



Reluctant Press presents:

Oriental Pearl

Cheryl Lynn



A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Oriental Pearl

By Cheryl Lynn

Jason Howard was stuck between a rock and a hard place. He was alone and down to his last few dollars. As a high school graduation present, his father went and got himself killed while driving intoxicated. Fortunately, the man driving the other truck only had a fractured hand. Unfortunately, the civil and criminal penalties and fines wiped out what few assets were available to keep a roof over Jason's head. He was thankful that his Mother hadn't lived to see all this tragedy come to pass. Now he was on his own desperate to find a job and place to live.

He had tried to find a job but with the economy, his lack of both education and skills couldn't find permanent placement. Occasionally, a shop owner took pity on him and paid him a couple of

dollars to clean up. Nothing lasted for more than a couple of days. Jason learned quickly that access to a public restroom was like having a luxurious hotel suite bathroom compared to what else was available for his needs. It hadn't taken more than a week to get over his revulsion of digging his meals out of dumpsters.

Life had turned hard for him but he didn't have any alternatives. He stood on the corner wondering where to go. Jason had been living on the streets for almost four months and he was getting very tired and scared. Living in shelters wasn't a good idea. That's where his suitcase had been rifled and his life threatened. The street was safer in some respects but dangerous in others.

His two suitcases sat on the cracked concrete sidewalk beside him as he scratched his head looking up at the street signs. As he was trying to figure out exactly where he was, someone ran past knocking him into the street sign. His reflexes kept him from falling face first into the asphalt street as he grabbed the pole and pulled himself upright.

"Son of a bitch! Watch where the hell you are going," he shouted as he regained his footing.

"Crap! He stole my fucking suitcase. Shit! That one had all my fucking clothing. Now what am I going to do? Thank heavens I put my cash inside my shoes," he thought as he stared down at the remaining suitcase. It was a small case containing all his documents like birth certificate, diploma and such.

Jason wandered around. Just walking and not paying attention to where his feet were taking him. He was wallowing in self pity, cursing his bad luck and mad because he wasn't old enough to buy liquor to drown his troubles. His stomach growled loudly and brought him out of his mental fog. Now that his stomach had his attention, Jason realized that he was starving. He hadn't eaten since yesterday's lunch thanks to a pizza joints dumpster.

"Damn I'm tired of eating out of dumpsters and garbage cans. Fuck it! I'm going to eat something fresh for a change but it will have to be something cheap," he mumbled. Looking around, he saw a Chinese restaurant sign down the side street.

"The Oriental Pearl, probably Chinese, not too wild about their food but it is cheap and plentiful. Guess I ought to give it a shot," he thought as he started walking in that direction.

As he entered, he saw a life sized golden Buddha sitting in the corner and an ornate gold painted archway leading into the main dining area. Remembering that it was good luck to rub the belly of Buddha, he did so with a loud sigh. An elderly Chinese lady greeted him as he came in. She was his height, grey hair tucked up into a bouffant bun arraignment with what looked like painted chop sticks sticking out the back. She was wearing a lime green semi-transparent nylon A line dress, tan support hose and black patent leather low-heeled shoes. Jason could easily see the lace frills decorating her full slip. She smiled broadly as she scrutinized him then looked down at his suitcase.

"You come, I find you seat. You new in town?" she said as she turned and started walking into the dinning room. She didn't particularly care for this henna gaijin (strange foreigner) but took pity on him when she saw him rub holy Buddha's belly. Buddha had preached that one should be charitable, so she allowed the longhaired, skinny, smelly gaijin entry. Besides, he didn't seem to be crazy like most street people.

"Ugh, that would look so much better if she were about a hundred years younger," he thought as he followed her to a table. "No, I was kicked out of my house by the bank and sheriff. Now I have to find some place to stay that is real cheap and a job," in answer to her question as they arrived at a table.

He looked around as he took his seat. There were five other people sitting on the other side of the room at various tables. There was a section of booths, in red leather on one side and a buffet area that looked pretty empty.

"So sorry. We usually close this time but you want buffet or menu?" she replied.

"Err...how much is the buffet? I really can't spend too much right now," he asked.

"You sit. Momma San take care of you. It be okay," she told him as she walked away before he could respond. As she left him sitting at the table, she shook her head. "Gaijin in one sorry state but he seem okay. Maybe this sign from Buddha?" she thought entering the kitchen.

Jason sat back in his chair and closed his eyes, "Oh shit, I hope rubbing that Buddha's belly is finally going to bring me some good luck. Hell, if it weren't for bad luck, I'd have no fucking luck whatsofuckingevery," he thought.

The clinking of china on the table caught his attention. Looking down he saw the Chinese lady had brought him a cup of hot tea, a heaping plate of food and a cup of steaming soup. Most of what was on the plate baffled him but hunger was hunger and he grabbed for a fork.

"No fork, no knife, how am I suppose to eat?" he mumbled.

"Use chop sticks. I show you," she said as she sat next to him. "He reeks. Smell likie garbage can. Must get him bath. Cleaned up, he might be worth something. See how he handles chopsticks. If he no give me trouble and obedient, maybe can help. I need extra help but no need man. Need girl," she thought.

She took his right hand and placed one of the sticks into the "V" between his thumb and forefinger resting the end on the edge of his third finger and the other stick between his thumb and forefinger.

"Top stick you move to hold food, bottom stick you hold steady. See you use likie this," she demonstrated.

He was clumsy and dropped most of his meal back into his plate but after awhile became better. "A man could starve to death trying to eat like this," he mumbled.

While he was eating or rather trying to eat, the woman kept asking him questions about his life and problems. Every now and then she would grab his hand and reposition the chop sticks for him. The idea of asking for a fork never entered his mind. A grin never left her face as she listened to his commentary between bites. He found one particular food distasteful and grimaced at both its texture and flavor.

She saw his expression, "You eat all. It velly good for you. It special oriental herb. Makie you feel velly good," she stated.

She sat back and closely scrutinized him. She paid particular attention to his facial features and the size of his hands. "If I am going to take him in, he needs to be controllable. He has delicate enough features. Not much muscle and doesn't seem assertive," she thought as he ate the special greens and drank the tea which she had spiked with sedatives.

After what seemed like ages, his plate was clean. He picked up the handleless round tea cup with both hands and slowly sipped. It had a strange slightly bitter sweet taste but drank every last drop. With his stomach full, he began to feel lethargic and somehow his worries didn't seem so dire. He just nodded his head when the lady said she would get him some more tea.

When he finished the second cup, she grabbed his hands in hers. "You have small hands for boy. You stay here. You work for me. You live upstairs. I give you cheap. Come, you tired. I show

you where stay," she told him finalizing her decision.

"He just out on streets. He have no one and is very naive. Maybe can help, maybe not, I shall see," she thought.

She led him up a back stairwell and down a long corridor with doors on both sides. "Other girls work here. Stay here. You too now. Here this you room. I come back later. You work morning, okay? You sleep now," she said as she opened the door.

The room was small but much better than he thought he could find anywhere else. By now he was feeling very tired and all he wanted to do was take a nap. There was a twin bed placed against the far wall. It had a lavender satin bed spread covering. A night stand with alarm and white porcelain lamp were beside the bed. A white vanity and lighted mirror with lavender satin pillowed bench seat was against the opposite wall. There was a fairly large closet and the doorway to the small bathroom at the other wall. The only other pieces of furniture were a straight back chair and dresser. Jason focused in on the bed. His only thought to just lie down and go to sleep.

"Maybe I'll just sleep forever. Damn! I don't think I have ever been this tired. That way I will get out of this mess I'm in," he thought as the lady shut the door and left.

Before she left, Momma San tapped on a door just down the hall from the one she put Jason in. A very beautiful Oriental girl answered and quickly

bowed. "Momma San, how may I be of service?" she asked demurely.

"I put stinky gaijin in Kiki's old room. You get Tanzi and clean him up before he befouls the room. In morning get him clothing and bring down to kitchen," she stated then turned and left abruptly.

Back in her small office, Momma San rifled through Jason's suite case. She quickly realized what it contained and smiled to herself. Putting everything back, she put the case inside a small closet. "He educated with good grades. Velly young but old enough. Maybe can find some use for gaijin," she murmured.

Ooo

Jason's eyelids fluttered open as the clock alarm echoed in his ears. Groggy with sand filled eyes, he sat up and rubbed them with the back of his hand. He turned and slid his bare feet out of bed. The sheets tugged and entangled his body. "Huh, what the fuck? I don't remember taking my clothing off," he thought as he tried to pull the sheets entangling his body. It suddenly hit him that it wasn't the sheets he was tugging at. It was a pale butter yellow with white floral lace detailing nylon baby doll nightie that was wrapped around his body.

"Whaaa.....Shit....How did I get into this?" he mumbled coming fully awake.

He looked up at the sound of giggles. Seated in the straight backed chair was a drop dead gor-

geous young lady wearing a cream colored silk wrap embroidered with multicolored flowers. Her raven black hair hung straight down her back well past her shoulder blades and her face was flawless. Small upturned nose, pale brownish yellow complexion, full sensuous lips, perfect small white teeth and almond shaped eyes with iris' black as midnight framed by long thick lashes.

She was giggling softly as she handed him a cup of hot tea. "You drink this. I am called Sansi." She said blushing slightly.

Jason took the tea from her small delicate hand and took a sip. Then he almost dropped it, spilling some of the contents, remembering how he was dressed. Somehow in his confusion he managed to put the cup on the bedside table without spilling the tea all over him. He grabbed the pink sheet and tried to cover up. His efforts resulted in more giggles. Blushing furiously, he could only stammer, "Err....l...l..err how did I get dressed like this?"

"We dress you last night. You stink like garbage can. Took clothing to clean. Mamma San, she say give you bath and clean you up. Now, you finish tea and we go to baths then get you dressed. You work kitchen today Mamma San say," Sansi replied.

"Wha....what! You gave me a bath and put this...this thing on me?" Jason gasped in embarrassed surprise.

"Hai! You sleep like log. No wake up. Tanzi, she help get you all clean like Mamma San say. You

have no clothing, so we dress you that way. I think you look cute," Sansi said with a little giggle moving a delicate hand to cover her lips.

Jason was stunned when he heard her say that. Ordinarily he was a light sleeper and just being touched would wake him. His light sleeping patterns had saved his scrawny ass on more than one occasion. To be bathed and dressed should have roused him. He did admit he had been extremely tired but sleeping through all that was hard to believe.

"Did that old woman drug me? Why would she have any reason to do that? I haven't had any real sleep in two days, so maybe that could be the reason I slept through it all," he rationalized.

Being small framed and not an inch over five foot six made living off the street a real challenge. Whenever he had found a half way decent place to lie down, there was always someone bigger and more street wise to chase him off. If you have never tried to sleep on a park bench exposed to the elements, well just say it's not impossible.

His thoughts were broken when Sensi told him to finish his tea as she got up and went over to the dresser. There she removed a butter yellow silk wrap with beautifully embroidered dragonfly appliqués.

"Put this on, go bathroom then we go get bath," she stated.

"Err...what do you mean by 'we go get bath?'" he asked placing the empty tea cup down.

"We all bath together. You know the oriental way. No shame like you Americans. Now go bathroom, take off clothes and put on wrap," she replied handing him the wrap.

"Man, I feel like a damn idiot doing this but it seems that you are not giving me any choice, are you?" he replied.

Her only response was to giggle loudly and motion towards the bathroom with her hand.

When he walked into the small adjoining bathroom, he understood why he had to go someplace else to bathe. There was a toilet, sink and small storage closet. Otherwise the room was bare.

As they walked down the hallway to the common bathing area, the swish of the silk wrap sent shivers up Jason's spine. The wrap had wide three-quarter length sleeves and the hem only reached to mid-thigh. He had never worn silk before and its touch was exquisite. If it weren't for the strange slippers she had given him to wear, he would be quite content.

Sensi had given him a really strange pair of shoes to put on. The only way he could describe them was that they were a thong type. They were made of matting on top of two glossy black painted wooden blocks. The block at the front of the shoe was about half an inch high and the back one three inches in height. The shoes made him tilt forward and take small steps which felt totally unnatural.

The strangeness of his situation almost made him forget to be embarrassed. That is until he entered the bathing area. There were four other beautiful young Asian girls already in the tub. He felt his face go beet red as his gaze fell on each one and his dick spring into life.

They were sitting in a bubbling large round wooden tub, the froth on the water just barely covering their pert nipples. Two girls had their back to the others with a delicate hand holding up the back of their long raven tresses while the others were washing them. Sensi dropped her wrap on a nearby hook and stood naked looking at Jason.

She reached out and took his trembling hand and said, "Come. No need be shy."

Jason blushed even redder as he stood bug eyed staring at the beautiful young woman standing next to him. His eyes focused for a moment on the neatly trimmed landing strip just above a lovely looking camel's toe shaped mound. He had never seen a real pussy and he was stunned by her total lack of modesty. He wanted to pull his eyes away from the sight but was mesmerized by it. So much so that it wasn't until Sensi pulled his wrap off that his mind refocused on the reality of his position.

"OMG! I'm naked!" he thought as he flung his hands down to cover his engorged penis.

His actions only brought loud giggling from all the women in the room and a shove in the back from Sensi. "Come, you get in bath. I will scrub your back then you can do mine. This is Makado," she said introducing him to a young woman with a heart shaped face, "and Yoki, Sematsue and

Tanzi." As they were introduced, the girls rose slightly and nodded their heads while placing their hands in prayer positions. Seeing their bare breasts, his jaw dropped but managed to nod his head in reply. At that moment he was speechless and couldn't say anything even if he wanted to.

Jason sat in a complete daze in the hot water as Sensi scrubbed his back. The redness of his flesh had nothing to do with the temperature of the water. He did his best to keep his eyes lowered but the temptation to glance at the nubile bodies nearby was hard to resist. Two of the girls had finished washing and were stepping out of the bath daintily holding small white washcloths over their privates. Their pert breasts bouncing gently on their chests and their rounded smooth butts swung invitingly as they stepped out. Jason's erection that had started to subside in the hot water came back with a vengeance.

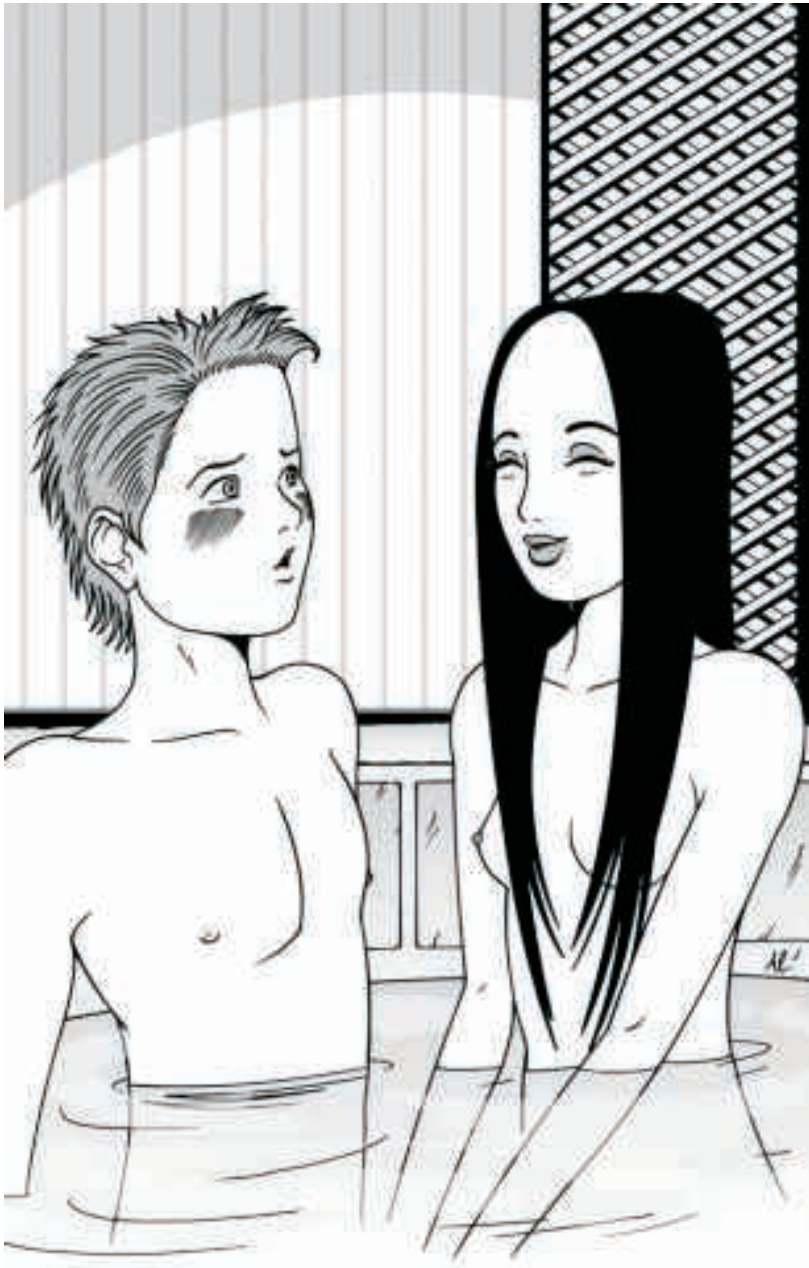
"You like, yes," Sensi said.

"Oh shit! I'm so fucking embarrassed but they act so calm. Like this is nothing to them. I can't let them see my erection. I think I am going to die from embarrassment. How did I get in this situation? Gotta get some kind of control, maybe if I do the times tables or baseball stats?" he thought.

"Errr...ye...yes, I like," he managed to stutter.

He almost jumped clear of the bath when he felt Sensi wrap the washcloth around his stiff member and begin to massage it.

"Holy crap!" His mind screamed.



She was giggling softly into his ear as she pressed her body against his back still manipulat-

ing his dick. "You like, Sensi get you all calm. You just relax."

With him satisfied, Sensi turned her back to him and handed him the washcloth. His mind was in turmoil as he began to gently scrub her back. "Man, am I supposed to...to rub her like she did me? Down there!" he kept thinking over and over again.

"Come, we late," she said taking the cloth from his trembling hand. At least that solved his dilemma as she stepped out of the tub.

She handed him a large fluffy terry cloth towel and told him to pat her dry. Almost in a trance he took the towel and began drying her beautiful body. His erection came back in full force as he tentatively dabbed at her groin. To make his embarrassment worse, she was giggling the entire time.

"You no do this before, hai? No worry, it become easier in time for you. I see you like too much. Put stress in your karma that not good for you. Momma San she will help you get calm karma. Now you dry and get dressed. We running late. Restaurant opening soon and you need to be in kitchen," she stated.

As Jason began drying off he noticed for the first time that all the hair on his body was gone. All except for a small landing strip right above his groin. The sight made his dick soften and shrivel up.

"Wha....wha...what happened to all my hair?" he shouted in surprise. He didn't have all that

much to begin with but his hairy chest and pits were about the only macho thing about him.

Glancing at his hairless body, images of being taunted when he was a freshman in the PE shower came flooding back. They had called him fag and sissy among other not so nice terms. When it finally grew in during his sophomore year, he had been elated. At least the black hairs proved he was a man. He couldn't help it if he took after his Mother in so many ways. His thin small frame and oval almost feminine face had been inherited from her.

It had taken a tremendous effort on his part to keep the bullies from using him for daily target practice. His false bravado and wit kept most of them at bay. He now felt the lack of self-confidence and insecurity rushing back. "Why oh why did they do this to me?" he moaned softly.

"What matter you? You no like? You skin feel so smooth now and look much nicer. I like much better than hairy ape man," Sensi said trying to ease his agitated and flustered state of mind.

"When....why?" he managed to stammer.

"Last night. I told you, we clean you up. You stink remember? Why you no like? I like much better this way. Here you rub lotion on me then I do you," she said as she calmly dismissed his concerns.

With shaking hands and a tremendous amount of will power, Jason messaged the lotion she had given him onto her flawless skin. At her direction, he soothed it onto her breasts and groin. Then, she began rubbing lotion into his skin using delicate

strokes. She did not hesitate for even a second as she took his erect penis in hand. Looking up at him with her gorgeous almond shaped eyes; she brought the wash cloth up to cover the tip and quickly brought him relief.

As he stepped into the shoes and pulled the wrap across his shoulders, he had to ask, "Sensi, how can you be so calm. You know, being...being naked in mixed company? Are all Chinese women like that? I'm totally embarrassed."

"Not Chinese. We Japanese! You gaijin know nothing," she replied angrily.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know but I thought this was a Chinese restaurant. I'm not familiar with Asians or their culture. I didn't know," he tried to apologize.

"Oriental Pearl serves many different Asian dishes but specialize in sushi and sashimi. These are Japanese specialty. Now come," she retorted.

"Sushi and sas..meme? What's that?" he asked curiously.

"Sushi uses gummy rice roll up with other ingredients. Sashimi is thinly sliced raw fish. It more like appetizer," she said walking off.

Back in his room, he was told to take off the wrap, fold it neatly along with his nightie, place them under his pillow then make the bed. He moved to do her bidding but he had difficulty concentrating. Everything was going way too fast for his mind to keep up. The traumatic shock of being homeless one second then waking to find that he had been stripped, shaved of all his body hair, bathing with a bunch of naked women and work-

ing in a restaurant the next second was more than his mind could handle. No sooner than he put his nightwear under the pillow, Jason had to sit on the edge of the bed and brought his hands up to cover his face. Tears began falling and his body racked with sobs as he sat.

"This....this is just too much. What's happening?" he mumbled through his tears.

He felt Sensi sit down beside him and place an arm around his shoulders. "Here, you drink this. Everything be okay. You have place to stay and job now. We take care of you. Now drink your tea. You will feel much better," she cooed softly into his ear. His hands cupped the tea automatically with no thought behind the action and took a sip. As he drank, he felt calmer and his crying slowed to an occasional sob. Finally his crying ceased and he felt much better.

"Cry good for you. You sit drink tea while I get your clothing ready," she said getting off the bed.

He stood, a bit wobbly feeling very relaxed. A light floral aroma emanated from his body. She took his hand and led him over to the dresser. There she removed some clothing and knelt at his feet.

"Lift foot," she ordered.

She pulled something soft and sensual up his legs and snapped them into place around his waist. A pair of white stay-up hose with lavish lace welts was kneaded up his legs. Then she had him lift his arms and pulled another soft and sensual piece of clothing down covering his upper body to just above his navel.

Jason looked down still in a daze and noticed what looked like a bright white undershirt covering his chest. Except it wasn't an undershirt. It had a lace frilled square neckline and thin spaghetti straps in a shiny white satin. Sensi bent down and had him step into another garment. It was also bright white with a very lacy hem. As she pulled the half slip up to his waist, Jason's mind began to register what was happening. He knew he should protest but for some reason he just didn't care. A white semi-transparent nylon uniform styled dress was quickly pulled over his head and zippered up the back. It was an "A" line short sleeved dress with winged white cotton cuffs and collar.

Taking his hand she led him over to the vanity bench and had him sit. She picked up a wooden handled brush and began stroking it slowly through his thick tresses. As the brush stroked through his mousey-brown hair, Jason became even more relaxed and everything seemed to take place as if in a dream. Using a comb, Sensi parted his hair across the crown and down the middle. Next, she took a pair of scissors and trimmed off the frayed ends and created bangs across his forehead. When she had finished, he had a nice page boy with bangs just above his brows and the ends tucked slightly under at his shoulders. She quickly covered the style in a white hair net.

She then darkened his already thinned and arched eyebrows with an eye brow pencil. Using black mascara, she darkened and lengthened his lashes. She painted his lips with a deep pink lip

dye. A pair of white clogs with a three inch raised cork sole with two ankle strap closure was put on his feet. Finally, she sprayed a chrysanthemum scented perfume behind the ears, on the neck and behind his knees.

She refilled the tea cup and handed it to him. "You drink this. I go get dressed now. Be back soon," she said.

Back in her room, Sensi quickly donned a bright blue satin uplift bra and matching panties. Stepped into a pair of white pantyhose and slipped a lavishly accented blue nylon full slip on. Stepping into a pair of white gum soled shoes. She then slipped into the pale blue translucent nylon uniform. She quickly applied her makeup and sprayed some perfume on then went to retrieve Jason.

Taking the still dazed boy by the hand, she led him down to the kitchen where Momma San was waiting impatiently. "What keep you?" she demanded when they arrived. She was a bit surprised to see him dressed as a female.

"Stupid me, I should have sent one of the cook's outfits for him to wear. Sansi is a bit slow witted but did the best she could I guess. He look very good though. Oh well, what done is done," she thought.

"So solly Momma San but I had difficulties. He not like what he see in morning. He cry and get very upset. I give more herbal tea to calm him. So solly if I disappoint but he had nothing else to wear," she replied with a bowed head.

"Hai, now go. I see to him now," she ordered as she took Jason by the hand.

A sly smile crept across her face as she led the boy into the kitchen. "If the boy had breasts, he would be a very pretty girl. I don't need any more male help but a young woman, a pretty one at that, I could use. Maybe Sensi not so stupid after all," she thought. The smell of chrysanthemums filled her nose as she took his hand.

The kitchen was a beehive of activity and filled with noise when they arrived. There were five men dressed all in white trousers, tee shirts and aprons cooking everything from King Crab legs, General Tso's chicken, to thinly slicing fish surrounding it in gummy rice to make sushi and other raw Japanese dishes. Momma San led him over to the large commercial washing machine, tied a white cotton bib apron around his waist and put pink rubber gloves with the cuffs turned down on his hands.

As she was demonstrating what he was going to do, the cooks shouted out in Japanese, "Who's the new girl?"

Momma San with only a little hesitation blurted out, "Chrysanthemum."

"Yes, Chrysanthemum would be a good name. I was only going to keep you in the woman's quarters until I could clean up one in the men's. Now I think it would be best if you stayed there. Maybe be problem for a bit but right herbs will solve that for me," she thought. Before she left making sure that he knew what he needed to know, she or-

dered the cooks to leave the “new girl” alone or else.

Ooo

Jason slowly came out of his fog and began to take notice of what he was doing. He held a spray nozzle in his right hand and a plate in the other. He came to full awareness when a bus boy dropped another tub of dirty dishes and utensils at his station. Rinsed clean he placed the plate next to another in a plastic tray. When the tray was full, he pushed it into the washer which ran in a continuous cycle cleaning the dishes and utensils. Nothing complicated nothing that required much thinking to do the job. As he washed, he looked around and saw the cooks working at their stations. Every now and again one of the cooks would look his way and smile broadly. Jason quickly turned his eyes back to his washing blushing fiercely.

“I feel so stupid wearing this dress. No telling what those guys are thinking about me. Like I have any choice in the matter I didn't have anything else to wear. As soon as I can get my clothing back, I'm getting out of here. I can find some place else. All I know is that I can't stay here now. Everyone is being nice and not giving me any crap but after seeing me dressed like this how could I ever face any of them again. Momma San is acting like a mother hen. She comes by and checks on me all the time. She even brings me some tea. It tastes weird but I always feel so calm after drinking it. It really helps me forget my troubles. Oh, here she comes again,” he thought.

“You come with me. We talk and get something to eat. Now come,” she said smiling broadly.

She wore the same uniform that the other girls wore except theirs were in a soft blue color. Jason thought for a moment about just how cute the waitresses looked. Seeing their unmentionables through the transparency of their dresses should have given him a raging hard on but for some reason his penis only twitched. He realized that he was dressed exactly the same as they only in white. You could see his lacy top and hem through his dress. Blushing and losing what hardness stirred between his legs, he followed her to a table at the back of the dining room.

The table was already laden with two plates of hot steaming food, two bowls of rice and two pots of tea. The plate set before him contained mostly vegetables with some strange white soft squares, three rolls of sushi and a small bowl of soup. Once again, Momma San had to show him how to use his chop sticks. The white squares really didn't have any taste but the texture was strange and he didn't particularly care for it. The soup was awful and after the first spoon full, Jason pushed it aside. He was hungry and ate all that was set before him except the soup.

“Hai, you eat soup too,” Momma San demanded.

“But this stuff tastes awful,” Jason replied.

“No matter. It velly good for you. Make Karma calm. You drink, now,” Momma San ordered.

The entire time Jason was eating, Momma San scrutinized him very closely. "Ah so, Sensi surprised me dressing him like a woman. I just told her to clean him up and see that he had something to wear this morning. She should have gotten him some of the cook's clothing but she is a bit slow witted. However, he looks almost natural dressed like this. I need girl. Maybe gaijin can be coaxed into honoring my family and filling my need. The herbal tea and soups will put a stop to any funny business, so girls be safe. " she thought.

Finished eating, he was left unsatisfied and still hungry. Momma San indicated that he should finish his tea. This tea was slightly different from what he had before. It was a dark brown color and tasted bitter with a slight aftertaste. He made a face as he sipped.

Seeing his expression, Momma San said, "You drink. Good for you and help you feel better. You work good this morning."

"Momma San, I'm still hungry. Could I please have some more, maybe a little meat this time?" he asked.

"No, you have plenty. Get more before evening shift. Now, finish tea go to room. Rest," she replied sternly.

"Err...what about my clothing? It should be clean by now. Can you get it for me so I can get out of these?" he said as he gestured at what he was wearing.

"No clean. Smelly we put in garbage. You wear what Sensi give you. You be fine. We all family

here. You no worry. Drink tea. I send Sensi with you. Momma San know what best," she told him as she left the table to get Sensi.

As she left to find Sensi, she thought, "Let's see just how far we can take this. There are lots of herbs and potions that can help bring harmony and the necessary changes. The girls will help and if he proves compliant, then, my problem is solved."

Sensi arrived just as he finished the tea. "Come I will help you get undressed. A nap will make you feel much better," she said with a small giggle.

"OMG, they were all laughing at me," he thought as he got up.

"Look, I can't help it if I don't have any clothing but you don't have to keep laughing at me," he said but not as forcibly as he intended.

"We not laugh at you. Why you think that?" she replied looking confused.

"All that giggling! You and the other girls this morning were all laughing at me," he snapped.

"Oh, so solly, but you made us feel nervous. We don't usually have men stay in our dormitory. Japanese girls are shy and we giggle a lot when we are nervous," she replied meekly.

Jason felt like a damn fool when she said that. "Oh, gosh! I...I never thought about that. Please forgive me Sensi but I didn't know. I...I tho...thought that you were making fun of me becau...because of how.....well...you know," he stammered.

"You no worry, we treat you like other girl now. I'll try not to giggle so much. Now, let's go to room," she said brightly.

"Yeah, I'm really tired now and a nap sounds like a great idea," he replied.

Ooo

Jason woke when Sensi tapped him on the shoulder. He felt refreshed but was embarrassed when he sat up in just his camisole and panties. Sensi sat in the chair wearing her silken wrap but it was open revealing her nakedness making him blush all the harder.

"Here, drink tea," she said handing him the cup. As she bent over to hand him the tea, her small yet firm breasts were fully exposed. Jason quickly averted his eyes and blushed.

It was the same bitter tea he had been served at lunch. "I don't want it but she won't get up until I drink it. Crap, I'm still hungry. Eat all the Chinese you can and thirty minutes later you're hungry again. I guess it's the same with Japanese food. When I get paid, the first thing I'm going to do is buy me a great big juicy steak," he thought.

"Good, you finished. We get bath now, okay? Take off clothes and put on wrap," she said handing him his wrap.

"What? We just had a bath this morning," he said not wanting to be embarrassed like he had that morning. He wasn't surprised when she grabbed his hand and pulled him from the bed-

ding. Yielding to the inevitable, he quickly doffed the camisole but hesitated pulling down his panties.

"Hurry, we don't have much time," she said standing and turning towards the door.

Jason took advantage of her turned back and pulled the panties off and slid his arms into the wrap. Stepping into the strange shoes, he followed her out the door. As he walked down the hall, his shoes making a clack-clack sound on the wooden floor, the silk wrap caressing his skin, he was surprised that he didn't have a raging hard on.

As before, the other four girls were already in the tub. Stripping off his wrap, Jason, blushing, covered his groin with his hands as he approached them. He was happy to see that the four girls all had their back turned toward him as he entered the bath.

Sensi handed him the small white towel and turned her back to him. Grabbing the perfumed bar of soap, he lathered the cloth and began scrubbing her back. When it was his turn, Jason was surprised that he still didn't have an erection but enjoyed the experience none the less.

After they had dried each other off, Sensi began rubbing a soothing lotion all over his body. It had a floral scent and soaked into his skin. As her small hand messaged the lotion onto his groin, it barely stiffened. He was both happy about it and worried at the same time.

"Damn, I should have a solid rod of steel sticking up right now but I don't. It's twitching a bit but that's all. At least it's not embarrassing me at the

moment but I wouldn't mind another hand job," he thought.

As the lotion soaked into his body, he didn't notice the change in his skin tone. His pale white skin was taking on the color of light smooth caramel. He also didn't notice the lack of stubble on his face either. It had been over forty-eight hours since his arrival and there was no sign of beard growth on his smooth face.

Back in his room, there was a small tea pot and cup sitting on his vanity. He was alone as Sensi went to get ready for the evening shift. She told him that he was capable of dressing himself and to be sure to put his hair into the hairnet before going back to the kitchen. He still felt hungry and decided that some tea just might help fill the void in his stomach. Finishing the tea he felt very calm and relaxed. He picked up the white hairnet and put it on his head using the mirror to make sure all his hair was captured. He didn't seem to notice the darkened arched eyebrows, the black eye-liner, full lashes or the pinkness of his lips as he stared into the mirror. He did notice that he had bangs and it bothered him for a moment but with a shrug of his shoulders decided it wasn't worth arguing over.

He went over to the dresser and opened a drawer. It was filled with panties, mostly white with lace frills and pink bow decoration. He pulled a pair up his legs noticing that while silky smooth had a bit of stretch. With the waistband snugly in place, Jason saw that his privates were tucked tightly into the gusset. It gave him an almost girlish

appearance down there. Next to the panties, were several half and full slips. Again, mostly in white but there were some in lavender, vivid red and black. They were all heavily frilled with floral lace and silky soft.

He picked out a white half-slip and put it on. As the material slid over his body, a shiver ran up his spine. The second drawer held garter belts and hose both stay-up and regular with lacy welts mostly in white but there were some in sheer black, ecru and red. Selecting a pair of white stay-up nylons, he sat at the vanity and tried pulling them up his smooth legs. All he accomplished was to snag them on his toe nails, lathering them. He tossed them aside with disgust.

As he was struggling with the back zipper of the uniform dress, Sensi came in. "Hai, you almost dressed. Here let me help you with that zipper," she greeted.

"Why you no wear stocking? Oh, I see. Sit I show you how to do stocking," she said seeing the ripped hose on his bed.

Before they left the room, she sprayed him with the chrysanthemum perfume. "Hey! What the heck are you doing," he exclaimed in surprise.

"You no stink now. Smell delicious. Come or we be late," she replied with a coy smile.

"I smell like a silly girl," he mumbled as he followed her out.

After they had finished their evening meal, Momma San came over and asked Jason to follow her into her office. There was a small Oriental

man with a long white mustache and scraggly beard sitting off to the side. She introduced him as a Mr. Chan, a notary, then slid a pile of papers across her desk to him. You sign where red check mark. You work and live at Oriental Pearl. Everything you need will be provided, so no worry anymore. You sign quick quick have to be back in kitchen now," she said.

"Errr...ahh...look I'm very grateful for everything you have done but..." he started but was interrupted.

"What? You no trust Momma San? I give you food. I give you clothing. I give you place to stay. What matter you?" she said sharply.

"I'm sorry...err...Momma San...but I just don't know if I can stay here?" He stammered in reply.

"Why can't stay? Momma San say you stay and that that," she exclaimed.

"Well just look at me. I can't stay here after traipsing around all day dressed like this," he said using his hands to point at his dress.

"Oh, that! It is nothing. No one bother you today, did they? No one make fun you today? Oriental Pearl full of peace and harmony. You sign quick quick for Momma San. I promise take good care of you," she argued.

Jason was taken aback for several moments. She was right. No one had given him any grief or trouble since he had arrived. While he didn't like everything that had been done and to him, it was hard to argue that he had been mistreated. As he thought about it another advantage of staying

took image in his mind. A mental picture of five very captivating, beautiful young Asian girls and all very naked stuck in his mind.

"I don't think I'm going to get any better offers," he thought as he began signing documents.

After he left for the kitchen, Momma San looked over the signed and notarized documents nodding her head in approval. One was a legal name change to Chrysanthemum Liu Chang. Another was a five year employment contract and a third authorized withholdings for clothing, housing and food.

Ooo

It was now Sunday morning. The restaurant was closed on Sunday and Monday. It gave the staff of the restaurant time to really clean the place and have a day off to relax. It had been a very hectic and nervous week for Jason. He tried over and over to get Momma San to get him some men's clothing but she kept putting him off. He even tried approaching one of the cooks to ask if he could borrow some clothing but none spoke English. They also kept their distance but would smile and wave a greeting to him every time he entered the kitchen.

He was treated respectfully but otherwise ignored except by Sensi and the girls. He constantly wore the white nylon kitchen uniform and was almost to the point where it didn't bother him. Occasionally, he would think that he should be a hell

of a lot more bothered by his circumstances than he was. Whenever he seemed to become agitated with his surroundings or dress, a cup of herbal tea was placed before him. He had drunk more tea in that week than he had in his entire life.

Sensi had brought him a pot of tea that morning then left telling him to take his time as they weren't needed for a couple of hours. It was the same brown tea that tasted so bitter and different than the green tea he had been served earlier in the week. The tea left him feeling calm and he was getting use to its distinct flavor. Finished the tea, he decided he had better get his bath. He slipped out of his nightie and panties and put them under his pillow. He no longer thought twice about performing that very feminine act.

Entering the communal bath, he noted that all the girls were already soaking. It still bothered him a bit being totally naked with them but by now he was getting use to it. He no longer noticed that his penis stayed flaccid during the entire bathing routine. He still enjoyed looking at their nude lithe bodies. Having Sensi dry and then message lotion all over him didn't get a response where under normal circumstances he should have. He also didn't notice that his skin had the distinctive light smooth caramel color as theirs. He seldom looked into a mirror, so didn't notice that his lips still held that pink dye or that his eyes were still made up. His whole week had been spent in sort of a calm, peaceful daze.

By five o'clock the Oriental Pearl sparkled. Everyone showed up for a late breakfast then busted their chops cleaning and polishing every-

thing in sight. Jason's job was to clean out the washing machine and polish it's stainless steel to a brilliant shine. It had been hard work and his body was aching by the time he had finished to Momma San's satisfaction. He couldn't understand why she wanted the underside of the machine polished but he did as she demanded. When he mentioned that to Sensi later, she just giggled and stated that Momma San had very exacting standards not only for her restaurant but for her employees as well.

After they all had finished cleaning, they met at the bar. Momma San cheerfully passed around small white porcelain cups of sake to everyone. There were plates of dumplings, assorted vegetables, strips of raw fish and other foods for them to eat. Momma San placed a plate in front of him as he sat. There was about a cup of rice piled in the center of the plate and an assortment of food he did not recognize surrounding it. Looking around, he noticed that the girl's plates held similar food but the men had not only much larger servings but meat as well.

He looked back down at his plate, "Now why didn't she give me any meat. The guys all got pork chops. All I have is some raw fish, a bunch of strange looking vegetables and that awful soup," he thought.

As the first cup of sake was drunk, Momma San would say something in Japanese sort of like a toast and everyone would down their drink. Then the cups were refilled and the person next to Momma San raised his or her cup, said something

in Japanese and they all swallowed more of the sake. Jason lost track of the time and was feeling quite the buzz when everyone stood to go happily back to their room. He stood shakily on his feet and Sensi came over to assist him.

"You want come my room. It early. Would like you help me with hair then I do you. Hair velly messy. I have bottle of sake. Make us both velly happy. You come, hai?" she said.

On hearing that, Jason sobered slightly. Sensi was inviting him to her room and she was a very beautiful young lady. "Maybe she would do more than stroke me like she had that first morning so long ago. Damn, I can't believe I haven't thought about that until just now," he thought.

Sensi's room was just like his but was filled with feminine decorations and lots of artificial flowers. She told him to sit in the chair and began stripping off her clothing. Nude with her back to Jason, she bent over to pick her panties off the floor. He had a perfect view of her pert heart shaped ass that sent a shiver up his spine. His penis twitched only slightly. She stood, pulled a silk wrap out of her closet and put it on. Stepping into the strange shoes, she grabbed a bag off her vanity and motioning for him to follow, stepped out the door.

They went to his room where she watched while he stripped and put on his own wrap and shoes. He stumbled a bit getting undressed and she had to help him with his wrap. The other girls were not in the bath when they arrived. Giggling, Sensi pulled the bottle of sake out of the bag, took his hand and led him to the bath. "I wash, you

drink then you wash and I drink," she informed him.

They didn't spend much time in the bath as Sensi wanted to shampoo her hair. About a third of the sake was gone and they both were a little tipsy. As they went over to the two large sinks, she retrieved her bag. "Come I wash you hair first. It velly messy," she said.

She had him bend over face first into the sink and began lathering up his hair. After rinsing, she pulled on a pair of yellow rubber gloves and messaged another crPme into his hair. Telling him to keep his eyes closed as she did so.

"You keep head down, no get in eyes while I wash," she instructed.

After about ten minutes, she was rinsing out his hair. Telling him to rise up, she quickly wrapped his hair turban style with a clean towel. The distinctive scent of flowers filled the air as he stood.

"Come we go back my room. Have more sake then fix hair, okay?" she said with a giggle.

The bottle was just about finished. It was more than Jason had ever drunk in his life and was feeling no pain. He had his back to Sensi who was combing out his shoulder length hair. He reached up and grabbed her hands, pulling them forward and her into his back. Jason could feel her soft breasts press into him and her breath in his right ear. The sensation felt wonderful but his penis stayed soft.

"You let Sensi finish. Maybe then we cuddle," she advised pulling herself free.

She began brushing his hair in long smooth strokes. Jason could barely keep his eyes open. The heady scent of flowers, the caress of the brush as it pulled gently on his hair completely relaxed him and his eyes were just narrow slits. He didn't even notice when she moved in front of him and started working on his face. The bright red dye and lip gloss gave his lips a small Cupid's bow look, the black liquid eyeliner that she extended just past and slightly upwards on his lids gave them a slightly almond shape and the black mascara made his eyes alluring.

Sitting back on her knees, Sensi observed her work. Sitting before her was a dainty looking Japanese girl with her eyes closed. Jason's mousey brown hair was now dyed a raven blue-black and styled in a page boy. The bangs hung down to his arched brows and the back tucked slightly under. She took a razor and quickly removed his sideburns. She scooped up a dab of lotion and soothed it into the skin where his sideburns had been. Then to finish his look, pulled a tendril of hair free from beside his ears and twisted them on a curling iron. She looked at her finished product and smiled through a soft giggle.

"Ah so, my little Chrysanthemum you are truly beautiful Shisutaabooi (sissy boy). Momma San will like. Come now, we cuddle in bed," she said softly.

Ooo

Jason woke up with a dry mouth and splitting headache lying on his side. He felt someone warm and soft spooned against his back. The sheets

were pulled up to his neck but otherwise his only other covering was the silk wrap.

“How did I wind up here? Did I get lucky? Damn, my head is throbbing and I have to pee like a race horse,” he thought.

Bleary eyed, he forced himself out of bed, doing his best not to waken Sensi. He stumbled his way into the bathroom, with his head spinning, decided to sit to do his business before he fell over. He pushed the heels of his hands to his eyes hoping that would stop the world from spinning. Finished peeing, he quickly did an about face and puked into the commode.

“I’m never going to drink again. I swear, I won’t ever do that again. I hurt all over,” he mumbled into the commode.

He rinsed out his mouth and drank some water out of the tap. He was so messed up that he didn’t even notice the black hair and makeup reflected back from the small mirror over the basin. Turning out the light he stumbled back into bed being careful not to wake Sansi.

“Wakie, wakie, time you get up. Here, you drink tea while I get ready,” she said with a giggle.

“Oh jeez Sensi, I feel awful. I’m not use to drinking. Let me sleep just a bit more,” he replied.

“We got paid yesterday. We go out. Have good time. You see, now get up and drink tea. Make you feel much better,” she stated.

Jason managed to swing his legs out of the bed and took the offered cup. “Ugh, seems even

more bitter than before but at least it's hot," he thought.

Sensi came out of the bathroom wearing just her silk wrap and stepped into her shoes. "Come, we get bath now," she ordered.

Reluctantly, he pulled his wrap closed and stepped into the sandals and clip-clopped out the door behind her. As they entered the bath, the other girls were just getting out. Holding the small wash cloths over their privates, they bowed their heads in greeting.

Sensi brought her hands to her waist in the prayer position and bowed in acknowledgement. Seeing Jason just standing there open mouthed, she jabbed him in the ribs, "You bow. Not polite. You bow," she snapped.

The sight of four naked oriental girls with bowed heads standing right smack dab in front of him with their small but firm breasts hanging down had caught him off guard. Sensi's jab brought him back to the present and he did his best to copy her movement. Once he had completed that ritual, they went about their business. While she scrubbed his back, she instructed him on how to act in an appropriate manner to show the proper respect. She emphasized each point by punching him in the ribs. Her punches were not hard but they did get his attention.

"When one greets another adult for the first time, bring your palms together just below chin and bow that formal bow. When you meet again, keep palms pointed between legs and bow," she

said then a soft thud could be heard as she punched him.

“When you meet a person of high status, do not look them directly in the eye and keep head slightly bowed. You never speak first to them. You wait for permission to speak, understand,” she told him then another soft thud could be heard.

“You kitchen girl now, you have the lowest status of anyone in Oriental Pearl. You remember keep head slightly bowed and eyes downcast to everyone even me from now on. Understand?” she said followed by another punch to the ribs.

“When we out in public, rules not so strict but must keep humility foremost in your mind. You never say anything unless asked question or opinion. That mean you do not order anyone to do anything and be velly velly agreeable should anyone suggest something to you. It only polite way to behave,” she instructed.

Jason had that dazed feeling once again. It was like his mind was trapped in a thin fog but he listened very carefully to what she was telling him. “I guess I have been impolite but I haven’t been around Orientals before. How was I to know? Guess I better start doing what she says. I need this job at least for now,” he thought as Sensi talked.

From the bath they went back into Sensi’s room. Again the clip-clop sound of their shoes echoed in the hallway. “I hate these crazy shoes. They make me sound like a horse and force me to take really small steps,” he thought as they entered her room.

Sensi pulled off her wrap and hung it over the mirror on the vanity. "Hai! What I tell you about politeness? Keep head bowed and eyes cast down," she demanded.

"Oh I'm sorry Sensi. I forgot, errr....errr....it's...it's just that ahhh....well I'm a guy....an...and yo...you're nak....errr....I mean not dressed," he stuttered.

"We all same same here! You lowly kitchen Shisutaabooi now! Why you think we have ritual at dinner? Each of us asked if you wanted to be Shisutaabooi. You no disagree. You have no status so keep eyes cast down. I have been easy with you until now but you no show proper respect. I hoping you do right thing. Others think I not worthy of the honor Momma San give me because of you. I lose face. You make me lose face. That is velly velly bad thing to do. You lose face you lose status. I no want lose any more face because of you. You do what Sensi says or I punish," she said hotly.

"I'm so sorry Sensi..." he started to say but was quickly interrupted.

"Sensi-san! From now on you address me with proper respect. San is an honorific in my country. Until you gain equal status, I and all others you must address adding "san" to their names," she shouted.

"Damn! What's gotten into her? She was so nice last night and this morning. These people sure are sensitive. Guess I had better do like she says until I figure out their customs," he thought forgetting what she said about him agreeing to be Shisutaabooi.

“Sensi..Sensi-san, I'm sorry. I promise to do better,” he replied.

“Hrump! We see. Momma San give me CD for you. It explain our customs,” she grunted in response as she moved to her dresser.

Out of the corner of his eye he could see her pull a pair of bright red nylon panties and matching satin bra out of the dresser. “She is so beautiful,” he thought.

“Here you put these on. I find more for you,” she said briskly.

“A bra? Why do I need a bra? Hell, she is still as mad as a wet hen. Shit! I feel like a stupid idiot but I had better do as she says. Once she's had her laugh seeing me in a damn bra maybe then she'll lighten up,” he thought.

He didn't get the expected laugh as he struggled to put on the unfamiliar object. Instead, she walked behind him, grabbed the ends of the bra and hooked them into place. Walking back in front of him, he had an amazing view of her neatly trimmed landing patch and pursed lips of her vagina.

“Stand straight. Let me adjust the straps for you. When we get back, you practice until you able to do this yourself,” she stated.

With the bra in place, she slipped a small pink pad into each of the sagging cups. “Much better,” she muttered when the cups were filled.

Next, she gave him a red satin with heavy floral lace trim garter belt and a pair of sheer white ny-

lons to put on. Seeing the puzzled look on his face, she told him to hook it in front around his waist and turn it to the back. Once the garment was secured, she had him tread the six garters through his panties then showed him how to secure the tabs to the welts of the hose.

Jason was huffing and puffing by the time he had all the tabs attached. It had been a pain in the ass getting those tabs in the back attached correctly. He wasn't use to being bent over and twisted for that long and it left him breathless. The bright red patent leather strappy sandals with a three inch stiletto heel were also a pain to fasten. The small gold buckles with an even smaller tine to force through the eyelets were extremely difficult. Even though he had been wearing cork soled shoes with a three inch heel, walking in these shoes wasn't easy. The narrow heel did not give him a very secure feeling as he wobbled about.

A bright red nylon full slip with the entire bodice frilled with delicate floral scalloped lace matching the four inches of floral lace hem was pulled down around his body. With the slip on, Sensi had him sit facing away from the covered mirror on the vanity bench. There she sprayed him with some more of the chrysanthemum perfume and quickly brushed out his hair. Taking a delicately carved tortoise shell hair comb, she stuck it to the back of his head.

"Here drink tea. You take break and enjoy a cup of hot tea now. Listen to CD while I get ready," she said more kindly as she finished with his hair.

Jason cupped the hot cup between his palms and looked down at it. "What's going on? I don't remember getting any pay check. I know I've had to wear dresses and all that female underwear this week but I can get some new guy clothing today. So why is she making me wear all this stuff plus a...a bra?" he thought as he took a sip.

Sansi placed a portable CD player connected to some ear buds in his lap. "You listen," she said and walked off.

Jason had no idea how long he sat listening to the CD. It was filled with that weird tinkling-tink Japanese music with some kind of mumbled chanting going on in the background. At first it was just annoying and he moved to remove the ear buds but she stopped him and refilled his tea cup. By the time she was completely dressed and made-up, he was clearly mesmerized.

He was brought out of the trance when she removed the ear buds. "Come we finish dressing then eat." She informed him.

Jason stood up unsteadily and followed her over to the closet. There, she handed him a translucent red chiffon blouse with high knife pleated ruffled hemmed collar. The collar was supported by evenly spaced thin metal boning to keep it stiffly in place. It was padded at the shoulders and had long billowing sleeves with three inch satin cuffs. He managed to button all the tiny pearl buttons with difficulty. He just wasn't use to buttoning such small buttons. Sensi thoughtfully pulled his long hair up and out of the way as he fastened the collar. The blouse on, he stepped into the skirt.

It was a black satin pencil skirt with a back kick pleat with a hem line just above his ankles. He pulled it high on his waist, buttoned the back closure and zipped it up.

Sensi nodded in approval when he had finished then, pulling up his skirt, tugged the blouse snug and straightened out the skirt and slip. "Put belt on. Make tight," she ordered handing him a three inch wide black patent leather belt. She handed him some costume jewelry which consisted of several rings, a thin golden ankle bracelet and two red plastic bangles for his wrist. A red clutch purse with a thin gold strap finished his dressing.

Jason offered no objection to any of this. His mind was still in a kind of fog and while he thought he should be objecting to what she was doing, just couldn't bring himself to defy her. With him dressed, Sensi-san supported him at the elbow while he learned to walk in heels. After about thirty minutes she was satisfied that he probably would not fall and break his neck.

"Come we eat now then go shopping. Bring CD. You listen as we go shopping. You need own clothing many other things. Momma San velly generous. She loan you advance on you pay so you get what need today," she said leaving the room.

"How come I didn't get paid? I don't remember getting a check," he asked.

“Momma San say all you pay go to cost for you living here but she velly generous, she loan you some money to buy new clothing,” she replied.

Jason was very confused and tried to catch up with her as they went down to the restaurant but the tight dress and heels wouldn't allow it.

“Sensi-san, please wait up. I can't keep up in these clothes,” he stated.

“You no catch up. You always stay three paces behind me when going somewhere with me or any of others. It proper unless told otherwise,” she snapped back at him.

Jason was going to say something about having enough of her shit but just as soon as the urge to do it came, it fluttered away. He meekly followed her making certain that he kept at least three steps behind. “This aint so bad,” he thought as he gazed at her perfect round ass clad in a bright green silk sheath dress with Mandarin collar.

When they got to the dining area, he was directed to take a seat and she would get their food. There were four others eating when they arrived. They all looked at him for a long moment, nodded a greeting with great big smiles then turned back to their food giggling. Jason had remembered his manners and nodded back.

As in every previous meal given to him, this one was mostly bitter tasting herbs and vegetables with a couple of sushi rolls, the ever present white rice, soup and a pot of tea. The various sauces especially the wassabi helped him eat everything on his plate. At first he didn't know what the green paste was or how to use it but at the urging of

Momma San tried it. It didn't take Jason long to understand just how hot it was and that only very small portions were needed. He liked its fiery taste and how much better his food tasted with it. While they were eating, he listened to the CD at Sensi-sans direction.

With the meal over, they left the Oriental Pearl and began walking down the street. Jason was very aware of the feelings he was getting from his new clothing and the clicking of his heels. Where the uniform dress was light and airy, the long pencil skirt restrained his pace. He could feel his thighs rubbing together, nylon against nylon, and the warmth the friction created between his legs. The bra straps pulling and tugging with his every movement and the collar of his blouse tickling his chin were all new to him. He was keenly aware of the twin bulges on his chest. Even the light fog clouding his mind and the music playing on the CD couldn't erase the sensations emanating from his skin as it moved with his clothing. His mind was filled with new sensations and a constant murmured chanting.

Ooo

It wasn't until Sensi-san removed his ear buds that Jason became aware of his physical surroundings. He found himself in what was obviously an Oriental woman's clothing store. The walls were painted a bright red with golden Oriental calligraphy letters spaced out on the walls. He didn't know if they were Japanese or Chinese letters. It

was well lit and there were manikins dressed in fashionable modern western wear and many in Oriental styles. He could smell a fragrant and delicate incense in the air as he stood beside her.

"This Chrysanthemum, he Shisutaabooi. Need many things. Work at Oriental Pearl. Momma San say she talk you. You help, please," Sansi-san told the woman standing nearby.

The woman replied in Japanese for a few minutes then with a big smile and slight nod of the head toward Jason reached for his hand. "You come. I find you many nice things. Make you velly pretty Shisutaabooi," she said.

She led him back into the shop where the lingerie was displayed. "You need nice lingerie. We pick nice panties first. What size you?" she asked.

"He size 6 same as me," Sensi-san replied for the confused youth.

Jason's eyes glanced over the piles of neatly stacked panties in bewilderment. "I thought I was going to get some guy clothing," he mumbled.

Sansi-san grabbed Jason's upper arm, digging her sharp nails into the soft flesh, and pulled him over to a full length mirror. "You lookie in mirror. You see boy? No! Only see Shisutaabooi! This you now! Momma San say so and you no disagree," she said heatedly.

Jason stood in shocked silence looking at the reflected image. He couldn't believe what he was seeing there in the mirror. It was a very pretty though not quite beautiful young Asian girl. His hand reached up to touch his cheek automati-

cally. Seeing the same action in the image, he knew that it really was his reflection.

“How....how..did this happen? This can't be me. This is not who I am! I'm a guy damn it! How did all this paint get on me? What happened to my hair? It's black,” Jason said in a low disbelieving voice as he brought his hands up to cover his face.

“You velly pretty girlie-boy. Momma San say it best for you. Now come pick out clothing,” Sensi-san said taking his arm and starting to lead him back to the lingerie.

“Noooooooooooo! I don't want this! I'm getting out of here,” he stated and pulled from her grip. Jason started walking in the direction of the front door tears blurring his vision.

Sensi turned to the stunned sales lady, bowed low and said, “Please forgive. Chrysanthemum very rude. He will be punished. Come back later. He will apologize for his dishonorable actions.

She caught up with him before he had gotten very far. He had tried to run when he saw her but in high heels and a very tight skirt it was pointless. When she reached him, she grabbed him tightly about the forearm, dug her nails deep into his flesh and said, “You velly velly naughty. You shamed me. You dishonored everyone at Oriental Pearl. You have disgraced us in public! Momma San punish you for that. Now come!”

Jason tried to pull away but her grip was too firm. His attire and shoes effectively prevented him from doing much of anything. He thought for a

moment about hitting her with his fist but she was a woman and he couldn't do that. As much as he wanted to be away from her and terrified at the thought of going back to the Pearl, he was helpless. He resorted to begging her to let him go as tears ran down his cheeks. It was all to no avail as she half dragged half carried him back into the restaurant.

Momma San was near the entrance as they came in. "Hai! What matter?" she said.

Sensi-san stopped dead in her tracks, bowed formally at the waist and replied, "Momma San, I so sorry. I have dishonored our house. Please forgive this stupid girl. I feel so much shame at having failed you," she said humbly.

"Tell me what happen. Then I will decide if I will forgive or not," Momma San replied grimly.

She told the stern little woman everything that had happened. When she finished her tale, Momma San looked at Jason. His head was down and he was sobbing uncontrollably.

"You bring dishonor to my house! How could you do that? I take good care of you. I feed you. Give you nice clothing and job. We have contract. Is this how you repay me? Well! Answer me!" she said angrily.

"I...I don't want to be a girl. I...I'm a man damn it. Look at what you did to me. I hate this. I want my stuff back. I want my fucking life back," he replied with a bit of courage.

"You dirty mouth! You not girl. You Shisutaabooi! I need waitress. No need man.

Shisutaabooi acceptable as waitress. You be Shisutaabooi for me and do what I tell you. Momma San know what best. You bring dishonor and shame to my house. You be punished. Sensi, take to basement. I come down shortly," Momma San stated.

Ooo

Jason was in server pain as he hung from the beam. He was naked, cold and couldn't move a muscle. White silken ropes bound him tightly. Ropes tied his ankles, shins and thighs tightly together. His knees were forced up to his stomach and tightly secured by more ropes. His arms had been pulled behind his back and tied at wrists and elbows. A rope had been tied around the base of his pony tail and pulled tightly back with the rope running between his ass cheeks and secured around his penis and ball sack. If he dared lower his head the strain on his genitals was excruciating. Nipple clamps were attached to his nipples and one once lead weights attached to long thin chains dangled below his body. A penis gag had been inserted into his mouth. More ropes were tied around his pelvic girdle and upper chest then another rope attached to them that lifted him off the floor.

He rocked and swayed slowly in his rope prison. The soles of his feet were aflame in agony where Sensi-san had whipped them with a bamboo rod. He had no idea how long he swung slowly hanging from the rafters. All he knew was agonizing pain. Every time he would nod off, he was jarred

back into reality as the rope tightened around his genitals. With the gag in place, all he could do was moan. He would cry but he had no tears left.

Slowly he swung and turned in his rope prison. Time lost all meaning and the pain never stopped. His mind was in a total fog of agony which flared into brilliance when someone lashed at the soles of his feet with that bamboo rod.

At last he felt himself sitting. He no longer hung from the rafters. He felt the gag being removed from his dry mouth. A cold freshness filled his mouth as someone poured water for him to drink. His eyes tried to focus but everything remained dim. Finally freed from the rope bondage, his entire body broke out in screaming agony. He wanted to scream and yell from the pain but he was too weak and exhausted to do anything but moan loudly.

"You listen. You learn to be obedient Shisutaabooi now. Okay? You not bring dishonor to my house ever again. You do whatever Sensi tell you. You obey me in all things from now on. You no have dirty mouth ever! You are nothing. You are Shisutaabooi! You tell me what you are!" Momma San's shrill voice demanded.

"Ple....please...no...no more. I...I can't take any more," he managed to croak.

"You tell me what you are," she demanded again.

"I...I am Shis....boo," he acknowledged.

"What are you? I no hear," she spat back at him.

"I'm Shisutaaboi," he repeated a little more loudly.

"Good, you rest now. Sensi will take care of you. You do she say or I punish much harder," Momma San said as she left the room.

Ooo

Jason was surprised to learn that it was mid-morning on Tuesday when Sensi-san helped him to his room. It had seemed like weeks to him and he was totally exhausted. They let him sleep until Wednesday morning when his alarm went off at five o'clock. He was still tired but felt a hundred times better and he sat up in bed. He discovered that he was wearing a bright yellow satin bra, matching panties with white daisies imprinted on them and a frill of lace around the leg openings and a nylon yellow baby doll with a semi-shear white chiffon overlay. Reaching up, he pulled off what had been covering his hair. It was a yellow nylon mop cap with an inch wide white lace hem.

"OMG! What have I gotten myself into? Whatever it is, it must have something to do with that Shisuta...Shisutaabooi whatever Momma San said that I was. I hurt all over but at least I think I can move this morning," he thought as he stared down at the cap in his hands.

"Good, you up. Here some tea. It help take away the pain," Sensi-san said as she entered the room.

Jason took it gratefully. "Sensi....san, why is Momma San doing this to me? And, what is a Shisutaabooi?" he asked timidly.

"Momma San very wise. She do what best. Shisutaabooi is Shisutaabooi. In Japan it not unusual to see Shisutaabooi. They part of our way of life. They men who prefer to dress like women. In English, I think it mean girlie boy. Hai! Girlie boy," she told him.

"Wha....at? Girlie boy! I'm not a sissy. I'm a man," he groaned.

"No matter now. Momma San say you girlie boy so you Shisutaabooi now. You get Sensi-san in big trouble with way you act the other day. I get punished. I no likie. You no give any more trouble or you punished again. Much worse next time. So you be best Shisutaabooi from now on. Okay?" she said sternly.

Jason finished his tea and tried to stand but fell back into the bedding. "Oh, my feet hurt. I...I don't know if I can stand," he moaned as he pulled a foot up to message the tender sole.

"Bamboo cane on bottom of foot burn like blazes but leave no scar or damage. Tea help fix that. Just give it a minute or two then get undressed. Need bath then go back shop get you own clothing. I tired of lending you mine," she told him.

Once he was fully dressed, Sensi-san gave him some instructions. He could not speak until recognized. To be recognized he had to raise his hand keeping his elbow tight to this side and wiggle his

fingers. He would keep his head bowed and eyes downcast all the time. When meeting someone for the first time, he would bring his hands into the prayer position and with the tips of his fingers not quite touching his chin bow.

When he digested what she told him, Jason wanted to scream and tell her and Momma San exactly where they could go. However, the punishment and tea kept him very complaisant. He just bowed his head in acceptance.

All too soon Jason found himself back in the clothing store where he had his temper tantrum. The first thing he did was bow deeply, palms pressed in the prayer position, fingers pointed just below his chin. "Please, I beg honorable lady to forgive my dishonorable actions. This Shisutaabooi is very sorry for any offense I may have given," he said contritely.

"Momma San explain that you new to this custom. I will forgive your dishonor this time but I no want hear any dirty mouth from you. Now you come. We find you plenty new clothing," she said sternly.

In the lingerie section, they picked out seven pairs of panties and matching bras. They were all bright primary colors plus one in black and two white pair. The panties were all semi-sheer full cut styles while the 34 "B" bras were all lustrous satin designed to create cleavage and uplift.

Next, they selected seven satin gartered waist chinchies each about a foot wide with hook and eye front closure and lacing in the back. Stiff bon-

ing spaced about three-quarters of an inch apart held the chinchies in an hour glass shape. Seven full slips, lavishly decorated with floral lace at bodice and hem, color coordinated with the rest of his lingerie were added to the shopping cart. Finishing out his lingerie purchases were seven very lacy and beribboned baby doll nighties. The nighties were all nylon under-skirted with pale chiffon over-skirts and had matching full cut nylon panties with white ruffled lace on the back.

As they moved over to hosiery, he looked down into the cart in a daze. Raising his hand by bending his elbow up and wiggling his fingers from a limp wrist, he waited to be acknowledged by Sensi-san. Seeing him, she asked what he wanted.

“Sensi-san, do I have to get all these bright colors? Can we exchange these for more of the plain white ones? My uniform is white and these colors will really show through,” He said timidly. The very idea that everyone would be able to see his new underwear through the thin material of his uniform scared and embarrassed him.

“White is color of mourning in our culture. Red is the color of happiness. We want you be happy. We get velly pretty colors for you. You should be happy,” she curtly replied.

Seeing the look in her eye, he quickly bowed his head and said, “Yes, of course I am happy Sensi-san.”

They spent the next three hours selecting blouses, skirts, dresses, shoes and accessories. He had to try on many of the selections right there in the store which took all his will power. Jason wanted to scream when Sensi-san ordered him to

change the outfit he had on for another for what seemed like the hundredth time. It was demoralizing enough having to wear the feminine clothing but to have to prance and twirl around out in the store proper was like adding insult to injury. If had been just Sensi-san and the saleswoman that he could endure but other customers in the shop would stop and watch. Hearing their giggles and soft comments in Japanese drove him to distraction.

"Where they laughing at him and getting a big kick out of his humiliation? Or where they admiring him?" he asked himself. It would be bad if they were laughing at him but, as he questioned himself, it would be even worse if they were admiring him. Jason knew that he made a very passable female. The chinch had drawn his waist down four inches further emphasizing his butt and padded breasts. Anyone of the mirrors in the shop told him that he was indeed a very pretty young woman. That fact really disturbed him as it did the most to destroy his fragile male ego and sense of self.

He gazed into the full length mirror before him as those thoughts raced through his mind. Reflected back was the image of a very pretty young lady. She was wearing an ankle length navy satin pencil skirt, a pale blue chiffon blouse with padded shoulders, capped sleeves with white floral lace trim and a ruffled button front. His bright blue nylon full-slip with its lacy bodice was clearly visible. The blouse and skirt were defined with the addition of a two inch wide navy patent leather belt with a rounded gold buckle. On his

left wrist was a small gold watch with a navy leatherette band. On his right wrist were four blue plastic bangles. White nylons were attached to the garters of his blue waist chinch. His feet clad in three inch stiletto patent navy strappy sandals. Hanging from his right shoulder was a pale blue leatherette letter purse.



“OMG! I shouldn't look like this! I'm a guy!” his mind screamed.

Jason was blushing beet red as he grabbed his skirt and pulled it up so that he could step up onto the slightly raised platform in the dressing room proper. As he turned to face Sensi-san, he couldn't help but notice a crowd of about eight women and girls watching him. Many of the observers had their delicate fingers covering their mouths as they giggled softly.

He blushed even more if that were possible, as a young Oriental woman timidly stepped forward, said something in Japanese as she nodded her head and reached out to lift the hem of his satin dress slightly exposing the lace of his slip.

The woman looked up at him as she let the hem drop and spoke some more Japanese to him. Seeing the blank look of not understanding, she said in English, “Oh so sorry. I thought you understood. I think you look wonderful in that outfit. I was just curious to know if your slip was as beautiful. I hope that I did not offend.”

Jason didn't know what to do or say. He was reeling as her comments drove what masculinity he still had deeper into the recesses of his mind. Sensi-san stepped forward and said with a nod of her head, “Chrysanthemum is new Shisutaabooi. He still have lot to learn. There was no offense meant or given.”

The woman looked shocked when Sensi-san told her that. “Oh so very sorry but if you hadn't told me, I would have never known. He makes

very pretty Shisutaabooi." She said with another polite nod of the head.

The woman went back into the crowd standing around the dressing area. Soon a distinct buzz of sound could be heard as she told them what Sensi-san had said. Words like, "Shisutaabooi," "No way," "It must be a joke," and "She's too pretty" could be heard from the crowd.

Two teenagers stepped out of the crowd and came closer to where Jason, Sensi-san and the saleswoman were standing. Giggling loudly, they stepped nearer Jason and carefully examined him from his toes to the top of his head. Jason just stood there blushing fiercely with his head bowed.

"You really are a guy aren't you? I didn't believe it when they explained to us what a Shisutaabooi was. Why, you're not even Japanese or Asian for that matter. You're an American? A great big sissy American pretending to be an Asian girl, aren't you?" the first girl piped up then broke down giggling loudly.

"What a fag! You sure had me fooled until I took a closer look. I bet your boyfriend will love that outfit on you. Come on Shoo Lee, let's go. I have to meet my boyfriend at Micky D's. He's a real hunk of a man and nothing like this faggot sissy," the other girl said.

By this time Jason was nearly in tears and the saleswoman seeing his troubled state, shooed the crowd away. Turning to Sensi-san, she told her that she thought it was time they called it a day and that she would have everything sent to the Pearl

that afternoon. Jason was more than ready to get out of there. He had never been so humiliated and scared in his life.

As they walked out of the shop with Jason still wearing the navy skirt and blue blouse, Sensi-san said, "You do okay but must remember to show proper respect and humility at all times."

Jason raised his hand leaving the elbow bent at his side and wiggled his fingers. Given permission, he stuttered, "Sensi-san, I...I ha...have never been...been so..so embarrassed in my...my life. Please....please...I beg of you to stop all this. I'm...I'm still a man no...no matter how...how you dress me. Even those...those horrible girls could tell. Everybody is laughing and making fun of me. I'm not a Shisutaabooi."

"Chrysanthemum, I no care what you want. Momma San say you Shisutaabooi so you Shisutaabooi no matter what want. I no like having to do this either. Momma San she make me be jissshi to you. It my punishment," she replied.

"What's a jiss...jiss whatever you called it?" he dared to ask.

"Jissshi, it mean I now you big sister. You must do whatever I say for I am the elder. Oriental custom demand that all elders must be honored and respected. It also mean I responsible for you in all things. You mess up and I get blame. If I lose face because of you I will punish. You last punishment will be like breath of fresh air compared to what I do next time you bad," she explained.

Ooo

Over the rest of the week, Sensi-san worked very hard to teach Jason how to be a Shisutaabooi. It started off with learning how to perform his toilet. He balked the first time but several swats from a thin bamboo cane convinced him to cooperate. He certainly didn't like it but grudgingly; he slid the thick ridged white plastic nozzle into his rectum and let the water flow. In the bath she showed him what lotions to apply and in what order. The first lotion was a depilatory that would keep his body hair free. The second would keep his skin colored a light yellowish-caramel and the third a deep moisturizer.

He spent that week learning how to really use chop sticks during their afternoon break. It was frustrating at first but by the end of the week, he could easily pick rounded ice cubes out of a glass of water. He also discovered that girls used chop sticks slightly differently than boys. The difference was in the graceful hand movements especially when the girl was feeding a gentleman.

"Hand movement should be like graceful swan neck," she instructed. She explained that often at parties, the girls were expected to assist the men when dining. It was the woman's job to see that every want of their male companion was met.

"Oriental girls are graceful, subservient and submissive at all times. You must be like delicate butterfly all time. More so for girlie boy like you when around men," she explained.

She had him practice eating and feeding for half an hour each afternoon. With practice over, she taught him how to walk properly. Sensi-san told him that there were two forms of walking. One when attending or hosting a party that was more formal. For formal events, the hands should be pressed lightly in the lap the tips of the fingers meeting, the arms pressing against the sides, head slightly bowed while placing one foot beside the other in small shuffling like steps. Sensi-san told him that it was important to keep his hands placed in the "V" position. That way when he meets an elder, he could quickly bring his hands up to pay proper respect. The other method was a normal feminine walk with one foot in front of the other while swinging the leg from the hip, slightly rolling the hip as you walked with elbows tucked to the sides and wrists slightly limp.

After work and their baths, she ran him through a beauty ritual. Teaching him how to file and care for his nails, apply makeup, remove it, then the necessary cleansing and pampering before sleep. Finally, when he was ready for bed, Sensi-san bound his feet. Using an elastic bandage and two inch wide thin bamboo sticks, she forced is foot en point and bound them tightly such that his toes pointed almost straight down. When he complained about the foot binding, he was told that it would make walking in high heels easier.

Occasionally, once he was in his nightie, bra, panties and foot bound, she would straddle his face and demand satisfaction. "You Shisutaabooi

now. This only pussy you ever get. Need to learn how to satisfy a real woman," she demanded.

Actually Jason found that he didn't mind servicing her. Her juices weren't bad tasting mostly a neutral flavor mixed in with her delicate perfume. The first time he tried to turn his head aside but she just clamped her thighs tighter forcing him turn just to breathe. It still took her threat to beat him with the bamboo rod to get him to perform. Under her tutelage and bamboo rod, it didn't take him very long to perform most satisfactorily.

After that first time, she simply left him turning out the light as she went. It was then that Jason began to really sweat. His penis had stayed completely flaccid during his ordeal. He reached his hand down and began rubbing and pulling on it through his soft panties still there was no response.

"OMG what have they done to me! I can't even get it hard anymore and it seems smaller. I remember when I could put my fist around it and more than the head still stuck out. Now....now...my hand completely covers it," he thought as tears began to flow freely down his cheeks.

When he asked her about it in the morning, she giggled with a smile and told him that as a girlie boy he no longer needed it. "It best you no get hard anymore. You live with girls now so no more struggles for you and karma is kept calm," she stated.

Seeing the anguish reflected in his eyes she added, "No worry I show you how to get relief later."

Her cryptic reply didn't help him but he didn't say anything else. He just finished his morning tea and followed her to the baths. That night she handed him a very realistic pink dildo. The mushroom head was slightly bigger than his had been with bulging veins twisting along the eight inch shaft that ended with a hairy scrotum. The head even had a very realistic looking eye.

Sensi-san took and pointed the head into a cup while squeezing the ball sack. Next, she told him to open his mouth and taste it. "You sucky sucky on this now," she ordered.

"No! I don't care what you do but I'm not some damn faggot!" he yelled.

Immediately, Sensi-san grabbed the bamboo rod that she had lain on the bed and began trashing him about the upper thighs and abdomen. He cried out in pain and tried to draw himself up into a ball but all that did was expose his ass to the beating. Finally, he could take not more and submitted to her demands.

Crying softly he picked up the artificial penis and hesitantly brought it to his lips. "Go on girlie boy sucky sucky for Sensi-san then you makie love long time," she gloated as the head slipped between his lips.

She made him orally service the dildo until he could get it down all the way to the ball sack. As he sucked, he could feel a gooey salty taste leaking from the head. Tasting it was a shock. When he

tried to expel it from his mouth, she whacked him with the rod while telling him to swallow.

"It only egg white with some salt. Not like real thing but close. You drinky drinky show how much you likie," she demanded adding another stinging swat to his thigh.

Jason wanted to vomit but with the dick in his mouth knew he would have to swallow it back down. It took all of his will power not to vomit and continue to suck on that horrible thing filling his mouth so fully. It did not surprise him when she squeezed the scrotum forcing big globs of the fluid into his mouth. He gulped loudly as he swallowed each spurt.

It was a relief when she removed it but held the head close to his lips. "Kissie Kissie now. It show proper respect," she ordered. With tears in his eyes, Jason slowly brought his lips to the tip and kissed it.

"Velly velly good. You show him good time now time for him to love you long time," she said with a devilish smile.

Knowing what she had in mind but totally incapable of doing anything about it, he parted his knees and brought them up to his chest. He shut his eyes cringing at the very thought of what was about to happen. It seemed to take forever but he felt the head press against his sphincter.

"Aaaaaahhhhhh!" he screamed in anguish as the head penetrated quickly followed by the rest of the dildo.

“Stop that screaming or I beat. Now you make love long long time,” she sneered as she began pumping the dildo in and out of his straining asshole. She varied the length of the strokes sometimes pulling it almost all the way out then cramming it back. Sometimes, she pushed it back in slowly or just pulled it a bit back. All the while Jason was moaning through the fist he had put into his mouth to keep from screaming.

As she was abusing Jason's ass, Sensi's eyes were closed as she visualized the same thing happening to her. Instead of a dildo, it had been a gang of men. They took turns abusing all of her openings. If it hadn't been for Momma San hearing the disturbance in her alley way, it might have been a whole lot worse for her. In a way, she was sad to have to do the same to another innocent but Momma San said it had to be done.

The screwing she was giving him hurt fiercely and it burned but his penis hardened slightly. Just the merest of twitches but he felt it stir to his embarrassment. Then to his utmost horror, just as she squeezed the scrotum filling his ass with egg whites, his penis jerked slightly and clear ooze began filling his panties.

She leaned over him with the penis in one hand as her other hand pressed into the front of his panties. “Ah so! Girlie boy like new friend,” she said with a smirk.

“Now you suckie suckie new friend. Get all clean for next time then go to sleep. Sleep good now. Get all that bad karma out of system,” She stated with a giggle.

His sexual humiliations didn't end with that. Whenever one of the other girls took over for Sensi, his oral services were their reward. Yoki was his sternest task mistress and seemed to love using the bamboo whip to encourage his efforts. She worked specifically to get his voice pitched higher and give him more feminine facial expressions. The slightest misstep or wrong facial expression resulted in a stinging swat. To make matters worse, her pussy always had a fishy metallic taste. All the girls found the opportunity to ridicule his diminutive penis. Tanzi even spread her pussy lips one day and pointed to her rather large clitoris saying that she was almost as big as his girly boy thing. Jason's ego kept melting away with each jab, each indignity and each new feminine addition to the point where it was almost none existent.

Ooo

All too soon walking with his head slightly bowed, heel and toe felt almost natural. He had on the white kitchen uniform for working hours but now he wore his brightly colored undergarments including a matching uplift bra. The bra gave him the appearance of having small but noticeable breasts. It embarrassed the hell out of him knowing that everyone could see the elaborate lacing detail on his slippers and those bumps on his chest.

He still spent time going over what he had learned from that first week but Sensi-san added more refinements as each week went by During

their afternoon break he was taught how to perform a Japanese Tea Ceremony.

“You need learn tea ceremony for when we have special parties at the Pearl. The purpose of the ceremony combines four elements. These elements are harmony, respect, purity, and tranquility. It must be performed with grace. Each move is like choreograph, each act must be done exactly so. When you perform the full tea, called Chaji, it will be with a meal and two different teas. We prefer to use Gyokuro and Sencha teas when we do this. It is held by Momma San for special guests and patrons and will take up to four hours. It very hard learn proper way in short time but you learn basics now,” she instructed him as she began arranging everything. It took him the entire week just to learn the Japanese terms for the utensils and exactly where to place them.

In the evenings she made him practice more elaborate makeup techniques and hair styling. She taught him what cosmetics to use in order to get the classic “Geisha” look and the hair style to go with it. Once he was ready for bed and his feet bound, she would hand him the dildo and make him practice pleasing it and himself. It took more strikes with the bamboo rod to get him to stop complaining and many more to get him enthusiastic about doing that task.

On a Monday five months after he began his employment, Sensi-san told him that they were going out shopping again. Momma San wanted him fitted for a Kimono. She had him dress in bright green panties with a cream lace insert on the front, matching push-up bra, waist chinch, full slip

and white nylons. She chose a cream chiffon blouse with full balloon sleeves with floral lace cuffs that reached to his finger tips and very lacy ruffled jabot. The skirt was a tight black silk reaching only to mid-thigh. A pair of four inch stiletto black pumps and matching clutch purse finished his dressing.

His makeup was daring bright red lipstick, green shadow for his eyelids and thick black artificial eyelashes gave him a night time dressy look. His hair was put up into a tight bun at the back and Sensi-san stuck two floral carved ivory chop sticks into the base of the bun. With a heady dose of Chrysanthemum perfume, he was ready to follow her out the door.

Back at the store, Chrysanthemum gave the same saleswoman a deep bow with hands clasped as he had been instructed. The woman briefly nodded back in acknowledgement. With that, Jason stood straight but kept his eyes down-cast.

"Ah so, I see your Shisutaabooi has learned his manners. I am honored. So what can I help you with today?" she said.

"Momma San want nice Kimono for our girlie boy," Sensi-san said slightly bowing her head.

"Yes, come I show you," she said as she turned and started walking off to the left side of the shop.

I think you like. It should be his size," she said as she pulled out a silk kimono from a rack.

The kimono was in a cream colored silk with fantastic embroidered detailing. The long flowing

robe with wide sleeves was embroidered with large colorful chrysanthemums at the hem and sleeves. The mid-rift was left unadorned but the bodice and shoulders were embroidered with very colorful humming birds feeding at fluted lilies.

Sensi-san took the garment and held it up against Jason smiling broadly. "Yes, this velly pretty kimono. Maybe too pretty for Shisutaabooi but let's go try it on and see how it looks," she commented.

The kimono was a perfect fit on Jason. The saleslady showed him how to put it on and fastened the black pleated obi around his waist. As he stood in the dressing area proper, turning and seeing how he looked in the three paned full length mirror, another crowd of women gathered around. He could hear them complimenting him on his look and how beautiful he was. Some he heard but couldn't understand as it was spoken in Japanese but the tone suggested they liked what they saw.

Everything was fine until Sensi-san told them he was Shisutaabooi. Again, shouts of disbelief and questions rang out embarrassing him all the more. It was terrible seeing how much he looked like a real woman in the mirrors but hearing the disbelief in the voices of real women made it even worse. His male ego had taken a double whammy from the way he was forced to live but other women coming up and still not believing that he was a boy shattered what maleness remained. Their disbelief that he was anything other than a pretty young lady destroyed his sense of self more than

even his nightly training with the dildo. Jason left the store a broken man as he couldn't deny that he was truly a girly boy, a Shisutaabooi.

On the way back to the Pearl, Sensi-san pulled him into another shop. "You behave honorably so I give you gift. Get nails done. Make velly velly nice," she stated.

He didn't want her gift but bowed slightly while saying, "Thank you Sensi-san. I'm honored to accept your generous gift."

As they left the shop, he had one inch long ceramic nail extensions. The nails were painted in an attention getting shining bright red. With such long nails, he couldn't make a fist and was worried how he could ever manage with such long nails.

As soon as they got back Momma San demanded to see the kimono on Chrysanthemum. In his room, he slipped out of his blouse and skirt and Sensi-san helped him put on the kimono. She left his hair in the bun but insisted that he wear the strange black shoes he normally wore only to the bath. Dressed, she sprayed the air with the chrysanthemum perfume all around him.

"Now kimono no smell all new. Smell like dainty flower just likie you. Come, we show Momma San," she said.

He followed clip-clopping exactly three paces behind until he came to the stairs. There Sensi-san told him to lift the hem of his kimono up between his thumbs and forefingers bending the elbows slightly.

“You now delicate flower and must act like one. All movements must be slow and deliberate as if dancing when wearing that,” she stated. Sensi-san had to wait for him to catch up as he had difficulty going down the stairs in those shoes and tight kimono. With each step, he was afraid that he would trip and fall since he couldn't hold onto the banister much less see his feet.

“Ah so! Shisutaabooi velly pretty. Much better than I think. Maybe ready to serve at parties. Do you think he is ready for such tasks, Sensi?” she said.

“Chrysanthemum is still clumsy with tea ceremony and he show reluctance when balancing his karma. Be ready velly soon I think,” she replied.

“Good! Have party honoring Mr. Figighatsui in two weeks. He velle important to my business. You make sure Chrysanthemum is ready,” Momma San stated.

Back in his room she helped him out of his komono and hung it in his closet. “You understand Momma San give us much honor today. She has chosen you to serve Mr. Figighatsui-san. You mess up and I will tie and beat you up for a week! Get dressed and come my room. You need plenty study,” she said glaring into his eyes.

Jason paled at hearing her threat as he nodded his head in compliance. “I won't live through a week like that. I wonder what I will have to do. I've never served at a party before,” he thought.

Ooo

It was the night of the party and Jason stomach was doing flip-flops. It was explained to Jason that a formal dinner for such a high ranking guest was ceremony. She explained that the ceremony is a complex combination of sensual and spiritual elements. He would not perform a true tea ceremony as it would take years to learn the basic essentials. Momma San had developed a severely revised ceremony for the sake of time and still greatly honor her guest.

It was going to be his job to serve Mr. Figighatsui-san a meal and tea. He had practiced sitting with his knees and legs tucked back under his butt for untold hours as he went through the motions. The first thing he had to perform was the tea ceremony in which he heated the water, mixed the tea then serve it. Once the tea was served, Sensi-san would hand him a full plate of food which had to be placed just so before the honored guest. This was followed by a bowl of white rice, again placed just so. He couldn't just place the rice bowl beside the plate but it had to be placed exactly four inches to the upper right of the plate and then rotated, such that the main design on the bowl was facing the guest. Every movement had been carefully choreographed and it was up to Jason to get it all perfect.

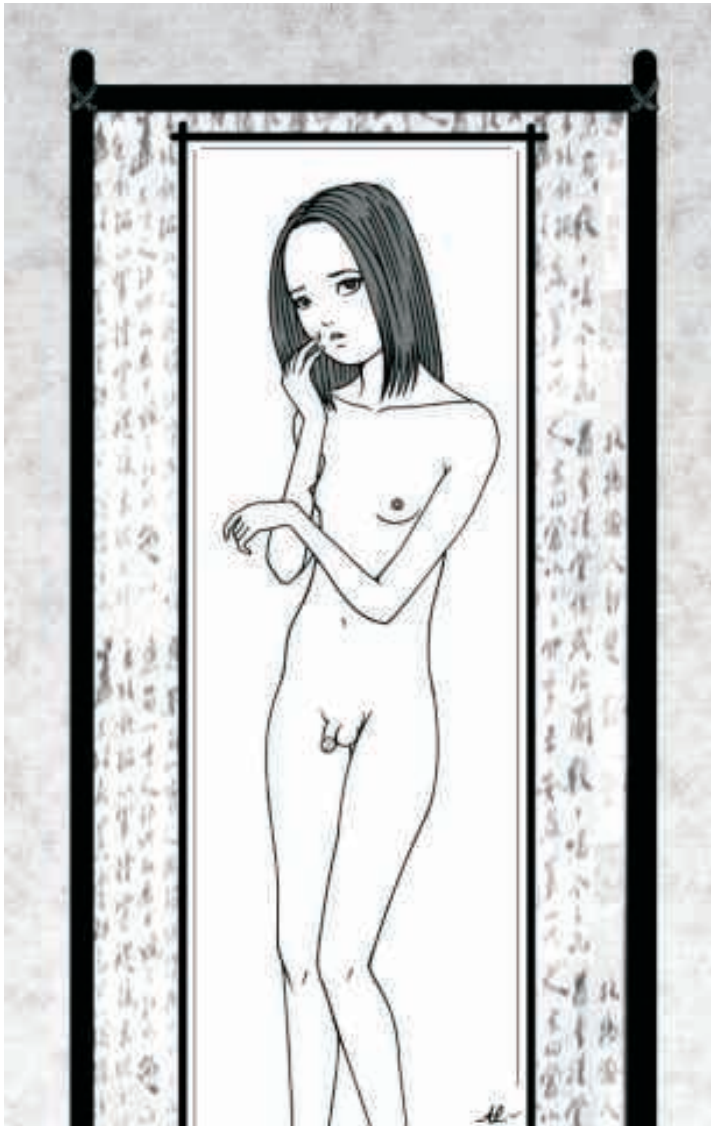
Everything in place, Chrysanthemum would have to rise gracefully, formally bow to the guest then move over to sit beside him. Again, Jason would have to sit, knees and legs together and

tucked under his butt. When the guest finished his tea, it would be his responsibility to feed small portions of the meal using chop sticks to the guest. When the meal was completed, Jason would have to rise, move back in front of the guest and perform the second ceremony using a different tea.

During the entire ceremony Jason was to be graceful, never make eye contact and to smile sweetly. He was not to speak under any circumstances but could giggle and nod his head as appropriate. Once the second tea had been served, he would rise, bow and move to sit off to the side so Momma San could conduct business. He was to stay there unless ordered to do something until the dinner was over.

At their afternoon break on the day of the dinner, Sensi-san began the process of getting him ready. After their bath, Sensi-san began working on Jason's hair. By now it was long and thick enough so that she could pile it up into the traditional Geisha style. It took her over an hour and lots of lacquer to get it perfect. When she was done it shined beautifully in the light and she had done something slightly different. She took a long tendril of hair, twisted it around a curling iron and created a delicate spiral of hair to hang down beside each ear. She also clipped a small colorful porcelain chrysanthemum at the end of each spiral.

"Hai! Look velly velly nice. What you think?" she asked.



“I am honored by your attention to this worthless being,” Jason replied. It had taken months but her instructions on what she meant by humility and judicious use of the bamboo rod had taught him the proper response.

“Come, get lingerie now then do makeup,” she replied with a slight nod of the head acknowledging his politeness.

She went to his bureau and selected his intimate apparel. A red satin pair of scalloped lace edged full cut panties and matching red push-up underwire bra with eyelet lace frill on the cups and straps. His breasts were now an “A” cup and the bra made them appear to be a full “B”.

He wasn't comfortable having breasts even if they were small. While he had been forced to wear a bra almost from day one, they had been padded. He constantly worried now about the changes occurring to his body. His small breasts he tried to dismiss as coming from wearing bras constantly even if his nipples had enlarged and became sensitive. It was his male parts that really bothered him. His dick refused to get erect no matter what he tried. That failure actually started when he first arrived but now it seemed much smaller and didn't even twitch much when stimulated. His ball sack had also tightened up to about half its original size. The hips and butt were fuller and taking on a firm roundness that jiggled when he walked. Lately, he noticed that seeing the other girls naked or clad in skimpy attire didn't register on his mind. Instead he found himself comparing their bodies with his. Seeing those two globes of flesh wiggling within his bra cups had brought all his worries sharply into focus.

“Sensi-san, why are my breasts so big?” he asked.

"You Shisutaabooi," she said as if that was an answer enough.

"It...it's jus...just not my breasts. I'm still a man no matter what and I...I shouldn't have breasts. M...my, my di....dick..it's smaller too," he stuttered and began to cry.

Sensi-san gave him a quick hug then stepping back replied, "You now full fledged Shisutaabooi. All Shisutaabooi all same same. Take shape of female. Momma San give special herbs and diet that Japanese Shisutaabooi eat to make them what they want to be. You should be honored. Not sad. This no time be sad. We have dinner to prepare for."

It took all of his obedience training to keep from screaming, "Damn it! I don't want breasts and damn sure don't want to loose my fucking dick and balls."

Instead he waited until she recognized his raised hand. "Please, I don't want breasts. I don't want to loose my...my dic...errr...my manhood," he stammered.

"So solly but you Shisutaabooi now. No going back. Now stop asking me stupid questions. You ask again and I punish. You Shisutaabooi now never ask again or else. Put makeup on time getting late," she staid sternly.

Seeing the hardness come back into her eyes, Jason meekly bowed his head and took the matching red waist chinch from her hand. Pulling the lace edged garters through his panties; he attached them to a pair of white stockings. These stockings were different in that they allowed the

toe to be separated from the others. She handed him the strange shoes to put on and he slipped them on.

Sitting down before the vanity he removed his current makeup and began applying moisturizer. Once the skin had absorbed the soothing lotion, he picked up a large jar of foundation and began blending it in from the base of the neck all the way to the hairline including his eyelids. The foundation left his complexion in a matte white finish.

Using ebony black liquid eyeliner on the top and bottom lids, he drew the edge out making them look slanted. Removing the round bristled applicator from the mascara tube, he twisted while stroking upwards on the top lash and downwards on the bottom, created long lustrous and darker lashes. Next, he picked up a red pencil with a thick deep black lead and darkened his brows. Picking up a deep red pencil he outlined his lips to make them look fuller in the middle and thinner at the edges using a small brush to fill in the lines with a lustrous red lipstick. He finished up with a liberal spraying of chrysanthemum perfume.

Sensi-san had him remove his nail polish and repaint them with three coats of high gloss bright red lacquer followed by a clear overcoat. While his nails dried, she began pinning an elaborate colorful floral piece at the crown of his head, stuck a large white carved ivory comb at the back and finished by pinning a garland of tiny chrysanthemums to the right side of the center piece that flowed down almost to his neck. When she was satisfied with the placement of his hair decora-

tions, she stepped back and said, "Hai," with a broad smile.

She had him stand as she went over to the closet and retrieved his silk kimono. Dressed, she went over to the bed where a large white box was sitting. Sensi-san removed a beautifully decorated red obi and fastened it around his waist. The top of the sash reached to just under his breasts all the way down to his waist. It was a red knotted silk with elaborate gold embroidered floral arrangement.

"You very presentable Geisha girlie boy now and do me honor. We have time yet to go over what you responsibilities. Do not disgrace me or our house this night," she said.

Ooo

Mr. Figighatsui was a portly older man perhaps in his mid-to-late fifties and very distinguished looking. Jason could tell just by looking at him that he was a wealthy man. From the diamond and gold Rolex on his wrist to the cut of his suit, he exuded wealth and power. During the entire ceremony he didn't say a word to Chrysanthemum but Jason could feel his eyes taking in his every move.

When the ceremony was over and he was dismissed Jason was completely exhausted both mentally and physically. All he wanted to do was fall into bed and never wake up. Sensi-san, of course, wouldn't let him. She had him strip then remove his makeup and moisturize before going to

the baths. While in the bath she critiqued his performance.

"You do velly good for first time. You make mistake at second tea service. You did not put the cup in the right position and Mr. Figighatsui-san had to reach further than he should have. I think you makie admirer in Mr. Figighatsui-san. He not take eyes off you. I think Momma San make good business tonight. Now come. Bed time," she said.

Jason barely heard much of what she said he was so tired. The hot soothing waters of the tub were very relaxing and sapped the strength out of him. Seeing her stepping out of the bath, he tried to follow but needed her assistance to exit. Back in his room, she had to physically dress him and then tuck him in bed. He slept the sleep of the dead that night.

The next morning dressed in his white uniform with bright blue satin slip showing through, he went down to the kitchen. At break time, Momma San came into the kitchen with a broad smile on her wrinkled face.

"You come. Have lunch with me," she simply said.

They had no sooner sat at a table in a secluded corner when Sensi-san brought them their meals. For the first time in what had seemed like ages, Jason had a nice portion of broccoli and beef along with his regular vegetarian serving. He politely waited until Momma San began to eat before picking up his chop sticks. He quickly took a piece of meat and savored its flavor.

“Ohhh, it has been so long since I had any beef. Not a rib eye but it still tastes wonderful,” he thought.

When the meal was completed and they sat sipping tea, Momma San looked him over and smiled broadly. “Chrysanthemum, you do velly good at dinner. Much better than I expected. My honored guest Figighatsui-san seemed pleased with you service. He want you serve at next dinner. You need much practice yet and you movements stiff. Need learn to move like graceful swan. Not like rabbit. Now you go with Sensi-san and she help,” Momma San said sweetly.

Over the next hour Jason went through torture. Sensi-san bent and twisted his body unmercifully forcing his body into various muscle and tendon stretching positions. She stretched muscles that he never knew that he had. As he sat in the hot perfumed waters of the bath relaxing, she said, “You stiff like board today but get better soon. We do more tonight.”

“Sensi-san, I hurt all over as it is. I don't know if I'll even be able to walk after this,” Jason meekly replied.

“Hai, I too. You think it easy for me? You muscles and tendons all tight like wound spring. Sensi had to work very hard to loosen them up. When we finish tonight, Yoki will give special exercise and message. No time now we need get back to work,” she said giggling.

That night Yoki had Jason lying on a padded table while she forced his legs straight back over his head with his toes pointed. She pressed with all her weight down on him making him groan in pain. Keeping him in that position for fifteen minutes, she got up and pulled him into a sitting position. Next, she got behind him and forced his head down between his spread legs. With his head almost to his navel, she pressed her weight against him and began bobbing slowly. With each bob his head went a little bit lower.

"When you muscles stretch out, you be able to kiss own ass," she laughed.

Other exercises she made him perform included bending at the waist and putting the flat of his palms to the floor with his legs widely spread, bending at the waist to the right and left until his torso was almost perpendicular to the floor. Of course, he didn't come anywhere near completing any of the exercises correctly. Yoki told him that in time, he would be able to do any of them easily.

Once the exercises were completed and he had performed oral services, she gave him a full body massage with a mint scented liniment. The deep heating affect eased his soreness but he still didn't like the taste of her in his mouth.

After six weeks of daily stretching and manipulation by both Sensi and Yoki, Jason had become very limber. For the most part, he could do most of the exercises with little or no pain. It took little effort on his part to keep his head flat on the mat while he brought his legs over his head with his knee cap almost touching his nose. He could even

stand straight on one foot while raising his other foot and hooking it behind his head. Other changes had occurred over that time span.

His breasts were now a "B" cup sitting firm and perky on his chest. His waist had dwindled in size and his butt rounded out. His penis had shrunk to a mere three inches of thin unresponsive flesh and his balls were no bigger than spongy marbles. As he gazed at his reflection, he fully realized that he would never be able to go back to being Jason. It wasn't just the demure Asian looking young woman's image that replaced Jason; it was the mental changes reflected in the eyes that convinced him. It was a look of obedience, servility and submissiveness that hadn't been there originally. He had been employed at the Pearl for only a year and his body was totally changed. He cringed at the thought of what he would be like after he completed his contract in four years. He still didn't fully accept being a Shisutaabooi but there was not much left of Jason.

Ooo

The holidays were here and the Oriental Pearl went the whole nine yards to celebrate for the gaijin patrons. The real celebration for the Pearl family was the Japanese New Year. It would be celebrated over an entire week and the restaurant would be closed to the public. Some of the employees took the opportunity to go visit relatives but most stayed behind. For those that

stayed, it would be a full seven days of carousing and festivities. Momma San invited many of the local prominent Japanese patrons to participate in the merriment. Mr. Figighatsui-san was to be a much honored guest.

Mamma San sent Sensi, Yoki and Chrysanthemum back to the clothing store to be fitted for new kimonos. She had decided that they would be the ones to perform tea ceremony for her guests during the week. "Figighatsui-san have special request to have Chrysanthemum be his server and paid for her Kimono already. It great honor. I need you two to serve others. You get kimono," she told them.

The saleswoman greeted them with a big smile and formal bow, knowing that a very good sale was in the offering. Mr. Figighatsui-san had already paid a significant amount on Jason's kimono. Yoki was the first to be fitted. She selected a pale lime green silk with a lily pad and cat tail embroidered design in an emerald green. The bodice was decorated with dragon flies and lightening bugs. Yoki had a triangular shaped face with a pointy chin. She was tall, almost five ten, and could be called bony she was so thin. The Kimono made her look even thinner and more delicate.

"I look as delicate as reed blowing in wind. I likie velly much," she said all smiles as she examined her reflection.

Sensi was next and selected a beautiful blue silk kimono. It was decorated in a maritime theme.

It had white breaking waves at the hem line and flaring cuffs with dolphins and flying fish in pale blue thread leaping above the waves. The bodice was decorated with multi-colored corals and kelp. The kelp leaves and fan corals surrounded the breasts giving them definition. Jason thought she looked stunning and, to his surprise, felt a bit jealous.

When their purchases had been made, it was Jason's turn. He was taken back into a dressing room and told to strip completely naked. Jason nodded his head and quickly doffed his outer clothing but hesitated when he was left in just bra and panty.

"Excuse please, he said with bowed head, "must I remove everything?"

"Yes, of course, you must. Mr. Figighatsui buy everything. He was very generous. He even buy special Geisha wig for you. Come take off clothing," the saleswoman stated.

Jason, blushing beet red, soon stood naked before the three women. It was a very uncomfortable feeling to be standing naked in their presents. It felt totally different than when he was in the bath. In the bath discretion ruled but here, in the dressing room, it was more of an examination. He was being closely scrutinized and he was ashamed of what he still had between his legs. It took most of his will power not to clasp his hands in front of his groin. He just stood there blushing and ashamed of what he had become.

He was handed what appeared to be a white silk jock strap after what seemed a very long time. The garment consisted of a wide folded waist band with a double layer cloth triangle hanging between the legs. Yoki stepped behind him once he had the waist band about his hips and tied it in the back. Instead of a bra he was given a sheer pale lilac silk camisole to put on. It had thin spaghetti straps and very delicate eyelet lace at hem and bodice. The dark silhouette of his nipples could easily be seen through the material.

A pair of opaque white silk stay-up hose came next. Being very careful he rolled them into donuts and slid them up his legs. As he stepped into the hose, his big toe was separated by the material. Elaborate chrysanthemum lace in a faint pink decorated the welts. There was a faint opalescent sheen to the hose.

The saleswoman stepped out of the cubicle and returned with a large box. Inside, was a buttercup pink kimono with elaborate gold thread embroidery at the flared cuffs and hem. Koi fish floated above the gold thread and above the Koi, were calligraphic Japanese letters in gold embroidery. Swirling around the kimono was a very elaborate red dragon from its wide open mouth a forked snake like tongue reached out and encircled Jason's right breast. Just above the breast was a small yet very colorfully detailed butterfly. The embroidery was so detailed that every scale, every tooth and every talon was clearly visible.

Yoki stepped up to closely examine the kimono. "That real gold thread, n...n..and the but-

terfly's wings are small sapphires. Oh my, that look like real ruby in eye of dragon," she said in awe.

"Hai! Mr. Figighatsui most generous. Most expensive Kimono I have. It velly beautiful, hai? Now put on obi," she stated.

The black silk obi was about four inches wide, pleated horizontally and had a rectangular fold in the back with a center bow. Down each side, at the hips, a golden rope descended about six inches long with an intricately woven ball at the end.

The final box contained a very elaborate geisha wig. It was made of real hair and coiffed to perfection. Across the crown was an intricately carved ivory hair pin surrounded by and extending down to shoulder length a garland of golden chrysanthemums. At the back of the hairpiece was a large rectangular black lacquered wooden hair pin. The women quickly piled his hair atop his head and secured a wig cap over it. Then giggling loudly, carefully placed the wig on his head.

Stepping back they examined Jason from head to toe, giggling softly the entire time. Sensi-san took his hand and led him out the door. She assisted him upon the raised platform in front of the triple mirrors.

Jason had to admit that the kimono was very beautiful but it was also surprisingly heavy. "It's more of a work of art than a dress. I don't think I should be wearing this," he softly said, then added remembering his lessons, "I'm not worthy."

Ooo

Jason stood dressed for the tea as Sensi-san sprayed a mist of chrysanthemum perfume all around him. It had been a weird day for him unlike any before. All five girls treated him as if he was special. They all tried to participate in bathing him. When the bath was over, Yoki gave him a full body massage that left him relaxed and limber. When she had finished, Tanzi took over using scented oils and lotions that made his skin glow and tingle. He especially enjoyed it when she rubbed a lotion into his areoles and nipples. As she rubbed his eraser sized nipples between thumb and forefinger, little shocks of pleasure radiated all over. It wasn't until later when the lilac camisole was pulled down over his head that he noticed Tanzi and dyed his areoles and nipples black making his small breasts look even bigger.

Later after lunch another girl shampooed his hair and when dry brushed it to a gleaming luster. They also gave him a manicure and pedicure. All he was required to do was sit back, drink his tea and enjoy it. He had been pampered all day and on more than one occasion, he asked himself why. As soon as that question popped up, it floated away. He was feeling too euphoric to worry about anything. It was the first time he had been happy in a long time.

When they arrived in the dining area everything was in readiness. Jason was given the place of honor among the servers. His station was directly in front of the head table, Sensi-san just be-

hind his right shoulder and Yoki off to his left. Momma San gave them some last minute instructions and told Jason to be especially attentive to Figighatsui-san's needs.

It was now a waiting game and as each minute went by, Jason was getting more nervous. Instinctively, he knew that if he messed this performance up that he might as well kill himself. The tink-tink pinking of the Maywa Denki and trilling Sakuhachi flute sound of Japanese music was playing in the background. Sensi-san took his hand and told him to relax and everything would be okay.

"Chrysanthemum, let mind sink in on itself. Just concentrate on instruction I give you and pay no attention to any other thing. You keep focus you have no problems," she said.

At last the celebration was underway. The three servers minced their way to the head table, bowed formally to the guests and gracefully sat at their stations. The meal became a long drawn out affair with much talking and laughter. Unlike the last time Jason served Mr. Figighatsui-san, he would pat Jason on the thigh occasionally and smile. When the meal was finally over and the plates cleared away, Momma San ordered sake. The sake was served by the cooks dressed in tan and brown colored unadorned kimonos with their hair in top-knots as the serving girls sat off to the side.

Much sake was consumed and the laughter and merriment drowned out the music. Jason and the two other girls were given their own white ce-

ramic bottles of warm sake and cups. Jason was relaxed. He had made it through the dinner without mistake and a warm feeling from the sake eased his mind. He was so wrapped up in the feeling it took him awhile to notice that someone was standing in front of him. It was Momma San.

"Chrysanthemum, you come. You fulfill destiny tonight. Remember you Shisutaabooi and member of Pearl family. Do not bring dishonor on your family tonight," she said taking his hand and leading him off.

Jason had no idea of what she was talking about and followed obediently three paces behind. "I wonder what I have to do now? Whatever it is, I don't think I am going to like it but from the serious look in her eyes I'm gonna have to do it," he thought.

Momma San stopped before a door in a corridor Jason had never been in before. She rapped on the door frame three times then slid the sliding door open. Stepping through the opening, she formally bowed and stepped to the side allowing Jason to step beside her.

"Honored guest of my house, may it please you to accept a small token of Oriental Pearl's appreciation. Shisutaabooi is at your service should you so wish," she said and bowed low.

"Hai, Momma San. You're gift is greatly appreciated. I'm sure that I will be more than pleased to entertain your Shisutaabooi," Figighatsui-san replied bowing slightly.

Momma San bowed then stepped behind Jason and whispered, "You remember Yoki's lessons and bring much honor to our house."

Ooo

Jason looked around the room as Momma San made her speech. It was filled with the soft glow of indirect lighting and a subtle smell of floral incense. There was a black lacquered rectangular table with stubby legs sitting in front of what appeared to be the top mattress from a queen sized bed and half the thickness. A white ceramic carafe, two sake cups and a small floral arrangement sat on the table.

"OMG! I'm in a bedroom," Jason's mind screamed.

He automatically bowed with Momma San as she finished her speech and stepped behind him. "What did she mean by 'remember Yoki's lessons'?" he thought as the door shut behind him.

Jason was left alone in the bedroom of the portly Figighatsui-san who was wearing a vivid red silk robe tied at the waist with a golden cord. He strutted over to Jason, his slanted eyes examining him as he approached.

"Ahhhh, so beautiful. So delicate. Who would have thought a gaijin could become so pretty?" he said coming to a stop right in front of Jason.

Figighatsui-san then ran the fingers of his right hand up and down the lapel of Jason's kimono further exposing the pale lilac camisole. Jason

cringed at the touch but did his best not to show his discomfort at the touch. He kept his eyes lowered and chin down as the man continued to softly stroke the kimono. He was so close now that Jason could feel their stomachs touching.

“Come, come sit with me. Have some sake,” he ordered taking hold of Jason's right elbow.

They sat side by side on the mattress. He sat cross legged while Jason took the feminine position with legs tucked under. Figighatsui-san stared straight ahead waiting. Jason quickly understood the silent command and poured some sake into a cup. Taking the cup in his palms, Jason offered it to him with head slightly bowed and eyes down-cast.

The thing Jason hated the most about Momma San's ceremonies was having to serve a man. The way he had to do it was so demeaning and humiliating. Despite all his lessons and training, he was still a man. A straight heterosexual man even if his dick stayed flaccid. As he held the cup with head bowed, those feelings came rushing back stronger than ever. If he wasn't so afraid of the punishment Momma San would exact on his body, he would have fled that room in a heart beat.

After what seemed like hours, Figighatsui-san took the cup and sipped from it. He maintained a serious look as he did so but a slight upturn at the corners of his lips indicated that he was pleased. Finished, he carefully placed the cup down, picked up the carafe and poured sake into the other cup. He didn't crack a smile as he offered it to Jason who accepted with a slight nod of the

head. Jason's instinct was to chug it down but his training made him take a small delicate sip.

As Jason put the still full cup back on the table a memory came rushing back into awareness. Yoki had told him that the sharing of sake between a man and a woman was also a formal ceremony. It was the celebration of an act of intimacy between the two. It was an acknowledgment that they would soon be joined together as one. If one or the other did not drink but put the cup untouched back on the table, it signified that they did not wish to participate. That act would bring much dishonor to the person offering the sake.

"Oh crap! What did I just do? OMG, I just agreed to have sex with this man! If I leave now, Momma San will kill me or worse," Jason's mind shouted. His body went rigid with fright as he realized just what he had done.

Figighatsui-san leaned over and began separating the lapels of Jason's kimono fully exposing the pale lilac camisole and the goodies barely hidden under it. With the kimono draped around Jason's shoulders, he leaned in taking Jason's chin in one hand turning it to face him.

"You are the most divine Shisutaabooi I have ever been with, my Chrysanthemum. Come let us lie together. I cannot wait to peel each petal from you my delicate flower and then enjoy your fruit," he said as he kissed Jason firmly on the lips.

Jason sat frozen as the kiss ended. "No, I can't do this! I don't want to have sex with another

man. I've got to figure some way out of this mess," he thought.

"I see you are frightened, my flower. Don't be. Momma San tell me you have never been with a man before. I will be gentle. Come, let us get comfortable," he said as he sat back opening his robe.

Jason looked down on the man lying on the bed. He examined him from his round fat face and wrinkled eyes, his grossly flabby stomach which hid the view of his groin, down his fat thighs to his chubby feet. The gold Rolex was on his wrist and the robe was obviously expensive but he reminded Jason of a fat pig. Several shivers of revulsion rippled up his spine as he observed the man. He wanted to vomit when the man reached down between his legs indicating what he wanted.

Tentatively, Jason bent down using his left hand to move the flab out of the way revealing Figighatsui-san's penis. It was nestled in a thick black bush of pubic hair, uncircumcised, fat in girth, and about seven inches long. As he bent lower, the strong scent of musk and piss assailed his nostrils. It was more than his mind could stand and Jason's defense was to try and block out what was about to happen. Unfortunately all that did was alter his perceptions so that everything occurred in slow motion.

He watched as if an observer as his right hand reached out and smoothed out the foreskin. The brown head with its single eye stared back at Jason as his head lowered, lips parting. The training on the dildo took over. His lips closed around the mushroom head as his tongue reached out to

flicker over the little eye. He wanted desperately to close his eyes as his lips slid further down the shaft but couldn't. Every little discoloration, every single vein as it slid into his mouth was burned into his mind. Finally, his lips were planted snug against Figighatsui-san's crotch.

The smell of musk and piss was overpowering as his cheeks bellowed in and out as he sucked. He felt the man's belly flop down onto his head as he reached down to cup the ball sack. The urge to vomit was strong but he kept it in check by keeping his revulsion locked tightly away. Slowly he worked back up the shaft until only the head was held within the warm confines of his mouth. He flicked his tongue over it several times, tasting the pre-cum as it formed. He sucked furiously on the head then slowly lowered himself. Jason's lips and tongue were aching by the time the penis throbbed and began ejaculating. As the first globs hit his tongue, Jason was reminded of the taste and texture of egg whites only this stuff while watered down was far worse. His hand reached out and milked the shaft until there was no more. Jason then kissed the tip and sat up. His whole body was shivering, the taste of bile mixed with the semen overpowering his senses. He wanted to reach up and remove the single pubic hair that he felt in his mouth but didn't dare. He swallowed several times before it too disappeared down his throat.

"Oh please, let this be all I have to do," he thought as Figighatsui-san slowly sat back up.

They had another cup of sake for which Jason was thankful as it helped remove the horrible taste

from his mouth. Another cup of sake which he slowly sipped and Figighatsui-san began removing Jason's kimono. The kimono off, he carefully folded it and placed it out of the way. Jason was left wearing the camisole and white loin cloth. The man slowly massaged Jason's breasts through the camisole before removing it. Licking his fat lips, he lowered his head and began sucking on the right nipple. He sucked the nipple into his mouth and began softly gnawing on it. Jason was surprised to actually feel a bit of pleasure as his breast was being suckled. As the man suckled, he forced Jason back down onto the mattress. He grabbed Jason's right ankle and brought the leg back until the ankle was tucked behind his head then did the same with the other leg. Figighatsui-san sat back up looking down on Jason.

Jason was laying flat on his back with his ankles tucked back under his head. His bottom completely exposed with his hairless groin and flaccid penis hanging limply over his shrunken scrotum.

With a laugh, Figighatsui-san flicked Jason's limp penis with his index finger watching it just flip-flop around. He did it again only laughing more loudly. "Momma San say you virgin. You have never been with a woman or a man before now? Could that possibly be true?" he asked.

"Ye....yes it...it's true," Jason replied mortified and humiliated more than he had ever thought possible.

"Ummm, very good, now I will take you my sweet flower. Do not worry, I will go slowly to ease any pain," he said as he lowered his body over Ja-

son's. With his fat stomach in the way, he couldn't get more than the head of his penis to penetrate.

"This no good, we try again. You stand," he stated clearly frustrated.

Jason stood and took the position that he knew was desired. He spread his legs and bent at the waist touching the floor with the palms of his hands. He felt the weight of Figighatsui-san's belly on his back, plump fingers digging into his hips and pressure on his anal ring. He grunted loudly as the penis was shoved deeply into his rectum. Jason would describe it as a brief stinging burning pain then nothing but a numb fullness. With his dick fully embedded, the fat grubby hands moved to cup and squeeze Jason's breast. It felt like he was being milked like a cow and he hated being dehumanized like that. He forced himself to take his ravishment stoically. Occasionally he let a grunt or moan escape his lips after a particularly painful thrust.

Figighatsui-san was grunting and sweating as he plunged into Jason's tight ass. The sweat dripped down Jason's back and crept between his ass cheeks. Finally, with a loud yell of satisfaction, he came squirting cum deep into Jason's rectum. The effort had exhausted both of them and they fell to the mattress in a heap.

Jason with tears in his eyes rolled up into the fetal position. All he wanted to do was go to sleep and forget this had ever happened to him. It was not to be as his training kicked back in. He forced himself to get up and go into the adjoining bath. He sat and let what would drain out do so then

wiping got back up. He grabbed the washcloth, dampened it with hot water and returned to Figighatsui-san. With deliberate strokes he cleansed the now flaccid penis and scrotum. As he was about to get up, a meaty hand went behind his neck and forced it down. Sighing, Jason stuck out his tongue and began licking the limp appendage.

Jason's torment didn't end with just a blow job and fucking. He licked and sucked until the penis was rock hard once again. Figighatsui-san then placed him face down, legs tucked underneath which raised his butt for easy access. For the second time, Jason felt the weight of belly fat resting on his back as he was penetrated. This time the fucking was very slow and deliberate. It didn't hurt as much due to the seminal fluid lubrication but his debasement was far greater.

Jason could feel the dick press to the left then to the right inside of his bowels then up and down before being plunged slowly deep into his intestinal canal. There the head of his dick came into contact with Jason's prostrate. By the time Figighatsui-san came for the third time, Jason's own flaccid penis was leaking its own watery fluid much to his surprise and humiliation.

Ooo

Jason awoke to the sound of loud snoring. For a few moments he was confused and disoriented then the events of last night came rushing back. Slowly, he opened his eyes to see the obese man with his back to him.

"I've got to get out of here while I can. Oh, please don't wake up," he thought as he started to get off the mattress.

Any thought of escaping evaporated when there was a tapping on the door frame. After three taps the door slid open. Momma San and Yoki were squatting at the door. Two trays containing tea and bowls of rice and fish were on the floor beside them. Jason, in a panic, reached to pull a sheet up to cover his body.

"OMG! I can't let them see me like this. They'll know what happened last night," he thought. Unfortunately, Figighatsui-san's heavy body prevented Jason from pulling up enough sheets to cover anything.

Giggling, the two women picked up the trays and entered the room. Momma San went over beside Mr. Figighatsui and placed the tray down while Yoki did the same for Jason.

As Jason's lover stirred awake, Yoki whispered into Jason's ear. "I see you make love long long time. You suckie suckie too?" she giggled as she pointed to a large wet spot on Jason's sheet.

Blushing furiously, Jason tried to cover his exposed breasts with his hands. "...I had no choice," he replied in a quivering voice.

"No worry. It was expected. Here drink tea and eat. You must be famished after all that love love. Give you strength to please your man again," she replied still giggling.

As Jason was eating, Momma San was tending to her honored guest. "I trust Chrysanthemum was to your liking," she said as she poured his tea.

He grunted noncommittally as he reached for the cup but it did not hide the slight smile on his lips. "I need more time to see if your shisutaabooi is satisfactory before I can decide. Come back later and I will decide," he said gruffly.

"As you wish," Momma San replied with a big smile. Then turning to Yoki said, "Come, we go now."

Before she left, Momma San told Jason that as soon as her guest had used the bathroom he was to take him down the hall and to bathe him. "Make sure he velly pleased with you or else," she said on departing.

Jason finished his tea but pushed aside the rice and fish as he had absolutely no appetite. He got up, bowed formally and slipped into the bathroom to relieve himself.

Wearing just a white loin cloth and his red robe, he walked ahead of Jason. As Jason watched the fat, dimpled cellulite ass waddle in front of him, he wanted to gag. "I can't believe Momma San is making me do this. Guess I got stuck with this lard bucket cause none of the real girls would have anything to do with him," he thought as he followed three steps behind.

Figihatsui-san waited at the tub for Jason to remove his loin cloth and robe then stepped into the warm water. Washing his back, Jason wondered if there was anyway he could possibly feel

any less than a human. It was a sense of total unadulterated humility and insignificance that became stronger and stronger with each new act he had to perform for their honored guest.

"Aint no way any girl I've ever known would do the things I've had to do. I don't think even an Oriental girl raised here would do it either. I feel like a....a I don't know what I feel. I'm just going through the motions. I don't even have to think about what I'm doing. Like a brainless robot; yeah, I guess that is what I am.... A mindless robot not good for anything but serving someone else's needs. To be used and abused without thought. Hell, if I stopped and thought about what I have to do, I'd die of embarrassment then have to kill myself," he thought.

Jason soaped up the washcloth and began washing Figighatsui-san's groin. "If I were still a man, I would rip his dick and balls off then stuff them down his throat. Shit, I'm not a man any more. Momma San made sure of that with her infernal herbs and such. First she changed my name to Chrysanthemum and chained me to a long term contract then she changed my body. Now she is breaking my will. I should have never stepped into the Oriental Pearl. It would have been better to have died on the streets," he said to himself.

When Figighatsui-san was bathed it was Jason's turn. It made his skin crawl as the chubby hands took their time washing his breasts and groin. It was painful when he grabbed one of his nipples and stretched it out before letting it pop

back into place. The fat bastard even laughed when he did that as Jason blushed in humiliation. It was mortifying when he tugged on Jason's limp penis, pulling it out then letting it flop back totally unresponsive. It hurt even more when Figighatsui-san inserted the soapy cloth into his ass hole, twisted it around as deep as his finger would go, pulling it out then thrusting it back in. Jason could only groan while gripping the tubs edge until his fingers turned white.

After the bath as Jason was messaging lotion into Figighatsui-san's vast stomach, he felt the chubby hands on his shoulders, pushing him down. On his knees, eyes level with his groin, Jason understood what was expected. Turning his head to the side so he could reach the erection under that vast stomach, Jason took the head into his mouth and cupped the ball sack in his hand. Like Yoki had said, he had to suckie suckie long time before he was rewarded.

A rapping on the door frame roused Jason from a light sleep. He was on his back, a wooden clothes pin attached to each nipple, his wrists tied with white silken ropes to his ankles, his wrists pulled taut outstretched and tied to the opposite legs of the table. Two pillows had been placed in the small of his back lifting his round ass. His fully exposed gapping ass hole was dripping, his butt and groin a scarlet red from being whipped with a thin bamboo rod. A knotted white silk scarf had been tied over his mouth to keep his screams quite. As he came fully awake, the pain seared through his body. Figighatsui-san was lying off to the side in a deep sleep with a broad smile on his face.

Momma San entered the room carrying a tray laden with many bowls and a pot of tea. She scurried over to where her guest lay sleeping and put it down. Moving back over to Jason, she placed her finger over her lips indicating to him to keep silent. She quickly released him from his bonds. Then tossing his wrap and shoes to him, she motioned for Jason to follow her out of the room. With every fiber of his body racked with a burning pain, he silently followed after pulling the wrap closed as he went.

Sensi-san met them at the end of the hall and took Jason by the hand. She nodded to Momma San and led Jason back to his room. At last his ordeal was over.

Ooo

Sensi-san and Yoki hovered over him like mother hens. He was bathed, oiled and fed while his mind swirled in a mist of nothing. It took Jason two days to recuperate from his love tryst with the honorable Figighatsui-san. When he finally came out of his fog, Momma San was hovering over him.

"Hai, good you come back to us. You give Oriental Pearl much honor. You velly good Shisutaabooi. Figighatsui-san velly happy with you. He offer to make you his concubine. Offer much money. I tell him I have to think about it. He will offer much more if I let him wait. You better now. You get up, bathe, get dressed," she stated smiling broadly.

Jason sat up still dazed, "What the hell is a concubine? I don't want to be his in any way," he muttered.

"Concubine is velly honorable position and has much status in our culture. Figighatsui-san velly prominent businessman. Do you much honor. Now, go. Get bath, dress then come eat. We talk more then," Momma San stated.

Jason really wasn't listening but at the word 'food', his stomach rumbled and he was starved. Sensi-san and Yoki helped him up and led him to the baths. Back in his room, they dressed him lavender lingerie, white sheer nylons and selected a purple chiffon capped sleeved blouse with ruffled lace jabot and a black satin pencil skirt. Sensi-san did his makeup while Yoki styled his hair into a tight bun at the back of his head. A pair of black four inch stiletto strappy sandals and sprits of perfume completed his dressing. His black patent leather belt with the large golden buckle and several gold toned bracelets completed the accessories.

He was escorted down to the dining room where he was seated next to Momma San in a place of honor. The other employees were standing with heads bowed until Jason was seated. They all had big smiles on their faces.

"See, we give you honor for you service. Now we eat then talk," Momma San simply stated.

One side of his plate was piled high with thinly sliced steak, something he hadn't had since arriving. Jason ate with relish but remembered his manners, taking small bites and chewing thor-

oughly before picking out more with his chop sticks.

They were still celebrating the New Year and as soon as the dishes were cleared the sake came out. Momma San took the first cup, stood and turned to face Jason and held the cup up. "Chrysanthemum you do us honor this day," she said in toast.

When she sat back down everyone was looking at Jason. He finally caught on and stood with cup in hand. "Err..Momma San is too kind. This Shisutaabooi is not worthy," he stammered hoping that he had said the right thing. As he sat he could see broad smiles on everyone's face.

"Guess I said the right thing but I hope I never have to go through that ordeal again," he thought.

Jason woke the next morning with a slight headache but otherwise felt okay. He had learned his lesson the first time he had been served sake. He had just sipped from his cup last night as each toast was made instead of chugging it. Getting his things together, he headed for the bath. Sematsui and Makado were already there when he arrived. He was so use to being naked around the girls that he didn't even give it a thought as he gave them a polite bow and slipped off his wrap. Stepping into the water, Makado offered to wash his back. Jason sat back and relaxed enjoying the rhythmic stroking of her hands on his back and shoulders.

By the time he got back to his room it was mid-morning and Sensi-san was waiting with their customary pot of tea. He returned her bow of greeting, sat down on the bed and picked up his cup. Taking a sip, he put it back down. "Sensi-san what is a concubine? Momma San keeps telling me that Mr. Figighatsue-san wants me to be one," he asked. It had been bothering him ever since she had first mentioned it.

"It is great honor to be concubine especially to such a prominent businessman. It is very common practice in Japan for wealthy man to take a concubine to live with. For a woman of no wealth it mean she gain status and live in luxury. She get to live in own apartment and have very nice clothing," she said with a bright smile.

"But I'm not a woman. Why would he pick me?" Jason replied in shock.

"You velly pretty Shisutaabooi that why. Shisutaabooi and woman same same. Just you no get pregnant. You should know that by now," she stated.

"Oh no! I can't let that happen. That man is a pig. I won't allow it! You saw what he did to me," Jason said loudly as the implications of what had been said hit him full force.

"It no matter what you want. Momma San she decide. Mr. Figighatsui-san willing to pay lots of money to buy you contract from her. If she decide then you go besides he's not that bad. I have seen worse and I would go if he would have me," she said.

They sat in silence sipping tea for awhile then Sensi-san got up, "Get dressed. I'm hungry and this last day of celebration and it payday," she said.

"Payday? Why haven't I ever gotten paid?" he asked.

"You have money taken out for housing, food and clothing. Your cost still velly high since you come here with nothing. Perhaps that is why you no get pay yet. You become concubine then all you debts paid," she replied as she went out the door.

Ooo

At dinner that night Jason sat at another table with Sensi-san and the other girls. He was not in a happy mood and was worried that Momma San would decide to let Figighatsue-san take him as his concubine. He had tried to talk to her but she had avoided him all day. As it was the last celebration evening, all the girls had dressed in their finest including Jason. Sensi-san had decided that he needed to lighten his mood and insisted he wear his brightest colored clothing.

A bright yellow satin up-lift bra, matching waist chinch, panties, full slip and nylons were selected by her for his lingerie. An extremely feminine blouse that Jason had never worn as he thought it was too frilly and too feminine. It was made of semi-transparent yellow chiffon with exaggerated leg-of-mutton sleeves with a high pleated collar. The capped shoulders were very full and required thin wires to support their puffiness. The sleeves reached to just above his elbows and the cuffs

were tiered lace that reached half way down his lower arms. The pleated collar had a frill of lace and was also supported by thin boning to hold it at chin level. It buttoned down the front with small pearl buttons and a ruffled lace jabot flared out from the throat in multiple tiers.

The ankle length pencil skirt hugged his ass in a tight grip and made of bright yellow satin with a kick pleat in back. It was so closely fitted that Jason could only take very small steps, practically one foot directly in front of the other. The black patent leather belt with gold buckle defined his waist with matching patent leather four inch stiletto pointed toed pumps for his feet. Four dainty gold rings placed on his fingers completed his dressing.

Tanzi did his makeup and decided on a dramatic evening look. She selected plum, lavender and pink for his eye shadows blending them in perfectly. Black liquid eyeliner was used extending out to the sides of his head to give the appearance of almond shaped eyes. A clear foundation let the natural glow of his dyed soft caramel skin to show and a vivid red lipstick brought out his lips.

His hair was again pulled back into a tight bun at the back of his head and two golden hairpins inserted that had little gold bells and flower blossom decorations. Whenever Jason turned his head, the bells would tinkle softly. They were not able to dress him easily as he bitched and moaned over every item selected by the girls.

"Sensi-san, how can you possibly expect me to walk in this dress and shoes? This blouse is so way

over the top it's ridiculous. Come on girls, this outfit is just too bright. I look like a walking light bulb," where just some of his comments.

"No you look beautiful and yellow velly happy color. Need to dress up for final night of festivities," Tanzi told him.

Jason fidgeted as he sat at the table, the skirt and waist chinch were not comfortable. It certainly hadn't been easy walking in it and its tightness made him swing his ass like a clock pendulum. If the looks he received from the cooks and busboys were any indication, he knew he looked hotter than he wanted to be. For this final night of festivities, Momma San had hired extra help so her entire staff could enjoy the evening so the dining room was crowded. As he gazed around, he noted that the head table was still unoccupied.

The reason became apparent when Momma San came in with two large carts. The carts contained gifts for the staff. A soft murmur of conversation and laughter filled the room as the gifts were handed out. When Momma San got to Jason, she handed him a Bonsai in a decorative ceramic pot.

"For you my Chrysanthemum I give you, Satsuki Azalea hino de giri. It will blossom for you just likie you did for me with beautiful magenta petals. May it bring you peace, harmony and prosperity," she said handing the small tree to Jason.

After she moved on to another table, the girls passed around their gifts and oohed and aahed

the most over Jason's gift. "This will look velly good in you room. It need decoration," Sensi-san said.

"Why it looks just like a miniature tree but it can't be real, can it? You mean that little thing is real? It's alive?" Jason asked astounded.

"Of course and it will require a lot of attention from you. It is truly a fine gift," Tanzi answered.

With all the gifts distributed, the honored guests made their way to the head table. Seated, the caterers came out and began serving the dinner. Jason was occupied talking to the other girls and didn't look up until a plate was placed before him. His plate actually had a nice thick pork chop on it. He couldn't believe his eyes and began scanning the other plates.

"Whoopee, some solid meat that I can sink my teeth into and I actually have a knife and fork to use," he thought grinning happily. He wanted to dig right in but restrained himself until those at the head table started eating. That's when he looked up and scanned the table to see who Momma San was honoring tonight. All the happiness he was feeling fled as his eyes fell on Figighatsue-san sitting right next to Momma San.

"OMG! I hope this doesn't mean she's sold my contract," he thought as the color drained from his face.

"Chrysanthemum are you alright? You look likie you see ghost," Yoki said noticing his trembling hands and pale face.

"I...I'm not...not sure Yoki. Mr. Figighatsue-san is sitting next to Momma San and...and I am afraid

that she may have sold my contract to him. I think I'll die if she has done that," Jason managed to say.

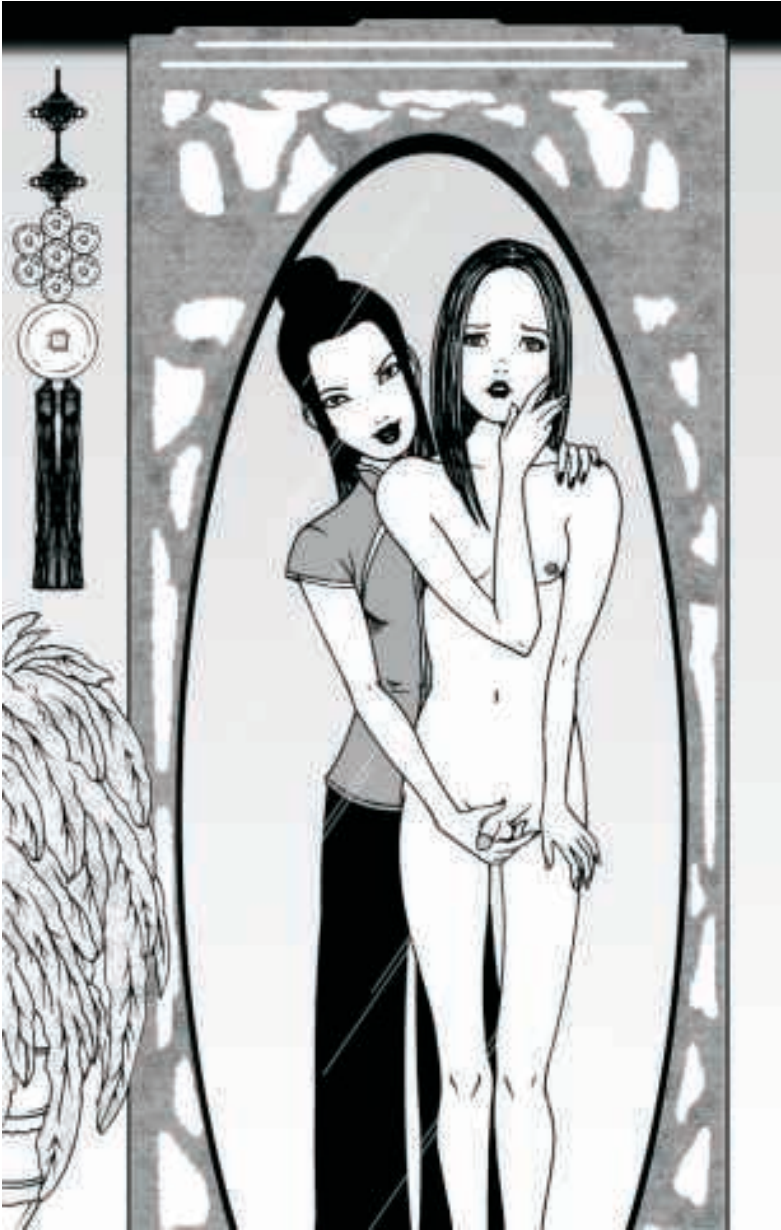
"Haa! I would be more worried if she had not if it were me. Being concubine velly honorable position. No work, have nice clothing and only have one man to manage. It not like she marry you off to some slob," Yoki added.

Jason's appetite was now gone and he barely nibbled at his food. No matter what the other girls said being a concubine was no different than being a whore in his mind. "Obviously these girls have a different opinion than the girls from where I come from. I'm not a girl so what does that make me? I'm not queer and I hated doing what we did. I felt used, dirty and totally humiliated from that experience. Maybe if I had fought or at least resisted, none of this would be happening now," he mused.

Jason's fears were justified once the dinner was over and the sake served. Momma San stood for the first toast, raised her cup and said, "I have great honor to bestow this night. One of very low status will be elevated to a much higher status. She velly lucky to be so honored. Most would have to spend many years and much hard work to be so rewarded. Today, Figighatsue-san asked to purchase Chrysanthemum's employment contract and I have agreed. Tomorrow Chrysanthemum will leave us to become honored concubine for most honorable Mr. Figighatsue-san."

The room erupted in applause as Jason fainted dead away and slid from his chair. When his eyes

fluttered open, he was back in his room with Momma San looking down upon him.



"What matter you? You try to make me lose face? You suppose to be joyous not faint. I tell everybody you just too filled with happiness. That reason you faint, right?" she said loudly.

"Momma San...please...please don't do this to me. I don't want to be his or anyone else's concubine. Please let me stay here. I promise that I will work very hard and do whatever you tell me but just don't send me to him," Jason said as tears began falling down his cheeks.

"Stupid gaijin! Any girl here go happily. It be much better life than working in Oriental Pearl until you old and wrinkled likie me. Hear no more about it. You be ready leave by noon tomorrow. You leave happy. Make Momma San and Pearl lose face and I make sure you pray for death. No more argument. You get happy or else. Accept your position in life. You are Shisutaabooi! You nothing else!" she said almost screaming.

She left Jason crying his eyes out and, as she went, screamed at Sensi-san and Yoki, "You makie sure Shisutaabooi understand his place."

It had been a long time since they had seen her so mad and they rushed into Jason's room. "Chrysanthemum you foolish Shisutaabooi! Make Momma San velly mad. Only see this mad once when Kiki-san get baby with cook. She castrate cook, she beat Kiki-san many days then sell contract to lowly sewer cleaner. You no want that. Now stop crying. Come we go get bath. You feel better," Sensi-san said.

In the bath, Jason was feeling a little better. The hot perfumed water eased his anxiety but the thought of his future left a black cloud hanging over his head. He tried to think of some way to escape his fate but every time something came to mind there were obstacles thrown up that couldn't be overcome.

Running away was his first thought but where could he run and he could only run away dressed as a girl. Being a runaway girl was a thousand times worse than being a guy living on the streets. Running away as a guy dressed as a girl had to be ten thousand times worse. He personally witnessed what happened to girls and women living off the streets and that thought sent shivers up his spine. His thoughts were interrupted when Sensi-san stood him before the full length mirror when they got out of the tub.

"Lookie, you tell me what you see?" she demanded.

"Errr...I see me. What am I suppose to see?" he replied confused.

"No, you no see. Look close. You see skinny oriental looking girl with small boobs and dark nipples. You see pretty face with soft skin," she said then reached down and grabbed his flaccid cock.

"This nothing! No use to you but still part of you. That make you Shistaabooi! Without this bit of nothing, you be woman. You look like woman, you talk like woman, you dress like woman and you make love like woman! You body not fit mind.

You must make mind likie body. Oriental women without status have velly rough life but they no lie down and die. They learn to put all bad things hid-den in small compartment of mind and no let out. You, Shistaabooi! You same same as them. You accept who you are and take your fate as it comes. Put all bad things in tiny compartment. Hide it away and forget it as it happens. You have great opportunity as concubine and must accept it. You cannot run and hide from Momma San she find you. You dare not refuse, so you must accept fate. You understand what I say?" she finished.

"You're right Sinsi-san. I can't run away looking like this. I guess I can't even call myself a man anymore. I can't perform as one and I certainly don't have the courage to be one either. I can't hide the fact that I'm a girlie boy, a Shisutaabooi. I have no choices anymore. Momma San's herbs and lessons have certainly seen to that. I'll do what I have to do," he said in defeat.

"Ah so, it is good karma to accept what you are and follow your fate. Remember life what you make it. Hide bad things deep in you mind and never let them out. It be easier that way. Now come, we cuddle one last time," she said with a big smile.

Ooo

At noon a white van showed up outside of the Oriental Pearl. Two heavy set men got out and efficiently loaded the few possessions Jason had. As

the van was being loaded Jason tried one last time to extricate himself from having to leave.

“Momma San, I don't know anything about being a concubine. Please can't I stay here and still be a concubine?” he asked.

“No, you go. Figighatsui-san make arrangement for you to be instructed. This copy of you contract. It same same you sign when you come here except say you work for him now next three half years,” she said handing him the piece of paper.

The apartment was a nice two bedroom, one and a half baths, kitchen, utility room and a large living room. The living room floor was covered in a tatami mat, had a fairly large square black lacquered table with short stubby legs sitting in the center surrounded by large comfortable looking pillows. The walls were decorated with artistic hanging scrolls and two porcelain pots with tall bamboo plants growing in them stuck into the right and left corners of the room. Otherwise the room was bare.

The master bedroom which had the attached bath was also simply furnished. There was a queen sized mattress on the floor, a dresser, a straight backed chair, floor lamp, a low bedside table with alarm and lamp. A fifty inch plasma flat screen TV hung from one wall. A large walk-in closet completed the room. All the furniture was in that same high gloss black lacquer paint. The other bedroom was similar except contained a lighted vanity, twin sized mattress on the floor and the bedside table also had Jason's Bonsai plant sitting on it. Sitting on

a small simple stand was a CD player and a stack of CDs.

“Looks like I know what bedroom is mine. Strange, but I don't remember seeing a telephone anywhere. How am I going to communicate with anybody without a phone?” Jason thought as he began hanging clothes in his smaller walk-in closet.

Once his clothing was hung or put away in the dresser, Jason went to the small kitchen. The refrigerator was fully stocked but most of the food was foreign to him. The same with the cabinets, they were stocked but other than rice, sugar, tea and a few other items he had no idea of what they were. In one cabinet he found twelve bottles of sake on one shelf and the carafe and sake cups on the other. With nothing better to do and having no idea how to cook anything, Jason settled on making some tea.

As he was finishing his tea there came a knock on his door. Timidly he went to open it, afraid that it might be Figighatsui-san. When he opened it, there was a middle aged Japanese woman standing on his doorstep.

“I am Shoshi. Mr. Figighatsui-san send me to teach you how to cook,” she said with a slight bow.

Jason stepped back, bowed slightly and said, “Shoshi please come in. I appreciate this so much. I have absolutely no idea of what's in the kitchen.”

They spent the next four hours together. Jason learned all about what was in his pantry and re-

frigerator and how to prepare a basic meal of fish and rice. The meal was one of the basic Japanese meals served on most days. It could be varied by using different vegetables and/or adding a soup dish such as miso.

“Miso soup most commonly made. Use soybeans, salt and soy sauce make into paste then add hot water. You can add a dash of sesame oil and small pieces of tofu or even fish if like,” Shoshi instructed.

When Shoshi left, Jason had a complete meal for two ready for serving. It was five o'clock as he was examining the steaming food, the front door opened. Jason turned and was surprised to see Figighatsui-san standing before him. He did the first thing that popped into his mind, he formally bowed.

“Good you have dinner ready but why not you dressed appropriately to meet me?” he said gruffly.

“Thi...this worthless one...err..didn't know you would be here this early,” Jason stammered.

“Ha! Too late now. Food will get cold if you prepare yourself. Serve me as you are but don't let it happen again,” he said and turned back into the living room.

To his surprise Jason was embarrassed by the way he was dressed. Simple pale blue chiffon capped sleeved blouse, black mid-knee length dress and white cotton apron yet he felt like he was wearing rags. He glanced in the window over the kitchen sink and checked his reflection.

“Crap, my makeup looks atrocious and my hair is a mess. The food is still hot. I'll run to my room and touch it up. The last thing I need is to get him mad,” he thought.

In his room he quickly ran a brush through his hair, applied a thick coating of red lipstick and sprayed some of his signature perfume behind the ears, on the neck and behind his knees. Feeling slightly more presentable, he hurried back to the kitchen.

Jason was too nervous to eat much as he sat on a cushion beside him. He made sure Figighatsui-san's tea cup never emptied and waited patiently to do whatever was demanded. Finally, Figighatsui pushed his plate away and asked for sake. Jason quickly cleared the table and went to prepare the sake. While he did that Figighatsui-san went into his bed room.

As with their previous visit, Jason was offered a cup of sake. He had changed into his red silk robe while Jason was preparing sake. There was no way to refuse and politely bowed his head in acceptance. It was another night of humiliation and some pain but he lived through it. In the morning he was told to be better prepared for when he came back that evening. Jason made a mental note to make damn sure he was.

Hearing the door close, Jason dragged himself out of bed and waddled into the bathroom. In the linen closet he found a douche kit and the special mix that would ease his pain. Completing his toilet, he stepped into the shower. The first shower he

had taken in years and as the hot water pounded his skin felt wonderful.

He was sitting at the vanity finishing applying his makeup when there was a knocking on the front door. "I wonder who that could be," he said as he pulled his wrap closed and went to answer it.

"Hi, my name is Kim Lee and I'm here at Mr. Figighatsui-san's request. You must be Chrysanthemum," the woman said.

"Yes, please come in. I'll make us some tea. What are you suppose to teach me?" Jason asked.

"I'm here to teach you basic Japanese, nothing elaborate, just enough so you can get by. I'm told you have a CD player and we'll need that," she replied.

As he prepared tea, Kim Lee pointed to different objects in the kitchen and called out their names in Japanese. With tea in hand they walked through the rooms while she pointed out their contents in their Japanese names and he repeated them. For the next two hours they huddled in Jason's bedroom with him listening and repeating basic phrases in Japanese. She left him an instructional CD for him before she left.

Shortly after one o'clock another rapping came from the door. This time an elderly woman greeted him with a formal bow. Jason returned it and asked her to come in.

"My name Heroshi. I'm here to instruct you on how to be properly prepared to meet your Mas-

ter," she said. Jason stared at her blankly for a moment or two as her reference to his "Master" registered in his mind.

"My Master? You mean Mr. Figighatsui-san?" Jason asked.

"Hai! He your Master now. You Shisutaabooi concubine now so he is your Dojo or simply Master," she replied.

Jason was not wild about the idea of calling anyone 'Master' much less 'Dojo' but had little choice. "Having to call anyone my master or domo is so demeaning and makes me feel so inferior. Being a concubine, I guess in a way, he is my master. I don't like how it makes me feel but she didn't tell me that for no reason. My fat master probably put her up to it," he thought.

Her instruction at times made him blush bright pink especially when she had him lower his panties and bend over. "You need wear pad or tampon when you Master not here," she informed a very embarrassed Jason. With that, she removed a box of super tampons and box of panty liners from her large hobo bag and gave them to him. The rest of her instructions weren't so personal but her innuendos and insinuations regarding his relationship with Figighatsui-san kept a pink tinge on his cheeks. He was told it was fine to wear modern western clothing during the day when his Master was not present but had to wear traditional Japanese clothing when he was. Plain Kimono's were okay for everyday but he had to wear his finest when entertaining guests or for special occasions. He really started blushing when she told him just how he was to entertain guests.

At three o'clock Shoshi returned to assist him in preparing that night's meal. "Tonight we make noodle dish. I show you ingredients and how to put everything together so you can cook later. You need time to prepare yourself to meet you Master. I'm sorry if my delay yesterday caused you to lose face," she said.

"That's okay Shoshi. Everything turned out alright last night. Neither one of us knew when he was going to show up," Jason replied with a nod.

For the rest of that first week things pretty much followed the same schedule. Jason received lessons and warmed his master's bed at night waking in the wet spot. After a particularly rough Thursday night in which he was bound and whipped, his master told him not to expect him again until Monday.

"The weekends are for my family. Shoshi will be here in the morning to take you shopping and give you your instructions," he said just before leaving.

Jason was very glad to hear that as his body was really hurting. The added bonus was that he would not have to service his master for three days. He looked forward to the rest of the week as he dragged himself off the bed.

Ooo

Jason sat waiting patiently, with his legs tucked up under his bottom, head bowed and hands clasped in a "V" in his lap. He was wearing a white

silk loincloth and pale pink camisole underneath his finest kimono and geisha wig. Tonight marked the end of his employment contract.

As he sat calmly waiting the events of the past three years flashed through his mind. Almost a year of lessons made him a very good cook and lover, yet his Japanese was no better than a third grader. Apparently none of his benefactors wanted him to completely understand what they were saying all the time. That was obviously true when his master was entertaining guests.

At the thought of entertaining guests, a slight shiver gripped his body. On those occasions usually on Thursday, he was bound with white silk cords in so many different positions that Jason thought they must have come out of the Karma Sutra. The bindings and whippings with bamboo strips had left him covered in semen and immobile the next day without any scarring. At least there never was any physical scarring but each session tore away what was left of a gaijin named Jason. Now he was both physically and mentally a subservient obedient Shisutaabooi named Chrysanthemum. In the deep recesses of his mind Jason screamed to return to his former self but Chrysanthemum now ruled. Chrysanthemum was wise enough to know her best avenue of escape. She would have to get her master to renew her employment contract for at least another three years.

The check she had received that morning paying her for slightly more than three years of service was indeed very generous. It was not enough to let her live indefinitely without having to work but it

was close. Another three years and Chrysanthemum could escape with enough to live on without working. A Shisutaabooi, especially an old one, would have a very difficult time finding adequate employment. Momma San would take her back but being a kitchen girl or waitress was hard work with little pay. So that left her with only one option. Some how Chrysanthemum would have to make her master renew the work contract.

Chrysanthemum's musings were interrupted when the front door opened and her master walked in.

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