watch her movements and, hopefully, anticipate the moment she would strike – not, she laughed to herself, that being forewarned in this instance would diminish his plight any less.

For a time both were frozen in position, animation supplied only by the shaking of the captive in his manacles and the heaving of her breasts beneath the lycra leotard she had worn with just such a… workout… in mind.

And then she struck.

The first stroke smote him as if the rattan had been dipped in molten lave and he screamed in exactly the way she had told him he would scream. Stroke after stroke followed from her tireless and adrenalin fuelled arm until his vocal chords all but gave out under the pressure of his squeals and his agonies found themselves croaked rather than screamed.

And still she went on, face a mask of concentration as she set about the task she had set herself of making him so afraid of the power she now wielded over him he would genuflect at nothing more substantial than her shadow.

She knew now exactly what her late husband had felt when applying the same discipline to her and, somehow, hated him less for the knowledge – even if her removal of him had been the best decision of her life up to then.

The best decision of all only coming afterwards with her enslavement of the handsome English gaijin currently bawling and screaming as she beat him into utter and irreversible submission.

Transferring her attentions to his thighs her pussy thrilled as the new and even more excruciating levels of torment she was supplying him drew fresh life from his overworked vocal chords and he sounded not so much like a schoolgirl but a defenceless piglet as it was stuck upon a pole in readiness for the roast.
Then, tiring of his thighs, she caught sight of his cock and balls and, moving to a whole new dimension of arousal and cruelty, took aim and.....

…….Rin Hasekura awoke in the bedroom of her Blackheath home to her own screams and an orgasm of such awe inspiring… *liquidity*… she was grateful the large residence she had occupied alone since she had removed from it - and life itself - the controlling and unbending Mr Hasekura was one of the more solid examples of British Edwardian architecture.

It was not the first such dream and subsequent orgasm she had experience in the three days since the party and the proposition she had made to her handsome and, she prayed, equally weak neighbour.

It was, however, only a dream and she knew with utter conviction that she must experience in the flesh what her husband had experienced with her and that the handsome and immoral Charles Fraser, with his distaste for her race and her looks, was the man she must experience it with.

After returning from having freshened up in the en-suite and a change of underwear, she slipped into bed praying that she had put her offer to him in such a way as to lead him to where she wanted him to go.

Even if he believed at first that it was simply a monetary transaction and that the service she required from him, though out of the ordinary, was not such a sacrifice when compared to the money on offer to him to make it.

As her eyes and consciousness fluttered towards slumber and, no doubt, the next Charles Fraser inspired wet-dream, she was *still* praying.

Four

On the fourth morning after having left the Hasekura house with his on the hoof plan of seduction in tatters and in a rage at the nature of the proposition she had put to him, Charles Fraser woke alone in a sleeping bag.

On the carpeted floor of the living-room, his eyes opened to the depressing site of a house devoid of both furnishings and, aside from him, life. Only the curtains and the carpet himself serving as a reminder that he had lived there with Louisa at all and not imagined the whole thing. Beyond the French-windows he could see the garden, patio as devoid of the usual paraphernalia of barbecue and garden furniture as the house itself was bereft of anything resembling the accoutrements that go into the making of a home.

With one day left until the new owners moved in and with no options by way of family or friends to fall back on – for obvious reasons, dyed-in-the-wool womanisers like himself had few of the latter – he had spent another fitful night's sleep attempting to see a way from the mess his former wife's divorcing of him had ensured he would have to deal with.

But certainly *not* by accepting the offer made by the bow-legged Japanese

bitch.

Handsome features contorted with anger, he went over that *"offer"* again in the latest of countless such re-appraisals since she had made it……

…….“In Kyoto we always say that fate has a way of flinging together those in need of each other,” she had told him after he had inquired as to the nature of the proposition she wished to put to him.

The beginning of their chat in the loft-conversion that served as her study and leisure space had not started as promisingly as he had hoped, but this sounded much more encouraging and, not being the type to be thrown a ball without returning it with a little in the way of something extra he went instantly into the clichéd routine of the arch-seducer he was:

“I’m a firm believer in rolling with the punches life aims at us and embracing the sometimes wonderful opportunities it can present to us also,” he told her.

“A wise approach and one that I hope will make the offer I wish to put to you all the more acceptable,” she told him with a nod of approval for his cod-sagacity.

His smile, he hoped, was warm enough to be encouraging, knowing from much practice how much women loved a man to listen to them – interested in what they were actually saying or not; which, in this case, he certainly was.

“I am a moderately wealthy woman now,” she had begun, and Fraser told himself that if the four or five million in various accounts and the assets left by her husband constituted the *‘moderately’* wealthy then he had no especial yearning to be of the mega variety.
“But it has not always been this way,” she was continuing when his mind returned from contemplating her *‘moderate’* wealth. “I am from a relatively humble background in Kyoto and it was only through an introduction to Mr Hasekura made by an uncle with certain… connections… that I find myself here and in the position in which you find me.”

Charles Fraser had nodded understandingly, though quite what it was he was supposed to understand he had not made up his mind about as yet.

“Now that I am in this position, however,” she continued in the crisp and formal English he could not prevent grinding upon his nerves and struggled not to show, “I am careful in respect of the people I allow into my life. I am sure a man such as yourself can understand the pitfalls of such wealth for a lady without a man at her side to guide and advise her?”

His nod was sympathetic.

“Completely, Rin; Louisa’s family had the same concerns for her, which is why I insisted upon a pre-nuptial before I would marry her,” he lied, it being only the insistence of Louisa’s late father that had forced his hand into signing the agreement that had pretty much placed him in his present predicament. “There are too many crooks and confidence men in this world of ours for a lone woman to be casual about these things.”

“Exactly, Fraser-San,” she agreed before dropping the first of her anti-personnel devices. “That is why I was convinced you would understand why I needed to have your background checked first.”

For a second it didn’t register with him.

“My… background?”

“Yes. In order for me to make the offer to you I need to make I wished to be convinced of certain things before I felt confident enough to make it.”

“What sort of… *‘things’*?” he asked, anger for the intrusion and the knowledge she’d had him *‘checked out’* by a detective agency - or something in a similar vein – vying with his desperation for the offer he sensed she was about to make. It being only the knowledge that she must be in possession of what she wanted to know by now and yet had still decided it was worth running her proposition by him.

“Fraser-San,” she began, “perhaps it is the humble background of which I

spoke that makes me unwilling to strive for something before I am at least… *hopeful*… the *'something'* of which I desire can be attained but, whatever the reason, I am unwilling to commit myself until as much information as it is possible to collect has been gathered and I can be at least reasonably confident of success."

She had paused to await his response.

Seeing where she was going and finding the opportunity her chosen direction provided him mitigation in itself, his anger evaporated and, instead, it was self-interest that won the day to arrange his handsome features into an understanding smile.

"If I'm honest," he began, deciding noble, if ersatz, veracity was the order of the day at that moment, "I can't say I'm thrilled to have my affairs looked into in such a way. But… Well, and for the reasons you've outlined, I can understand why you would feel the need to be cautious in such matters."

"That is encouraging to hear from you, Fraser-San," she told him, the relief he had expected to see beamed back at him absent. "Then I may take it you are willing to listen to my proposition?"

At last, he thought, the thought that he might soon be ensconced in a house that was more opulent and expensive than even the one Louisa's mobile-phone magnate father had provided them lightening his mood for the first time since Louisa had cut off his allowance and he had been forced to live off his winnings from the casino he frequented on a regular basis.

Until, of course, both winnings and credit-line were cut off in their entirety.

A fact his would-be new squeeze and lover was about to touch upon.

"I realise this will not make comfortable hearing for you," she began, taking up a slim dossier from the desk's surface and not, he could hardly help but observe, looking at all uncomfortable herself, "but I feel it is necessary to go through what has been reported to me here that you may correct any inconsistencies or half-truths that may be present."

“Whatever places your mind at rest is fine with me,” he told her in his most even-handed manner while he figuratively bristled beneath it at her insistence upon reading out the evidence of her intrusion into his private life.

“I will of course only touch upon the salient points most pertinent to my proposition and my hopes that you will accept it, but do feel free to correct me if anything proves not to be factual.”

“Fucking big of you,” he raged to himself, careful to keep his expression calm and benevolent as she balanced a pair of black framed reading-glasses above the pear drop earrings.

“It is mostly financial and, though there is an amount of information of a more personal nature, it is not the past nature of your private life that concerns me.”

“Bully for you, Jap girl!”

Heedless of his thoughts under the benign exterior, she had continued:

“It is written here that you have a number of bank-accounts,”
“She’s had them go through my fucking accounts?”

“Each of them overdrawn,” she continued before flicking a glance of corroboration at the file, “and one, I notice by quite a considerable amount.”

“Since Louisa’s… *departure*,” he began, berating himself for trying to explain his position in the face of the woman’s intrusive – and quite possibly *illegal* – prying into his personal circumstances as he did so, “things have been a little tight on the financial side.”

“The transaction dates go back a number of months before she left and began the divorce proceedings,” she told him after another look at the file. “But that is your business and not mine.”

“Do you really think so, you prurient Japanese bitch! How jolly considerate

of you."

"Then there is the matter of the credit-cards, all of which are over their limit and, it would appear, have not had their monthly repayments met for some time now. The total sum owing amounting to…"

"Yes, Rin," he finally came in, the litany of his dire financial situation proving too much for him to handle with curses aimed at her beneath his breath. "I have credit-card debts. Along with ninety-percent of the population of Europe. Shoot me."

It was the closest he had come to losing his cool with her since their tete a tete had started but if she was perturbed by it she was at pains not to let him see.

"Perhaps most worrying for you," she went on, "is the unaddressed and deeply in red credit-line you have with this casino."

The temper that had come so close to the surface receded with such swiftness he was hardly aware he had been about to lose it as the mere mention of his debt to these people filled him with the usual dread now Louisa and her check-book were no longer around to bail him out.

"This is not, according to my file," she went on, "a casino of the most reputable kind and it would seem the people by whom it is owned are not of a type to allow a gambling debt running to such an amount," again she glanced at the file, "some twenty-five-thousand pounds, to remain unpaid."

Charles Fraser attempted to swallow and found he was not in possession of the necessary saliva to do so as the fear her latest recital inspired all but dehydrated his mouth and tongue.

"You would be, I must tell you, Fraser-San, correct to be worried on this score. My uncle, as I mentioned, has certain… *connections*… and I grew up around such people. They are of a type whose methods and ways of operating vary only by way of local or regional custom and they do *not* allow either a treachery or a debt to go unpaid that they may be seen as... *soft.*"

He remained silent under this, unable to refute what he knew to be a stone cold and absolute truth, having already been paid a visit by *'friends'* of the casino and warned in no uncertain terms what would happen to him if he didn't oblige after the time his protestations of a temporary cash-flow problem soon to be resolved had bought him.

The *'friends'* themselves being about as fearsome a trio of softy-spoken thugs he had come across either in life or up on the big screen itself.

"…Along with the house that has been sold and will soon leave you with nowhere to live," she was continuing when he made landing on rather than below terra firma once again and no employment with which to secure a residence for yourself, it all goes towards painting a very depressing picture for you."

The head of Charles Fraser that went to his hands as he leaned forward in his seat had not, for once, been an act deployed to gain him sympathy.

Simply listening to his parlous personal circumstances related by another took them to an entirely more real and terrifying plain of reality.

"It is," her precise and clipped tones reached his ears past the hands cupping them, " what I meant when I told you of our local Kyoto saying."

Too wrapped up in his woes to be bothered to decipher what he was hearing, the handsome middle-aged lothario also lost temporary sight of what he had hoped to achieve by coming up to her study and listening to her… *"proposition"*.

"Fate, Fraser-San, has a way of flinging together those in need of each other."

Again she received no response for her efforts to raise his spirits.

If that had been what she intended.

"It is why I hoped the proposition I wished to put to you would be a welcome

one."

Picking up the dossier she had been supplied on him, she raised it high and allowed it to drop from her hand to land upon the desk's surface with a slapping sound that startled him and fetched his attention back to her.

"Given what I have just read to you from this file – information you have not refuted and which must, therefore, be true – it seems to me that we are in a position to be of mutual service to each other."

The spirits that had just dipped into the underworld – Hades not gangsta, and as per her intention – seemed to revive somewhat and a look of what could only be described as hope born of desperation met her eyes.

Hope mixed with a large dash of the pitiful, had he but known it.

"Right now," he told her, almost genuine, "I can think of nothing I'd like better."

"Really?" she part asked, part exclaimed, expression shedding oriental inscrutability to reflect incredulity that was genuine – at least until she realised the misapprehension under which he laboured. "I must confess, I am surprised, Fraser-San, that you say this without having heard just what it is I asked you up here to ask?"

Not so terrified of the situation she had outlined his baser instincts could be cowed into absence for long, a smile of practiced seduction he had long since perfected on more attractive and intelligent varieties of needy female than her kicked into action:

"Some things do not require saying," he offered, eyes holding her own with as much sincerity as he could muster; which, given the stakes for him, was quite considerable. "Our situations are not so dissimilar. You've lost someone you love through natural causes and I've lost someone I love through…"

He paused that she might be allowed to see the full depth of his non-existent

self-castigation.

“Well,” he continued with a look of infinite sadness that told her he knew of the magnitude of his mistakes with Louisa, “my loss was brought about by my own selfishness and stupidity.”

Slowly, he allowed his head to rise that she could not mistake his sincerity.

“The pain though,” he said with an accompanying and purely fictitious wince to underline his equally non-existent mental agony, “is just as great.”

Had his act of contrition and regret not required him to lower his eyes once again he would have noticed a distinct lack of empathy – forget sympathy – in the expression of his hostess and hoped for squeeze.

“It’s the most natural thing in the world,” he said, : “Why wouldn’t two people reach out to each other for comfort in such a situation?”

Calculating eyes fixed upon the fawn coloured carpet as he waited for her to fill the silence.

Which she duly did.

But not in the way he had hoped.

“Is that what you think I am doing, Fraser-San?” she asked. “Reaching out to you for… *‘comfort’*?”

Actually, what he thought – knew – she was reaching out for was sex, but it was a little early to allow that elephant into the room.

“I don’t think we need feel any guilt for it,” he said, misreading the situation completely and in need of her next words to make him realise the fact.

“If it was comfort I wanted from you,” she told him, face impassive, “I would certainly feel no guilt in taking it. However, it is a service of a quite different nature I require.”

Fraser allowed himself an inward smirk, having already convinced himself *"companionship"* would not be the most pressing thing on her mind in respect of him.

"A service," she added quickly, reading his thoughts and deciding to cut them off in their prime, "that is *not* connected with sex."

The look she threw him was almost combative, as if she expected him to contradict him on the subject of her own needs, finishing with:

"If that is what you are thinking."

As he assured it was the last thing on his mind, the Fraser spirits that had risen so dramatically over the past hour or so at the prospect of finding himself ensconced in her house and at her side – spirits helped considerably by the Scotch he had just declined and now wished he had accepted – deflated as instantly as if he were a children's balloon and she the jabbing pin.

A deflation that was not lost upon his hostess.

"Do not look so dejected," she advised him. "Simply because I have no need to avail myself of your talents to… *console*… at this point, it does not mean I haven't a use for your other abilities."

Having already marked out companionship as a non-starter and disregarded sex completely, the deflated Fraser was at a loss to discern her meaning.

"The need I do have, however," she went on by way of enlightening him, "will, I am sure, prove far more beneficial to you in your current parlous financial situation."

If he remained a tad mystified and it was not enough to restore his renewed and only just destroyed optimism completely, it was enough at least to encourage a less despondent demeanour from him.

Leaning back in her chair behind the desk, he suspected she was both regarding him and speaking to him with an air of authority.

It was a suspicion that made him extremely uncomfortable.

Not to mention, *outraged*.

"That is what I meant when I said I have a proposition to make," she went on in a tone of voice that struck him as patronising even as the dire nature of his predicament ensured he was not about to take her to task for the *lese majeste*.

His look said: *"Go on then. Tell me what it is."*

"A proposition that will, if you decide to accept it, offer much relief – if not a complete solution - to your present problems*."*

She seemed to correct herself:

"In fact, should the arrangement be found acceptable and become more… *permanent*… those problems could be a thing of the past."

Admitting himself to be as intrigued now as he was hopeful, Charles Fraser waited for her to tell him just what this proposition was.

Which is exactly what she proceeded to do…….

…….."Slitty-eyed *cunt*!" he raged into the empty room beyond his prone form, head peeping from the sleeping bag that had done very little to warm him throughout a night spent in a house without electricity – its switching off yet another piece of malice from a *"cunt"* of a different female variety.

The self-obsessed and barely evolved middle-aged lothario, as per usual, accepting no responsibility for the actions against him his own behaviour had inspired.

But it was the ugly bitch from the land of the rising sun and the bow-legged

who angered him most.

Had she really expected him to accept such an offer?

Even now, with one more day and one more night before he found himself – incredibly – on the street itself, his anger remained greater than his fear of what life had in store for him without the financial back-up of a smitten woman behind him.

Or did it?

Telling himself it *certainly* did and with nothing to get up for - and no money to do it with if he had – he lay his head on the makeshift pillow of a fluffy towel and drifted back into a fitful and dream filled sleep…

Five

He could see the bitch's hands shaking as she opened the door to let him in; the house was empty and she knew he knew it.

There would be no interruption and, now she had given in to her need for him, there would be no limit to what he could do to her and she would bear. All her attempts to become the dominant partner in a sexual relationship – a relationship she had been too proud to admit to wanting in the beginning - had vanished as the extent of her need and his closer proximity had grown.

Now there was no doubt in the mind of either concerning who was in control.

Stepping past her into her home and smiling as she closed the door behind him and slid back the internal bolts as he had instructed her to do during their earlier telephone call on the subject of her behaviour when he arrived, he wondered just how wet her little Jap pussy was and if the panties he had insisted she wear were already soaked through. That she had been playing with herself prior to his arrival was a question he had no need to address to her; knowing that she would have been unable to prevent the self-pleasuring no matter that he had forbidden it.

Intentionally, he was an hour late, a ploy to ensure her anticipation built, certain she would not have the necessary backbone to confront him on his deliberate tardiness as he handed her his bag to carry for him once she had bolted the door. His insistence that she do this not made because he felt there was any danger of them being disturbed but that the sounds of the bolts sliding home would be a symbolic reminder to him that there would be no escape for her. At least not until he was satisfied she had earned it.

The house was just as he remembered it with the beautiful furniture in dark wood complimenting lines that were clean and precise. Feng Shui? In fact, the whole house, no matter which room one entered, gave him the feel of a very high maintenance Japanese apartment – if a much larger version.
The bitch who had once thought to patronise him cast her eyes to the floor as she set his bag down and he turned to stare at her in the thin cotton white dress he had insisted she wear along with the panties. Standing on slightly bow-legs before him, her fleshy, if hour-glass figure trembled slightly as he looked her up and down and assured himself that humbling her was going to no hardship for him. The face she had lowered to study the floor and avoid his eyes was flush with shame and he felt her powerlessness before him trigger a desire her presence alone was unable to do for itself.

"Have you disobeyed me, bitch?" he interrogated her in a stern voice.

"N-No, master," she assured him, remembering the proper form of address and obviously hoping it would please him.

It did – though not enough to stop him quizzing her further.

"Then I can take it you haven't had your sticky Jap fingers in your messy pussy?"
He watched a slight tremor of guilt travel the length of her body.

"I thought as much," he said. "Despite my explicit orders not to do so you've been playing with yourself again."

"Forgive me, master," she begged, not bothering to deny it. "I… I have only to think of you and… and…"
Unable to either locate the words she needed or unable to speak the ones she did, she kept her head bowed forward as she looked at his feet, the silky black hair that was her best feature apart from her tits billowing about her shoulders as he gazed down upon her and reveled in his mastery.

"You are a filthy, Japanese slut, aren't you?"

She nodded, uncomfortable, he knew, with anything remotely critical of her homeland or its people.

"Say it!" he demanded.

"Y-Yes. You are right. I am a filthy slut, master."

"A filthy Japanese slut."

"Yes… master," answered the small voice.

Stepping to her side and taking the hem of her dress between his fingers, he raised it to reveal her thighs and delivered two none too light smacks to the back of them.

"Say it properly," he demanded once again.

"I… I am a filthy Japanese slut… master."

“And is the filthy Japanese slut sorry for disobeying her superior English master?”

Wishing to avoid any further attention to her thighs, her answer was immediate and made in just the way he expected:

“The filthy Japanese slut is sorry for disobeying her master.”

He took another step that took him behind her and, thinking he was about to administer further discipline to her for the lapse, she immediately began to plead:
“Please, master! I was thinking of you and could not help myself. Japanese slut is sorry and will not disobey you ag…”

She let out a screech of shock as he twisted her around and, taking her by the hair, smacked her hard across the face.

It was the first time he had struck her face and she stared up at him with surprise.
“Never disobey me again. Understand, cunt?”

Her dark eyes were moist as she stared at him and he could see her mind working feverishly.

“No, Master. Japanese slut is Sorry Master. Please forgive her.”

Though his face was a mask of stony inflexibility he was smiling internally and thoroughly enjoying the mastery he was now exerting over this inferior specimen who had once thought her money could buy him.

“On your knees cunt and lick my shoes,” he ordered and was gratified at the instant way she fell to her hands and knees on the hard wooden floor, long black hair spreading over the dark oak boards.

Within seconds she was crouched below him, tongue lapping at the highly polished black brogues she had purchased for him from Bond Street not two

days prior to this meeting and, as he studied her body as she knelt below him, his cock was already aching with a need to humiliate her further.

It was, he assured himself, only by abasing herself before his physical and racial superiority that such an inferior specimen could ever hope to spark anything even resembling physical lust in him.

"Up now," he commanded when he was satisfied by the sheen her tongue had contrived to win from the leather.

Raising herself up to her knees, she stared up at him, face a mixture of fear and need, a small line denoting the journey of a single tear down her cheek that been won from her slitty eyes by the self-hate she felt for being in such a position – not to mention the unholy pleasure she appeared to be taking from it if the wetness between her legs spoke truly.

It did.

Her hands were by her side as she waited for what he had in mind and through the thin cotton of her dress he could see her hardened and bra free nipples pressing against the cloth.

"You know, of course, that I will have to punish you later for playing with yourself without permission."

It was not said as a question and he forgave her lack of an answer, even as he noted the intake of breath that greeted his pronouncement. Something that did not surprise him, knowing as he did just how much she hated his physical discipline of her. Hated it, in fact, almost as much as she adored the cock he allowed her to handle from time to time if he considered her behaviour warranted such indulgence on his part.
It was actually how he thought of her these days:

His Japanese cock-slave.
"Do you want to feel my wonderful English cock in your dirty Jap mouth, slut?" he asked, again feeling both the desire to do so and the reticence provoked by the racial slur.

Reticence that did not prevent her from answering:

"Yes, master."

"I can't wait to see my cum all over your grateful face," he assured her. "You want my cock between your hungry lips right now, don't you?"

A tongue protruded to wet those same lips that had gone suddenly dry, the renewed moistness enabling her to answer:

"Yes, master."

Not responding to this, he held two fingers before her moist lips and her mouth opened instantly to take them in and begin sucking upon them.

"Good slut," he applauded her as he pushed down on her tongue and slowly started moving his fingers in and out of her mouth with the rhythm of a cock pistoning a pussy, ensuring she gagged as he forced them deeper and deeper past her lips and towards the back of her throat.
"You know you'll never feel my big white cock in your tight Jap pussy the way my fingers are fucking your dirty little mouth now, don't you?" he asked, pulling his hand away from her lips and raising it above her head to allow the saliva to trail from the tip of his fingers and drip down onto her head.

"Yes Master," she told him as she simply knelt there and allowed him to degrade her womanhood, her country, and the self-respect she had once held so dear.

Recognising this duality in her only served to increase his enjoyment.

"But that doesn't mean I can't fuck your mouth, does it?"

The flinch with which she greeted his question had not been entirely unexpected by him. Louisa had gleaned from their coffee mornings together and the conversations between even two relative female strangers that were far more intimate in nature than those between even the closest of male

companions, that their neighbour had an intense dislike of oral sex and was not happy with her older and wealthy husband for expecting it from her. No surprise then that she should react in such a way to be told that her cunt would not be receiving his cock but her mouth most surely would.

What she did next was a surprise to him, however.

Without being prompted or physically bullied into doing so, she lifted her hands to his belt and slowly worked the leather from the buckle, full breasts quivering as she as she undid the trouser button and slowly inched the zipper down.

Her fingers, he noticed for the first time, were long and delicate for a Japanese with nails he could tell received regular and intensive treatment and were painted blood red.

Fingers, he also noticed, that could not prevent themselves from trembling slightly as she lowered the zipper and eased his chinos down around his ankles.

As the back of her hand rubbed against a cock hardened by the humiliation to which he was subjecting her, his sexual captive leaned forward to rub her cheek against the object of her desire through his Calvin Klein trunks.
"Yes," he told her. "Now you're getting into the spirit of being my little donkey faced Japanese slut, unable to prevent a little groan of pleasure from escaping his lips as she slowly slipped the underwear down his thighs to allow his dick to spring and almost take out an anticipatory Far East eye.

About to command her to do the necessary, his hungry cock-slave pre-empted him.

It was a gasp rather than a groan escaping him this time as she began lapping at the underside of his shaft with the flat of her tongue, staring up at him as she gently licked the pre-cum that had already formed on the head of his manhood.

Both gasps and groans he struggled to contain as he realised his new slut

was, for all her confessed detestation of taking a man in her mouth, taking to the task as if she had been born to it.

It wasn't long before his hands were upon the back of her head and her silky black hair twisted around his fingers as she darted her tongue the length of his cock.

Wanting to see her hunger and humiliation for himself, he tugged her head back so she was staring straight up at him and then, that she be in no doubt regarding his feelings for her, spat down on her to splattering her nose and forehead with his saliva.

"I'm going to cum all over your ugly Jap face, cunt," he told her, her attentions and the degrading nature of them – for her – fetching him to the chasm faster than he had expected, taking his cock from her disappointed mouth and slapping it down on her forehead as she stared up at him with slitty eyes about as wide as he had ever seen them; loving the way her head jerked involuntarily as his prick made demeaning contact with her face over and over again.
"Lick those superior English balls, slut girl," he ordered and was gratified to see that he had her so cowed and in in need that she instantly thrust out her tongue and lowered her head between his spread thighs.

Any reservations she might have once had for the act appeared to have vanished now as he felt her moist tongue moving over his balls. Gently – lovingly even; certainly worshipful - she sucked his testicles between her lips as his dick rested on her forehead. He could feel the heat of her breath against the underside of his cock.
It wasn't hard to tell she wasn't particularly skilled but the fact she seemed to be so eager to learn whilst on the hoof mitigated the missing expertise for him.

A little.

That and the fact he was the one forcing her to perform the act.

Not that he would ever tell the ugly bitch, but he was actually loving the feel of her mouth and tongue caressing him and the way she sucked his balls into her lips.

She emitted a small gasp of protest as he grabbed the back of her head and rammed his prick between her lips in a single brutal motion that was utterly devoid of anything resembling romantic love between consenting partners; his Asian sex slave almost choking as he forced the head of his cock to the back of her throat and the eyes staring up at him with a mixture of nervousness and arousal began to water.
She barely had time to complain, even if she would have been allowed, as he took hold of her ears and pumped his shaft in her mouth fast and hard; her gagging only serving to heighten his excitement as her delicate hands with their blood red nails held onto his thighs for dear life.

As he held firm to her ears and face fucked her mouth till her face went bright red, he realised she was gasping for air and, not wishing to choke her before he got his rocks off, he finally let go of her ears, withdrew from her mouth and smacked his slimy cock down on her head repeatedly.

It felt, he had to admit, drunk with power as he was, absolutely wonderful.

"Put your tongue, Jap slut," he ordered. "Lick underneath my dick."

A quiver ran down his spine as she whimpered before doing as he asked, allowing her tongue to rub the underside of his pulsing cock until, changing tack again, he forced the length of it between her lips once more and almost blew his load there and then when he felt the head of his cock against the back of her throat and heard the gag it won from her.

He felt her throat contracting on his cock as he slammed his dick down her throat over and over, heedless of any pain, discomfort or lack of oxygen she might be experiencing.

"I'm going to cum, cunt!" he screamed, barely getting his cock from her mouth before his balls began their telltale convulsions and thick lines of cum

exploded from the head of his prick to cover her unprepossessing features and closed and slitty eyes.

When those "slitty" Japanese eyes opened again some short while after, a pair of smug and cruel orbs of the English variety were waiting to greet them:

"Consider yourself marked," he told her, eyes boring into hers. "You're my property now."

Six

There would be times in the years to come when Rin Hasekura would ask herself just how she could have been so confident that what she intended for the man would come to pass.

True enough that, even after she had put her *"proposition"* to him, he had no real idea of just what it was she intended for him and how steely was her determination to achieve it, but the proposition in even its most diluted form had been one to drain the colour from his face and have him leaving her study and her home without a word rather than trust himself to speak and tell her exactly what he thought of her offer.

That he appeared intent *not* to burn his bridges yet another reason for the optimism that had bolstered her confidence for his first refusal of her offer…….

…….“The problem I have,” she had told him as he sat opposite in her study, having passed him the glass of Scotch he had declined to pour himself and knowing he wold soon be in need of it, “is not as pressing or likely to affect my everyday existence as yours, but it does, nonetheless, concern me deeply and, to circumvent it, I am willing to pay a sizeable sum of money to the man able to help me.”

The mention of money – and a *"sizeable"* sum at that – had, as she had

known it would, gained his attention instantly.

“Given the relatively humble background I spoke of to you earlier, and a need to have my people back in Kyoto feel proud of the young girl who left for England with nothing but a promise of marriage from an older Japanese businessman with certain… *tastes*… it was felt I could oblige.”

The obvious response from anyone upon hearing of such an arrangement would have been to question her as to the nature of these… *tastes*… on that older husband’s part. That *he* did not told her that her carrot of money had made all else incidental in his mind save for what he would actually have to do to get it. Which was, she had to admit, the tricky part.

“An out-of-character vanity on my part,” she told him, “has led to me making certain…”

She pretended to think about it, as if unsure of the precise word, even if she had envisaged this conversation in her head many times since learning of his situation and devising a way of realising a long-cherished desire and knowing *exactly* what she was going to say.

“…boasts,” she finished.

He was looking at her with an interest she knew was feigned, wanting only that she should get to the nitty-gritty of the money that, perhaps, would get him out of trouble and just what he needed to do to get it.

She was about to tell him.

“I am soon to return to Kyoto to visit a property that has been acquired for me there,” she told him. “A second-home, I believe you call it in this country.”

“Yes?” he asked, expression telling her that he was unsure where this, and he, fitted in to putting much needed cash in his pocket.

“In Japan,” she began, “much is made of status and, not having had much to

speak of previously and wishing to impress those amongst my family and peers I would be meeting upon my return, I am afraid I… how do you say… gilded the lily."

"You own a beautiful home in one of the most sought-after London suburbs and were left all your late husband's assets," he told her, not bothered if it made him a return but seeing her *'problem'* so far as trivial to say the least. "I don't see how status would be a problem for you."

"It would not be, Fraser-San," she assured him, "were it not for the fact that I became carried away with myself when speaking with a friend via the computer. A lapse on my part that is all the more… *irresponsible*… for my prior knowledge that she is regarded as the tattle-tale and gossip of the area of Kyoto from which we both originate."

His arms went wide, inviting more information:

"What did you tell them exactly?"

"Well…"

With hesitation that was pre-planned, she cut her explanation off and removed her glasses with a sigh.

"It is really just too silly of me, but now I must lose the face that is so important to me in my hometown. I had dreams of returning in triumph. The young girl of whom nobody expected anything returning as a wealthy and travelled lady with her own…"

Again the contrived hesitation, then:

"Before I describe my… *irresponsibility*… to you and the position in which it has placed me, I would like to ease your mind a little on your own situation by telling you exactly what I am prepared to give you should my problem be one you feel you can help me with."

Rin Hasekura could see him wrestling with the conflicting emotions of need

and greed on the one hand and confusion and doubt on the other – though she had no doubt which would prove the stronger with such a weak individual in the long run.

Another facet of his personality that went a way towards explaining her confidence.

“For your help, if you agree to lend it, and over the period of four months you will spend in Japan with me,” she began, unsurprised by the raising of his eyebrows at being told the first part of what would be expected of him would be time spent in her homeland, “I am prepared to deposit a sum, agreed by contract between us, with a bank of your choice to the sum of one-hundred-thousand-pounds.”

The venal mouth that lowered itself towards the carpet gave her yet more hope of success, even if she told herself it could not be expected that very evening and would take a little longer for him to rationalise and come to accept the offer.

“That works out at twenty-five-thousand-pounds for each of the four months you will spend in Kyoto with me,” she told him. “I think you must agree that I am not being ungenerous.”

“Well… Yes… But…?”

She finished his train of thought for him:

“As we touched upon at the party earlier, you have not visited Japan before and I myself remain unsure that it will be to your taste. Just the same, whether it be to taste or not, does the sum involved and the pressure it will take from you not make a little sacrifice necessary?”

He surprised her:

“You have it wrong,” he said. “It’s not spending time in your country that concerns me. I’ve spent time in lots of countries other than my own and enjoyed it – even if I’ve not visited the Far East before. That’s not the

problem."

Having expected this to be the first sticking point with him she was surprised enough to be temporarily at a loss as to what his problem could possibly be until he went on to explain the obvious to her.

"I'm not so proud I can't admit that the generous sum you mention will not be welcome either," he went on. "The problem I have at the moment is understanding what could possibly be such a loss of face for you in your homeland that you would feel compelled to offer such money. Moreover, what is it exactly that I can do to help you with it?"

Berating herself for missing such an obvious reaction on his part – especially as she had intentionally led him to it – she knew it was time to get to the meat of her proposition.

"Forgive me, Fraser-San," she began. "Out of concern for my own predicament I make no sense to you. I will tell you now just what it is I would expect from you that the money may be yours."

His expression was expectant.

"However," she began, "I would ask – as much for your own benefit as mine – that you hear me out with no interruption until I have finished saying what I must say. Then you may ask me any questions you wish."

He nodded, curiosity now almost at the level of need and greed.

Almost.

Rin Hasekura took a deep breath as she said to herself:

"And so it begins."

"You would not know this," she began as she intended to continue, with a lie, "but in Japan much status is attached to the employment of household servants and other providers of domestic assistance."

His flinch was immediate and she knew equally as instantly that what she wanted from him would not be achieved that evening. She was, though, nothing if not patient in the pursuit of her aims – a lesson she had learned from watching her late and much hated husband in his personal and business dealings. Only through persistence were great or, in this case, *unusual*, things achieved.

True to his nodded assent to hear her out to the end he remained silent, though the colour at his temple that was fast spreading down over well-defined cheekbones indicated he had already divined where she was going with her line and was none too happy about it.

This too she had expected.

"Without exception," she went on, continuing to lie that she might add a degree of normalcy to what she was presenting to him and make it seem, when he thought about it later, of no great moment given the benefit that would accrue to him from agreeing to act in such a way, "all the great houses in Japan employ maids and manservants. It is, I would say, an absolute requirement if one wishes to remain anywhere close to the top of my country's society."

He swallowed and she could see it was only the one-hundred-thousand-pounds and the promise of it keeping his agreement to hear her out intact; leading her to congratulate herself for the structure of her approach.

"This may seem a little… *old-fashioned*… to one such as yourself from a country where the culture has developed… *differently*… yet I can assure you that domestic service is looked upon in Japan as a high calling as well as one that confers status upon those in a position to do the employing."

Again, and in keeping with her expectations of the man, her attempt to make what she was about to ask of him appear socially acceptable – at least in her own country – was not going down well; cementing yet more her certainty that there would be *no* resolution on this particular evening.

Even if she was now, more than she had been, convinced that there would be one.

And of a kind she would find *most* gratifying.

“Service of such a kind is considered most honourable and is rewarded accordingly,” she assured him, before adding, unperturbed and relentless in her goal: “But, by far the most desirable symbol of status amongst those of wealth and power is having a servant in their employ who is European or, failing that, American.”

“Rin…” he began, face growing ever more flushed as became more certain of the direction in which he was being led.

“Please, Fraser-San!” she came in forcefully, though she held her palms up and out as a means of both placating and forestalling him. “Hear me out until the end. Do not lose an opportunity to redeem your financial situation until you are in complete command of the facts and can make a more… *balanced*… judgement. All I ask is that you hear what is, I confess, a most unusual request before rushing to a conclusion you may regret.”

“Really, Rin, I don’t think…”

“Hear what I have to say and then go back across the road and think about it,” she cut in.

“I…”

Softening her voice that she may soothe his growing indignation, she also added a hint of warning to it:

“Is your personal situation and your… *standing*… with these thugs from the casino of such little concern to you that you can dismiss such an opportunity to redeem it out of hand?”

Unconvinced still, she could see, his *“personal situation”* was of such concern to him he was at least able to convince himself to go along with her

request and gave her a little nod of acquiescence – though he did not, she noticed, meet her eyes as he gave it.

A nice development, she thought.

“It is this boastfulness without basis, when speaking to my friend the gossip, that has created such a situation for me,” she went on to explain.

He was chewing his lip now and she knew it was imperative she say what she needed to say before his outrage surged too far ahead of his desperation and he simply upped and left without hearing everything she wished to tell him.

“Through my own vanity I have placed myself in a position whereby my people at home are expecting me to arrive with the English manservant I have in my employ and have had so for the past year and more.”
He looked, she noted, so incandescent with unexpressed rage she thought he must burst, but pressed on anyway

“Pressed by everyone, from family to friends, to have my servant accompany me to Kyoto that they may bathe in the reflection of second-hand status, and in a moment of weakness consenting, I must now either arrive with my manservant or have my first visit to my place of birth since leaving for England made less than the triumphant homecoming I have imagined with such fondness since leaving.”

Reading him with much ease and knowing his desperation, she knew he was asking himself if he could possibly suffer such indignity as she described for the sum she was offering and knew he was trying to picture what awaited him for those four months if he did.

It was time to flatter his ego, realising as she did that, though it would not provoke a positive reaction on this particular evening, it would certainly influence his decision when he thought about it more fully over the coming days and felt a need to justify his acceptance of her offer should he make it.

“You are probably asking yourself why I do not just contact an agency specialising in these matters,” she said, realising the thought probably hadn’t

crossed his mind. “It is, of course, something I will be compelled to do should you refuse my offer and will, obviously, be a much less expensive option should I be forced to take it.”

Pausing for a few moments that the knowledge she *did* have other options and was prepared to take them should he prove unwilling might give him food for thought, she went on:

“It is, however, not what I am looking for. I have no wish to entrust my reputation to some stranger from an agency who, for all I would be aware, may be as loose of tongue and willing to discuss my personal and intimate situation as my friend the gossip in Kyoto itself.”

His eyes, she noticed, were still scrutinising the carpet as if the interwoven threads held an answer to his predicament and his head was shaking from side-to-side as if in wonder at what he was allowing himself to listen to.

For all that, however, she thought, he was still sat in his chair opposite her and that *had* to be encouraging.

For her, anyway.

“What I require,” she explained, “is a man who knows and is forewarned by the expectations of me there will be upon my return and go that extra-yard to earn the sum on offer and ensure I maintain both my dignity and my new reputation and status.”

As his eyes finally rose to meet hers, she held them and added:

“Reputation and status that can only be enhanced if I arrive home with a *pretend* manservant,” she was careful to add this prefix, “who is not only efficient and attentive but handsome and highly intelligent also”…….

…….Now, on the eve of his removal from the four walls that were the only thing between him and the streets – not to mention the attentions of some highly motivated gang operatives who also happened to be connected to the

casino to whom he owes money – she waited for the knock upon her door she had convinced herself would come.

Looking back, she would as already stated find it amazing that she could have been so confident such would be the case after the silent way he had left her home on the last occasion he had been there. The brief lull in his internal storm of outrage whipped up by her request of him and inspired by her description of him as *"handsome and highly intelligent"* not lasting long when she had outlined just what she would expect from him should he accept and the training he would have to undergo at her hands in the weeks leading up to their departure for Japan. Her assurance that there was no need for the neighbours, nor anybody else either of them knew, to be made aware of his new and temporary position not cutting much ice with him.

In fact, she had told herself at the time, it was a pretty stupid to bring to his attention – assuming he hadn't thought of it already – at all.

It had been at this point that he had left, silent, inwardly raging, and, she knew, hating her for having made him the offer.

The slamming of the front-door downstairs, she had thought with amusement at the time, likely to be heard on the other side of the heath itself and equally as capable of waking the victims of London's black-death lying beneath the chalk based turf after having been interred there so many centuries before.

Sprawled comfortably upon a sofa downstairs, she sipped at an ice-cold glass of Louis Jadot Chablis and wondered how long it would take him before the approaching deadline of eviction before his terror of what lay in front of him overcame the personal distaste and indignation he would be feeling for her offer and the possibility of actually accepting it.

The chiming of the front-door bell as someone sued for admittance told her it would not be as long as she thought.

Taking an unhurried sip at her Chardonnay, she waited for a second and longer ring before placing her glass down and rising to answer it.

Her smile, together with the anticipation of what was to befall the hapless and weak man with his finger on the bell once she allowed him in, was nothing short of evil…

Seven

…She pulled back from him and threw an expectant look in his direction, confidence growing in her ability to manage the handsome Englishman whose moral turpitude and manipulation of women had led him to such a low place that he, in turn, could be manipulated as he had once manipulated. Though older he still cut a fetching and imposing impression of vibrant manhood in comparison to her more prosaic Far Eastern femininity, but that was where any advantage he had over her ended and where her superior financial clout – clout he needed to take advantage of so desperately – placed her in a position of superiority regarding him.

A position of superiority, far from her assertions to him, she had no intention of relinquishing if at all possible.

Ever.

He was puzzled at first, uncertain of what she wanted. She had just summoned him to the front-room where she stood before the large bay-window that looked out onto the drive and the road some hundred yards at the end of it. A road where could be seen opposite, through the branches of an autumnal oak, the roof of the very house he had until recently occupied with soon-to-be former-wife Louise.

Hands-on-hips before the window, in an imperious stance with which he was becoming more and more familiar, expectation was fast turning to exasperation as she waited for him to divine her intention. It had been two weeks since he had first taken shelter under her roof in order that she could school him to the level she demanded. There had, however, been absolutely

no sex between them.

Until now.

Impatient, eyes fixed reprovingly upon his, she dropped her hands to her sides to pull her skirt upward over thighs clad in navy pantyhose.

It was the moment he had been dreading – despite consenting to both it and the extra financial carrot she had dangled to make the prospect in some way attractive to him.

The first instance of sexual contact between them and one he had always been loath to perform upon women he had lived off and not at *all* for his ex-wife Louise – no matter how she had pleaded.

He was, however, mercenary enough to have schooled himself in the techniques of cunnilingus for those unavoidable times when circumstances compelled its delivery from him.

Such as now.

But here? Where any neighbour or leaflet distributor could walk up the drive and spot them through the bay-window? Could he really live with such knowledge being made public and consent to her demand?

The dire nature of his financial situation answered the question for him.

Through the pantyhose glowed a hairless slit and the absence of panties, he knew, was no accident.

She had planned this to be his first experience of such service to her.

Suddenly, as he hesitated, he realised her impatient hands had placed themselves atop his shoulders and were applying downward pressure.

Forcefully.

Unable to resist for a variety of reasons - all of them financial, the attraction his temporary Japanese employer held for him all but non-existent; despite his forced and utterly out-of-character abstaining from sex just recently – he found his knees making contact with the soft weave of the living-room rug.

Taking the skirt she had released in order to position him between her fingers and raising it once more, nylon clad thighs again came into view.

Nose not inches from her sex it was no surprise to him when her perfume made itself evident, the normally captivating mixture of raw earthiness and female excitement having no positive effect upon him on this occasion.

And not *just* because what was happening between them was no more than a simple – if perverse – business transaction.

He had, after all, experienced many similar transactions in the past and managed to take at least a modicum of satisfaction for himself away from the deal.

Something, he was certain, that would not be the case with Rin Hasekura; even if, though he could be forgiven for not knowing it, he would in the future.

And in the most *abject* ways, if his the temporary employer with designs on permanency had her way.

She arched her pelvis toward him demandingly, nylon-covered and hairless mound all but against his face.

“Do it through my hose.”

There was no *“please”* and certainly no softening of her voice as she made her demand.

It was an order, pure and simple.

Surprisingly, given his experience with any manner of sexual quirks and

perversions – mostly his own - he hadn't actually performed oral through a pantyhose covering before and her request took him aback a little.

"Do it!" Rin Hasekura urged, hands having returned themselves to her hips with the sides of her skirt pinched between her fingers.

Not so absorbed in the new experience he couldn't find time or thought-space to be amazed at how the life that had been so enjoyable and easy not months before had descended to this, Charles Fraser, despite his distaste, narrowed the gap between the lips of his English mouth and those of her hairless Japanese pussy to bring his tongue into contact with coarse nylon of the pantyhose; the moist and earthily tangy evidence of her arousal impacting upon his taste-buds instantly.

And not, at least on this occasion, pleasurably.

Holding his head with both hands she pressed his mouth against her mound and urged him to greater oral diligence – even if there was a sheath of nylon between his mouth and her sex. It was a position he found intensely demeaning and not one jot of excitement translated itself to him, though a subconscious promise *never* to allow himself to reach so low a financial ebb in future he could be placed in such a position translated itself upon his thoughts loud and clear. The moment he had discharged his agreement with the bow-legged bitch above who was beginning to jabber at him in her native and incomprehensible to him tongue, and the money was safe in his keeping, he would enlighten her as to his true thoughts in regard of her.

For now though, he was where he was and all he could do if he wanted her money was comply with her wishes.

The unwelcome taste of her becoming more and more overwhelming upon his tongue, he began to take long sweeps with the flat of it with the intention of bringing her off as swiftly as possible – a mission not easily accomplished as he soon found his tongue made sore by the increasingly moist navy pantyhose. He could find no purchase with his lips which made the suckling and nibbling of her clit necessary if he was to get her off speedily nigh on

impossible.

A great swell of resentment surged within him for the position in which she had placed him – justifying his own acceptance and culpability that made it possible, as ever, as no more than simple necessity. There was nothing he wanted less at that point than to please her and yet his immediate future was dependent upon his doing so. Wanting it over, he thrust his mouth onto her hosed sex and attempted to place his mouth upon her more fully as she gripped the back of his head to urge him on as she squatted over his face, still muttering in Japanese as she worked her cunt and the damp crotch of her pantyhose over his nose and lips.

Charles Fraser went with it, hating his capitulation but hating her more and promising himself there would come a time when she would be the one in just such a position of supplication. Just before, in fact, he denied her the release she was seeking from him and left her life for good. A time he already yearned to experience.

As it turned out, it was a tongue-aching twenty minutes later that her babbled Japanese became shrill and her thighs arched around his head as she screamed her release to the living-room ceiling.

…The above events, and Charles Fraser's first intimation of what sexual service to his new and temporary Japanese mistress might mean had been just under four weeks ago.

Now he was with that *"temporary Japanese mistress"* in the land of her birth itself…

Eight

Kyoto is a city in the central part of the island of Honshu and has a population fast approaching one and a half million. Once the imperial capital of Japan it is now the capital of Kyoto Prefecture, as well as a major part of

the Kyoto-Osaka-Kobe metropolitan area. Archaeological evidence places human settlement in the area to sometime just before the 6th century AD, at around which time the Shimogamo Shrine is believed to have been established. Once the country's capital, it has not held that honour for some time now but remains still a place of culture and learning as well as commerce and trade.

It is, also, along with these reminders of a more influential past, the birthplace of Rin Hasekura and the place to which she had returned, newly wealthy after the death of her despised husband back in England.

A death for which she was not sorry in the slightest.

But then, as his passing had been her responsibility and a result of her own cold, calculated and ruthless planning, why would she be?

Just same, deceased husband or notwithstanding, she had been unaccompanied, on her return to the mother country.

Charles Fraser's long-held distaste for the country and the people themselves had not been improved by his first visit to his new *employer's* homeland. And the nature of his arrival as the servant of a Japanese woman he had not previously liked and now detested served only to deepen the resentment he felt for his presence there. Every moment spent in her presence, in fact, seemed to fetch him some new humiliation and caused him to wonder if he would be able to see their arrangement through to a conclusion that would supply him the money necessary to get him off the hook with the thugs back in England to whom he owed a considerable gambling debt and leave enough to set himself up in some small way before the next in a long line of gullible sugar-mummies put in an appearance.

That Rin Hasekura would *not* prove to be one of them having been brought home to him with some swiftness in the hours after he had decided he had no choice but to accept her offer and had made the short journey from the house across the road from hers he was shortly to be evicted from to inform her of a decision that seemed to him more of a capitulation.

Though she would turn out *not* be one of them in a most unique and, for him, demeaning way…

…"I have changed my mind on your offer to provide me with sex," she had told him shortly after he had told her of his own change of heart and accepted the five month contract and position as her manservant that would entail, she explained, one month of training to the levels of service she required before leading to his first unwanted visit to the country of her birth.

Four dread months instantly made into five.

Not recalling having made any such offer in respect of sex – not in so many words, anyway – her prospective, if temporary, manservant gave her a quizzical stare.

"I have needs of my own in that direction the late Mr Hasekura was mentally and physically incapable of satisfying and, as I will be paying you such a generous sum to serve me, I see no reason why a part of your duties should not involve the pleasuring of your temporary mistress in a way of her own choosing."

Seated opposite him, in a black cocktail dress that seemed pressed to contain her ample, if none too appealing to him, contours, powerful and slightly bowed legs sheathed in nylon of an equal blackness and crossed one over the other, it struck Fraser that her confidence had grown in his regard in the few moments since he had accepted her offer.

"It is not something I can force upon you," she went on, "but I have given it much thought since our last discussion and feel it only fair for such extra duties – should you decide to take them upon yourself - to be reflected in the eventual sum you will earn from your service to me."

The wince this mention of his *"service"* inspired in him was instant and purely internal and vanquished almost as quickly as it had arrived by her promise of extra funds.

Extra, and much needed, funds the possibility of which also took the edge from his surprise that she could be speaking to him so pointedly and unashamedly upon the matter of sex between them.

“Should you tell me you are willing to provide me with the kind of sexual service I require,” she went on, confidence in the winning of his assent all too obvious, “I am perfectly willing to increase our agreed upon sum to the amount of two-hundred-thousand-pounds.”

The expression with which he greeted her offer all the assurance the younger Japanese woman required to be certain it would be accepted.

“It will be paid upon completion of your service to me…”

Again, he made an internal wince. She was, he realised, using the word *“service”* to describe what he would be providing her with more regularity now. And he was not comfortable hearing it.

Not one bit.

“…Half of the total amount we agree upon,” she continued, “will be paid into an account of your own choosing the moment we board the plane for my homeland and the rest will be transferred should you honour the terms of what would be a contract of no less than five-months in duration.

“I thought you said four?” he corrected her, instantly miffed.

“Four months in Japan,” she told him, stern expression telling him she did not appreciate his accusatory tone.

“Fuck her,” he thought, telling himself she could appreciate or not appreciate what the shit she liked.

Whether she liked it or not, he was only agreeing to become her… *servant*… on a temporary basis. The moment the agreement ended and he had his dosh she was just another jap girl with slitty eyes and bow-legs. Paid for sex or

not.

More to the point, she would not be the first woman for whom he felt no obvious attraction to be satisfied in such a way by him.

Even if the point of his remuneration for doing so was made with less… *baldness*.

“As I explained, there will be a month required beforehand to ensure that you can at least act in the way of an exemplary servant for me on a public, personal and domestic level.”

Strangely, her use of the words *“at least act”* had a calming effect upon him and made the somewhat humiliating position she had in mind for him less daunting. Knowing that she acknowledged it would just be an act on his part – and a temporary one at that – took much of the edge from his distaste. And the *two* hundred thousand she had placed on the table if he could bring himself to service her sexually took care of any distaste remaining.

“The amount of money I offer,” she told him, “regardless of whether you agree to please me sexually, is a considerable sum for two years, let alone the short amount of time it will take you to earn it. The month you will spend in training hardly makes it any less considerable.”

On this he could hardly refute her.

“Do I take it you are willing to take on these extra… *duties*… in order to be paid the extra amount?”

For sure, the prospect of acting as her flunkey made him feel queasy to the core but greed and financial necessity – not to mention fear of coming up short with his debt to the less than legitimate casino - had already supplied him an answer and they both knew it. Though his subsequent questions to her had been little more than window-dressing, both to stall and to cover the fact he would be agreeing to be her personal and domestic servant for the term of the contract, there were some genuine concerns behind them. Most of them connected to his sense of self-pride which, it had yet to occur to him, could

not be said to be flourishing at any advanced degree.

And especially not if he was willing to accept such a proposition from a woman he despised.

“You know my financial situation,” he began, “and that I’m in no position to turn down your offer,” feeling an amount of surprise that the little Japanese he had taken for so prim and proper could be making such a bold statement of carnal intent with so little in the way of discomfort.

He received the slightest of nods for his consent to become her temporary sexual servant as well as her domestic and her lack of surprise that he should do so compelled him to show a little spine.

“But should anybody I know, acquaintances or neighbours – and *especially* Louise and her family or friends – find out about our… arrangement… the deal’s off, no matter what it costs me.”

Upon uttering his soon-to-be former-wife’s name, Charles Fraser’s spine stiffened even more and he became still more serious, the look he threw her intended to let her know that he would not bargain on the point.

A point upon which Rin Hasekura was more than willing to indulge him; having no intentions of divulging their arrangement to mutual acquaintances.

Yet.

“We can explain your living here during your training as a kindness on my part while you look for alternative accommodation,” she told him. “I only rarely have neighbours over and what happens inside my home will stay inside my home.”

A look of perplexity contorted his still handsome features.

“You, hmm, expect me to… to live here?”

“During your training, yes,” she told him, slitted eyes widening enough to

reveal the seriousness of her intent as well as mild surprise that he would even have asked. “Afterwards, of course, for the four months we will spend in Kyoto, you will have a room in the house that has been purchased for me there.”

His expression told her he had, amazingly, not considered this aspect of the *“arrangement”*.

Rin Hasekura was only too happy, it seemed, to put him in the picture:

“You service to me will be 24/7 in nature, so it is hardly surprising you will be required to live with me while you go about providing it,” she told him.

“Well, yes, but… The neighbours. How will I explain to…?”

“I have already told you,” she had spoken over him, already seeming more… *forceful*… to him in some way. “I am extending you the kindness of a roof over your head while you look for another place to live. I can see no problem.”

“No,” he said, not entirely convinced. “I suppose it should be okay.”
“Very well,” she had told him. “You can either transfer your belongings over tomorrow or take advantage of the dark and do it now. In the morning we will go to my solicitors and have a contract signed and witnessed between us.”

The prospect of having a stranger – solicitor or not – be privy to the arrangement he was entering into with her did not sit well with him but he knew it was for his own benefit as well as hers. He was not about to simply take her word she would pay him at the end of the four – now five – month term.

“For my own peace of mind,” he told her, “I would like part of the sum paid into a holding account of some kind to be held by the solicitor.

She said nothing and, despite his low regard for her, he felt uncomfortable.

“Nothing personal,” he went on, wondering why he felt compelled to explain such a reasonable demand to her, “but I’m making a pretty big sacrifice of time and… well… status, temporary as it will be, not to want some safeguards in place.”

“You think I will not pay at the end of the time period, yes?”

“I just want it be all legal and above board.”

“Which is why,” she reminded him with just the hint of rebuke, “I mentioned the solicitor in the first place. There is a contract waiting to be signed. Obviously, it will not mention the sexual service…”

Again his internal wince was huge.

“….you have agreed to provide for me. But I will ensure it is changed to the sum of two-hundred thousand pounds, half of which will be placed in a *‘holding account’*, as you call it, and into which each month of your service whilst we are in Kyoto will add an extra twenty-five-thousand-pounds.”

Had he not known better, he would have said her expression was mocking.

“Does that ease your concerns as to my honesty?”

“It wasn’t your honesty I was worried about,” he lied, “simply my peace of mind.”

“Then you will understand that I have issues that trouble me also,” she told him.

His eyes narrowed. She was a multi-millionairess about to employ him as a temporary manservant. What issues could she possibly have in his regard that would be of *‘concern”*?

“Should you leave my employment before the time agreed,” she told him, “then you will be paid no more than Two-hundred-pounds a day for each day you have acted as my manservant – a sum that is still generous when

compared to the usual rate a servant is paid. The one-hundred-thousand-pounds," she hesitated, "let us call it a deposit, will return to me."
His face fell, amazed she could even put such a one-sided proposition to him, fraught as it was with pitfalls.

For him.

"And what guarantee do I have you won't simply dismiss me before the full term?"

"The guarantee of my honour," she answered instantly, not looking best pleased. "And," she went on before he could tell her it was not enough, "that I would not dream of losing face with my people by having to dismiss you after having told them how efficient and devoted a servant I have."

Fraser cringed, acting the part of her efficient servant bad enough without picturing other people witnessing him do it.

But *"devoted"*?

That took his distaste to a whole new level of humiliation.

"You will also be reassured by the fact that the solicitors I have chosen to administer the contract are the foremost in the country when it comes to employment-law and are well known for their championing of the rights of the worker. The contract will state it is their decision to grant payment of the money deposited, so any transgression on your part would have to be quite significant. Do not take my word for their probity but go online and check them out by all means."

Charles Fraser promised himself he would do just that the moment she gave him some time on her computer. For now, though, he was relieved. The prospect of what he would have to do to earn his money was hardly palatable to him, but at least it appeared the offer was genuine, above board and soon to be legal.
"The moment the contract is signed," she went on, something in his manner telling her his concerns had been quelled, "I shall contact the owners of the

casino who terrify you so much to come to an arrangement of some kind."

He was dejected and relieved in equal measures upon hearing her intention, though it did strike him that she might not remain so forceful and confident when she met the people to whom he owed money.

It had not been long after the above conversation that Charles Fraser did indeed take advantage of the dark she had mentioned and ferried his clothes and other meagre belongings across to the home of his new, if temporary, employer.

Ms Rin Hasekura…

Nine

Free of the airport and the demeaning declaration at customs of following the occupation of "Manservant"; this printed upon the visa necessitated by his stay being longer than three-months; he was sat, equally demeaningly, in the front seat of a limousine next to an unsmiling driver as his temporary – and even more detested than formerly – employer sat at her imperious and bow-legged ease behind smoked glass in the back.

The previous month had been one of the longest and most difficult of Charles Fraser's forty-something years and it did cross his mind that he might not be able to endure four months of the kind of service Rin Hasekura demanded from him for the pot of gold on offer.

Right from the moment he had transferred his belongings from the home that had once been his and Louise's – and even before he had put pen to the contract she insisted upon - her attitude towards him changed.

No longer was she just the Japanese neighbour from across the road.

She was now his employer and, even if it were a temporary arrangement, she seemed intent on letting him know it.

“From this moment,” she had told him, “until our arrangement ends, I am no longer *‘Rin’* to you. You must address me respectfully as *‘Ms Hasekura’* at all times. Do you understand?”

Swallowing back bile only the promise of two-hundred-thousand-pounds prevented spewing from his mouth, he had nodded.

“That is a mistake,” she told him.

His look was questioning – as well as irritated; it being one thing to need money and accept an offer repugnant to one in order to get it but quite another to actually bend the neck in order to set about earning it.

And he had five months of the same to look forward to!

“A servant must always respond verbally when spoken to by his… employer,” she told him, impervious to the discomfort she knew her somewhat new and autocratic manner was causing him. “I ask you again: do you understand?”

The pound signs flashing before his eyes were the only things preventing him from the delivery of some choice words in respect of her before telling his would-be employer to *“go fuck herself”*.

They were, however, more than enough.

“Yes, hmm, Ms Hasekura,” he stumbled out, hating the words even as they formed upon his lips.
“That is better, Fraser,” she praised, her use of his surname both taking him by surprise and serving to keep his irritation on the boil, “Remember, though, to add *‘San’* after the surname and try not to hesitate as you say it. My friends and family in Japan might see your service to me as grudging and that would undermine the whole point of the exercise.”

He realised she was waiting and, despite his annoyance, indulged her:

“Yes, Ms Hasekura.”

“Much better,” she told him, before going on: “I realise how difficult for you this will be but the sooner you tell yourself it is for a limited period only and that you will find it easier to get to the end of that period if you apply diligence to your duties, the sooner it will be over. That is why I address you by your last name. There must be no doubt in anybody’s mind from now on that you are servant and I am master.”

“Fraser” felt a great surge of outrage swell within his breast at her description of their relative positions and it was not lost upon her.

“I am sorry if describing the relations between us in such a way disturbs you, Charles,” she said, using his first name in order to take the edge from the situation and to let him know it was no more than an arrangement they had made between them and nothing more serious – even if she intended that arrangement to be far more meaningful and lasting than he was capable of divining at this point. “but if we are to be taken seriously in the roles we play we must stick to them completely. Custom is still an important part of life, even in modern Japan, and there should be seen no ambiguity in the relationship between us.”

She told him this and was not entirely deceitful. Not entirely. *‘Modern Japan’* was a different place to the old order of ritual disembowelments and kamikaze, but custom still had a place.

The drive from the airport and through Kyoto City to reach her new home in Nakagawa Kitayamacho on the north side of the city did not improve Fraser’s mood any and the silent and sullen driver’s way of flicking dismissive glances at him from the corner of his eye had not helped. From the moment he had stood waiting at the open boot of the limousine after having shown his fare into the back-seat and waited for Fraser to unload the many suitcases – only one of which was his – it was obvious he regarded the Englishman as an

inferior social variety. Something Fraser bristled at and answered with a corresponding haughtiness of his own, though it did appear to him that the two-hundred-thousand-pounds awaiting him would be exceptionally hard-earned – and he was not thinking of the sex his employer demanded of him alone.

An agent had been waiting at the century old Kominka set amongst beautiful mountain scenery and bordering the Kiyotaki River and Fraser had been assigned the task of unpacking *"Ms Hasekura's"* cases by his employer herself as the female agent gave her a tour of her new property – a house, despite its panoramic surroundings, he hated upon first sight.
It being his new and unwanted – if temporary – home for his unwilling but necessary stay in her country.

And the place where he would have to put into practice every servile duty she had taught him back home.

And, to begin with, a duty she had neither expected nor shown him during his month of *"tuition"*.

He had just served her with the tea she never seemed to tire of having him make for her when it began. Exhausted from the flight, the lugging of their cases and the unpacking of her things - not to mention the lethargy inspired by the dispiriting position he in which he found himself at a time in his life when most men were set-up – he had hoped to be told where his own room was and lay himself on the bed for as much time as would allow him before her next demand. A demand that arrived sooner than he had thought.

"My feet are tired from the journey, Fraser," she said in a tone that seemed to become more demeaning by the moment.

He stared at her, nonplussed, what had her feet to do with him?

The answer was swiftly supplied:

"Take off my shoes and rub them," she ordered.

Wearing tailored trousers that tapered at the ankle and bare-legged beneath them, she had pointed a foot in an expensive blood-red Prada with low spike-heel in his direction expectantly.

Fraser simply stared at her with disbelief, amazed she could ask such a thing of him, this despite the attention his tongue had paid her voracious and hairless pussy over the past three weeks or so, his eyes fixed themselves upon her swinging foot as if it were toxic.

“Did you not hear me?” she almost barked.

His eyes came up to meet hers, outraged she could ask such a… *humbling*… thing of him. Apart from supplying her with the oral sex she demanded of him as per their agreement, his tuition had consisted entirely of things domestic and the correct form of etiquette expected of a servant to a mistress; things – especially the latter – that had not come easily to him. But this?

“I heard you, Ms Hasekura-san, but…”

Unable to frame or even find the words he needed, he watched, stunned, as she took her tea and seated herself at a highly polished walnut-table in the open plan interior that housed kitchen, dining and living space in one area.

The teapot from which Fraser had just replenished her cup rested on its surface and he knew she would not leave the table until it was empty.

Her presence there at least preventing him having to perform such a humble… *service*… as the one she had mentioned not a second or two before.

He thought.

"Get under the table," she said simply, as if it were the most reasonable demand in the world.

Fraser was stunned, reprieve already no more than a memory as her words computed and her mouth fell open.

She was already sipping at the beverage as if her demand was nothing out of the ordinary and that telling a man she wanted him under the table to massage her *"tired"* feet as she sipped tea above was the most reasonable thing in the world.

"I…" he began, clearing his throat, "I don't remember that… this… being a part of our deal."

Her eyes flashed and, like the well-schooled beast she was training him to be – even if he wasn't aware of it just yet – he responded:

"I meant, I don't remember it being a part of our deal, Ms Hasekura-san," he corrected himself, remembering her admonition to him at the beginning of his domestic *'training'*:

"You must address me in such a way whether we are with people or alone. That way it will become habit and seem normal to you. It would be most unfortunate were you to slip-up and show familiarity towards me in front of either family or friends."

"The fuck it ever would become a habit," he had thought to himself at the time, wondering as he did so for whom such a *"slip-up"* would be *"most unfortunate"*.

Back in the moment, his return to *"habit"* had mollified her expression, if not deflected her intention.

"Apart from the sexual aspects of our arrangement," she reminded him, more and more, despite the gap in years between them, autocratic and patronising schoolmaster to his none-too-bright pupil, "our *'deal'*, as you describe it, calls for personal service."

She allowed him a few moments to take it in, then:

"Your employer's feet are tired and need attention. I would say that comes under the definition *person service'*, would you not?"

“I, hmm,” he spluttered, hating the way she seemed able to place him on the backfoot so easily lately and explaining it away only with the help of his financial vulnerability.
The same financial vulnerability that had already lost him this particular argument as it had the many other points of disagreement between them since he had moved into her home and she had started to *“train”* him.

Her eyes held his and defied her, albeit temporary, servant to defy her.

“I… I suppose it does… Ms Hasekura-san,” he conceded.

She nodded:

“Good. And you will find it easier and displease me less, Fraser, if you simply do as I tell you without backchat from now on.”

“Backchat?”

“I realise you do not find it easy to be at the beck and call of a woman – especially one younger than you yourself and from a different culture - and I have tried to take your advanced age and the fact you are unused to domestic and personal service into account.”

A whole host of obscenities queued in his throat and screamed for release as he tried to recall any such accounting, but, with a reminder of what he would lose should he indulge his desire to verbally destroy her to the fore, he managed not to succumb to the temptation.

“It is only reasonable,” she went, “that, given the very large sum I am paying you to serve me for such a short length of time that I should feel free to ask for services beyond what is normally considered the norm in such domestic arrangements.”

Her slitted eyes held his without any trace of self-consciousness for what she was both asking and telling him and it was only now that he made the connection between her attitude at this point and the way it had been back in

England. Back home, at least, there had been a hint of a request in the things she asked of him. Now, from the moment they had set foot on Japanese soil, in fact, she appeared to be… *demanding*.

And her *"Fraser"* had taken on a decided finger-snapping edge.

A turn of events that did *not* sit well with him.

Oblivious, or simply uncaring, of his annoyance, *"Ms Hasekura-san"* again brought the cup holding her tea to her lips while, with the index finger of her free hand, she pointed to the space beneath the table and her waiting feet.

For the first time, it struck Fraser that there might be another agenda at work here and that the Japanese bitch was using what he took as her genuine need to be seen with an English servant to humiliate him.

In fact, it made more and more sense to him that she would use his *"bad luck"*, as he chose to describe it to himself, in such a way.

Attracted to him as he had always known her to be, he also knew that she did not like him much either.

And Louise had been a close acquaintance, if not an outright friend.

Wherever the truth lay, however, and hidden agenda or not, he knew one thing was certain.

The arrangement into which she had persuaded him to enter had him trapped.

At least unless he was willing to kiss goodbye to the two-hundred-thousand and – the thugs from the casino forever in mind – his kneecaps and some other more vital bodily parts.

Defiance of such a kind being a feat utterly beyond his mercenary nature to perform and one he would rue not attempting many times in the years to come.

"I am waiting, Fraser," she told him, not even deigning to look at him now,

so certain was she of his compliance.

It was no more than a few seconds later – a few seconds that seemed like a lifetime of anguished indecision to him; even if the decision to comply had been a foregone conclusion - that Charles Fraser moved slowly forward and lowered himself to his knees at her side; grateful at least that her gaze remained averted from him as she sipped her tea and he did not have to endure her eyes upon him as he took up a position that was as unnatural to him as it was servile.

He reached for the foot – a surprisingly well-formed and attractive foot, though his thoughts did not run to such praise at this moment – nearest to him and was surprised to have her remove it from his grasp the moment she felt his touch.

“No!” came the reprimand from above.

“What the fuck now?” he asked himself.

She told him:

“Do not stretch like that. It is not only more difficult for you but your discomfort makes me feel uncomfortable.”

Fraser was at a loss, having no idea of what she was talking about and was on the point of raising his eyes to her to inquire when she went on:

“Far easier if you kneel upon your haunches beneath the table as you perform the task. That way I can retain my position as I take my tea and you can go about your duty with less discomfort.

For a few moments, Charles Fraser’s thoughts went off-world, so ludicrous was the situation in which he now found himself.
He, the arch womaniser and user of the opposite sex, was in a land that was not only strange to him but one a lack of familiarity had not stopped him from despising. Dressed in the sober black and white of a servant he was on his knees before a woman younger than him in years with the archetypal slit-

eyes and bow-legs he had always associated with her people. And not only was he adopting such a demeaning position of his own accord, so great was his need of the financial reward for doing so, but was about to manoeuvre himself under the table that she might not be too put-out as he went about rubbing her…

Feet!

Insinuating himself beneath the table, grateful there was nobody else present to witness him doing so, he wondered what Louise would have to say if she could see her handsome ex-husband performing such a humiliating service for her one-time acquaintance and neighbour. The same neighbour he had always dismissed so flippantly. On both a mental and physical level.

As he shifted forward under the table he realised his nose was almost touching her trousered legs and, somehow, the proximity brought home with even greater force the humiliating position into which he had allowed her to place him with so little apparent effort on her part. Or resistance on his. But, spurred on by the promise of the money awaiting him at the end of their agreement that had been the only thing allowing him to accept the month of training at her hands and the expectations she had of a servant, he reached for one expensively clad foot to slide a shoe from it and place it at the side of her chair.

Strangely – because there had been so many of them in the past month or so – this was the most difficult task for him to perform for her; even more so than tonguing her to orgasm through the coarse pantyhose she always made sure to wear when demanding he service her with his tongue; almost as if she wanted to make her release as difficult for him to achieve as she could.

The sore tongue oral worship of such a kind would be sure to leave him with must be taken as read.

Not once, in fact, had she allowed him to place his tongue on her uncovered pussy and, while he had no great desire to do such a thing, his still vibrant vanity and belief in his own sexual prowess wondered why she was denying

herself the pleasure. But, covered or uncovered, at least this was a sexual act of a kind. Rather than a bald demand on her part for a lowly and abject example of personal service.

Once again he cursed beneath his breath at the ex-wife whose desertion of him had placed him in such an invidious financial position he had been forced to accept the offer put to him by the Japanese bitch with her antediluvian sense of Nipponese honour.

That his ex-wife had been sorely tried and provoked by his selfishness and inattention did not occur to him for a second.

“I sense you do not wish to do this for me,” he heard from above, the voice fetching from him an inward groan; to have to engage in conversation with her as he went about her bidding only heightening his sense of indignation towards her.

“No,” he answered quickly, knowing that to prevaricate would only make her persist. “If it is what you want, Ms Hasekura-San, then that is what I am here to do for you.”

He neglected to mention the money that was the only factor ensuring he remained with her at all and prevented him leaving that moment as the sole of her dainty foot with its pink varnished toenails as it rested in the palm of his hand felt warm yet somehow cool to the touch as she responded:

“That is a very good answer, Fraser,” she told him, unaware of the scowl he felt free to throw upwards, confident that even she could not see through solid wood and take him to task for it.

Had she been possessed of such a facility it would have been easy for her to describe his expression at that moment as… *“murderous”*.

“I realise how resentful you are of the position with me your situation has forced you to take up and how you cannot wait for it to be over, but I have been surprised and pleased that you have honoured both your word and the contract you signed over this past month – behaviour I did not expect after

having heard descriptions of you from Louise. In fact, though you will not be pleased to hear it, I feel that you have a very real talent for personal service and, if you progress the way you have been, I will be seriously tempted to offer you a full-time position with me as my manservant."

Fraser's outrage all but robbed him of the facility to breathe:

"Full-time position?"

"Manservant?"

"Was she cerebrally-challenged as well as bow-legged?"

"Would that be something you might be interested in?" her voice came to him through the pea-souper that was his anger.

Then, when he could still not trust himself to answer without the stringing together of some choice Anglo-Saxon epithets in regard of her:

"It would make much sense for you, I think," she went on, almost as if speaking to herself, which she pretty much was for all the credence he was giving her. "You would have a home as well as an occupation worthwhile in nature rather than the aimless existence you have led up to now."

It was too much and, though it was difficult to be taken too seriously when under a table and about to perform a foot massage for woman who was, albeit temporarily, his mistress, Fraser attempted to take her to task – even if, money in mind, he remained careful to observe the amenities:
"Ms Hasekura-San," he began, "we have an agreement and I am perfectly willing to honour it. But I was not aware it gave either of us the right to be… personal."

Expecting a response – and, hopefully, a contrite one – he was disappointed and instantly edgy when all that came down to him from above was silence. Of course, had he been observing in the third-person instead of a man on the wrong end of a power play he would have realised that her refusal to respond was no more than the standard reaction of a person who held all the cards in a

relationship. *Whatever* that relationship may be.

"I… realise you mean well, Ms Hasekura-San," he quickly added, already placed on the backfoot by no more than the hint of her displeasure and hating himself for his less than manly reaction to it. "But… well… I realise I've not exactly followed a conventional career path but this kind of… work… is…"

He scrabbled around for the description least likely to offend her.

"Let's just say that it's not something I see myself doing for longer than our agreement demands."

Still there was no response from above and, growing edgier and more self-disgusted by the second, he was about to try again when she spoke:

"Yes. I can understand that. But, if I were you, I would not be so quick to shut off an avenue of security without thinking it through."

"Oh, I've thought it through, you superior slit-eyed bitch," his thoughts berated her.

"Even two-hundred-thousand pounds will not take you very far once you have paid your debts and secured yourself a home," she reminded him with a smile he could not see, his attempts to save face even as he *'grovelled'* beneath the table at her feet - for that was how she described his current position to herself – providing her with much amusement she was at pains not to let him either hear or see. "But that is your decision."

"Too fucking right it is," he cursed beneath the table, position almost forgotten for the moment, so pleased was he to have made her concede a point to him.

Or at least to think he had done so.

"For now though, you *are* my manservant and I would like you to massage my feet as I relax and take my tea."

Fraser felt a sudden giddiness and realised he felt sick.

The sickness of humiliation.

Given his current position it would have been strange had he *not* felt such a way.

He was about to perform a service he considered to be one of the most abject services one human being could pay to another – especially when the human-being on the receiving end was so inferior to the giver – and not for the first time he asked himself if he was capable of seeing out the term of the contract and earning the two-hundred thousand.

As always when he questioned his ability to do this an image of the thugs from the casino who had terrified him so much sprang to mind and he was again motivated.

“I prefer to have gentle pressure applied to the soles of my feet with the thumbs, after which you may stroke and soothe my instep and my toes.”

That state of unreality he had experienced a few minutes earlier when lowering himself to his knees at her side came back with a rush as he looked at the cool yet warm foot still cradled in his palm.

Everything was out of sync.

He was in a different land with a none too beautiful or even attractive example of its womanhood. And, here, in this land and with this woman, he was a person of such little consequence he could told to crouch on his haunches beneath a table and massage that woman’s feet as she took her ease above him.

“Be gentle and respectful,” her voice wafted down to him, smug and more than a little mocking he noticed for pretty much the first time; as well as sounding totally confident of finding itself obeyed. “After that, and while you are down there, I will probably have another service for you to perform.

As his spirits sank at the prospect of that other *"service"*, his thumbs found the ball of her foot and he applied pressure, he imagined those same digits digging deep into her Japanese neck and…

Ten

"Where is he now?" the short and portly but no less imposing man in his late-forties asked, a hand draped over Rin Hasekura's shoulder and resting on one of the perfectly formed breasts that did so much to detract from the other less beauteous facets of his niece's womanhood. Apart from the phone-call to him she had made upon landing these were pretty much the first words he had spoken to her since she had entered his plush apartment in the centre of Kyoto and they had fallen upon each other.

Eiji Fujiwara dovetailed with the meaning of his forename only in part, Rin told herself, and not for the first time as she allowed him to manipulate a bullet-hard nipple between forefinger and thumb. Her uncle may well have become prosperous in the years intervening between their last meeting, but in no way could he be said to be peaceful.

Except with her. His late wife's only niece and the last family remaining to her. And a girl, from their first meeting when he had been in his early-thirties and she in her late teens still, who never failed to arouse him – even if he had shown a surprising patience in the bedding of her and waited until his wife had succumbed to illness and prior to the marriage he himself had arranged with Hasekura in England before taking her to his mattress. Physically, the years had been neither good nor bad to him but simply indifferent. Like her, he was no looker but, again like her, there was a force of… *something*… that made people take notice of him. A force she shared and one Charles Fraser was only just beginning to experience.

In a way she fully intended to be to his detriment.

"He is at my new house in Nakagawa Kitayamacho," she answered.

"With plenty to keep him busy, I trust?" the gruff voice of her uncle by marriage asked, knowing something of her plans for the man and in full approval of what his niece intended. More than willing to help bring those attentions about, in fact.

"It is the night of my first day there," she assured him. "You may believe I have left him with much to accomplish before I return this evening."

His hand left her nipple and surprised eyes beamed into her own:

"You are not spending the night?"

Her hand drifted down to a cock that was, surprisingly and a little disappointingly, somewhat on the tiny side – even if he was gifted in its use – and the way it twitched in her grasp told her there would be on problem in her departure; even if it would not take place *just* yet.

"He has not been out of my sight for a month now and I am very pleased with what I have accomplished," she explained, "but I would not take the risk at this point of being away from him too long. I want him always aware that he is under my authority and has no power of his own to make any decisions save those I make for him."

“He is older than you by some years, and yet he accepts this?”

Rin nodded.

“He sounds more like a geisha than a man,” Eiji Fujiwara snorted, unable to disguise his contempt for his niece’s choice of English flunkey.

“I bow to your superior knowledge on that score, uncle,” Rin teased, a direct reminder of his former involvement with the prostitutes, if not geisha’s, of Kyoto’s thriving red-light district; the middle-aged Yakusa and member of Sumiyoshi-Rengo, the second largest Yakusa clan having long since made the move into illicit, and more profitable, gambling.

“Be careful little Rin,” he teased back. “Your uncle is not so old he cannot retaliate.”

“Or fuck,” Rin reminded him, knowing the flattery would go a long way and meaning it, despite his less than imposing equipment.

“You touch hidden reserves in me, niece,” he told her, referring to her in such a way making their liaison, as it had before she married and voyaged overseas, seem all the more illicit and, therefore, erotic – even if she was not his relation by blood. “And I confess I find your new… confidence… since Hasekura passed so *suddenly* and left you a wealthy young woman most exciting.”

He had emphasised the *“suddenly”* very deliberately and she was in no doubt he knew that her older and much detested husband’s passing was no accident.

“A fond farewell to rank garbage,” he said by way of a reassurance that her actions had not been displeasing to him. “It was only with reservations that I allowed you to persuade me to arrange your marriage to the vermin.”

His smile was knowing:

“But then, I might have known that my little Rin of the hidden depths would

have had an endgame in mind."

She kissed the somewhat liverish skin of his stomach and, surprised that she was not repulsed by the degeneration, despite her continuing preference for older men, smiled up at him.

"My uncle is a great man and his knowledge and intuition," she flicked a look at his penis, "as well as his reserves, are inexhaustible."

The instant snort greeting her flattery was part mockery and part rebuke.

"Great enough, at least," he reminded her, "to know when my niece is flattering me in order to win a favour."

"Of course," she told him, mock sternly. "Why else would a young and wealthy woman in her sexual prime give herself to such an old lecher?"
His laughter, as always with her, took the edge from his forbidding countenance and he seemed grateful for her ability to conjure up the miracle.

"I have no need for psychic abilities to know this favour will concern your temporary English manservant in some way."

"And I have no intention of denying the fact," she said, hand cupping his balls and weighing them, as if evaluating how much more he had left to offer her before she returned to her now home and waiting flunkey. "Is it my fault I live in more… *enlightened*… times?"

"You lose me, niece."

"Here I am," she began by way of explanation, "widowed and wealthy for the first time in my life and able to purchase anything that takes my fancy."

Her eyes rose to meet his with a look that was both bitter and wistful.

"And yet the very thing I want most is forbidden me to buy and I have to content myself with a temporary and very expensive contract to receive the kind of service from this man I should be able to demand."

Eiji Fujiwara was now with her and his smile was understanding as well as teasing:

“My little Rin has become a most imperious minx since her elevation to wealth,” he smirked.

She shrugged, not denying the fact, lips pouting at him in the way of a spoilt child – an act of mimicry, given she had not known much of a childhood and had certainly *not* been spoilt.

“I am simply honest with you when describing my feelings,” she told him. “The mere thought of placing this man in a position where he can do no more but serve my every wish, no matter how lowly and destructive to his pride the nature of that wish might be, gives me such pleasure just picturing it that it can only prove incredible if experienced in the flesh, so to speak.”

“You were born to be a slave owner, my niece,” her older lover went on. “But the block and the branding-iron have been proscribed and I fear they will never return – no matter how much a certain young Kyoto lady desires their restoration.”

The impersonation of a spoilt child was gone in a flash and only bitterness remained in the expression of Rin Hasekura.

“That is not what I hoped to hear from you, uncle.”

“What can I say? The laws of nations are beyond even the influence of the Sumiyoshi-Rengo. To own another human-being is not to be countenanced. Anywhere. If you think I can somehow change this then you have an over-inflated regard for your uncle’s social and political clout.”
“Not even owning another human-being to *‘all intents and purposes?’*,” she asked.

Fujiwara became thoughtful, then:

“That, my niece, is another matter entirely and not your starting point when

beginning this line of enquiry."

"It is possible for me to… *own*… this Englishman, then?"

The forbidding countenance was regretful as his jowls quivered to the shaking of his head:

"Not in a legally recognisable way, no."

Again she pouted but, rather than showing his previous irritation, he was thoughtful.

"But…" he began, seeming to reconsider his previous statement.

"Yes?" she urged.

"I am not totally sure if it is a story I am recalling or if it actually happened but…"

He hesitated and she gave his balls a playful squeeze:

"Tell me, or else," she demanded.

Again he laughed, though his resolve remained undiluted:

"No, my niece. Not until I have familiarised myself with events."

"But…"

"I said no, and I mean no," he told her, both the tone of his voice and the set of his jaw telling her she had reached the point beyond which her homely charms would not prevail and would, in fact, have an entirely negative impact.

"As you wish, my uncle," she conceded, if a little poutily as her hand came free of his balls.

Taking her chin between his thumb and forefinger he raised her eyes up to meet his:

“Your stay in England has turned you into a spoiled brat, my little Rin,” he observed, though she was relieved to see a twinkle of amusement in his stare. “But you are home now and must be patient if you wish your uncle’s help with this Englishman you appear to have set your heart upon possessing as if he were so much property to be bought and sold.”

Rin’s spirits rose instantly:

“You mean…? You think it can be done?”

“There it is again,” he sighed. “Impatience.”

Rin was contrite – genuinely so:

“Forgive me, uncle. It is just that I have never wanted anything so much as I want this smug and superior man who has always regarded me as an inferior form of life.”

Knowing of Eiji’s deep patriotism and belief in the pre-eminence of all things Japanese, Rin was not surprised when her deliberate attempt to stir it to life did just that:

“He has told you that he considers you, a Japanese woman, substandard?”

Rin shook her head:

“Not to my face – at least not in words. But I was on friendly terms with his ex-wife and before she left him she told me of some of the racist and insulting remarks he made in regard of both me and our land.”

It was a lie, of course - even if the main thrust of it was entirely correct and Charles Fraser did indeed see her as his physical, cultural and social inferior together with her country and the rest of its inhabitants – but the effect upon her *“uncle”* was exactly as she had known it would be. The look

transforming his already forbidding features one she had seen many times in the past. A look that boded no good for someone and one *"Englishman"* in particular.

"Then he must be shown the error of his ways, my niece," Eiji Fujiwara told her without a trace of either a smile or any sense of irony. "And what better way than to become the full-time flunkey of my superior Japanese niece?"

"You only echo thoughts I have been having for some time," she assured him.

"Do you intend that he shall serve you sexually?" Fujiwara asked, expression non-committal on this aspect of the service she expected; expecting himself a truthful answer from her.

"Would that disturb you, my uncle?"

Taking her head in his hands he tilted it upwards and caught her eyes:

"Not if it is suitably abject and demoralising for this Englishman who saw fit to denigrate Japanese womanhood," he answered.

Her smile was a marvel of anticipation and pure malice:

"You may be assured of it, uncle," she said before becoming hesitant.

"What is it, Rin?"

She took his hand:

"Uncle, we have shared many things and I know you are not the kind of man to be judgemental, but…"

"Yes?"

"I… I have long had desires in regard of men that are not… *usual*… in women."

Fujiwara was already nodding:

“But not in regard of me, I hope?” he asked, the tiniest hint of menace surfacing to remind her that he was not of the new generation and came from a line of proud Japanese men for whom honour was everything.

“I am amazed you would even ask, uncle,” she said quickly. “The men of whom I speak are men such as the creature who massaged my feet only this afternoon and who, even now, labours to perform the menial domestic tasks I left for him because he is terrified of the life that awaits him should he not receive the money I have promised for his service to me. But to even dream of such service from a superior man such as yourself is a fantasy denied even my advanced imagination.”

“I am glad to hear it, Rin. There is not money enough on the planet to make me demean myself in the way this Englishman demeans himself for you and I can think of no more fitting fate for such a weakling than to be made the flunkey of a superior Japanese woman such as yourself. And you are right to say that I do not judge. Our desires are our desires and we cannot change them. In this case, and from what you have told me, I can think of no more fitting receptacle for those of yours than the excuse for a man who currently goes about your chores.”

Rin placed a kiss of gratitude upon the head of her uncle’s cock and was rewarded with a twitch of renewed interest.

“I knew my uncle would understand,” she said. “I have no explanation for where it stems from, but the thought of having a man – and especially *this* man – in a position of complete and utter dependence upon me thrills me to the core of my being. If – with your help – I can bind him to me without hope of extrication I shall control every aspect of his life.”

Her tiny hand cupped his balls.

“And especially this.”

“That, my dear, is more easily desired than achieved.”

“You think so,” she smirked. “Then I can only surmise that there is a gap in my uncle’s all-encompassing knowledge and that he has yet to hear of a male chastity-belt.”

Having only been joking, the quizzical look on her uncle’s face told her, to her incredulity, that he truly was ignorant of such devices.

But then, she told herself in the same breath, he was a man from a different era for whom such things did not exist.

Not even, in fact, to be imagined.

“To a great man such as yourself,” she went on, only partly with flattery, “such devices are scarcely credible, but believe me when I tell you that there are certain kinds of penis restraints that are impossible to become free of once locked on and the woman who holds the key to that restraint must necessarily own the manhood of the man inside it.”

Fujiwara’s snort was utterly dismissive:

“Manhood, you say? It is not a description I can recognise of a creature low enough to surrender himself in such a way – even if, as you say, he is exceptionally good-looking for a man of his age.”

“Precisely, my uncle. If I can bind him to me sufficiently that he has no means of escape without turning his life into an even greater hell than I intend to make it then I intend to reduce him to little more than an animal as he goes about his service to me.”

Fujiwara nodded sagely, as if a curtain had been swept back:

“Now I understand why you would buy such a secluded property in Nakagawa Kitayamacho for your return home. It is inconvenient for social purposes but perfect if what you intend can be achieved.”

Rin Hasekura was already shaking her head:

“No, uncle. You are only partly right. The seclusion was a part of my thinking but the choice was made also because I enjoy peace and tranquillity at certain times.”

“But I thought…?”

“That your niece was returning to the land of her birth for good?”

He waited for her to go on, having been thinking exactly that.

“No, uncle. If it proves to be possible, I wish his enslavement to me to happen in his own country and around his own people. Also, I myself have a life in his country now and it is one I enjoy.”

Fujiwara looked genuinely disappointed.

“I confess,” he admitted to her, “that I was looking forward with much anticipation and pleasure to the return of my niece to the country of her birth on a more permanent basis.”
“And you will still see much of me as I intend to visit more regularly now I have a base here. But having my very own captive flunkey and making him serve me in his own country only gilds the lily for me – even if he will be seen by my friends and others of my acquaintance as no more than my paid manservant.”

“That would seem to let him off the hook of his humiliation somewhat,” Fujiwara observed, a little thwarted still that she would not be returning permanently as he had wished.

“Trust me, uncle,” she began, aware of his disappointment but determined upon her course, “even having this more explicable form of servitude known to those of his acquaintance will be to him as if a red-hot iron was placed upon his tender white skin. What will happen between us behind closed doors, however, will be quite another matter. That he will be forced to perform as my servant before his own race though, many of whom he will

know from his more *autonomous* days, will only serve to heighten the pleasure I will take from owning him."

They shared a smile.

"No, uncle, my presence here now is not simply to visit my new property and familiarise myself with the country I love, but to see you and…"

"Seek my assistance with your creature," he stated, a little sulky still and seemingly put out that she might be using him.

She nodded, unwilling to lie.

"That also is a part of my reasoning, uncle. I have never lied to you and I will not start now. But I have feelings for you I have never had – and suspect never will again – for a man. Would it not be odd if I were to feel unable to come to my uncle for a favour when my thoughts in his regard are so loving?"

"England has made something of a sophist of you, little Rin," he said, smile taking the edge from his observation. "Yet there is truth and sincerity in what you say also and you are right to seek your uncle's help. Especially when that uncle has so little love for the English and would delight in nothing more than seeing his little niece in possession of her own gaijin servant."

"Then…"

"Yes, little Rin. Your uncle will help you. If what you intend is at all possible you may be assured it will come to pass."

As a delighted Rin Hasekura straddled her uncle's erection that had once again sprung miraculously to life she knew that she had just made an invaluable ally in her quest to make the life of Charles Fraser her own.

And the Englishman, without ever having seen Eiji Fujiwara or heard him speak, and with no more than a few well-considered and deceitful words on her part, had just made an implacable enemy.

An implacable enemy with contacts.

And not *just* in Japan.

With his erection coming to full life once again within the tenacious and moist cavern of his younger lover's pussy, Eiji Fujiwara had one last question to ask:

"Did you say that he owes money to a casino?"

Eleven

Her breasts swayed above him like large pears, nipples dark and prominent as, from his kneeling position on the bathroom floor, the strong thighs of her bowed-legs presented themselves to his eyes as she lowered herself onto the lavatory seat.

Almost four months into the term of the contract his circumstances had forced him to sign, he now hated her with every minute fibre of his being.

That the contract was now meaningless being but one of the reasons for his heightened antipathy.

It was not a few moments later that the sound of her piss hitting the water of the bowl reached his ears and he was glad his eyes were lowered in the way she insisted that she might not read the shame in them; though he was not quite so concerned that she would note the murderous hatred keeping that shame company.

Some seconds later, when she moved her knees apart, it was obvious what she expected and she had certainly spent enough time training him to do it to her satisfaction. Leaning forward to place his face between her thighs, fighting the gag reflex that threatened to overwhelm him when the stench of her urine wafted up from the bowl below and he knew he must soon taste its residue upon the tongue she had deemed worthy enough at least to act as toilet-paper, he began to lap at her hairless slit.

These days, he seemed to have her scent in his nose all the time – not so surprising given that she forbade him from either brushing his teeth or splashing his face after performing such a service. Her smell was earthy and eastern and very distinctively her own but had no sensual effect upon him. Or, it should be said, had no sensual effect upon him in the past. This being before she had locked his cock in the infernal metal ringed device to which she alone had a key and took even that small expression of individuality away from him.

He pressed his mouth against the bulge of her sex and took long, cleansing, swipes of it with the flat of his tongue, recalling as he did so other pussies he had driven to distraction in such a way before…

Charles Fraser's spirit – as it did on a regular basis these days – went through the floor. There would be, she had told him, no other pussies in his life again. Save hers. And, with her terrifying uncle at her side, and the position in which they had placed him, he believed her when she said it.

And even more so when, with her odious and utterly chilling uncle looking on, she had squeezed his testicles through a horrifyingly sturdy looking metal ring before attaching it to the metal bars into which she had placed his wilted and dispirited penis and locking the whole infernal contraption shut.

The same infernal contraption he could feel beneath the black trousers that, along with a habitually crisp and collarless white shirt, she had decreed would be the livery of his service to her.
It had been eleven weeks since the cage had been placed upon him and exactly eleven weeks since he had last relieved himself.

The longest he had *ever* gone without relief of some kind – and plenty of it.

And she had given no indication when, or even if, she would be allowing him out of his genital confinement.

Knowing by now what she expected from his lavatorial attendance upon her, he continued to lave at her urine-coated cunt; the same feelings of bitterness

and sheer disbelief that he could find himself in such a position with the Japanese neighbour he had once held to be of no account flooding his thoughts as he gave her the service she could now demand from him. Along with the taste of her piss, he could feel the wetness her belittling of him in such a way inspired in the bitch; knowing from her affectedly bored sighs and reactions that it was now time to chew and suck and generally up his oral game until such a time as she received the post-evacuation orgasm she always seemed to require.

But not this time.

Grabbing the collar of his shirt, she removed him from her cunt and slapped his face.

His beaten eyes, nearly always on the verge of tears these days, came up unwillingly to meet hers with the question:

"Why?"

"Because I am your owner," she told him, reading his thoughts with ease, "and because it pleases me to cause such a worthless piece of gaijin shit discomfort."

She stood, hands on hips and imperious, gazing down upon the denuded scalp of the man whose precious hair she had taken from him along with every scrap of manly self-respect in his possession.

"Is even that totally obvious fact too complex for your servile little mind?"

"I… I'm sorry, Ms Hasekura-San," he said, hating himself as he did so and lowering his eyes.

Another mistake.

"Keep your eyes on those of your master when you apologise," she snapped. "And be sure to show her your sincerity. You know the punishment for lying and tardy service."

He did indeed. In fact, he could still feel the laceration on his legs after the latest of his alleged inefficiencies earned him a day in shorts and the attentions of a short bamboo cane whenever he came close enough for her to use it.

“Look at you,” she smirked. “The great Charles Fraser. The man of a woman’s dreams who thought his young Japanese neighbour unworthy of his attention. What do you think our neighbours back in England will say when they see you as you are now? So lowly you must clean the piss from your Japanese master’s pussy?”

As she intended, the mention of the life awaiting them back home and the people populating it sharpened the point of his humiliation. For she had told him they would be returning to her Blackheath home. Her to take up her former position within it as mistress; him to take up the newer role of manservant – and a most abject and trapped manservant at that.

“But then,” she mused to herself, taunting him, “there is no reason the true nature of your service to your Japanese owner. So long as she is convinced her gaijin peon knows his place and does his best to please.”

It was more than a motivation to please her than she knew. The prospect of people at home seeing him in his reduced circumstances was so appalling to him it almost made him yearn to stay in the hateful land of her birth.

Almost.

Not, of course, that he had seen much of that land, or, indeed, anybody within it. In fact, apart from her uncle, he had met nobody during his stay and now knew that the so-called gossipy friends she had said she wished to impress did not exist. Apart from one life-altering excursion into the bowels of Kyoto itself in the company of her husband and some of his… *employees*… he had not been outside the house at all and had met nobody except the various delivery drivers who fetched supplies from the local town. Just the same, returning to London and have his former neighbours – many of whom he had

fucked – see him in his new role as an indentured servant to the Japanese bitch seemed a sight worse than what he had now.

Through the fog of his self-pity and continuing disbelief that he, Charles Fraser, could have ended up in such a sorry state, a word pierced his thoughts:

“Respect!”

Instantly, and though he hated doing it, the conditioning of the past two months and more kicked in and he found himself, almost as if on auto-pilot, lowering his head to the floor that he may place piss-stained lips upon the immaculately kept and painted toenails of his owner.

“Yes,” he heard from above as he counted out the requisite number of seconds she required him to keep his lips placed upon her toes. “Just because you are a gaijin dog it does not mean you are not capable of being a good gaijin dog for your owner.”

Below her, though his lips remained fixed to the painted nail of her big toe, she could almost feel his wince of shame and anguish; enough anyway for her to be tempted to have him raise up his denuded head once more and finish with his tongue what she had only just truncated.
His submission to her, she now knew with certainty – not that there had ever been much in the way of doubt in her mind – was not something of which she would *ever* tire and, though he would not be flattered to hear it, she knew the rest of their lives would be spent together. Not only that but, apart from visits back to Japan, it would be spent together as master and slave in the man’s own homeland. In a house opposite the house he had once shared with a loving wife he himself did not love. Surrounded by those same neighbours who, if they had not respected him much, at least admired or coveted his handsome looks and youthful physique together with a still lustrous and stylish head of hair.

She laughed and reached out to stroke his gleaming and utterly hairless pate.

Well, at least he should be content that the handsome looks and youthful physique were intact.

“Tongue,” she snapped suddenly after he had paid his respects to her other foot, desire getting the better of her and triggering one of the single word commands she had instituted; both to save her effort and to make his submission all the more cur-like and demeaning.

Instantly, he raised himself to his knees and began to suck at her, running his tongue over the outside of her cunt and then inside the opening where he had once expected to deposit his sperm on the way to addicting her to him before she disabused him of such hope. Sensing she was beyond delicacy at this point, he buried his face in her sex, nose and mouth belabouring the hairless slit and its interior, tongue performing minor miracles of extension as he sought both to please her and avoid retribution for not doing so and to get the act of obeisance over with as swiftly as possible.

Her scent was all over him again and nothing seemed to highlight his fall from grace more. Along with the piss he had recently had upon his tongue it was her way of marking him as property and he was aware of that fact. Despite this knowledge, becoming more servile with every second spent in her presence, his licking grew almost frantic as he remembered the punishment the last time he had failed her and did not wish to experience the stale semen of the uncle she had saved especially that he may clean it from her. From the very beginning she had forbade him the use of his hands when performing oral service to her and they were now, as she had directed, clasped together behind his back, requiring him to use only his tongue to force the hairless lips of her shaven pussy apart.

To his immense relief, found her clitoris already engorged and stiff.

It meant she was already aroused to a point nearing explosion and would make his task – for that’s how he viewed it – all the more readily achievable.

Alternating between licking and sucking her clitoris and plunging that same tongue into her saturated interior he caught the salty evidence of her

imminent take-off upon his tongue.

And yet, for all the signs that recent experience told him she was in a state of some rut, there came no sign of pleasure from her.
Nothing.

Not even a murmur.

Then, just as he thought his oral attentions had worked the desirous magic, she added a new wrinkle to the situation.

A *"new wrinkle"* that would take his shame to a wholly new and unknown star-system.

Doing an about turn, she bent slightly at the waist to present him with her arse.
His sore and much put upon tongue lolled from his head.

"Surely she couldn't mean to…?"

"Lick it," she demanded.

Charles Fraser found he could not move. In truth, though he had known many partners and experienced more sex than most men, it had all been of the vanilla kind. Missionary position sex, perhaps doggy, and with cunnilingus being about as off-the-wall as he would get. But this?

Prising her capacious and surprisingly shapely buttocks apart to reveal her ring – its cleanliness not making it any more palatable to him – she ordered:

"Lick my superior Japanese arse, you worthless gaijin animal."

His eyes were riveted, unable to believe he could have sunk so low as to be ordered by a bow-legged and, to his mind, utterly inferior, Japanese woman to perform such an obscenity.

And to be ordered with such confidence.

It was, he knew, her way of telling him – if he did not already know – that she regarded him as the lowliest item in her world.

Because that was what he was: an item.

Albeit a functional possession capable of providing services beyond the scope of her other possession.

Such as placing his tongue in the chute from which she passed waste.

A service, should he provide it, that would tell her there was absolutely *nothing* she could not make her gaijin serf do for her.

Sensing his reluctance and fully expecting it, her tone became almost conversational as she reminded him:

“Uncle is paying me a visit tomorrow night. Perhaps you would prefer it if I had him make you lick the arse of his driver.”

Below, and though there was no reaction from the older man, she could sense his insides giving way at the mention of the *“uncle”* who now terrified him so much and the very real prospect he would have to perform the service she now wished from him for another man.

Her senses were *not* wrong.

A surge of weakness borne of the hopelessness of his position did indeed threaten to have him depositing his insides upon the bathroom floor, knowing as he did that he was in possession of neither the resolve nor the moral capacity to refuse the Japanese bitch and accept the consequences of doing so.

And ending his life – though contemplated – was never anything but a place of last resort never to be visited except in the imagination.

As his tongue once again protruded from his mouth, gingerly this time and

provoking him to even more abject levels of personal misery, he asked yet again how he could have arrived at such a destination.

Not surprisingly, as his tongue made contact with his Japanese owner's shit-chute and the earthy residue, no matter her advanced personal hygiene, of passing waste announced its presence to his beleaguered taste-buds, his thoughts went back to that night, eleven weeks ago, and his trip to town in the company of Eiji Fujiwara and his unsmiling and unspeaking thugs.

The thoughts of Rin Hasekura, however, were not so much of the evening that had terrified her gaijin manservant into almost utter and complete subservience to the wishes of both herself and her uncle.

No. As Charles Fraser's unwilling but obedient tongue made its first tentative exploration of her back passage, the younger Japanese woman who was on the very verge of owning him as completely as it was possible to own another human-being was thinking of the events since and his ever accelerating slide into the personal slavery she demanded from him. Though the visit to her uncle's prior to Charles Fraser's hair-raising ordeal as a spectator at a Sumiyoshi-Rengo punishment ritual was, fondly and as ever, the underpinning of her thoughts.

Twelve

"I have a present for you, my decadent and perverted Rin," her uncle told her after they had made love twice and then showered together, this as they sat in his apartment overlooking the city and sipped at the tea for which both shared

a truly Japanese love.

Rin Hasekura was immediately in a state of some excitement. The adjectives preceding her name assured her this *"present"* would be connected with her *"decadent"* and *"perverse"* desire in respect of the Englishman she had left with the week's laundry to meet with her uncle at his downtown Kyoto penthouse. It was barely a week after their last conversation on the subject of the Englishman and, true to his word, her uncle seemed about to provide the help she required.

Sensing her excitement, Eiji Fujiwara smiled, mildly surprised, as ever, that he took such an uncharacteristic pleasure from his indulgence of his young niece who was not his niece.

"I have bought his debt from the casino in London."

Her eyes narrowed, not entirely sure where this development left her but sensing it would be to her good.

"And I am not so soft with people who welch on a commitment as our London friends."

"And this means?" she prompted.

"It means, I did as I said and checked out the story I recalled as being a match for your own objectives."

Rin could hardly breathe for excitement and her wide eyes implored him to continue. Her desire to truly own Charles Fraser had seemed little more than a wonderful fantasy to her she could at least pay to experience for a finite period of time. Now, with the intervention of her estimable, if ersatz, uncle, it was suddenly seeming more… *real*.

Not to mention possible.

"Some time ago," he went on, "back in the early nineties, a woman of Kyoto – like yourself, a wealthy woman; though this one was born to her good

fortune – conceived a passion for a German businessman on assignment in our city. Like you, Rin, this lady was – if you will pardon my bluntness – no beauty and, again like you, did not hold a single shred of physical or emotional appeal for the object of her somewhat tyrannical desires."

Ruthless or not, his smile to his niece was apologetic and prompted her to reassure him:

"It is of no matter, uncle. I am aware of my shortcomings in regard of my temporary gaijin servant. You speak no more than the truth. A truth that will change if ever I gain the kind of power over the disrespectful animal I seek."

"So long as you know I speak only of you from the gaijin's point-of-view as I imagine it to be."

She nodded, impatient for him to continue.

"That is good," he told her. "I would not like to hurt your fee…"

"Yes, yes!" uncle, she cried. "Do go on."

Amused, he tutted at her:

"There is that impatience again, Rin. I should never have allowed you to settle with Hasekura in that benighted land. My sweet girl has been utterly spoiled."

Rin bit her lip, aware he was teasing her and consenting to let him do so given that she knew from experience that he would not give her what she wanted until *he* was good and ready.

Finally, after a pause that seemed unendurably long to her:

"Much to our lady's good fortune – and this is where her situation mirrors yours and what triggered my recall of it – our German visitor was not blessed with a head for our local Shochu. This inability to hold his alcohol, combined with a love of the roulette-wheel, led him to gamble, and lose, a considerable

sum of money in a Sumiyoshi-Rengo gambling-house."

Rin Hasekura was bolt upright in her seat now, tea forgotten as she sensed she was about to hear something that would change her life.

And that of Mr Charles Fraser.

"Unfortunately for our German who could not hold his drink, he confided his losses and inability to pay to the lady who had conceived a passion for him and had befriended him during his stay as a means of getting close to him – continuing to do so even after having had her attentions rebuffed."

Knowing how anxious she was to hear more, and loving nothing more than to test his young niece, Eiji Fujiwara took a long pause to sip at his tea, knowing she was becoming more impatient by the second.

Sure enough:

"Please, uncle!" this is terribly serious to me. "Do not tease your niece."

The laughter of the head of the Sumiyoshi-Rengo clan's gambling activities in the Kyoto region was genuine, but, when he had collected himself and saw how much what he had to confide meant to his ersatz niece and *very* real lover, he continued:

"At first," he went on, "our lady offered him a solution not too unlike the one you initially offered. "In her case, however, and to begin with, she wanted only that this German should become her lover for the remainder of his stay in our country."

"And?" Rin prompted breathlessly.

Fujiwara shook his head as if at a mortal insult.

"He refused. And in a not very pleasant or flattering way."

"Gaijin pig!"

“You echo my thoughts, Rin,” he told her. “Though at least her German was made of sterner stuff than the English animal you keep in Nakagawa Kitayamacho.”

His smile became evil:

“At least to begin with.”

Rin’s answering smile would not have been a loser in any contest where the depth of malice dictated a winner.

“As with most women,” Fujiwara continued, “her earlier feelings of fondness and, more importantly lust, underwent a swift reversal. The fondness, you will not be surprised to learn vanished instantly, while the lust adjusted to the loss of those fond feelings and became more about self-satisfaction and punishment. A new desire to control the object of her desires, given he refused to simply give her what she wished of him, that was abetted by her knowledge of his debt to my clan.”

“In what way, uncle?”

Again he smiled:

“With no more than a simple arrangement made with the head of our gambling operations at the time. An arrangement by which she paid off his debt by instalments – with a not so little extra added. While, in return, the Sumiyoshi-Rengo agreed to oversee his service to her and provide the necessary physical inducements should he prove disobedient or displeasing to his new Japanese owner.”

He was smiling as she shook her head with wonder, second-guessing her thoughts with ease as a look of concern creased her features.

“You are asking yourself what was – what *is* – stopping her German slave from leaving her once the instalments have been paid?”

“It did cross my mind.”
He chuckled:

“Of course it did, my dear Rin. But then you are not as au fait with the facts of the situation as your uncle.”

“And will be of some age before I am at this rate,” she berated him, only slightly jokily.

“With the backing of the Sumiyoshi-Rengo,” he went on, amused now by her impatience and having had enough of the tease, “our German was forced, under threats of the most dire nature, to go before a number of doctors – tame and otherwise, if you take my meaning - and profess himself unable to function in the real world without the express guidance of his lady.”

“Yes?” asked Rin Hasekura, ears pricking with even more interest.

“Then when enough medical reports had been compiled testifying to this mental instability on his part, together with the fact he had inexplicably left a promising career to stay in Japan as the dependent of a woman, our German was forced to accompany his lady to a court where she was legally made his guardian.”

Having been fucked by her *“uncle”* not minutes before, Rin Hasekura’s gushing pussy told her she was ready to go again as she took receipt of this news that seemed to make all of her darkest dreams possible.

“He became, in effect, a non-person. No home of his own and unable to return to his own land, seeing that his new guardian had possession of his passport and with no money, cards or accounts of his own to purchase a ticket. In fact, had he even attempted to try to leave her, it would have been the authorities and not the Sumiyoshi-Rengo who ensured he was returned to his rightful owner.”

“That, my uncle,” Rin began breathlessly, “is very close to the *‘intents and purposes’* we spoke of previously.”

Fujiwara nodded:

“He is – though not in a legally recognised way and to your *‘intents and purposes’* – nothing so much as her indentured servant… A *slave*, in fact.”

His smile grew broader and it seemed to Rin as he went on that her uncle was as excited as her by the prospect of consigning the Englishman to a similar fate with his niece.

“The lady and her German manservant, as he is known,” he continued, “no longer live in Kyoto and have settled in Tokyo where the lady has made quite a splash in social circles with her attentive and devoted male-domestic from Europe.”

Rin Hasekura was at a loss for a response as the possibility of returning to England with her very own captive and tamed servant-cum-slave became more likelihood than dream with every word her *“uncle”* spoke.
“And that is the present I give to you, my niece. Except, in your case, there will be no need for you to pay instalments to have me oversee your Englishman’s service to you.”

Had Rin Hasekura been the type of emotional young woman able to shed tears readily her uncle should have found himself sodden underneath them but, as it was, she contented herself with a simple but heartfelt:

“I love you, uncle.”

“And I you, Rin Hasekura,” he answered, taking her hand in what would have been a touching scene had it not been for the unholy backdrop provoking it; but then they were not holy people and the love they professed for each other was no less genuine for stemming from what most people would describe as pure evil.

For a few moments, still hand in hand, they sat in silence, then:

“As a way of making him more amenable to such an arrangement,” Eiji Fujiwara began, “there is an example to be made of a local pimp who has

been mistreating the girls my colleagues have entrusted to his care and paying less than his due to the brotherhood."

Rin waited, puzzled, not quite following his drift.

"It would be a good idea if your Englishman were to accompany me in order to see what happens to those who defy the Sumiyoshi-Rengo."

Rin's puzzlement swiftly morphed into elation.

Thirteen

Still in the bathroom, she closed her eyes to the sensation of her English manservant's tongue as it laved at the virgin ring that was her anus, unwilling to make a sound or gesture that he could take encouragement for his efforts. His role in life from now on would be to please her. And totally. There could be no expectation on his part of any kind of quid pro quo or even a simple

thank you. He was her animal and in her world an animal served.

Whatever he had seen that night with her uncle – and her uncle would not speak of it to a woman and had forbade the Englishman to do so also – had instilled in Charles Fraser a fear so all-encompassing that he actually began an involuntary shaking whenever she referred to it.

The mere threat of the uncle who had become since a presence of dread to the Englishman, this should he prove less than pleasing to her, enough to make him physically sick with fear.

Through the euphoric sensations provided by the humble service of his tongue to the most basic and unpalatable of her orifices – of *anyone's* orifices – she was aware he was having a struggle to penetrate her virgin hole and she tried to relax her sphincter that he may gain entry with its tip.

Sphincter relaxed simply as an aid to her pleasure rather than any attempt to make his task easier.

As his tongue forced its way into her shit-chute she was unable to help herself, so incredible was the sensation of having forced a man some years her senior and her superior in terms of looks and social standing to pay homage to her in such a debasing way. Knowing her scream of satisfaction would give him at least a sense of a job well-done she was still unable to prevent it escaping the rictus that was her lips and facial muscles as she gilded the lily of her arousal by manipulating her clitoris, the image of him at her back, on his knees with his nose half buried in her earthy anal opening sending her to heights of euphoric lust. Understandably, it was not long before a long and violent shudder passed through her body like so many seismic disturbances and her scream echoed around the bathroom with such force it seemed it might never end.

In agonies of utter and complete humiliation, Charles Fraser was nonetheless careful, having learned from bitter experience, to maintain his position until the last tremor of euphoria had subsided and his bow-legged mistress returned to earth.

Her response, as he removed his tongue from the shit-chute he had just paid an unwilling homage, was to swivel on her heel, pear-shaped breasts quivering, and deliver his cheeks a resounding slap.

He stared up at her, eyes wide with pain, puzzlement and, to her intense delight, futile anger.

She knew he would like nothing more than to throttle the life from her neck.

And was utterly terrified of the consequences should he even say a word out of place to her – let alone offer violence.

"How dare you remove your tongue before being given permission," she raged, acting an anger she did not feel simply as a means of cowing him further, her advanced thespian skills paying a dividend as a look of abject terror he would have once found it impossible to believe he could ever feel in regard of his slitty-eyed neighbour immobilised his still handsome features.

To her utter delight and in what was a tribute to the power she now wielded over this older, one-time, womaniser, a tear trickled from an eye to descend his reddened cheek. Her spirits soared at the sight and it was all she could do to maintain her fierce aspect towards him. He was a picture of the most abject misery and looked, just as she intended, a creature devoid of all hope.

Which was when her *"uncle's"* wise words of warning came back to her:

"You must take care not to make his life one of constant misery, little Rin. Even abject cowards such as your gaijin may be provoked to extreme behaviour should torment prove to be the only constant in its miserable life."

"And what exactly would you suggest I do, uncle?" she had asked. *"Allow him a leave of absence on the French Riviera?"*

Eiji Fujiwara had censored her with one of his more forbidding looks before continuing and even Rin Hasekura, his favourite, took care to show him an apologetic expression for her use of such irony.

"I speak of no such luxury, niece, and neither will it be necessary. He is no more than your beast-of-burden and sexual servitor now and has no expectation of such an indulgence. When a man has grown used to crumbs for long enough a simple slice of stale bread will seem an indulgence worth aspiring to… You take my meaning I trust?"

Fujiwara had *"trusted"* right and she had indeed taken his drift. The *"guardianship"* her uncle had spoken of, and which they were in the process of setting-up, would bind him to her as surely as if he had signed an indenture and, already, her uncle's man at the British Embassy was earning his money by smoothing the process along. A few weeks more – as well as a few tame doctors willing to make statements in regard of the Englishman's mental instability and dependence upon his employer – and she would be legally entitled, both in Japan and in England, to call herself his legal guardian.

But of what use would it be if the man himself were made so utterly abject and miserable even he might find the necessary strength of will to end his own existence?

Her uncle, she decided, and once again, was completely right.

A balance was required to be found. Even if it favoured him only minutely. It was only weeks before he had to go before a judge, in front of a representative from his own embassy, and be convincing enough in his instability for that judge to sign the paperwork that would make him hers. Paperwork that would, of course, make the contract they had each signed at her London solicitors invalid and ensure the one-hundred-thousand she had placed in an account in the solicitor's keeping as a sign of good faith was returned.

He would surely, she told herself, prove more amenable to doing so – not that she was in any doubt, given his terror of her uncle and what he had been shown on the fateful night of their excursion into Kyoto, that he would do so – if he felt life in her service might not be *quite* the horror he had been led to expect.

Switching from furious to calm – apologetic almost – Rin Hasekura reached out and gently wiped the tear from his cheek with a thumb, elated at the instant look of hope her unexpected gesture of tenderness provoked in the way all sadists are elated when winning thanks of a kind from the object of their torment.

“I go too far,” she told him, quelling the laughter his hopeful expression threatened to fetch forth as her unexpected show of remorse had the effect she intended. “You have come a long way in the short time you have been with me and I expect too much too soon.”

In the way of an infant shown kindness from the adult by whom it had just been punished – and in a way as unexpected to him as it was to her – the single tear she had just wiped from his cheek was replaced by a deluge of the same as he burst out crying for the first time since childhood.

If, that is, his wails of agony as she slashed at his bare thighs with her bamboo cane earlier in the week were to be discounted.

Placing the back of a hand behind the scalp she herself had denuded, a triumphant Rin Hasekura pulled his blubbering face into the solace of her stomach.

“There, Fraser. This is good. You must let yourself go. Forget your advanced age in comparison to mine. All manliness must be forgotten before me. I will take good care of you from now on and you will want for nothing, but you must serve me as I wish. Only then will you see what I intend for you as a blessing rather than a torment.”

His crying intensified at her disingenuous words and, in a way that threatened to make her orgasm yet again, she felt his hands encircle her bare legs the way a child encircled the legs of the parent from whom it required succour.

“Does that not feel better, Fraser?” she said, not unkindly. “To let go all the silly masculinity you have pretended all these years and accept that your place is with me?”

She felt his tears running down towards her hairless pudenda and knew her words were penetrating, though he made no answer.

“Who better than your strong Japanese neighbour to take control of your life and give it meaning now that you have made such a complete and utter mess of things.”

It was not a question.

“The moment you have committed yourself to me will be the time when you realise the rightness of things between us. Your life from now on – from the moment you signed the contract to serve me, in fact – has become far simpler. No more searching for a woman wealthy enough and indulgent enough to support your aimless lifestyle for you. From now on there will be only one woman in your life and she will be the same one…”

The hand that was not stroking his scalp so soothingly went to her neck to finger the tiny key hanging from a gold-chain she had insisted he himself place around it.

“…who has placed the cock that has given both you and others so many problems in a cage that ensures it will behave more responsibly from now on.”

She could feel her words stoking the fires of lust her domination of him inspired and went on a little breathlessly:

“Only when I consider your service and behaviour exemplary will I be rewarding you with release but, if you show the necessary acceptance of me as your owner, I am sure those rewards can become frequent – though they will remain, of course, subject to my supervision.”

To her amazement, and through the unmanly crying that had become a most girly sobbing, she felt his head slide downwards and his tongue protrude – *without* being bidden – to slowly lap at her clitoris.

Too ecstatic by this voluntary development to take him to task for acting without her express permission, Rin allowed her one-time neighbour to demean himself before her of his own accord, gasping as she felt him explore the length of her moist and hairless gash with his nose before protruding a tongue into her vaginal opening.

Her triumph knew no bounds.

Prior to this, his oral service to her had been just that… A service… Now it seemed another element had added itself.

A genuine need to please her!

Her fluids were copious by now and his mouth and the smooth skin of his cheeks were wet and slippery with evidence of the arousal his new… *willingness*… provoked in her. Without her asking for it, he ducked his head lower and lapped his tongue beyond her vagina to again reach her anus. Then, stiffening it at the point, he began to make thrusting motions into the interior of her shit-chute itself.

It was too much.

Despite the orgasm she had only recently experienced, Rin Hasekura felt another crisis approaching as he intensified his attentions, tongue thoroughly wetting the ring of muscle before again penetrating it with the tip of his tongue as his face pressed against the cool undersides of her buttocks that placed him in a position she found it hard to imagine more humbling to be in for a man in regard of a woman.
Just as she thought she could take no more, he again raised his lips to her clitoris and began to vacuum suck her engorged bud, alternating his sucking by rubbing it hard.

She lost it.

Clamping her thighs around his face she screamed out her orgasm and, so great was its power, she did not even resent having the slave who had gifted it to her take satisfaction from having completed his task so ably.

In fact, it seemed to her as if a Rubicon had been crossed – by him, anyway – and, now that it had, her complete and utter domination and ownership of the man was even more of a foregone conclusion than she he believed it prior to his unexpected collapse.

Charles Fraser, she told herself, was now truly hers and the legalities of guardianship would only be a gilding of that female-led lily.

Fourteen

Ginny Phelps had been mildly surprised when she had received the call from her neighbour to take coffee with her that morning. Not that she hadn't been invited before, if infrequently, normally in company with Louise Fraser – as she had been before the divorce and return to her maiden-name – but, up until the call, she hadn't even been aware Rin Hasekura was back from her trip to Japan.

And it wasn't the only thing that surprised the widowed and somewhat prim and proper woman in her late-fifties, given her knowledge that neighbour lived alone by choice with only odd interventions from the cleaner, gardener, window-cleaner and assorted odd-job men necessary for the property's upkeep.

The door to Rin's Blackheath home had been opened by a man.

And a man who looked vaguely familiar at that.

"Ms Hasekura-San is expecting you, ma'am," the man intoned. He was wearing plain black trousers which, adding to her curiosity, appeared to be without pockets, and a collarless white-shirt over which he wore a black waistcoat. His head was entirely shaven and he looked for all the world to the prim and proper late-fiftysomething like a modern day domestic as her limited imagination saw one.

And, as said, he *did* look vaguely familiar.

"Could that," she asked herself, *"be why he seems so embarrassed and unable to meet my eye?"*

"If you follow me, I'll take you to Ms Hasekura-San," he told her, adding the Japanese form of respect Ginny Phelps, though unfamiliar to it, somehow recognised as such just the same."

"Ginny!" cried Rin Hasekura, as if at the introduction of a long lost friend, the warmth of her greeting taking her neighbour by surprise despite the fact they had always been on good-terms, if not bosom-buddies, so to speak. Her Japanese hostess – again to her surprise – was dressed in tight-fitting

jodhpurs tucked into boots and a loose-check shirt and covering jerkin above. As she pulled the older woman into a hug – another surprise, as well as a first – Ginny Phelps could not help but note the change in her.

“I had no idea you had returned from Japan, Rin,” she said as her neighbour guided her into a chair opposite her own before the bay window that looked out upon her well-tended gardens. “Nor that you were one of the horsey-set.”

Rin laughed and, again, Ginny was struck by the change in her. Almost as if she were seeing the real Rin for the first time. It was a suspicion that, given what she had known of the overbearing husband no longer with her neighbour, made much sense to her.

Whatever the explanation, Ginny Phelps thought, this version of her younger Japanese neighbour seemed far more warm and accessible than the previous incarnation.

Not to mention confident as, barely looking in the direction of the man Ginny had guessed to be a servant, the same man who had remained standing as they took their seats, she ordered:

“You may serve the coffee, Fraser,” she ordered. “Ms Phelps prefers hers with milk but no sugar.”

Rin Hasekura smiled in her neighbour’s direction, noting the habitual twin-set and pearls and the immaculate hair with not a strand out of place and telling herself, not for the first time, that beneath that svelte, if sober, exterior there was a woman many a man would be honoured to know if he could just find the key to unlocking her resolute… *correctness*.

“I take it your tastes in regard of coffee have not changed during my brief absence?”

Ginny Phelps nodded, face, still pretty despite her age and only the merest hint of make-up, preoccupied.

“Fraser?”

No wonder the man had seemed familiar, but…

She shook her head with disbelief as the door closed behind him and he went about Rin Hasekura's bidding.

"I see you have recognised my new manservant," Rin laughed.

"Then…? It really is…?"

"The very same," Rin Hasekura told her triumphantly. "Charles Fraser himself. Formerly the husband of our absent coffee-morning partner, Louise Fraser."

Now it had been confirmed, Ginny Phelps looked even more surprised.

"The shaven head no doubt made identification more difficult for you," Rin told her.

"Well… Yes… But…?"

"You are wondering how he comes to be in my home as a servant?"

"It is the question suggesting itself to me, Rin."

Rin Hasekura laughed, her return to England with her very own male captive in tow – and a captive who happened to a native of that land – was proving as wonderful as she had anticipated. Never in her life until now had she felt so fulfilled and the memories of her life with Mr Hasekura and his ill-treatment of her, if not banished entirely, no longer came along to disturb her with the same frequency.
And, even better, she knew that life would continue to be wonderful.

A woman such as she, after all, could never be bored when she had her own escort, domestic-servant, slave and whipping-boy all rolled-into-one at her disposal.

And for good!

Of course, no small part of her triumph was happening right now.

The introduction of him as her… *manservant*… to someone who had known him in his more… *autonomous*… previous incarnation.

“He’s not someone I’d ever have pictured being… doing… You know?” Ginny began, unsure exactly of just how to describe what it was he did do for her neighbour.

Rin came to her rescue:

“The work of menials?” she offered.

“Well, not to put too fine a point on it, but yes,” Ginny agreed. “Especially as… as…”

Again she hesitated and her hostess knew why:

“Especially as he did not like me?” Rin prompted a guilty looking neighbour. “That I barely registered with him as a person, let alone a woman, and that he looked upon my race with contempt?”

“I’m sorry, Rin,” Ginny began. “I didn’t mean to…”

Rin’s raised hand came up to forestall the intended apology:

“There is absolutely no need for you to feel sorry in any way, Ginny. I was aware of his feelings towards both me and my country from Louise long ago and, as they were not her responsibility, they were, and are, certainly not yours.”

“Louise confided that to you?”

“Towards the very end of their, so-called, relationship, yes,” Rin nodded. “By that time, of course, and as you yourself know, Louise was as contemptuous

of him as he was of me."

"The only difference there being," the widow assured her with sincerity, "that Louise had perfectly sound reasons for loathing a man who had used her and cheated her."

"Do not forget: *living off her*," Rin reminded.

"And now he lives off *you*," was the instant reminder.

Rin Hasekura's smile was indulgent:

"And earns his keep in order to continue doing so," she said without rancour. "Even if he does not like the way he has to do it."

Ginny Phelps was suddenly thoughtful:

"I take it Louise knows nothing of this?" Ginny asked, apropos of their former neighbour and the former wife of Rin Hasekura's new manservant.

"Not yet," Rin answered.

"And is she likely to?" Ginny quizzed her; adding: "Because she will not hear of it from me if such is your wish."

"I am sure she would not," Rin agreed, sensing the woman was sincere and feeling fondly towards her because of it. "Whether I disclose her former husband's new… *occupation*… to her or not is something I have yet to make a decision upon. Though I do not like the idea of keeping such confidences from someone I like and respect."

Rin could not help her accompanying smirk:

"Especially when it might supply that someone with a great deal of pleasure."

Prim and proper Ginny, surprisingly, laughed at this and, in doing, so went up further in Rin's estimation of her as a woman likely to prove a loyal and

devoted friend.

“I should think seeing her once high and mighty husband reduced to being a servant would not prove a great hardship to her if the hatred she had come to feel for him at the end is still in place.”

“Why would it not be?” Rin asked, as if any such forgiveness were beyond her comprehension – which, of course, it was.

Ginny snorted her agreement and then gave Rin a quizzical look:

“So why would you want such a person working for you?” she asked.

About to answer, Rin was forestalled when there was a polite knock upon the closed living-room door.

“Come,” she said.

Imperiously, Ginny Phelps could not help but note.

Balancing a tray containing a coffee-pot and milk-jug, as well as cups and saucers together with spoons and a side plate with a number of petit-fours, their former neighbour, and now a flunky for one of their number, set the tray on a side-table and prepared to pour, studiously, it appeared to Ginny, avoiding her eye as he did so.

“Your coffee, ma’am,” he said to her, eyes still lowered and, to a feeling of delight that surprised the normally correct and formal Ginny, cheeks reddened at having to serve her after such a humble fashion.

“Will there be anything else, Ms Hasekura-San?” he asked after both coffees were poured and served, his body language betraying his need to be absent from that room and the embarrassing gaze of his one-time neighbour as soon as possible – if not sooner.

“That will be all for now, Fraser,” Rin told him in a voice Ginny could not help but note was authoritative as well as… *dismissive.*

As Charles Fraser headed for the door, Ginny marvelled at how docile the former lady's man had become. So different from the lazy, selfish and faithless husband Louise had described to her when his behaviour had finally pushed her too far. Relief, though he uttered not a word and made no gesture, positively radiating from his retreating form.

"I… I can't believe it's the same person," she confessed breathlessly, feeling a strange and heretofore yet to be experienced excitement building in her breast, the prospect of this man working for the Japanese woman in such a… *humbling*… role not, she had to confess, displeasing to her.

"As I mentioned earlier," Rin repeated, "no doubt the shaven head made recognition more difficult."

Ginny Phelps was already shaking her head, an indication it was not the lack of hair informing her impression.

Sure enough:

"No. Not just that. Something more. He just seems… *different*… somehow. You know? In himself."

"More than you will ever be likely to know, my prim and proper little Ginny," Rin Hasekura laughed inside.

Contenting herself to say instead:

"It is hardly surprising, Ginny. When Louise decided to end their marriage his free ride ended along with it. The pre-nuptial agreement her father had wisely insisted upon saw to that. Finding oneself at his age without friends, family, home, money and work and not being affected by it in some way would be, to say the least, remarkable. And, without being unduly harsh upon my new servant…"

Rin Hasekura's breath caught in her throat at hearing herself describe the man in such a way in his own country.

And in front of a former neighbour and friend.

“Excuse me,” she said, deflecting attention from her own excitement by protesting a dry-throat and taking a sip of coffee before resuming. “As I say, it would be remarkable and without being unduly harsh on my servant and our former neighbour and Louise’s husband, Mr Charles Fraser is *not* and will never be *remarkable*.”

The look Ginny returned in her direction seemed to echo the assertion of her hostess.

“Call me soft-hearted,” Rin began, knowing that it was the last thing she would ever be in his regard, “but, even knowing how miserably he had treated Louise, I could not help but feel sorry that a man of his age, no matter how handsome, could have so little going for him his only form of salvation – and a pretty desperate form at that – would be your country’s welfare-state.”

“He would only have been reaping what he had already sown,” said a decidedly *not* soft-hearted Ginny Phelps, comment underpinned by religious beliefs that, while not at fanatical levels, were ingrained by regular church attendance and a somewhat rigid outlook passed down from parents who were not just practicing Catholics but *pioneer* Catholics into the bargain. To her knowledge, neither had *ever* inhaled tobacco or allowed alcohol to pass their lips, and even sex had been regarded as no more than a necessary means for procreation. And as for enjoying it!

“That is undeniable, Ginny,” Rin concurred. “And yet, does not your religion believe heavily in redemption and the giving of second chances?”

Ginny, who despite her prim and proper demeanor had inhaled tobacco and tasted alcohol, as well as actively enjoying sex when her late husband could be cajoled into providing it, snorted derisively:

“I think we’d require a calculator to number his *‘second chances’*.”

Rin could not help but laugh and the neighbour and occasional coffee-

morning visitor she visualised becoming more and more of an actual friend laughed with her.

“Believe me, Ginny,” Rin began, suddenly serious and already asking herself if she was not about to confide too much to the woman opposite who *might* prove to be an intimate, “this is a second chance he knows is his last and is hardly in a position to ever jeopardise.”

“I’m sure there have been any number of women who felt that way about him,” she said cynically. “Many of them who live in this road. Not to mention those in Blackheath Village itself and elsewhere he has led on and let down in the past.”

“Then let me assure you that will *not* be the case this time,” Rin assured her, calm and authoritative in her riding-gear, expression one unlikely to be taken lightly.

“And,” she went on, forestalling her guest as she seemed about to speak, “if I can be assured of your discretion I will tell you why it is I am so certain.”

“Be assured, Rin. My beliefs and my background would make it a pain for me to disclose something to another that has been given to me in confidence.”

Rin Hasekura believed her.

“Then let me tell you why he will remain my most obedient and humble manservant and will *never* leave my employ…

Epilogue

Her scent filled his nostrils and, far from the distaste he once took, both from the act and that scent itself, he found his cock straining against the metal bars that had contained it with such facility since his owner – as even he now considered her – had locked it about his genitals.

Now, completely naked save for the restrainer itself and with his hands clasped behind his back as he knelt in the posture he had been taught to adopt and the one *she* insisted she preferred, he gave himself up entirely to the satisfaction of the hairless pussy in front of him. It had been ten months since he had entered the service of Rin Hasekura and both the man and his life had undergone a change he would have once regarded as the worst and perverted of science-fictions had anyone intimated such a fate could be his. Yet here he was, on his knees and naked before a woman who insisted his only purpose was her pleasure.

And yet, as he knelt upon the bedroom carpet as *she* lazed comfortable in the room's wing-back chair, legs akimbo, he realised this was a release after the finger-snapping drudgery he could expect when no called upon to prove these one-way sexual services. She had moulded him into the almost perfect retainer – even if she still found cause in his exemplary service to her to punish him in a way suiting her mood at the time. Yet, not once had his good behaviour and willingness to do any household chore she thrust upon him, and no matter how abject to a man of his age – to a man of any age, for that matter – earned him the release he so hungered for at her hands feet or in whatever way she chose. Only the provision of sexual satisfaction, either with tongue or face-dildo, gave him hope of such an eventuality – and not very often at that – so it was hardly surprising that the act he had at one-time abhorred performing should now have taken on a quite different hue.

"You are not concentrating," came her voice from above, more demanding and autocratic it seemed with every service of the kind he provided.

Flattening his tongue, doglike, he began to lave at the length of her slit as if his life depended upon it – or at least an orgasm in the near future.

A sigh of pleasure was his reward and he sucked the engorged nub that was her clitoris into his mouth and began to vacuum it to heighten her euphoria further.

"Oh, yes, Fraser," she breathed. "You truly have become a wonderful pussy-lapper for your Japanese master. Who would have… *Ooooh!*… thought it. Yes! That's it! Fuck me with your tongue you gutless piece of slave shit."

The abuse, no matter how frequently he was on the receiving end of it, never failed to lacerate the remnants of his manhood and trigger a burst of self-recrimination that he could allow himself to be spoken to in such a way.

A *"burst"* that did not last long and gave no evidence that it had even occurred.

Obedient to everything she demanded, he stiffened his tongue to a point and thrust it into the growingly waterlogged interior of her cunt.
"That's better," she praised him, the breathiness of her intonation betraying the pleasure she was taking from his attentions. "You… You can do it when you put your mind to it… How…? How else is that little cock ever going to get some time out of its cage?"

As she had intended, her mention of his restrainer and the possibility of release should he show willing enough, had the effect of intensifying his oral worship and within seconds she could feel her crisis approaching with a rush.

Along with something else that gave her the most wicked thought – even if it did mean delaying her own orgasm for a few moments longer.

"Place your open mouth over my cunt until its covered and keep it there until I tell you otherwise," she ordered.

Below her she sensed his puzzlement but, like the well-schooled animal into which he had been trained, he rose above any misgivings he might have and did as she asked.

“Move just one fraction of an inch before you are told and that cage will be staying on for a lot longer. Nod your head if you understand and keep your eyes on mine the whole time. I want to watch as you service me.”

Careful to keep his mouth suctioned over her pussy, the man who had formerly been known as *“Charles Fraser”* and was known now simply as *“Fraser”* nodded and raised tearful eyes to hers, fully expecting to see triumph and vindictive satisfaction staring back at him and not disappointed.

“Now, on the count of three,” she told the bemused man, one hand resting carelessly and proprietorially on the shining dome where once had resided the pride and joy of his still lustrous and thick hair.

“One…”

Fraser’s thoughts raced as he stared up at her.

“Two…”

She surely couldn’t be thinking of…? No! Not that.

“Three…”

His worst fears were realised as the first jets of her piss hit the back of his throat and she screamed at him:

“Swallow it, you worthless piece of crap! That’s expensive carpet you’re kneeling on!

Terrified to move and, so great was his conditioning now, with his eyes fixed upon hers as she laughed at his plight. Charles Fraser attempted to do as she asked, realising as he did so that despite his best efforts some of the urine of his tormentor was spilling onto the carpet.
For what seemed forever the torrent continued and the dehumanised man below continued to try and swallow it back, taste not exactly unfamiliar to him but yet to have been experienced in such volume until now.

“Lick me clean,” she ordered, placing both hands behind his head to accentuate her demand, “and finish what you were doing before you asked to drink my piss.”

Too demoralised to even acknowledge her blatantly incorrect version of events, Fraser immediately applied his attention to the pussy that had just evacuated upon him and, but a minute or so later, was rewarded as his tormentor jacknifed in her seat and screamed a release to the ceiling as her strong little thighs wrapped themselves about his neck and threatened to cut off his air-supply.

“Not bad,” she said a few seconds later as she rose from her seat and stepped over him towards the bed upon which lay the clothes she had shed earlier. “Come over and dress me now.”

Knowing better than to rise to his feet, Fraser shuffled across to where she had seated herself on the edge of the bed and reached for her panties.

His tormentor was aiming soft laughter in his direction.

“Who would ever have thought it,” she marvelled. “The great Charles Fraser. A drinker of women’s piss.”

The piss-drinker eased the panties up her strong legs and tried to avoid her eyes, wishing to get his latest ordeal over with as quickly as she would allow.

“For what it’s worth,” she said, “I enjoyed that very much and you have every reason to hope that cage could be coming off for a while soon.”

Amazingly, and despite everything, the prospect of having his cock released and the sorely missed pleasure it would involve sent his spirits soaring and he slid on her tights and added skirt and blouse with an almost doglike devotion before she left him on his knees and headed for the bedroom door before turning back.

“It all depends how well you clean my piss-stains from the carpet and whether your master can forgive such sloppiness.”

Then, with a smirk, she was gone, leaving him on his knees to contemplate the piss he had spilled from his mouth to the carpet and to hope his former wife gave his master a good enough report to see him released.

Climbing to his feet he rushed downstairs for his cleaning materials.

THE END