

# HONOR DEBT

## Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

James Earl was born with a golden spoon in his mouth. He was the only son born to Edward Earl. It was Edward's great grandfather, Cyrus' inventions and investments at the beginnings of the Edison Electric Company that made them enormously rich. Cyrus wasn't just a good inventor he was a better investor. He watched what happened to his good friend Thomas Alva as the public focused on him. Then when the Lindbergh baby was abducted and killed, made a decision. Being rich was very good indeed but the public exposure that came with fame untenable. Cyrus didn't want that kind of exposure and kept a low profile. He did his absolute best to keep out of the press and the public eye. As a result very few people discovered or knew just how much he owned and controlled.

This was a trait his progeny kept. They weren't exactly recluses and enjoyed all the benefits of high society. However, they did their best to stay out of the spot light and especially the press. The children were home schooled through their elementary and junior years before shipped off to a prestigious private school. From high school the men went on to Harvard and the girls to Brown if they so choose. Their admission had been guaranteed by generous past endowments. However very few of the children took advantage of higher education. They had preferred to enjoy the life style of the idle rich.

James' father however went on to get a master's degree in International Business. He was an exception to the rule and had inherited Cyrus' ambition and intelligence. It didn't take him long to become known as a ruthless businessman. While this exposed him to some publicity, it was limited. He did his deeds from the sidelines using several layers of front men to do his dirty work. Over time as he made and destroyed various businesses, a growing circle of influential people became aware of Edward Earl. This circle of people were not friends or admirers. Those businesses and people he brought down were either theirs or a good friends.

After his latest acquisition, one of those people decided that Edward Earl had to be brought down. Edward had purchased a business, fired all the employees, downsized by selling off all its major assets then resold it. Edward had made it appear that the President was wholly responsible for the downsizing and layoffs. This had caused such a "loss of face" to that company's President, he committed suicide.

Edward had made a multi-million profit while putting over one hundred people out of jobs. Jobs that would be hard pressed to duplicate in a struggling economy. It was the kind of take over that Edward specialized in although the suicide was unexpected. It had also been the last straw for someone in that inner circle of influential people.

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James pulled his vintage bright yellow Jaguar XKE into a parking space at the side of the Korean laundry. It wasn't far from his school and convenient. The dry cleaner did a much better job on his tailored uniforms than the school. James was eighteen and a senior cadet looking forward to graduation. It was his intention to go on to Harvard

and follow in his father's footsteps. The idyllic lifestyle his none working siblings enjoyed, he found boring. He thoroughly enjoyed the luxuries money could bring but not the mundane daily social get-to-gathers or polo matches and such.

At eighteen he was on the thin side and a couple of inches shorter than average. His brown hair was close cropped as demanded by the school of cadets. James wasn't overly masculine but well-toned and tanned and enjoyed a well-rounded social life. During his high school years had dated the coeds from the nearby exclusive girl's school. While he had yet to go all the way, enjoyed many heavy petting episodes. Almost all of his dating was conducted under the strict observation of school authorities.

It was getting late, the sky darkening when he pulled up. He was looking forward to tonight's activities. The girl's school was having its Debutant's Ball and he needed to get his dress uniform. He had forgotten all about dropping it off at the cleaners until a few minutes ago. Now he was in a rush. He waited impatiently, tapping his fingers on the counter top, as the woman retrieved his uniform. She seemed to be taking an extraordinarily long time finding it.

"About fuckin time," he said tossing some cash on the counter.

"So solly," the Asian woman replied giving him a smug smile.

Grabbing his uniform James rushed out of the dry cleaners. Rounding the corner skidded to a halt. There was a white van parked right behind his Jag blocking any chance of him backing out.

"What the fuck!" he said going over to the van. "Hey idiot, move this piece of shit out of my way."

The Asian man behind the wheel just stared at him blankly. That only infuriated James all the more as he neared the driver's window. He didn't notice the side door begin opening. He was about to give the driver a piece of his mind when there was a crackling. James' body jerked and stiffened before collapsing to the ground. He had been tasered. Two burly men grabbed him and quickly put his limp body into the van. One of the men pulled up his sleeve and injected James with a sedative. The other dug through his pants to find his car keys which he tossed out of the van. A shadowy figure came out the side door of the cleaners wearing a cadet jacket. He picked up the keys and got into the Jag. Soon the side lot was empty as both vehicles drove off in opposite directions.

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James wasn't reported AWOL until the next morning cadet's roll call. His Jaguar XKE wasn't found until four days later submerged in a small lake. The only evidence discovered in the car was a cadet's jacket with his name tag. With the car in water for that long no other clues could be found. The authorities spent two more days searching the lake for a body. It wasn't until then that kidnaping was considered and Edward notified.

Edward immediately began damage control when he was notified. First he paid off the media not to say a word about the abduction. Secondly he managed, against FBI recommendations, to keep them out of it. His own security forces would handle it.

"Look Agent Parcels, I have the best security forces at my disposal that money can buy. Getting the FBI involved will only exacerbate the situation. I appreciate the FBI's intent but really don't need or want it. Good day sir," he said dismissing the agent.

Once the FBI agents had left his office, Edward turned to his Chief of Security. "I don't give a damn how much effort or money it takes, find my son!"

*"I know I have made some enemies over the years but who the hell would dare to touch my son?"* he thought then added. "Have your men go over every single transaction you think I made that would piss someone mad and stupid enough to abduct James. Wire my office and other phones in case I'm contacted about paying ransom as well."

##

James woke. He had a headache and felt like cotton was stuffed into his mouth. The room was black as pitch and had no idea of where he was. He tried to sit up but the spinning in his head forced him to lay back down.

*"What the fuck? Where the hell am I?"* he thought. *"The last thing I remember was that dumb ass driver in the van. Shit! It was a set up! I've been kidnapped."*

He tried to sit up once again but this time discovered his wrists and ankles were secured. *"They chained my ass to this friggin bed or whatever it is. Damn, it's cold and I'm naked to boot,"* he thought then yelled, "Help! Somebody! Anybody, help."

Suddenly he was blinded when bright lights were turned on. As his vision cleared he saw two people standing just inside the doorway. One was a woman, about five foot six wearing a brown tweed skirted business suit. She had jet black hair but other than that couldn't see her masked face. The other person was a man, stout and broad shouldered. He was wearing black jeans, black undershirt and also wore a mask.

"Is that him?" the man asked before James could find his voice.

"Get me out of here," James yelled. "You can't do this to me. When my Dad finds out what you cretins did, he'll have your sorry asses strung up."

"With that outburst there is no doubt in my mind. See that the plan is carried out," the woman said then turned on her heels and left the room.

As the man turned to follow her out, James panicked. "Hey, what about me? Let me go and I'll see that you're paid whatever you want. Anything! You name it. I promise I won't tell anyone about this."

The man stopped and just stared at the young man then with a laugh, switched off the light. "After what his father did, I'm looking forward to what you have in mind doctor," the man said locking the door.

"I'd like nothing more than to have both him and his father in my clutches but Edward is too well protected. I'll settle for his only son though. Seems like he's a chip off the old block. At least I'll have the satisfaction of knowing that I have removed James from following in his father's footsteps," the woman replied removing her mask.

For a mature woman she was quite beautiful. The tell tail creases around the almond shaped eyes and full lips were there. Her makeup looked professionally done. Her figure showed only a slight tummy bulge. The only mar was the ice cold glint in her eyes.

"Han, get the team together. I'll want to start the initial procedures this afternoon," she crisply ordered.

"Yes, Doctor," the man replied with a slight bow.

##

Edward looked up at his Chief of Security. “Well, what do you have for me?”

“Sir, I don’t have anything for you yet. So far my agents didn’t find anything that differed from the police report. We did, however, track his last probable destination. A dry cleaners, The Pagoda Laundry, but the building was abandoned. All we know is that it was operated by some Koreans. We’re following up on that lead. My guess is that whoever was there had something to do with James’ disappearance,” he answered.

“That’s it? That’s the best you could come up with after three weeks? That’s not damn good enough. You find those Koreans and make them talk and do whatever you have to! Now get out!” Edward screamed.

“Mr. Earl, sir, this isn’t your normal kidnapping. It was surprisingly well planned and executed. That laundry wasn’t just wiped clean it was disinfected too. No prints or DNA whatsoever. There has been no demand for money or contact from the perps. The whole scenario reminds me of a special ops mission. Blackmailers and kidnapers just don’t operate with such precision. I think you had better prepare yourself for the worst,” the Chief replied standing his ground.

“Special Ops, huh? Who among my enemies has that kind of capability?” Edward said.

“All of them sir. While we suspect that Koran’s may be involved that could be a feint to throw us off. My men are checking but it will take some time before I can give you any straight answers.”

*“James, James my son. Why were you targeted? The family has always lived under the radar. Why not me? Why didn’t I think ahead to this possibility? Why didn’t I put a guard on him? Questions, nothing but questions and no answers,”* a distraught Edward thought.

##

James had no idea of how long he lay there staring up into blackness. No matter how much he strained his senses, could only hear his breathing and heart pounding. He was cold and scared out of his mind.

*“Why did they kidnap me? I’ve kept a low profile and kept my spending within the limits of my fellow students. What has me really scared though is the way that man laughed when I said I would pay anything. What else could they want from me?”* he fretted.

James was napping when the lights came on again. This time the person walked over to his side. He could tell it was a woman but she was dressed in surgical greens, had a green cap covering the hair, a surgical mask covering her face and protective covers over the shoes. The only feature he could distinguish were her cold black almond shaped eyes. He tried to sit up but she pushed James back. With one hand pressing on his chest, she injected something into his upper arm. Quickly everything went black.

Once he was out, the woman freed his hands and legs, released the wheel locks and began pushing the gurney out of the room. The surgical theater was ready as James was wheeled in. All were dressed similar to the woman except two were wearing surgical aprons. The anesthesiologist quickly intubated the helpless boy as his body

was draped in surgical towels. One of the people wearing an apron turned to the other. "Very well doctor begin the liposuction. Get as much as you can then I will begin the mammoplasty augmentation. I want as much of his abdominal fat tissue as you can safely extract."

Three hours later James was wheeled back into his room. His once muscled flat chest had two prominent mounds, pert C-cup sized breasts. Very natural looking and sensitive breasts. The doctor had used some of that fat tissue to create noticeable nipples. The nipples were a half inch long and pencil eraser thick. His slight beer belly was washboard flat and twenty-four inches around by the time they had finished with him. When the bandages were removed from his nose, it would be thinner and slightly up-turned.

For a week James was kept sedated. Time enough so that should he thrash or violently move around, he wouldn't damage his new assets. After another three weeks he would be taken back into surgery to have gel implants embedding into his buttocks. With that procedure his body measurements would be thirty-six C, twenty-four, and thirty-six. A final minor surgery would follow in another two weeks. His lips would be padded with small implants to make them fuller and his Adam's apple shaved.

##

James came awake suddenly. His mind clear of all the cobwebs and fog of a drugged sleep. "*What the fuck?*" was his first thought. "*Where the fuck am I?*" his second as he sat up in bed.

Looking around the small windowless room, he was confused then afraid as his gaze passed over his upper body. There were two mounds on his chest and he was wearing a red silk top with flaring three quarter length sleeves and black rope hemming. As he moved could feel the slinky material rubbing across his nipples. Instinctively he reached down to his crotch. James was relieved to find that he was still intact.

"What the fuck!" he screamed as he cupped all too real breasts in his palms. "*Oh gawd I hope these are falsies but they feel so real,*" he thought in dismay.

Scared to death and having absolutely no idea of where he was, James' instinct was to run. Sliding out of bed he discovered that his right ankle was attached to the bed by a length of chromed chain. His adrenalin was pumping fast and furious as he pulled and tugged on the chain and achieving nothing. It was firmly attached and the queen sized bed was constructed of heavy teak wood.

"*I should at least be able to move this damn bed some but I don't have the strength. I feel as weak as a kitten. How long have I been out to feel this weak?*" he wondered.

Giving up in frustration he decided to see how far he could get with the chain attached. There was an open door fairly close by and what appeared to be a steel door further away.

The open doorway led into a simple bathroom. A footed tub, commode and standalone sink/washbasin with mirror. The chain allowed him as far as the toilet. He needed to pee badly and stood over the toilet. Pulling the mid-calf length red silk out of the way, he was surprised to see not only his pubic hair gone but what had been on his legs as well. Quickly he pulled the silk gown over his head and tossed it aside. The two perky mounds perched on his chest drew his full attention as they bobbed from his movements.

**"The....they lo...look so real....Shit! They are!"** his mind screamed as he cupped them in his hands once again. His original idea that they were just glued on falsies quickly faded. Stunned as to why anyone would do this to him, it took James a few minutes to regain control. It took only a few seconds to see that all his body hair had been removed, his eyebrows plucked into high feminine arches, the smaller upturned nose and fuller lips. The last thing he remembered as he slumped into unconsciousness was the bright multi-colored Asian peacock tattoo. It covered his left breast along with words he didn't understand, "Kathoey-Salucy." (It was Thai meaning Fairy Lady Boy).

**##**

James woke back in his bed. An old wrinkled faced Asian woman was patting his forehead with a cool damp towel. He tried to rise but her hand pressed firmly down on his head with surprising strength, "You no move," she said.

**"Who are you an....and where am I?"** he asked.

**"Me Mistress, you my Kathoey to train,"** she stated. You now called Pensay. You no more who you were. You name Pensay."

**"Kathoey? What the hell is that and my name is James!"** he yelled in total frustration.

**"You know, you be Kathoey....lady boy and you name is Pensay. I your trainer. First lesson, you speak all time softly. Never raise voice to anyone no more,"** she replied patiently then pressed her thumb into the crevice of his neck.

When she did that James felt a very sharp shooting pain that took his breath away. **"Shit! That hurt like all get out,"** he thought. "What did you just do to me? That really hurt," he said in a much milder tone.

**"That kyusho jitsu. It be the touch of death if applied hard enough. I give you small taste of what Mistress can do you no learn,"** she replied. "Now you get up. Have much to learn today Pensay."

**"Please, just let me go. I will pay you anything. Just name a figure and it will be paid,"** James pleaded.

**"Your money no good. Mean nothing to Mistress. Your debt is an honor debt and cannot be bought,"** she answered as she removed the cuff from his ankle.

**"Look I'll give you five million dollars. Just get me my clothes and let me go,"** he almost sobbed.

**"Money no good! Honor debt must be paid. You come, have much to learn,"** she stated.

**"Honor debt? Why the fuck do I have an honor debt whatever that is,"** he demanded only to receive a jolt of severe pain. The pain shot up his arm like a lightning bolt making him gasp.

This time the old woman pressed her fingers into the fleshy webbing between his thumb and forefinger. **"Second lesson you no use dirty language. Honor debt is something you must pay to right a personal wrong done by you or a family member. Cannot be paid in money. Paid only in humble service until honor restored,"** she admonished. "Enough talk, you get up follow me."

The first thing he had to do when entering the bathroom was clean up the puddle of urine he had left behind. While he was doing that, she removed from under the sink a red rubber enema bag and filled it with warm water. This time she struck him just

below his Adam's apple, not hard enough to cause serious damage but enough to bring him gasping to his knees.

**"This you third lesson, you do what Mistress say. You do it without question or delay. You learn total obedience or suffer much greater pain,"** she said helping him to his feet. **"Now time you learn douche and morning preparations."**

When he came out of the bathroom a mortified James smelled heavily of Chrysanthemums and his hairless skin shining from the body lotion. He was wearing a pink towel wrapped around his chest and another one turban style on his head. When Mistress had shampooed his hair James had an idea of how long he had been held captive. His once military correct style while still short had grown out.

***"I've been out of it for at least two months. No wonder I feel so weak,"*** he thought as a tear trickled out the corner of his eye.

He was led over to a teak wood desk that had a large lighted mirror. Sitting on it was a Styrofoam head with a raven black shoulder length page boy wig, numerous items of makeup and hair care products. There Mistress took hold of his chin, not harshly but firmly and staring into his eyes said, **"Next lesson, you learn put on makeup. I do today but you watch closely. I be patient but you no learn quickly, I punish."**

James Earl was not stupid and going to graduate summa cum laude if he hadn't been kidnaped. His mind was also like his genetic code all alpha male. Discovering the physical changes made to his body was a blow to his ego but nothing totally permanent. Minor surgery would get rid of the boobs but the tat would take some work. The fact that a little old Asian lady had brought him to his knees in searing pain was perhaps the most humiliating. However his maleness was still completely intact and all he had to do was bide his time.

***"Makeup, I don't want to wear makeup of any kind. I'm a man but this old woman can be a real mean bitch. Shit! Like I have a choice. Until I figure out what is going on I'll go along with whatever crazy ideas she has for now. She or whoever is running this mad house is bound to slip up sooner or later. When they do I'll escape or get a message to my dad. I'm going to get so much pleasure out of watching this old lady suffer once I'm free,"*** he thought.

A thump on the side of the head brought James out of his thoughts. **"You pay attention! You watch. I do this side of face you do other, okay,"** she said.

As he watched her dot his face with foundation, James was surprised not seeing any trace of beard. His face was normally the definition of five o'clock shadow. ***"They must have done something to remove my facial hair. Probably permanently too but I can live with that. Shaving twice a day was always a pain in the butt,"*** he thought with a slight frown. Later he would discover that while his face and torso were denuded of any hair, his underarms and legs would have to be shaved frequently. His captors had done that on purpose. Shaving underarms and legs wasn't something an alpha male would do. While doing that he would be reminded of his enforced femininity.

Once she finished the left side of his face James did his best to copy what she had done. Like most beginners he used way too much foundation and it took him three attempts before getting it right. Next she began working on his eyes. Black liquid eyeliner drawn out at the edge to give them an almond look. This task was particularly difficult as he hated anything poking around his eyes. Covering the eyelids with a dark pink shadow was one of his easier tasks. Applying lengthening mascara to the lashes though was the most difficult. He had problems not focusing on the mascara wand as it probed too closely to his eyes. He had to use his free hand to hold his wrist to keep

it from shaking too much. Eyes done, Mistress outlined his lips into a Cupid's bow then filled in with a candy apple red lipstick using a small brush. With makeup on, the wig was pinned securely to his head.

"This real human hair. You wear until your own grows out," Mistress said as she fashioned it into place.

James stared at his reflection. With the wig the face looking back was quite feminine and pretty. On casual glance it was the face of a young woman yet a closer look revealed the boy. Seeing that pretty face sent shivers up and down his spine. He never would have thought he could look so feminine and that bothered him.

*"Damn, I look like a frickin girl with this wig and gunk. I shouldn't look this pretty. Hell no guy should,"* he thought in disbelief.

If he thought his bathroom routine and wearing makeup humiliating, what Mistress gave him to put on was much worse. For underwear a red lace thong. He was happy to cover up his package but the thong didn't hide much. The back of the thong digging deeply into the crack of his ass was a major distraction. The thong was followed with a pair of dark pink and white vertical striped stay up lace welted hose. The hosiery went up to mid-thigh and the hem of the red PVC micro-mini skirt he was given left several inches of bare skin visible. The skirt hugged his butt and barely long enough to cover his ass. Instead of the bra he expected, Mistress handed him a red vinyl halter top. It wasn't much more than a bra which displayed his C-cup breasts for all to see. The top also left much of his stomach and back bare. Across the saddle of his back was another large tattoo he hadn't yet seen. The tramp stamp was a linked series of colorful figures seen in the Karma Sutra. All the linked figures were in some kind of pornographic pose. The final indignity was a pair of red patent leather five inch spike heeled pumps with a one inch platform sole.

"Gawd, I look like a slut," he said seeing his reflection. "Please if I have to wear girl's clothing let me wear something not so....so revealing."

"You Pensay, a lady boy now. This way you look all time. Come we go now," she responded.

"Wha....what I can barely stand in these shoes much less walk in them," he gasped.

"You walk on tip toe, one foot front of other foot. Take small steps. Put hand on my shoulder. I see you no fall. We no go far," she stated.

*"This is my chance to run but with these shoes I'll be lucky to make it out the door without busting my chops. I can't even see my feet with these boobs. How can anybody walk in these things,"* he thought as he took a wobbly step forward.

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True to her word they didn't have far to go. As soon as they entered the room James was reminded of just how hungry he was. They were in a small dining room filled with the aroma of food and about a dozen young women eating. As they stood on the threshold the girls put their chop sticks down, rose and bowed slightly before resuming their seats. Mistress led James over to a table with a single occupant who rose and bowed again.

"This Miss. Tran," Mistress said as she returned the bow. "We eat now. Miss. Tran will teach you when we finish. Miss. Tran this is Pensay."

James took his seat blushing as the girl across the table looked him over. She was

petite, oval faced with below the shoulder length raven hair. If he wasn't so embarrassed James would be sporting a raging hard on.

*"I can't believe I'm meeting such a gorgeous woman dressed like this,"* he thought.

"Mistress Woo it will be an honor to teach this kathoey," the girl said then turned her attention back to eating.

Breakfast wasn't like any breakfast he had ever eaten. It consisted of a bowl of gummy rice, a small smoked fish and some kind of soup that had some white cubes of something floating in a yellowish broth. Later he would learn that the white cubes were tofu. The meal wasn't the least bit appetizing but he was starving. James recognized chop sticks but had no idea of how to use them. Fortunately he watched Mistress, using a table spoon, dip out some rice then scoop up the broth.

He took two quick spoons full of rice and soup and gulped them down. He was ravenous as he moved to scoop up another when Mistress swatted the back of his hand with her spoon. It hurt enough to make him drop his spoon.

"Hey! That friggin hurt," he exclaimed.

James had no chance to dodge as Mistress reached out lightning fast and gripped him at the base of the neck. He frozen in pain, eyes rolling up as she pinched the sensitive nerve.

"What I tell you about foul language? You eat like pig. You slow down take time to eat," she admonished.

Finished with his soup and rice, James was in a quandary on how to eat the small fish. Using the spoon he began scrapping at it when Mistress tapped him on the wrist with hers. Picking up her chopsticks, nodded her head for him to do the same.

"First, hold chopstick like it be pencil, up here near top. Take second chopstick, put against ring finger holding it with the base of thumb and even up with first chopstick. You see? Now you move upper chopstick with thumb, index and middle fingers. You learn or you go hungry," she instructed.

When the meal was over, James' stomach growled in hunger bringing giggles from Miss. Tran and frown from Mistress. Mistress then stood with Miss. Tran quickly following suit and bowing her head. James just stared at them at what he thought a weird custom. Their glares of disapproval made him stand and nod his head.

"He no nothing Miss. Tran. He slow and stupid. Teach him proper manners," Mistress stated then turning walked away.

"Pensay you have much to learn and not too much time to be proper Kathoey. You learn quickly yes?" Miss. Tran said added, "Come follow me."

James in his high heels looked down on the petite woman. *"Shit, I can take her but not here. As soon as we're alone I'll cold cock her at get the hell out of this nut house,"* he thought.

To be continued

# HONOR DEBT

## Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

Miss. Tran had to support James as he wobbled in the unfamiliar spike heels. With each step he thought his ankles would cave in but managed. *“Before I do anything I’ve got to get these damn heels off. Maybe I can buy her off unlike that old biddy,”* he thought.

“Look lady I’ve got money. Lots of it. More than you could imagine. Just name any amount, get me out of this loony bin and it’s yours,” he said as they walked down the hallway.

James was standing there as Miss. Tran stopped and stared up at him. The next second he was lying flat on the teak wood floor in severe pain. Before he could react, she slammed the edge of her palm into the side of his neck. She hit a spot just under the ear at the curve of the jaw bone. Instantly James saw stars and unbelievable pain.

“Mistress Woo right. You very stupid. Hope you learn honor debts cannot be paid in money only with humble service. I no like causing pain but you will learn!” she said in a calm voice. “This no loony bin. This be best lady boy house in all country. You should be proud to be trained here at the Green Jade Palace. Now get up. Have much to do and you will address me as Miss. Tran!” she added raising her voice slightly.

*“Crap that hurt. Do all these people know martial arts?”* he thought getting up. *“Damn these heels! I’m use to walking planting my heel first not my friggin toes.”*

##

Edward Earl sat behind his large mahogany desk when his chief of security entered. “Mr. Earl, ahh, this came in your morning mail. We did our best to identify who and where it was sent from. No finger prints and no DNA were present. Heck, we even checked for pollen and spores to determine where it might have come from with no luck. Just like the crime scene this DVD is totally clean. Whoever is behind your son’s abduction are experts and perfectionist. Sir, I’m the only one to actually watch the content on this disc. The good news is that James is alive and apparently healthy but.....you need to watch this,” he said putting the disc into the player. “I’m sorry sir but we’re doing our best.”

Edward stared intently at the events unfolding before him. There was James, unconscious, naked and in a surgical theater. People dressed in surgical clothing surrounded him. The scene could have come from any hospital or surgical clinic anywhere in the world. As the surgeon began working on James, Edward sat in stunned silence saying softly a few times, “Oh my Lord.” The last scene showed James standing before a mirror dressed in a PVC skirt and white halter blouse. As the scene faded to white two words appeared, “Honor Debt.”

Edward sat silent, his face pale and his hands balled into fists as the DVD ended. His expression was a combination of horror and fury. He was horrified at what they did to his only son and furious that someone just might be able to get away with it.

He turned away from the blank screen, slammed his fist on the desk top unleashing some of his fury. “Damn it Dalton! You saw what they did to my boy! What the fuck is

this Honor Debt shit and why did they do that,” he yelled.

“Sir, this disc has given us our first clues. At the moment I think the people behind all this are Asian. I have a specialist in their culture looking into it. I’m not sure what an “Honor Debt” is but know it’s an oriental thing. Hopefully my specialist can pin point which oriental culture is behind this. That’s not much but it will help us concentrate our efforts. Plus we have the mirror. Not much but we may be able to discern some helpful reflected images. As far as what they did to James, I’m not sure why. However from what I saw, other than the tattoos and nose job, everything is pretty much reversible. At least they left him intact.”

“Alright but as soon as you learn anything, let me know. Once you know what country, concentrate all our efforts, payoff whoever, spend whatever but find my son.”

Later that afternoon the chief of security returned with some information. “Mr. Earl, sir, I have some news. My specialist couldn’t pin point the exact country but narrowed it to China, Japan and Korea. However an analysis of the images in the mirror seem to indicate Thailand. We discovered a carpet reflection that is definitely Thai in origin. The wall we think was made of teak wood and there was a faint image. That image, we believe, is a depiction of Buda. I called in other experts on Asia. One of them thinks James is being made into what he called a Kathoey. A lady boy. That combined with the mirror analysis, we decided that James most likely is in Thailand. Thailand is famous for its lady boys. We also concluded that whoever staged all this isn’t from there. Thailand doesn’t really have an “Honor Debt” culture. I have my best agents headed there as we speak.”

“Dalton at last we’re getting somewhere but what about the perpetrators? I want their heads on a fuckin’ silver platter. What about them?”

“Sir, I have sent agents to all three countries and men rechecking all your past business dealings there. Thailand is a big country and a very large number of places where lady boys can be found. It will take some time before we can exactly locate James. Once we find him, hopefully we’ll find someone who knows who instigated this. As far as your business dealings there...well sir...they’re still being reviewed. Haven’t narrowed down any of them yet but as soon as we do I’ll let you know,” Dalton said then thought, *“Don’t think I should say anything more or about what a lady boy does to earn a living.”*

##

Miss. Tran led James back to his room where she had him sit at the desk cluttered with makeup and hair care products. “Pensay you must quickly learn to apply and remove your makeup. So we will practice for the next two hours. Then we spend time learning to walk properly. At all times you will smile and be the giggly girly girl that The Jade Palace is famous for. You no show progress I punish,” she informed him.

“I’m not some bubble gum chewing bimbo and stop calling me Pensay,” he wanted to shout but dared not. He was still feeling residual pain from where she hit him. So he did his best to follow along as Miss. Tran explained a beauty regimen to him. After a few painful pokes here or there, he managed to maintain a smile and look like he was enjoying himself. While not physically exhausting after two hours his mind felt numb. Two hours after that he was physically drained as well. Learning to walk, sit and stoop like a girl left his legs, ankles and feet in pain.

When the afternoon lessons were over all he wanted to do was lay down and die. A luxury he was not allowed. Instead he was taken to a communal bath. There he was

shown how to perform a proper bathing routine. He balked as Miss. Tran handed him a red rubber enema bag. He knew what it was but had never had an enema before. He was determined not to have one now especially with her standing there. Miss. Tran's hand snaked out faster than he could react and pinched down hard into the flesh between thumb and forefinger. Needless to say he performed not only his first but second and third cleaning without further complaint. James also learned how to prepare a bubble bath and a post bath beauty regimen. He hadn't had a bath since he was six and would never admit that it was the most relaxing experience of his day.

Back in his room James was told to get dressed and then apply his makeup. For a moment he just stood there looking around, spotted a dresser and walked over to it. Opening the top drawer found it filled with neatly folded panties and matching bras. A shiver ran up his spine as he removed a pair of scarlet silk hip huggers and matching uplift bra. The shiver was caused by the conflicting emotions of disgust and pleasure. He was disgusted that as a man he was selecting to wear such feminine garments. Pleasure came from the feel of the slinky shimmering panties even more so as they caressed his manhood.

"Stop," Miss. Tran said as he started to walk to the closet. "You need garter belt and nylons. Look in second drawer."

*"Crap, if wearing panties and bra weren't bad enough she wants me to put on a garter belt and wear nylons,"* he thought opening the second drawer.

He pulled out the first garter belt he saw which was elaborately embroidered with seed pearl accents in a shimmering blue.

"No, you must always color coordinate your lingerie Pensay. Put on the proper belt and insert the tabs under your panties," Miss. Tran instructed.

With his lingerie on James was directed to apply his makeup. He managed the application of concealer, foundation and mascara to her satisfaction but had to assist with eyeliner and blending the eye shadows. The lipstick was a wet looking scarlet. He finished with a misting of jasmine scented perfume.

While he was finishing up Miss. Tran went to the closet and selected his clothing and shoes. The dress was a confection of powder pink chiffon and satin with a low rounded neckline and short puff sleeves. The satin bodice was decorated in a floral pattern using multi-colored seed pearls. The mini-skirt was a puff ball of chiffon.

"This is a ballet dress and will show off your legs," she stated handing it to him. "When you dress you should always select one that displays your best features. In your case Pensay that would be your legs and breasts."

Dressed he fumbled with the small gold buckles on his three inch spike heeled silver strappy sandals. The delicate buckles were giving him fits and Miss. Tran stepped in to help.

*"Damn, how can she expect me to fasten these tiny things with these impossible nails?"* he thought as she lifted his foot up.

"You watch, I show," Miss. Tran said using her long nail to pry up the tine. "Now you do other one."

Miss. Tran had him walk ahead of her to the dining hall. As he minced, still not quite confident, in the heels she continued her instruction. "Elbows to the sides, back straight, take small heel and toe steps Pensay. Sway those hips."

Supper was no different than what he had earlier, gummy rice, bowl of soup and small

smoked fish. Again using chop sticks gave him problems but he ate every scrap. Once finished, James was still hungry. When he asked for more, he was rebuked.

“Pensay you need to watch you weight. You have plenty enough. Come you have more lessons,” she told him.

*“More lessons? I’m dead on my feet already and all I want to do is go to sleep,”* he thought following her out of the room.

##

After two months learning feminine mannerisms, deportment, makeup and such James’ lessons took a new more horrifying direction. Now began his lessons on how to be a lady boy. Up until now he thought that being a kathoey just meant dressing and looking as feminine as possible.

James stood in his five inch pencil heeled fuck me red patent leather pumps as Madam Woo circled him. He was wearing a bright yellow silk dress with mandarin collar and hemline barely reaching past his red panty covered groin.

“Miss. Tran you say Pensay ready to move on in her lessons, yes?”

“Yes, Madam Woo,” Miss. Tran replied.

“Very well. Please get Miss. Lhan for me.”

Miss. Lhan proved to be a middle aged kathoey with greying hair and a face that looked much older. She/he was no less commanding than the others.

“Umm, fresh meat for me to train Madam Woo. Are there any restrictions?” she said as she performed her own inspection.

“Pensay here to pay off honor debt. So anything other than permanent physical harm will be sufficient,” was the terse reply.

“Ahh, I think Mr. Tojosaka will be good practice for her. Come Pensay,” she said giving Madam Woo a curt bow.

Mr. Tojosaka turned out to be a tall muscular Japanese man. When not training new lady boys, he was in charge of the house bouncers and security. What hopes of escaping, evaporated as soon as he met the man.

“Pensay you will be staying with Mr. Tojosaka and learning how to please a man. You best do as he demands. Resistance, while expected of you, will result in most painful punishment. Even the most reluctant Kathoey has become very cooperative under his teachings,” Miss. Lhan told him then left the room.

James stood shaking in fear as Mr. Tojosaka stared, the black slanted eyes drilling holes into him. Finally the big man moved, unbuckling his belt and opening his pants. “I hope you don’t take Miss. Lhan’s warning seriously. I haven’t played with a new Kathoey for some time now,” he said placing his hands on James’ shoulders and pushing down.

##

Dalton was looking at the report he had received earlier. It was from his agents in China. Like the reports from Japan and Korea had nothing relevant to say. The next report was thicker and from his primary agent in Thailand.

“I hope this one gives me better news,” he mumbled picking it up.

**“Have expanded search beyond Bangkok. While this city feels right having the knowledge and medical facilities, I thought it best to expand the investigation. Had to hire more agents as we still have some known houses to check out. My biggest problem is rooting out all the unknown places James could he held especially in the outlying areas. Dalton, my gut tells me he’s here somewhere,” he read off the cover sheet. The remainder of the report was a listing of all the places searched.**

**“Hamilton is my best agent. If his gut tells him James is there, he probably is. He’s already checked out over fifty known houses. Shit! I never realized just how many lady boy places there could be. Just like here, Nevada has all the known houses of prostitution and only the mob knows of most of the other locations. Mr. Earl won’t like what I have to report but I think telling him we’ve narrowed down the search to Thailand will help,” Dalton thought putting down the report.**

**##**

**When Miss. Lhan came to retrieve Pensay, she was not surprised to see him hanging from a rafter, naked as the day he was born. Mr. Tojosaka, using white silk ropes had hog tied and suspended him from the ceiling. A thinner rope was fastened to his hair, forcing his head painfully upward that was tied to his pulled back ankles. As Pensay swayed gently from the ceiling, he was being lashed with a thin bamboo cane. The cane left no lasting marks yet very painful. Miss. Lhan had undergone a similar punishment many years ago and knew just how effect it was. She coughed letting Mr. Tojosaka that she was present.**

**“Miss. Lhan please be patient,” he said untying the rope that suspended James.**

**Once untied, still on his knees, Pensay crawled over to him and took Mr. Tojosaka’s fat dick into his mouth. As James sucked, struggling with the size and unfamiliarity of having a dick in his mouth, Mr. Tojosaka said with a broad smile, “Miss. Lhan this one was surprisingly obstinate but as you can see, most cooperative now. His technique is sadly lacking but give me a week. I think if he can take all of me he will become one of the best by then.”**

**James couldn’t believe he was sucking another man’s dick or that such a thin strip of bamboo could be so painful. *“I’ve never hurt this bad even from football but it feels like I was covered in jellyfish. I held out as long as I could but I had to do what he demanded. My flesh is still stinging,”* he thought as tears trickled down his face.**

**After he completed his humiliating ordeal Miss. Lhan helped him dress. “I have suave that will take out sting. Maybe now you listen when instructor gives you warning,” she said.**

**After his bath that night James checked his body in the full length mirror. *“Damn, I thought my body would be covered in welts but I can’t find a single mark. I’ll hate it but I’ll force myself to do whatever that big ape demands. I don’t want to be punished like that again,”* he thought.**

**As he was removing his makeup wearing aqua and blue silk baby doll pajamas, Miss. Lhan walked in. She placed a box on his vanity and a tube of lubricant. As she lifted the lid on the box, James reared back in shock and fear. The box contained six butt plugs arranged according to size.**

**“Pensay you listen to my warning this time or the pain you suffered today will feel like nothing. Start with the smallest one tonight. Next month Mr. Tojosaka will take more than you cherry mouth,” she said and left the room.**

Over the next two months James' ego shrank to almost nothing from the humiliations Mr. Tojosaka put him through. By then he could swallow all eight inches of that fat cock in both orifices. The next month was spent learning how to flirt and talk to his customers. As a graduation present, Madam Woo had James put into chastity.

"Since you pay honor debt, you no allowed pleasure," she stated as the devilish device was locked in place.

The device was made of stainless steel and completely covered his penis and scrotum. Inside the penis tube were small blunt points not sharp enough to penetrate but very painful if an erection tried to form. His scrotum was contained in an attached steel sphere a little bigger than a ping pong ball. It didn't have barbs but held his testicles almost to the point of pain.

After six months of intensive training Madam Woo decided he was ready to work the Jade Room's bar.

"You now ready to begin paying back your family's honor debt. You work hard and maybe it paid in five years," she informed him.

"Five years? You can't be serious? After all you have put me through. The humiliations and embarrassment not counting the surgeries aren't enough?" he wailed. "You have totally ruined my life."

"Honor debt must be paid. We do only what we were instructed to do. You should be thankful they no send you to hard labor. Here you be pampered and spend much time on back. Not working in dirty mine and be sex toy for other miners," she admonished.

##

The Jade Room's bar was large, loud and glitzy. The Thai band played loud, somewhat off key rock and roll tunes popular in the sixties back in the States. The lady boys alternated working the customers and serving drinks. Serving drinks was the easiest as working the customers also meant dancing on the stage in skimpy uniforms. The uniforms consisted of skin tight white pearlescent PVC short-shorts that left a lot of butt cheek on display. The halter style PVC mid-rift tops were in an assortment of bright colors. A sailor's cap with piping matching the top completed the uniform. Being a waitress didn't necessarily mean a customer couldn't take them back into one of the working rooms or fondle their bodies. The bar was open for business twenty-four seven with the exception of major Thai religious holidays.

When not dancing all the lady boys and waitresses wore extreme sissy costumes while perched on five inch or higher heels. For his first night working, James was told to wear a baby blue confection of satin and glass-silk. When he saw it and the underwear that went with it, he became nauseous. Knowing he would be working the bar and what he was expected to do, made him throw up.

He wasn't given a bra. Instead a pair of blue PVC classic burlesque nipple covers. They were trimmed with dainty black lace with detailed black satin bow and flower at their centers. He had to put them on using double sided breast tape. The panties were even worse. They were made of double layers of blue PVC with a five inch slit running up the back. He shuddered as he drew them up his legs. Anyone seeing that slit knew what it was for, easy access to his bottom. The black thigh-high stay-up fishnet stockings were the least distasteful item of clothing he would be wearing.

The dress sent shivers of disgust running up and down his spine. It was the most humiliating dress he had ever seen. It was made of shiny baby blue satin and yards

and yards of glass-silk. It had a high stand-up collar trimmed in wide-pleated glass-silk with white wide fixed satin bows at the front. The baby blue satin bodice was figure hugging with contrasting wide-pleated glass-silk going over the shoulders to the front and back down to the waist. The satin sleeves were puffed, elasticized and trimmed in white lace. The short satin skirt had three layers. The first was satin and the other two from yards of shiny glass-silk. All the layers were hemmed with dainty white lace. The skirt was also very short and if he wasn't really careful, the panties would be on full display.

Just looking at the shoes made his feet hurt. They had a large blue shiny flower covering the toe. The shoe itself was a baby blue patent leather in a Mary Jane style with a five inch spiked heel.

As he slid his stocking covered feet into the tight shoes, James thought momentarily about refusing. *"It was one thing to be humiliated while only a few people saw me but this....this is different. If I let them do this to me, it will look like I volunteered to be a sissy whore. Flirting with customers, getting them to take me into one of the work rooms without the immediate threat of punishment, no one would think otherwise. But I don't have any options. Madam Woo said if I didn't fully cooperate and be a sissy whore, I would spend another month under Mr. Tojosaka's punishments. I can't do that. The pain would be more than I could bare."*

##

Being new and blue eyed, Pensay immediately became a very popular attraction. For the first couple of months Madam Woo was careful about which customer could buy Pensay's services. She knew from experience that a new Kathoey would be in high demand especially one with blue eyes and long blond hair like Pensay. She screened his customers to make sure Pensay didn't come back from the work room as damaged goods. A number of her patrons were known to be abusers that liked giving out pain. For those customers, only the old lady boys were allowed to fulfill their kinky desires.

Pensay liked working the morning shift as there were fewer customers and the bar comparatively quite. There was a DJ but the thumping music wasn't nearly as loud as the bands. After three months of working the bar, his life settled down into a routine. He had made some friendships with the other lady boys. James was surprised that his hatred of being a Kathoey was not shared by the others. Even more surprised to learn that many of them had been groomed for this life style from early childhood by their parents. It was an honorable profession and socially accepted anywhere in the country.

This morning he was sitting at a table with two other lady boys wearing a dress similar to his first, except in bright scarlet with pink tinted glass-silk, drinking tea. By this time he was almost fluent in Thai. Kiki was telling him that he had saved up almost enough money to get the final surgery to make him a woman, when three men in dark suits walked in.

"Time to get to work ladies," Kiki said getting up.

Approaching the men, Pensay thought he recognized the one in front. He was in his early fifties, his short hair showing hints of grey, solidly built with piercing grey eyes. *"That guy looks like CIA from the way he moves and looks. I've seen guys like this around my father. Wonder what they're doing here?"* he thought.

Pensay walked up to the man, swishing his butt, elbows at his sides, lower arms raised forty-five degrees, hands flapping as he had been taught, giggled. "Me Pensay. Get

you drink or want me love you long time?" he gushed in the sing-song voice he had been trained to use.

He was surprised when the man grabbed his elbow and steer them off to the side. The other two men just as quickly stepped in front of the other lady boys preventing them from interfering.

"Are you James Earl?" the man asked softly. "My name is Dalton. I work for your father."

"I'm saved!" James thought, his heart nearly bursting with relief.

He was about to answer when Mr. Tojosaka and four of his goons showed up. The goons were carrying bludgeons, Mr. Tojosaka had a pistol tucked into his waistband.

"Oh no, not when I'm about to be saved," James gasped as he was shoved forcibly behind Dalton.

A single shot rang out then Mr. Tojosaka fell to the floor, a throwing knife embedded deeply into his forehead. The pistol falling beside him. His goons dropped their clubs and fled.

"David, Jasper quick now! Find the bitch that runs this place. We need intelligence," Dalton barked.

##

James sat on the examination table shivering in just a paper hospital gown. The doctor was looking at him sadly. "Mr. Earl, I'm sorry but regretfully I have mostly bad news. Your test results show very low sperm levels. As a matter of fact none. I believe the condition to be permanent. The way you were...ahhh...restrained down there the cause. The device cut off most of the blood supply to your testicles caused them to atrophy. However I have some good news. I think in time your penis may become responsive again using male hormones but cannot guarantee it. The removal of your body hair and lower ribs cannot be fixed or the filing of your Adam's apple. The good news, we can remove the breast implants but there will be scarring. Taking out the lip implants should present no problems. We can remove the butt and hip implants as well. With plastic surgery we can tighten up your sphincter muscles somewhat but not completely. Sadly, even with physical therapy, new diet and exercise you can never be the man you once were. Ahhhh, I have a suggestion but you will probably not like it," the doctor finished.

"Errr...what suggestion?" James managed to say gulping loudly.

"Currently, if you will forgive me, you make a very passable woman. Have you considered the possibility of becoming one? We have most excellent facilities here," the doctor answered.

##

"Give it to me straight Dalton," Mr. Earl said.

"As you know we found James. He was alive and healthy. However what they did to him may wind up being permanent. There was some surgery that cannot be reversed and other side effects. They made him into a Kathoey Saluey. In other words, a sissy lady boy and put him to work in their...their whore house. He's being evaluated as we speak by a team of doctors. The best we could find."

**“Fuck!” Mr. Earl responded. “Alright, but what about those responsible? Did you take care of them?”**

**“We got the old lady that ran the place, The Jade Pearl. She couldn’t tell us much except her contacts were by courier and she never met those responsible. My team is going over those documents now hoping we can find something.”**

**“I asked you if you took care of them?” came Mr. Earl’s angry response.**

**“My team took out their security chief. Dumped him into a back alley. The old woman was found later by the local police in the Chao Phraya River. Didn’t think it was wise to dispose of all the others working there. Just too many bodies and too much scrutiny by the authorities.”**

**“Okay but keep after whoever is responsible. As far as James is concerned, get him whatever he needs. Just remember that getting the people behind all this is your main priority!” Mr. Earl admonished cutting the connection.**

***“You’d think he would be more concerned over his son. Should have at least talked to the poor kid,” Dalton thought staring at the blank screen.***

**##**

**James pulled the white silk boxers up his hairless legs. He liked the feel of silk and these were real boxers, not panties. They didn’t fit well due to his full round bottom. The next item he wasn’t sure about but it was needed. Shrugging his shoulders he put it on as the support was required. It was a plain white stretchy cotton blend sports bra compressing his breasts. The white men’s dress shirt and tan slacks fitted as bad as his boxers but they were men’s wear. The dress shoes made of fine Italian leather didn’t feel right either.**

**He had been free for a month now but nothing was as it should be. James still found it difficult. When not consciously thinking about it, his gate dropped back into taking small mincing steps or his elbows were pressed to his sides. The harsh ultra-feminine mannerisms that had been painfully implanted were hard to stop. Seeing his face without makeup often made him feel ill at ease.**

***“Finally I have my own clothing but it doesn’t fit or feel right. After a year of wearing all that girlie stuff and walking in stilt heels did something to me. Worse, I still look like a friggin girl wearing boy’s clothing. The doctors said given time my feminine habits will stop and I will feel better about myself once the surgeries are completed. My voice will never go back to a male register either after what they did. Maybe that doctor’s advice to...to finish what they started. I never wanted to be a girl but I...I don’t...I can’t go on like this being a pretend man. I look and act like I’m gay and after what I have done probably am,” he thought as he tied his tie ignoring the tears that spilled down his cheeks.***

**##**

**Epilog: In time James, after therapy and much thought, decided it would be best to get SRS. His captors had done just too much to both his body and mind. It was his only recourse. The people who kidnapped and changed him were never found or prosecuted. Dalton did a good job but the investigation became a dead end in Bangkok. He had suspicions that the perpetrators were Korean but couldn’t prove them. Mr. Earl for his part never had a close relationship with James or his other**

children. It didn't change when James became Janet Simone Earl. Janet was just another daughter to marry off.

**To Be Continued...**