

Tokyo Bound

By Cheryl Lynn

This story is based upon an original concept of James Craft, a good friend and author. There is a large amount of Japanese words used in this story with definitions which I deem necessary for the story line. However, for ease of reading most is in English. All the usual disclaimers apply and may be used for personal enjoyment any other use strictly prohibited unless approved by author. While not overly graphic probably not for the sweet/sentimental reader. Comments are welcome at cheryl2lynn@yahoo.com.

Tokyo Bound

Matt and Nicholas had first met in their Senior year at collage while interning at Muesaka's California branch. Muesaka Enterprises was primarily engaged in specialty pharmaceuticals but had several other operations based in Japan. Matt and Nick had similar backgrounds coming from middle class Southerners. Matt grew up and went to college in Alabama while Nick did the same in Louisiana. Another commonality they shared was being nerds and similar physically. Matt was an inch taller and had shoulder length black hair. Nick was five-six with dirty blond hair just touching the base of the neck. They both kept their hair combed back and tied off into low pony tails.

Based on the traditional rivalry between the University of Alabama and Louisiana State University, you'd think they wouldn't get along. Instead it drew them together. They both shared a dislike for the Pacific Coast Conference football and basketball teams and love for the South Eastern Conference. During their internship had a friendly argument over the coming season's games. After graduation, they became junior managers at Muesaka and moved to California. Matt was placed in logistics and Nick in marketing and didn't see each other very often at work. Their starting salaries were good but living in California expensive, so they decided to share an apartment. Sharing the apartment made them close friends. Neither had ever dated much. Having someone to do things with made working so far from home much easier.

When they heard that the CEO of Muesaka was coming from Japan to inspect their operations, Matt and Nick were worried. The California branch's last quarter was dismal. They worried that their jobs were in jeopardy plus the possibility of making a presentation during the meeting. They worked together at home and came up with sound reasons why their Branch didn't meet the quota. A presentation that clearly showed that economic conditions and not management were the cause. Their bosses decided to give credit where it was due and had them make the presentation.

"The staff meeting with Muesaka Enterprises' CEO went well, very well indeed. He complimented two junior staff members, Matt Armstrong and Nicholas Duncan. I don't think I can remember him doing that very often. I was worried he came to the States to fire me for our bad numbers last quarter. Thanks to those two, I don't have to worry about that anymore," Jefferson Tyson thought after Mr. Agname left.

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Six weeks later Mr. Tyson received a memo from Muesaka headquarters in Tokyo. It directed him to transfer Matt and Nick to Tokyo for assignment at their main offices as soon as possible at company expense.

"I guess I shouldn't be surprised after the way the meeting went. I really don't want to lose those two but this is a great honor for them. Had better call Nick and Matt and give them the good news," he thought.

"Alright, you guys have the honor of being transferred to the home office in Tokyo. Apparently, you two really impressed Mr. Agname. Few of us gaikoku hitos (foreigners) get this great opportunity. It really is an honor with great benefits. The company furnishes all medical and dental, clothing and housing. They want you there ASAP so how long will it take you to pack your bags?" Mr. Tyson asked.

"We need passports, otherwise we could leave in a couple of days," Matt answered.

"Yeah, our lease is month to month and neither of us have much to pack," Nick agreed.

"Even if we expedite the applications it will take weeks. Okay, I'll inform headquarters. Go ahead and take the day off. You can get passport applications at the post office. Get them filled out and in the mail by tomorrow," he responded.

"They're not going to be happy when I tell headquarters it will be six weeks or more before they can get there," Jefferson thought.

A week later Jefferson was very surprised when a courier from the Japanese consulate showed up in his office. There he was given two dark blue emergency Japanese passports. They were in the names of Maturi Armstrong (Matt) and Nikkiko Duncan (Nicholas). With these Jefferson was told they didn't need to wait on getting their American passports. Apparently to get these passports, they had to have Japanese names. He was also informed that a diplomat was returning to Japan the next morning and would accompany them to their destination. He would make sure they got on the airplane and through Japanese customs without delay.

"Damn, I never would have thought Mr. Agname to have that much influence. He must really want them there," Jefferson thought as the courier left.

##

Both Matt and Nick were surprised on arrival that they had actually lost a day by flying across the international date line. They left LAX early Friday and now it was Saturday afternoon. They were even more surprised when the company driver took them directly to the headquarters building and bustling with activity.

"I've heard Japanese are workaholics but I never expected this," Matt said as they were being ushered into the Human Resources offices.

The director, Mr. Asahi Katmoto greeted them and handed them a thick stack of papers to sign. They were all written in Japanese. Seeing their looks of confusion, Asahi, smiled and said in perfect English, "These are your employment contracts. They stipulate you are an employee of Muesaka Enterprises for one year. During said employment, the company will provide all your medical and dental care, your clothing, meals and housing."

"In return, the company expects you to strictly follow all company policies, be respectful to your superiors and our culture at all times. Unlike America, we work as many hours as necessary to meet our goals. Should you not conform to our policies and rules, you not only dishonor yourselves but face penalties. For minor violations, you will get a stern reprimand and pay or job reduction. Any major infraction will result in demotion to the lowest position of Madogiwa (A person isolated and given useless work). Should that happen, you must reimburse the company for all your expenses while here. I warn you in the strongest terms, you don't want that. Housing, medical and clothing costs are very expensive here. You must sign using your Emergency passport Japanese names only, Matsuri and Nikkiko."

Matt and Nick looked at each other, shrugged their shoulders then signed the documents. Neither liked signing legal documents that they couldn't read but were in too deep to back out now. They had photos taken for their ID badges. The badges did more than gain them entrance to their work stations. They were also keys to their apartment and credit cards for company provided benefits. The only words on their bar coded ID's not written in Japanese sonograms were, Matsuri and Nikkiko.

Two pretty Japanese girls measured them for their company clothing. Having to strip down to their boxers was embarrassing. The HR director told them the top twenty stories of the building were employee apartments and they were assigned to adjoining units. He told them they had orientation class their first two weeks and Japanese language classes daily for two hours until they were fluent.

"Now that's all completed, I will have you escorted to our medical facility for your employee physical. You will follow any orders the medical staff give you as it is company policy. When they have finished, you may go to your apartments. This is Mikio, she will be assigned as

your guide until your orientation is completed," he instructed.

The clinic proved to be a mini-hospital including a surgical suite. They were greeted by a receptionist who took them to a doctor's office. The doctor was tall for a Japanese, reedy thin with wrinkled eyes.

"I am Doctor Ito and will be your primary care physician. As you have never been to Japan, I will see you every day for a week. Then once a week if I see you have adapted to living here. Working here is so different from both cultural and language aspects to America, you may suffer stress and fatigue. Your good health is very important to Muesaka Enterprises and you will follow my orders."

They were each given a thorough examination including full body CAT scans and several injections. Dr. Ito told them they were vaccinations against various oriental diseases. With that, he had Mikio escort them to their apartments.

Both were shocked when they entered the apartment by how small it was and the flooring. The floors were covered in Tatami mats (woven straw mats) which required the shoes to be removed. They guessed the apartment was not much larger than 200 square feet. It had a sitting room/kitchen, bedroom and bathroom. The furnishings were minimal. A sitting room/kitchen table Mikio called a kototsu, futon and bookcase against the wall. There was no kitchen. Instead that area contained a straight back chair, lighted vanity table, large mirror, sink and cabinets. The bedroom was even more shocking. There was no bed but what Mikio said were a shikibuton to sleep on and a kakebuton for a blanket. The shikibuton pretty much filled up the room. The only other item was a HD television mounted on the wall. The bathroom was another big surprise. The walls, flooring and deep tub/shower were cast white plastic into a single unit. A sink and toilet completed that room.

They both asked about getting meals and their laundry done. Mikio explained that the company provided weekly laundry cleaning and meals in the cafeteria.

"We work long hours and Muesaka Enterprises wants to ensure that it's employees are taken care of. The dining hall is open twenty-four hours and your laundry picked up every Friday. Just leave the laundry bags at your door in the morning. Your names, Matsuri and Nikkiko are on the door along with your bar code. The bar code will be used to charge for laundry, cleaning and any supplies delivered. You will find that all expenses are kept track of by accounting. At year end, they will be accumulated into your employee benefits. Now you need to refresh yourselves. I'll be back in an hour to escort you to the cafeteria," she explained.

The staff dining room was set up like a school cafeteria and the only thing familiar to Matt and Nick. They had to swipe their ID badges before sitting down. The food and utensils were totally foreign. A set

of chop sticks and table spoon were at each place sitting. Instead of going down a buffet line, a single course consisting of several dishes was placed in front of them.

Their meal, called a gohan, consisted of a bowl of brown rice with barley and a small smoked whole fish on top (Takikomi), another bowl of miso based soup with vegetables (Miso shiru), small plate of pickled vegetables (Tsukemono), a salad of vinegar marinated vegetables and the main dish served family style, a diced mixture of chicken, pork and vegetables. A pot of hot green tea completed their gohan.

Mikio did her best to teach them how to use chop sticks but they soon gave up, using the spoon instead. Neither Matt or Nick cared for most of what was served and frustrated they couldn't get a fork and knife. The rice, soup, salad and main dish they were able to handle. The smoked fish and tsukemono weren't touched although the small portions left them hungry. During the entire meal Mikio had a hard time suppressing her giggles at their clumsy eating habits.

As they headed back to their apartments, Matt turned to Nick. "Nick, I don't know about you but I'm totally wiped and bummed out. Other than a nap on the plane we haven't slept in almost twenty hours. If today was anything like a typical workday here, we're in for a rough time. If that's the only kind of food we're going to get, the first thing we do is find a decent restaurant. There's got to be a Micky Dees here somewhere."

"Yeah, I feel the same. Things are moving a little too fast. I especially didn't like signing that contract. We have no idea of what's in it other than what Mr. Kakemoto told us. We're going to have to do our best to get along and do our jobs. Those penalty clauses he mentioned pretty much guarantees our being stuck for the duration. This assignment isn't going to be as much fun as we thought," Nick replied.

Sunday when they finally got up around noon headed to the cafeteria. Seated they were served a meal that looked like their last one. Matt and Nick both immediately lost their appetite. They motioned for the waitress to take it away. Frowning she picked up the plates and said something in Japanese.

"Look, could we just get some coffee and toast?" Matt asked.

"lie (no) coffee," she said walking away.

"Come on Matt, we have the day off. Let's go find some place to get a decent meal and see the sights," Nick said standing up.

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Monday morning Matt and Nick met Mikio in the cafeteria as previously agreed. When they asked if Mikio could order them eggs and bacon, she

giggled. "No can do. So sorry. All meals are traditional Japanese by company policy. May be strange too you now but you learn to enjoy. Unlike many companies here, Muesaka Enterprises holds to Japanese traditions and discourages Western influences. During your orientation you will learn and conform to them."

After they finished breakfast, Mikio took Nick to the clinic for his appointment and Matt to get his company supplied clothing. At the tailor shop, Matt was given a pair of white silk boxer shorts and undershirt. Then ushered into a changing booth. Mikio told him he needed to put them on so the tailor could properly fit him.

"You really want me to come back out here wearing just my underwear?" he nervously asked seeing other men and women in the shop.

"Of course Matsuri, there is little modesty in Japan. That's something seiyos (westerners) have a hard time getting used too. Tokyo has over thirteen million people not counting urban areas. It is the second largest city in the world. With that many people, it's hard to have much privacy," she explained.

In the changing room Matt took a few moments to examine his new underwear. The boxers were a bright white with short flare legs and thin elastic waist band. The undershirt had a wide rounded neckline and thin shoulder straps.

"Weird, I've never worn what must be silk underwear or styled this way. These boxers don't even have a fly. Like they say, when in Rome," he thought stepping into the boxers.

After two hours Matt had a complete wardrobe. Each item was clearly marked with his bar code. The underwear wasn't the only new clothing. It was also the first time he wore tailor fitted silk attire. The black slacks fitted his butt and crotch firmly but not uncomfortably so. The white dress shirt clung to his torso, had pointed collars and small pearl buttons. A gray blazer styled jacket and pink tie completed his work clothing. In addition, he was given leisure clothing, shoes and accessories.

"Seems like the only things not made of silk or silk blend are the shoes and belts. Guess it must be inexpensive here. Don't like this style of jacket that much, too snug on the arms and flares a bit at the hip. These shoes with a two-inch wedge heel will take getting used too. Guess they're made that way since most Japanese men are so short," he thought.

"The shop will see that your clothing is sent to your apartment. Come, or we'll be late for your doctor's appointment. I'll meet you with Nikkiko in the cafeteria when you're finished there," Mikio said breaking into his thoughts.

Entering the clinic Matt saw Nick waiting with a frown on his face.

"What's the matter Nick?" he asked.

"You're not going to like it. Doc asked what we did yesterday. When I told him, he became very upset hearing we stopped at Micky Dees and Kentucky Fried. He wasn't too happy that we left the building either. Get prepared to hear the same orders he gave me. I must eat in the company cafeteria and every item served. Not only that, I can't leave the building unless on company business. I'm pretty sure he's going to tell you the same," Nick unenthusiastically replied.

"Why would he be upset about that?" Matt mumbled.

"Said something about us not being socially and linguistically adjusted, very bad for the company's image and called what we ate toxic," he answered.

Matt didn't understand the logic for making them stay confined to the building and strict diet. He was going to say more but called to see the doctor. Following the nurse, Matt was determined to argue against a similar order. After another quick examination and injection, he was asked what he did on Sunday. Just like Nick said, Doctor Ito was upset and gave him the same orders. Matt was feeling lethargic and didn't have the energy to argue.

With the interview finished, Doctor Ito got up and placed virtual reality and earbud devices on Matt. "Matsuri, this will help you adjust to Japanese life. You watch and listen," the doctor instructed.

"I can't believe I was in there two hours. It seemed like only minutes," Matt thought as he headed to the cafeteria.

During the meal neither Matt or Nick thought it unusual to eat everything served including the main dish, whole smoked fish. They fumbled with using chop sticks without complaint. Finished eating, Mikio took them on a tour of the building as part of their orientation. She showed them the gym where they were assigned lockers.

"It is Muesaka policy that all employees exercise one hour every morning before reporting to your assignments. This is Ichika, she will be your personal trainer. She doesn't speak much English but I translate," Mikio informed them.

Ichika was unlike most Japanese women big bosomed and pretty. Both Matt and Nick liked what they saw. She led them to the locker room. Over the entrance were sonograms that looked like someone kneeling with crossed arms, a t with curly-cue tail, a funny h and the other like the letters, tz under that were the words, onna no hito-tachi. Besides the lockers and bench seats there were toilet stalls and a large wooden bathing tub instead of the expected showers. The bath tub looked big enough to hold over a dozen people and the steaming water smelled strongly of flowers. Ichika assigned them each a locker and slid plastic name plates (Matsuri,

Nikkiko) with their bar codes into the ID slots.

"Ichika say these your lockers. The tailor shop will send your workout clothing later today. Fresh toweling and new uniforms replaced daily. She also say you must bathe before you leave and see you tomorrow morning promptly at six," Mikio translated.

From the gym, she took them to the beauty salon and introduced to Akari. She was an older woman and the salon's manager. Akari didn't speak English and Mikio had to translate.

"Akari say after you exercise tomorrow you come here. Muesaka requires all employees to have neat appearance. Akari will schedule you for every two weeks," Mikio told them.

The next stop was the employee lounge. Besides the expected tables and chairs, the walls were lined with vending machines. Matt and Nick were surprised of the vast variety of items dispensed from those, everything from pantyhose to smoked oysters. Most of the tables had Japanese magazines stacked on them. As Matt gave them a casual glance noticed they mostly were either about fashion or entertainment.

With the mini-tour over Mikio took them to their first class for orientation. "You meet here for rest of week. Sensei (Teacher) Haruto will be your instructor. When you enter make sure you show proper respect. You clasp hands in prayer position and give deep bow like this," she directed and showed them how. "You do same whenever you first meet or leave a superior. Right now, everyone except service staff are your superiors. You will refer to all your teachers and superiors as "Sensei" and your boss men as "Sempi." Don't forget this as it would be an insult otherwise. Your Japanese instructor will replace Sensei Haruto when class finished. I see you again at cafeteria tonight," she added.

Both Matt and Nick thought what she demanded demeaning but knew they had no choice. Failure to accept Japanese culture would be grounds for dismissal. They just looked at each other shaking their heads as Nick opened the door.

Like in the doctor's office they were given virtual reality sets with earbuds. However, this time they remembered what they saw and heard. It was a detailed lesson on Japanese culture that emphasized the concepts of "Saving Face" and "Harmony."

Saving face was paramount if they wanted to succeed while living in Japan. Face is a mark of personal dignity and means high status within one's peers. Face could be lost or gained. Lost by refusing a request or by reprimand. Gained with praise or achievement. Second to saving face was harmony. Essentially, harmony meant living and working together for the common good of all rather than an individual's benefit. These concepts were repeated throughout the presentation.

They didn't leave the room until seven and met up with Mikio for dinner. This time they used the chop sticks without as many mishaps and consumed everything on their plates.

"Matsuri, Nikkiko remember your appointments in the morning. Do whatever demanded and be prompt, otherwise you lose face. That will bring dishonor to yourselves and me as your sensei," she said as they were leaving.

Not much was said during dinner or as they walked back to their rooms. Both were mentally numb from the day's activities. It was only a little after eight but both were ready for bed.

As they approached their apartment, Nick said, "Garufurendo ha teiru? (Girlfriend I'm exhausted).

"What? Speak English. I don't understand that much yet," Matt replied.

"Sorry Matt, my mind is working on automatic I'm so tired. I was asking if you felt the same," Nick replied.

"Yeah, me too. So how did you pick up so much Japanese after one lesson anyway?" Matt asked.

"Don't know but I've always had a knack for languages. I speak almost fluent Spanish after one semester," he answered.

"I wish. Languages were never my strong suit. Anyway, goodnight bro," Matt said taking off his shoes and opening the door.

"Oyasumi nasai (goodnight)," Nick said going into his room.

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As they walked to the gym Matt asked Nick if he remembered how to say good morning. "Ohayo gozaimasu and don't forget to bow like Mikio showed us," he replied.

There were about a dozen girls in the locker room when they entered. The girls were in various stages of undress and seeing the boys began giggling. What surprised Matt and Nick was their apparent acceptance of them. There was no screaming or attempt to cover up. After giving Matt and Nick a quick look ignored them.

"Nick, are we in the right place?" Matt whispered.

"Yeah, our lockers are right over here. In Japan they have lots of communal changing rooms and baths," he whispered back.

"I remember now but it still feels weird," Matt replied.

"Just remember not to stare," Nick said.

Opening their lockers both gasped when they removed their gym uniforms. Black elasticized silk yoga skinny pants, pink elasticized silk shirt, a similar black silk jockstrap, white socks and pair of running shoes with a pink top and two-inch wedge gum soles. The pants were one thing but the sleeveless shirt puzzling. It had the company logo center front, low rounded neckline with the shoulder straps merging in the back between the shoulder blades. The straps then opened up attaching to a broad band, the hem of the shirt.

"You've got to be kidding me! They really expect us to wear these?" Matt gasped.

"Those are our names on the packaging. Guess we don't have a choice but to wear them," Nick said with a sigh.

"No boxers either. This thing must be the Japanese version of the jockey strap. Weird, it's got a sleeve inside," Matt thought holding up the garment.

"Damn! That smarts," Matt gasped as his testicles were pushed forcibly back up into his body. With his penis encased in the sleeve and tight embrace of the garment, his front was as flat as any girls.

Blushing and feeling like idiots they went into the gym. The other girls were already doing stretching exercises. The girls were wearing the same gym clothing except theirs were in a myriad of different colors and patterns. They got into line in the back row and began copying what the girls were doing. While most of the girls were talking softly all Matt and Nick could do was moan and groan. After about fifteen minutes Ichika entered the room.

Everyone immediately stood and bowed saying, "Ohayo gozaimasu, Dono (Madam) Ichika."

She began speaking in rapid Japanese which neither Matt nor Nick could follow. Nick knew enough to guess that she was informing the class that they were in the group but that was all. As Ichika was speaking some of the girls giggled. A cute girl in front of Matt turned to face him, giggled and said, "Redii booizu (lady boy), giggled again and turned to face the front.

"What was that?" Matt whispered.

"I have no idea," Nick answered.

With the speech ended, she got up on the raised dais and went into a yoga position. Matt and Nick did the best they could to follow along as Ichika led them through the exercise program. Forty-five minutes later both were hurting in places they didn't even knew they had. As they

limped toward the locker room the girls all rushed past giggling as if they hadn't exercised. It wasn't until later that they realized they were the only men in that class.

"I wish I had their energy. I'm whipped," Nick moaned.

In the locker room both had a difficult time trying not to stare as the girls stripped naked and entered the massive tub carrying small hand towel covering their groins. Neither Matt or Nick could strip all the way but decided to leave on the jockey strap. The water was hot, steamy and oily, smelling strongly of flowers. They didn't care for the smell but the hot water more than welcome on their aching muscles.

"Man those girls were hot. Not all that busty but still hot. Can't wait until I know enough Japanese to ask one of them out," Matt said as they walked to the salon.

"Yeah, me too. I think the one that talked to you in class might like you. I noticed she kept looking at you in the bath," Nick said smiling.

"Man, if I wasn't wearing that darn strap I would have had a big boner the whole time," Matt replied giving Nick a friendly punch on the arm.

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After properly greeting Sempi Akari, they were turned over to two middle aged ladies, Matt to Yui and Nick to Kana. Yui could speak some English.

"Me Yui, this Kana. We do you likie Sempi Akari say. You no trouble, hai," she said.

"Hai, toraburnashi (Yes, no trouble)," Nick answered for the both of them.

They were led through a door with "Wakkusu" (Waxing) labeled on it and into separate rooms. Entering, Yui told them to take off all their clothes and get onto the table in opposing rooms. As the hair was being ripped off Matt, he couldn't stop himself from yelping and tearing up. He at least had the satisfaction of hearing the same cries from the other room. When Yui had finished stripping all the hair off Nick's torso except a small landing strip above his penis, gave him a full body message using fragrant oils. Instead of the "happy ending" he was hoping for, got a stinging slap to his butt.

"You okina akanbo (big baby)! Get you clothes," she said tossing him his silk boxers. After seeing what the girls were wearing in the locker room Matt wasn't so sure they were boxers. They looked just like what the girls were wearing. The only difference being most of theirs were in bright colors, pastels or prints.

Back in the salon proper they were taken to have a manicure/pedicure. That was a much more pleasant treatment than getting waxed but not with the results. Their finger nails had been filed into ovals and varnished with a pale pink color. The next stop was to have facials. The first was very unpleasant as whatever the technician worked into his lower face and neck burned. The following facials made up for that discomfort with both guys almost falling asleep.

Finally it was Yui and Kana's turn again as they began styling their hair. Matt was happy that Kana wasn't cutting off very much. He liked his black hair long and normally kept in a low ponytail. He wasn't thrilled when she parted it across his forehead then trimmed it straight across his brows. Using a flat iron, she straightened the rest leaving it hanging at the shoulders. He wanted to protest but figured it was no use, she probably wouldn't understand anyway. She walked in front of him and grabbing his chin, turned it left then right.

"No likie aiburou (eyebrow)," she said more to herself than to Matt.

The next several minutes were painful as she used a pinpoint of light to remove hairs from his brows. As the light touched, there was a pinprick of pain then the smell of burnt hair. When she had finished his brows were in thin high arches making his eyes look much larger.

When she turned the chair so he could look into the mirror, Matt was upset but suppressed saying anything. "Shit! What she did to my eyebrows wasn't just thinning them out. Kana made them look like a girl's. I don't like what she did to my hair either; especially these stupid bangs. I'm beginning to wonder if coming to Japan was such a great honor like Mr. Tyson said it was. It's beginning to feel more like a prison. I'll concede that the Orient is 180 degrees different than what I'm familiar with and the language too. Orientation is only for two weeks. Hopefully by then I'll be able to see the city and get some clothing. I'm still pissed they took all my clothes that I brought when they delivered the work uniforms. No sense in getting myself all bent out of shape now. I just have to make it through the year," he thought.

Meeting Nick at the reception desk, Matt was shocked. "Gee, if I thought what Kana did to me was radical, Yui certainly did a number on Nick," he thought.

Nick's dirty blond hair was streaked with brassy blond highlights. The top had been left full and spiked while the sides kept short in an undercut fashion. His brows were also arched and feminine. In addition Yui had pierced his earlobes using pink keepers.

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In the clinic for their daily consultation with Doctor Ito, they both received injections. Booster shots according to the doctor which left them dazed. Matt was taken into another room for his virtual reality

session while Nick met with Doctor Ito. Like before, it started with a brief question/answer session about Nick's experiences. When Nick expressed concern over what was done in the salon, the doctor eased his worries.

"Nikkiko, we think a more modern hip, youthful Japanese appearance suited you best. The younger Japanese under your assigned duties will associate better with you now. Muesaka wants all our employees to feel comfortable working together so productivity stays high," the doctor assured him.

"That makes sense Doctor Ito but it's still seems a little weird to me. It makes me look a lot younger an...and" he wanted to say fruity but didn't. "I already look young for my age and worry that I won't be taken seriously," Nick replied.

"No worry Nikkiko. Rest assured what we do is for you and the company's benefit. With diligent hard work you receive respect. Having respect is most important in Japan. There is great dishonor if you lose respect. What we call saving face," Doctor Ito answered.

Later, Doctor Ito met with Matt who raised the same concerns over his altered appearance Nick did. "Matsuri, that style is what many young up and coming Japanese associate with. It's a very modern young look and better suited for representing Muesaka. It's important for our company's image to appear very modern and progressive," he explained.

"That makes sense," Matt thought leaving the office.

Seeing Nick waiting for him said, "Actually, I kinda like what they did now."

"Me too. I've always been on the nerdy side but now I look really mod if you know what I mean," Nick replied.

"Yeah Bro, let's get some lunch," Matt agreed.

They had just gotten their gohan when Mikio joined them. Giving them a good look, smiled broadly.

"Matsuri, Nikkiko you look fabulous. Very much sutairisshu (stylish). Don't you just love what they did?" she said.

"Hai (yes)," they both said simultaneously with a nod of their heads.

For the rest of their orientation period they went to the gym, the clinic then the rest of the day in Sensei Haruto's classroom. Sensei Haruto didn't lecture or say much but used the virtual reality headsets connected to his computer to teach. The lessons covered Japanese customs from how to properly use chop sticks beside eating. Like never point chop sticks at someone or leave them on the plate to social and business etiquette. Throughout the presentations was repeated the importance of

working for the good of all rather than personal benefit. Sensei Haruto put subliminal messages into his lessons that neither Matt or Nick were aware of. Those messages emphasized the need to be meek, obedient and submissive.

When Sensei Haruto finished his lesson, it was time for their Japanese language lesson. It was taught by a middle-aged woman and like Haruto used the virtual reality sets for instruction. What neither of them understood was the pronunciation of the words were in a feminine context. Later as they began speaking in sentences, certain words had a pronounced feminine emphasis. Many of the words they learned to use were seldom if ever used by males.

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On the last day of orientation they were called back to the Human Resources office to see Sempi Asahi. "I have received good reports on your efforts. Your Japanese language skills are greatly improved but continue with those classes. Now it is time to put you to work. Matsui, you will report to Kantoku-sha (Supervisor) Riku in rojisutikusa (logistics). Nikkikio to Kantoku-sha Itsuki in maketingu (marketing). Now that you are sarariman (salarymen), report to the tailor shop for new uniforms after your salon appointment. Remember what you have learned, ohayo gozaimasu (good morning)," he said in dismissal.

In the salon they were again waxed and treated to the same experience as before. Only this time there were more changes. Kana didn't do much to Matt's hair style other than a trim but she pierced his ears using small pink pearl studs. The varnish on his nails was in a brighter pink. Matt spent most of his time getting facial treatments. The ointments and unguents applied to his face and neck were more numerous than before. That left his complexion evenly toned, blemish free and totally hair free. Having black hair normally meant that Matt had noticeable five o'clock shadow. Using facial creams he had been given on the first visit twice daily, had pretty much eliminated that and the facial hair. After this treatment would never have to shave again. Nick also had the same facial care but his beard was negligible to begin with.

While the changes to Matt were minor he though Yui went too far with Nick. His hair was in the similar style except it had bright pink highlights. His ears had been pierced two more times in each ear. The original piercings had pink hoops instead of the pink keepers. His nails were in a much brighter pink than Matt's. Matt had to do a double take before he realized Nick was wearing pale pink lip gloss. Two weeks earlier he would have strongly made his thoughts known but kept silent. If he said anything except something nice, it would cause both Nick and Yui to lose face.

"Wow, Nick you...you look different. Is that lipstick?" he said instead of what he would have.

"No, not lipstick. It's a lip balm to stop my lips from chapping. Yui said the hair color matches the Muesaka company's corporate flag. She said it would impress my kantoku-sha (supervisor) and other sarariman (salaried men) I will be working with. We're still gaikoku hitos (foreigners) and we need to do whatever we must to fit in," Nick responded.

"You're right Nick. What say we catch lunch once we get our new clothing. I always seem to be hungry since we got here," Matt said slapping Nick on the back.

"Me too. Would you believe Doctor Ito wants me to lose even more weight? At least another six to ten pounds," Nick responded with a frown.

"What? You can't weigh more than a hundred and forty pounds," Matt replied shocked.

"One thirty-six to be exact. I've already lost fifteen from eating in the cafeteria," Nick groused as they headed out the door.

Matt was in the changing booth examining his new underwear. "I've lost most of my gut thanks to my diet and yoga took an inch off my waist. Now I need new underwear but these are pink. I'm not into anything pink. I tried to politely object but the tailor said it was an honor as it was the company's color. How could I refuse? If I did we'd both lose face," he thought.

He wasn't too happy with the rest of his new clothing either. All the shirts were in various shades of pink, all his ties were neon pink and his new pants were slim cut with the back seams digging into his butt. The blazer was a bit different as well. The shoulders were padded, sleeves a bit tighter and the hem flared more at the hips. The shoes were weird having a three-inch wedge heel and narrow rounded toes.

Nick wasn't happy with his new clothing either. Instead of his boxer styled shorts was given full cut pink silk briefs with elasticized legs. His undershirt unlike the fitted ones he had were loose, the shoulder straps thin with slides to adjust them. His new pants were skinny, without pockets and hugged his legs and butt. The shirts were poufy long sleeved with a peter pan collar. His blazer tailored to the contours of his shrinking body. He didn't like any of his new clothing especially the item prescribed by Dr. Ito, it was a pink with wire boning waist cincher. His shoes had a three-inch block heel and pointed toe. Without pockets on his pants was issued a pink with company logo leather satchel.

At lunch Mikio sat with them. "Matsuri, Nikkiko you look fantastic. I think your supervisors and salary men will be impressed. You have come far since your arrival. Keep it up, remember your lessons and you will bring honor to me and Muesaka. With your orientation finished, I won't be your guide any longer but I will always be available if you need advice or assistance," she said.

As customary during Japanese meals not much else was said as they ate. When they were finished each headed off in different directions. Matsuri to meet his supervisor Sempi Riku and Nikkiko to his, Sempi Itsuki.

##

Due to the workaholic nature of Japanese business, Matt and Nick saw little of each other over the next two months. They both had gym at different times but one day the same class. It was during that time Matt noticed big changes in his buddy Nick. It wasn't just his appearance but his behavior as well. Nikkiko was giggling a lot and strangely flirtatious. Nick had always been the more serious of the two. His company issued clothing, Matt thought borderline unprofessional. His blazer was not only longer, reaching past his hips with a definite flare. His pants or rather his leggings looked like were spray painted on with no sign of a male bulge. Beside the clothing Nick's nails were varnished in a frosted pink polish with matching lip gloss. His finger nails were much longer and filed into feminine ovals. It wasn't until they changed for gym class that Matt noticed Nick was wearing a neon pink thong. Seeing it Matt cringed and looked away. What he didn't notice were the pink leather four-inch spiked pumps with a half inch platform sole Nick took off.

"I have no idea why he's wearing that. Must be uncomfortable as all get out. Makes him look as flat as any girl down there. The rest of his outfit seems unprofessional to me too. He's wearing lipstick for sure, maybe mascara and he's certainly not acting like himself. Don't know if he's lost it, turning into a transvestite or it's a marketing thing like he just told me," he thought.

Nick's gym clothing was just as shocking to Matt. The yoga pants were skin tight with gradient colors from neon pink to powder pink at the ankles. The sleeveless top was the same but this time there were noticeable bumps on Nick's chest.

"What's gotten into Nick? We haven't had time to talk in two months but I have to get to the bottom of this. Just got to find the time to meet with him," Matt thought.

When Matt went to his office cubicle he was given a message to see Doctor Ito. "I wonder why he wants to see me? I haven't been to the clinic in months," he thought.

"Ah Matsuri come sit. Do you remember the last time we met and talked?" Doctor Ito asked.

"Um...no...not really. Maybe a couple of months ago but I'm not sure," a confused Matt responded.

"No...no Matsuri," Dr. Ito replied smiling and shaking his head. "It has

been every week since your orientation.”

“What? Why don’t I remember?” a shocked Matt questioned.

“Muesaka has been working with, shall we say certain people in developing special drugs and programs. New advanced psycho-therapy techniques in fact. A side effect is temporary memory loss. You and Nikkiko were chosen by Sempi Agname himself. That greatly honors you. The purpose of this program is to see just how far and how permanent our techniques’ changes are. What we needed to test our techniques, were two complete opposites of our race and culture thus you were chosen. Based on your and Nikkiko’s progress, I believe we are close to achieving the desired results,” the doctor explained.

“The desired results? What exactly are those results doctor?” a dazed and frightened Matt asked.

“No time to explain now. Maturi. It best we resume,” Doctor Ito said giving him an injection.

Matt’s eyes were growing heavy as the doctor began counting backwards from ten in Japanese.

“Juu, kyuu, hachi, shichi,” he began but Matt was out before he said more.

##

Matt seemed to wake from a day dream as the telephone rang at his desk. “I must have fallen asleep again. Don’t know if my body will ever adapt to my workload,” he thought punching the speaker button.

“Konnichiwa, korehe Maturi, (Hello, this is Maturi)” he said in near perfect Japanese as if it were his first language.

The voice on the other end of the line spoke in rapid-fire Japanese which caught Matt off-guard. He was surprised as he spent most of his time talking to the American office where he used to work. This much Japanese, this abruptly wasn’t something he was familiar with.

Looking down at his keyboard was again surprised at how fast he was typing. His typing skills on the computer were normally at the thirty to forty words per minute. Now his fingers were flying over the keyboard keeping up with the voice on the phone.

“Maturi, wakarimasu ka? (Do you understand?)” the voice demanded refocusing Matt’s attention.

“Hai, wakarimasu. Arigatogozalmusu (Yes, I understand. Thank you very much),” he responded.

“Anata wa yoi shokuba no hana (You good office flower),” the voice said which confused Matt but he politely responded, “Arigatogozaimusa.”

As the line went dead, Matt looked at the keyboard and monitor, it was all in Japanese. “Those lessons I’ve been taking every day seem to finally be kicking in,” he thought. “Wonder why he called me a good office flower? That term means a female secretary. A person who only performs menial tasks with little chance of advancement.”

Matt shifted in his chair. The new thong underwear he was wearing was uncomfortable the way it forced his testicles back up inside and his penis pointed down. He didn’t like them but the tailor had said necessary to keep from showing panty lines or unsightly bulges in his new leggings.

“I must have misunderstood what that tailor said. I shouldn’t wear panties much less leggings and especially this bra or I don’t think so. My head has been so clouded and stuffy lately I’m not sure about anything. Like I have a severe sinus clog or something. I really don’t remember coming to work much less here. I’m sitting outside Simpi Riku’s office instead of with the others. I remember something now. I got demoted because I failed to finish that logistics report in time. Doctor Ito said to expect temporary memory loss and I’ve just been so tired lately,” he thought.

##

Matt wasn’t the only one having difficulties understanding his situation. Nick’s was much worse. Instead of going to Japanese languages classes as he was now fluent, met with Doctor Ito for several hours each afternoon. There he was given an injection then the virtual reality set fastened on. The images and subliminal messages designed to change everything that he knew about himself. After two months of intensive treatments, Nick not only spoke perfect Japanese but thought in Japanese almost forgetting he ever knew English.

He also believed being demoted to shokuba no hana (Office flower) justified. It was even considered an honor to be the secretary of such an important man as Sempri Hsuki. Nick didn’t know exactly what he did wrong but Sempri Hsuki said he did and that was justification enough. The ideals of “face” and “harmony” were ingrained more deeply into his conscious than his Japanese counterparts. So imbedded, it was almost impossible to refuse any request made by his superiors or peers. The only people he didn’t bow to were the service staff like the maids or waitresses.

Now that he was no longer a saraiman, needed more appropriate clothing required to meet Muesaka policy. If they gave him the clothing Nick had to wear now when he first arrived, would had quit regardless of the consequences. His conditioning made him bow to the tailor (now a superior) and say, “Hai, arigatogozaimasu (Yes, thank you very much)” as

he was given the clothing.

The underwear was in the familiar neon pink silk he had been wearing. This time an additional item was added. It was a matching A-cup uplift bra with delicate powder pink lace overlay. Seeing his confused look, the tailor stepped up and showed him how to adjust the straps and hook the band behind his back.

“Wh...why do I hav...have to wear this? Men don’t need these,” Nick asked in Japanese as he struggled to fasten the band.

“No matter. All female employees are required to wear them. You now Office Flower. Policy considers all Office Flowers to be young ladies. So you wear,” the woman tailor responded in Japanese.

His outer wear was just as strange as the bra. Black opaque tights that had a transparent section from above the knee to just below the groin. Black hose with a lace stay up welt, pink over the knee stockings and black PVC hotpant shorts. A white poufy long-sleeved button up blouse with a colorful floral band on the hem that was long enough to cover his crotch and thin leather belt. With the belt fastened high on his waist the blouse looked more like a shirt dress. Instead of a blazer, he was issued a black vest. For footwear, given a pair of black ankle boots with thick platform soles and four-inch stacked heels.

From the tailor shop Nick was sent to the salon. Appropriately dressed as an Office Flower, he now had to look like one. He spent the rest of the afternoon getting a complete makeover and instruction on how to maintain the look. When he left Nick’s long blond bangs were swept to the side, in a striking contrast to the dark buzz-cut on the sides. His half-inch finger nails had been polished in bright pink with crisp white tips. His brows had been laser thinned and tapered upward, giving Nick a permanently surprised look. His eyes lined thickly in black liner and drawn out giving them an almond look. Long feathery false eyelashes were applied and coated with black mascara. Eyeshadows in different tones of frosted grays with touches of pink and white were carefully applied to his eyelids. A bright bubble gum pink glossy wet lipstick completed his makeover. He was given the tube of lipstick and compact to put in his pink purse. The makeup brushes, facial cleansing products, makeup and other essential materials would be delivered to his apartment.

Nick decided to stop for dinner before heading to his room. He was happy to see Mikio sitting eating her meal and joined her.

“Konnichiwa (Hello) Mikio. Watashi wa anata ni sanko suru kato ga dekimasu (May I join you)? Nick asked.

Mikio looked up from her plate, stared then broke out in a broad smile and stood giving him a brief hug. Stepping back said in Japanese, “Nikkiko you look fantastic. You make a very beautiful redii booizu (lady boy) I almost didn’t recognize you. So sorry to hear about your

demotion but being Office Flower to Sempi Hsuki is high honor. Yes, please sit. We talk more after you have eaten,” she said.

As required by Japanese dining etiquette they didn't talk while savoring their meal. When they had finished and over a cup of green tea talked for several minutes. Most of the talk was compliments and encouragements from Mikio over Nikkiko's new look. When they parted Nick felt much better about his attire and new position as an office girl.

##

Walking back to his apartment after a late supper Matt decided to see if Nick was home yet. Working in different departments and long shifts they hadn't had a chance to talk in a long time. Matt needed someone who would understand or at least vent his frustration over what had happened today.

“Hay Nick, you home,” he said knocking on the door.

“Hai,” he heard as the door opened.

“Nick, you won't believe the day I had,” Matt blurted rushing into the room. “I feel like I'm in an episode of the Twilight Zone.”

Matt paused taking a sip of bubble tea. It was a concoction of tea, cream and tapioca blended with ice into a slush. A bubble tea bar was set up in the evenings in the employee lounge. He had to pass through it on the way to his apartment. He didn't remember stopping before tonight or even what bubble tea was. However, the friendly staff seemed to know him and exactly what he wanted before he asked.

“Anyhow,” Matt continued. “Apparently I've been demoted to secretarial duties just because I missed one lousy deadline. Can you believe that shit?”

“Matsui, Naze anata wa eigo de hanashite imasu ka? (Matt, why are you speaking in English?), Nick responded with a confused look on his face.

To which Matt responded without thinking, “Nikkiko, Naze anata wa nihongo de hanashimasu ka? (Nick, why are you speaking in Japanese?). Until now they made it a point to always speak to each other in English. They had decided very early on that speaking to each other in their native tongue reminded them of who they were.

Hearing what he said Matt covered his mouth politely and giggled. Nikkiko did the same. It was then that Matt noticed his buddy's new look. What surprised him even more was his penis stiffening. He turned and tried to quickly adjust it but proved difficult in his new skinny pants. These pants fit like a second skin and so stretchy he had to wear new underwear. Bright pink elasticized silk that pulled his testicles back up inside his body. Nick's choice of language was bothersome but

his new look was astounding. He looked like a very pretty teenaged girl.

“What’s happened to my best friend? He looks more like a Nikkiko than a Nick much less a Nicholas,” Matt thought.

“Matsuri, I had to do this,” Nick began to explain in Japanese. “I got demoted to office flower and must conform to Muesaka’s personnel policies. You should know I couldn’t refuse and neither would you. Doing that would make us loose too much face and be baka yarou (an insult) to our superiors. I accept my demotion and therefore the dress and grooming requirements. If I perform well, then I hope to get my old position back. I hope you can understand that.”

Then he noticed what Matt was wearing. “Matsuri, naze anata wa sore o mi ni tsukete imasu (why are you wearing that)?”

“Look Nikkiko....I mean Nick, speak English when we are alone together like we agreed,” Matt replied.

Nick looked confused for a moment, then replied softly in an accented higher pitched voice, “Matsuri, I...Nikkiko...been so deep into Japanese language, I think in it. English now hard for me now.”

“Yeah, I’m beginning to see what you mean. I was demoted today just like you. Now I’m a secretary to my boss. I just got these new work clothes and have an appointment after gym at the salon. Guess I can expect the same treatment you got and I’m not looking forward to it. Like you said, I don’t have a choice either. I cannot afford to lose any more face. I want my old job back as bad as you do,” Matt replied in Japanese.

##

The next morning Matt dressed in his new office flower appropriate work clothing. He didn’t like any of it but put it on including the pink bra. The leggings had a high waist and just above the ankle in length. They fitted like a second skin, were a shiny black stretch fabric with an abstract design in various shades of pink and beige. Matt cringed as he slid the kimono styled top over his head. It was Persian blue with a high rounded neck and sleeves reaching just below his elbows. What bothered him about the top were the sheer sleeves and hem covered in floral lace.

“I can’t believe I’m actually wearing this. Way too girly but it’s the prescribed work clothing. When they delivered it, they took all my other clothing just like they have every time. Wish I had known that when we got here. I would have made sure they left my western clothing so I could feel like me after work. Like I have that much time anyway. Oh well, I’ve got to get to the gym then the salon,” he thought.

With no pockets he picked up his pink satchel and walked out the door. There he paused to slip his feet into a pair of pink patent leather

pointed toed two-inch heels. Walking through the employee lounge noticed the bubble tea bar was closed.

“The staff there were so friendly, like they’ve known me forever. I can’t wait to stop later and get me another one of those drinks. Don’t know if it was that bubble tea or just time but my head seems clearer today,” he mused.

Walking into the gym locker room he greeted the girls already there. He didn’t bow as they were his peers, fellow office flowers. For the first time they didn’t bow to him either. Matt wasn’t surprised to see his gym clothing had been changed as well. His black yoga pants were now like the other girls. Just as tight fitting but now in graduating colors from powder pink at the ankle and ending in neon pink at the hips. The halter top was the same pink with company logo but this one had bra cups built into it.

“Now this is weird. Why would they give me a girl’s top? After everything else that’s happened, this shouldn’t be surprising,” he thought putting it on.

Stepping into the salon Matt shivered remembering how much makeup Nikkiko wore. His first stop was to get a complete body waxing including his pubic hair which was left in a narrow landing strip. Then wearing only a pink kimono styled robe that only reached mid-thigh and his thong, taken to get a manicure/pedicure. Every two weeks he had a mandatory salon appointment. Each time his finger nails were treated to chemicals that would encourage growth and strength before being polished but only lightly filed into ovals. Now his nails extended almost three quarters of an inch and varnished in a vivid cherry red.

Kana took him to her station for a shampoo and styling. The shampoo also had ingredients that encouraged growth and strength. With every visit Kana just trimmed it and his hair reached to mid-shoulder blade length. She fashioned his hair into a big bubble, pulling strands to caress his cheeks. With a flat iron straightened them then cut the ends off at a sharp angle. Using pins and what looked like colorful chop sticks to hold it in place in the back. She finished setting it with what Matt thought a can of sweet smelling hairspray.

“Matsuri, this style in keeping with office flower guidelines. It’s more complicated, so you come back every week now. When you bathe, make sure you don’t get it wet,” she told him.

“Hai, dono (madam) Kana,” he promptly replied.

The next step was the one he dreaded. It was to get a facial and makeup applied. After the relaxing facial the technician used her laser to further shape his eyebrows tapering the end into fine lines. Next the cosmetologist began his instruction on makeup application. Leaving the salon Matt stopped and looking into a mirror still not believing how much

gunk was now on his face. His remaining brows were half as long, eyelids a vivid pink with ebony black eyeliner shaping his eyes into an almond look. His face was paler, almost white with the application of foundation and his cheeks dusted rose. What got his attention were his cupid bow glossy cherry red lips.

“This is worse than I feared. Way more than Nikkiko has to wear. I hope I can do this on my own tomorrow. Oh, well, she did tell me there would be an instructional DVD delivered with the rest of my makeup needs,” he thought gazing into the mirror.

After lunch Matt had another appointment, Doctor Ito. “The Doctor knows western ways better than most around here. Perhaps I can convince him that all this office flower dressing and makeup stuff shouldn’t apply to me or Nikkiko,” he thought entering the clinic.

It was almost eight o’clock when Matt left the clinic feeling tired. More of a feeling of being out of phase with himself. He couldn’t remember why he had been there so long or what happened but content. Why he felt so good walking to the cafeteria, he had no idea but he was happy. On the way back to his apartment stopped and got another bubble tea.

“I just love this drink. If I’m not careful I might become addicted to it,” he thought.

Getting ready for bed, Matt stripped down to his undergarments and pulled his new nightshirt from the bureau. Unlike his other plain pink dress shirt styles, this one white silk with thin spaghetti straps, low rounded neckline imprinted with small pink cherry blossoms reaching just past his groin with a slight flair. He didn’t seem to notice that his bra cups were no longer sitting flat on his chest. In the bathroom he stared at his face in the mirror.

“Now that I’ve had some time wearing makeup, I really don’t want to take it off. Weird, I shouldn’t even have this on my face to begin with but it does make me look pretty. I’ll fit in better with the other office flowers which maintains harmony in the office,” he thought and began a new facial and beauty regimen. One he had never performed before but came to him naturally as if he had been doing it for a long time.

##

Over the three months they had been under the care of Dr. Ito, both Matt and Nick’s bodies had changed significantly; yet, mostly unnoticed by them. When they did notice something, figured it was due to their diet, yoga and heavy workload. Both now weighed about 120 pounds, their hips had added a good inch and their bums were rounder and bigger. Their waists four inches smaller and their pectorals developed soft small mounds. Matt’s were enhanced to a full B-cup by Dr. Ito. The biggest physical changes were to their genitals, as they were now smaller and

erections seldom.

The greatest changes were to their minds thanks to drugs and virtual reality subliminal messages. They both thought and talked in fluent feminine Japanese which was not a bad thing living in Japan. However, when they thought in the language, it was from an exaggerated Japanese cultural perspective of “face” and “harmony.” They had become very submissive and if a peer or, especially a superior, asked them to do something could not refuse.

Nick, who now thought of himself as Nikkiko was the most susceptible to the drugs and programming. Matt, while referring to himself as Matsuri still harbored some self-awareness. Deep down he knew what was happening to him and Nikkiko and hated it. He wasn't a macho man when he arrived but still a man with manly needs. Matt tried to fight his conditioning by telling himself that over and over. Yet the drugs were powerful and the subliminals effective, making Matt comply to whatever demanded.

Dr. Ito reported to Sempi Agname's office: “The specialty psychotropic drugs and hormones are working as expected with no appreciable side effects. The virtual reality subliminal messages are proving very effective. Our test subjects have advanced to the point where we can now progress to the next step. It is my belief that within two months both subjects will become complete opposites of their former selves, both mentally and physically.”

Sempi Agname looked up from the report, making eye contact with the two yakuza (Japanese mafia) men sitting in his office. “You have seen the video of our test subjects. Dr. Ito has informed me that our drugs and programming are progressing as desired. He is moving to the last phase and should have final proof of the effectiveness of our methodology soon. If we used Japanese or other Orientals, the desired changes would be much faster and significantly cheaper. I chose the Americans to prove beyond doubts, our methods are worth the expense. Based on these reports, you will have exactly what you demanded within two months.”

##

Nikkiko spent three weeks in the clinic and kept sedated. There his teeth were extracted and replaced with porcelain white somewhat smaller implants. His chin made slightly pointed and his nose more petite. The Adam's Apple shaved and vocal cords shortened. Giving him a much higher register. Along with cheek and lip implants, Nikkiko had D-cup breast gel inserts. A breast size not often seen in the Oriental. While kept semi-conscious, virtual reality sets were used to make what they had done acceptable and desired by Nikkiko.

Matsuri on the other hand spent his days learning to play the shamisen (stringed instrument) along with choreographed movements and gestures. During those lessons he spent the first hour with the virtual reality set. He was told by his sensei, an older, dignified looking woman, that

office flowers were often called upon to entertain. The entertainment expected was some playing on the string instrument and performing a traditional dance routine. When called to do so, had to do it with grace.

“If you’re not exact and graceful in your mannerisms and gestures, then you lose face. You will practice what I show you until they come naturally without thought,” she instructed.

“I can’t afford to lose any more face if I ever want to get my old job back,” he thought and applied himself learning all he was being taught. The fact that he was learning ultra-feminine movements didn’t enter his mind.

Being dismissed from his lessons, went to see Dr. Ito for his daily afternoon session. Matt hated getting shots but now they didn’t bother him, as the doctor injected him then placed the virtual reality set on. After his first lesson day and session with the doctor, Matt returned to the tailor shop. There he was fitted appropriately for his daily lessons. By the time he returned from supper, his new clothing was there. Unlike all previous deliveries, his other clothing was untouched.

“Hopefully I only have to wear this when I attend class,” he thought picking up the first item out of the kimono bag.

What he held was a bright pink silk with multi-colored floral embroidered kimono. It was a large ankle length padded robe and sewn to give a straight line. Inside the kimono bag were a black obi (large waist band) with gold medallion decoration. Obi-jime (small chord knotted belts to secure the obi) with several gold broaches attached. A black silk haori (short loose kimono styled coat) with gold embroidered chrysanthemums. The accessories included were tabi (buttoned socks with a split toe) in white, zori (flat wooden lacquered sandals with small heels similar to flip-flops), several kanzashi (hair pin adornments) with different colored clusters of small flowers and four dangling beaded strings. The last two items were thick, colorfully painted lacquered wooden fans.

Along with the clothing was a note from the tailor. “Matsuri, please take your kimono bag to class and change there. Kimono very expensive and requires much care.” The note reads.

“Well, that answers my question. Glad I don’t have to wear this all day. It’s very heavy,” he thought.

Matt knew from his culture lessons that Japanese men wore kimonos which are normally a single dark color with a small woven design and unpadded. However, it didn’t relate in his mind that his kimono and accessories was strictly a woman’s. More specifically that of a geisha.

Matsuri didn’t know it but he was being trained to become a taikomochi (male geisha). At one time, all geishas were men but now uncommon and in

high demand. Geishas (arts person) aren't prostitutes and any sexual demand considered very insulting. They are well versed in the arts of conversation, music, singing and dancing. However, there is a totally different side directly tied to sexual acts for money, called mizu-shobai (water trade) and tied to the yakuza (mafia). Mizu-shobai taikomochi that entertained male guests, unlike geishas didn't need to know the arts that well. However, Matsuri after two months of twelve-hour days was good at the shamisen and passable dancing with his fans.

##

After the stay in the clinic, Nicholas (Nick) Duncan no longer existed. He was replaced by a giggly Japanese sweet Lolita lady boy called Nikkiko. Oh Nick was still there, somewhere deep in the subconscious aware but unable to act. Nikkiko loved what Doctor Ito had done; especially giving him such large breasts and full luscious cupid's bow lips.

Discharged from the clinic he went happily, actually skipping to the tailor shop. There he was measured and within the hour began dressing in his new Sweet Lolita outfit. The bra and panties were dainty. The pink panties were full cut almost bloomer styled with rows of white floral lace on the back. The up-lift pink bra had strands of small white flowers like fingers caressing the breast on the cups. A wide pink silk waist cinch overlaid in sheer chiffon with small white floral embroidery and six suspender belts. The metal tabs on the suspender belts had bright pink ribbons attached. The suntan sheer hosiery had bright white floral lace welts with vertical lines of small white flowers flowing from heel to welt. A tiered bright pink petticoat with powder pink floral lace hemming on each tier completed Nikkiko's undergarments.

Seeing the dress when it was brought over, clapped his hands in delight. It was in a powder pink little girl's party style but her size. The fitted bodice had a low rounded neckline and three tiers of ruffled skirts and top one of sheer chiffon. The chiffon skirt went over the other tiers with pink cherry blossom imprints. Running down the bodice forming a V at the waist were two rows of small white bows. A large white satin bow was centered at the high waist. The skirts flared out bell shaped exposing two inches of lacy petticoat hemming.

The accessories were equally little girlish. A large white floppy bow pin for the hair. Round toed white leather pumps with a bow just above the toe and three-inch spike heel. White lace gloves, pink ruffled nylon ankle socks and pink patent leather shoulder bag completed the ensemble.

From the way Dono Yui and Sempu Akari complimented Nikkiko as he entered the salon, Nikkiko knew he had gained a lot of face. Gaining face made him even happier. So happy, Nikkiko had a hard time stopping a fit of the giggles. Waving a hand in front of his mouth didn't seem to help either.

Before going with Yui, Nikkiko gave a deep bow to Sempi Akari and said, “Watashi wa anata ga sukinanode ureshidesu arigatogozaimashita (Thank you so very much I’m so happy you like.”

Over the past month, Yui had let the short hair at the sides of Nikkiko’s head grow out, trimming only the split ends from the thick long mop of hair on top. She dyed all the hair a powder pink instead of just the top. Yui then wove the long hair into a single braid and tied off the end with a bright pink ribbon floppy bow.

“Nikkiko, I think this suits your style much better and keep your braid in front, over the left shoulder like this,” Yui said.

“Thank you very much Dono Yui. I do love it,” Nikkiko replied.

The cosmetologist made a few changes. Various shades of pink eyeshadow were blended on the eye lids from pale pink to neon pink just touching the eyebrow. Adding a little of the neon pink on the lower lid. Black ebony liquid liner was thickly applied to both upper and lower lids and extended outward in a slight slant. Cherry red rouge was brushed on her enhanced cheeks. The lips coated thickly in a luscious cherry red lipstick. The bow in the upper lip in a crisp V and the lower lip had a band of white in the center. Nikkiko’s finger nails were varnished in alternating bright white and cherry red lines.

Nikkiko was very happy going back to his work station after lunch. Kantoku-sha Hsuki was expecting Nikkiko’s return but not the drop dead gorgeous creature that walked in. He immediately sprung an erection which was very noticeable. That evening when he was leaving for the day, stopped at Nikkiko’s desk.

“Nikkiko, I would like to take you to dinner as you are a good office flower. Meet me at my apartment at nine tonight,” he said giving her a piece of paper with his apartment number.

“Hai, I am much honored to accept Kantoku-sha Hsuki,” Nikkiko responded smiling broadly.

##

Back in the apartment Nikkiko was pleased to see that the tailor shop had delivered her new wardrobe. He selected a very similar dress except this one was baby blue, the built-in petticoats yards and yards of darker blue ruffled chiffon. White hosiery which had vertical lines of blue flowers and baby blue leather lace up high ankle boots with a three-inch spike heel. The dress was a bit shorter and rose higher on Nikkiko’s hips with the petticoats like a cloud surrounding and hiding his panties. Standing, the welts and garter tabs were exposed. However, if he bent at the waist, the white ruffled blue panties would be fully disclosed as well. For accessories Nikkiko added a fluffy ruffled blue silk hair tie on the left wrist, white lace fingerless gloves and blue box hat with

short black lace veil.

“I look years younger wearing this. More like a little school girl but for some reason I love it. I hope Kantoku-sha Hsuki approves. Being seen having dinner with him will bring me more respect,” Nikkiko thought looking into the mirrored walls of the elevator that would take him to the supervisor’s floor.

Muesaka Enterprises had three levels of employee dining/clubs. The one for salarymen and service personnel were the cafeteria and lounge. Supervisors, unlike the lounge, combined dining with entertainment. While base employees could get beer from the vending machines, supervisors had a choice of liquor plus a DJ and dance floor. The furnishings and décor more elaborate with private booths. It was to one of those booths that Hsuki took Nikkiko.

Nikkiko was awed by how much nicer this was compared to what he was used to. Even more so when the waitress handed Hsuki a menu. He looked at the single type written page and ordered the meal. He ordered gyoza ebi (shrimp fried dumpling) and tenmusu (rice ball filled with tempura shrimp) for sides and Yakizakana (grilled whole rockfish with mushrooms and leeks) for the main dish. To Nikkiko, after the plain food from the cafeteria this meal was absolutely delicious.

“I must keep working diligently and please supervisor Hsuki. I can’t remember the last time I had mushrooms and want to eat here more often,” Nikkiko thought savoring the small delicacy.

Once the meal was cleared away Hsuki ordered a Go (serving of Saki which came in a six-ounce ceramic flask) of Saki (rice wine). Nikkiko hadn’t had any alcohol since arriving. Nick had never been a big drinker and didn’t like the taste of Saki but drank it to be polite.

“I don’t like the taste at all. It’s rice-like, grainy tasting just like it smells but have to smile like I love it or I will insult him,” Nikkiko thought taking a small sip.

Like many Japanese businessmen, Hsuki drank like a fish and ordered another serving of Saki then another. Nikkiko cupped his O-choko (small ceramic cup) and took a sip of the warm rice wine. It made him shiver in distaste but swallowed with a smile. The conversation was general but as the evening wore on, Hsuki became touchy/feely making numerous sexual innuendos. Nikkiko wasn’t happy about that but he was the boss. Nikkiko had no choice but to accept his actions and comments with a smile and occasional giggle.

Around midnight Hsuki said it was time to leave. The club was as packed if not more so as they left. As they stood, Hsuki put his arm around Nikkiko’s small waist and with a slight stagger escorted him to the elevator. Inside, Hsuki punched the button to his floor.

“Supervisor Hsuki, while I had a most pleasant time in your company it’s late. Please, I need to go back to my room,” Nikkiko said seeing what he did.

“Ah, my pretty office flower not just yet. I have treated you to a fine dinner and it’s time to show proper gratitude,” he answered giving Nikkiko’s ass a squeeze.

Hsuki’s apartment was a hundred square feet bigger than Nikkiko’s but had a kitchen with small two burner stove and refrigerator. The furnishings slightly better quality. He sat heavily on the futon and unzipped his black slacks then pulled out his cock. It was already semi-hard, about five inches long and two thick.

“Come, show me proper respect redii booizu (lady boy). Hai, I know. Despite that, you are beautiful and so tempting in your sweet Lolita outfit. Now! Show me respect,” he demanded pointing at his penis.

For a moment Nikkiko just stood there staring at Hsuki’s penis. “I didn’t expect this. I’ve never done anything like this before. I’m not gay but my lessons require me to comply otherwise I lose face. I must get my old salary man job back and to do that, cannot afford to lose any more face,” he thought as he dropped to his knees.

##

When Nikkiko went back to his job, it was Matsuri’s turn in the clinic. Like with Nikkiko, Matsuri was given several surgeries and intense programming. Leaving the clinic, his Adam’s apple was shaved and vocal cords tightened. His cheeks and lips fuller. On his chest were two coffee cup sized breasts with stubby fat nipples. What was left of Matt Armstrong was buried deep within his subconscious. He was Matsuri now. Before he left Doctor Ito’s office, had a strong desire to show his appreciation. Doing the only thing he could think of, sat on a low stool, unzipper the doctor’s pants and gently withdrew the semi-erect penis.

“I don’t have any yen (money) to buy Doctor Ito a proper gift but he is a man and done so much for me. I have to do the only thing I can think of that he would enjoy,” he thought lifting the penis and giving it a lick.

Doctor Ito was very pleased as Matsuri left his office. The pleasure wasn’t so much from the sex. It was because his theories and methodologies to reprogram the human brain were proving true. Hsuki had told him how Nikkiko performed which backed up his program.

“I must inform Mr. Agname of this,” Dr. Ito thought picking up the phone. “The big question remaining is just how long the conditioning will hold.”

##

Matsuri sat at the vanity after spending an hour just arranging his hair. He had styled it into a large round bun with a smaller one on the back. Now he was putting in the hair adornments. On the left side, a silver barrette with strings of tiny silver tubes that tinkled like wind chimes with any head movement. A row of pink silk flowers parallel to the crown and a bouquet of small white flowers on the right with four long strands of small white bird like beads.

With the hardest part of his preparation done, Matsuri began applying his makeup. White foundation to cover the face and neck. Matte red eyeshadow to cover the lid up to ebony black arched eyebrows. Black liquid eyeliner extended outward to give an almond look. Finishing up with a wet looking cherry red lipstick and dusting of matte red to the cheeks.

Putting on his new work clothing, black silk high thigh panties, matching uplift bra, embroidered garter belt and black nylons. The kimono was new, in a bright cherry red silk with large black lotus blossoms embroidered on the bodice and sleeves. Tonight, he was going to the executive dining room with his teacher. There she would be the featured entertainer and Matsuri her assistant. According to his teacher, this was his final examination and he had to perform flawlessly.

“Matsuri, tonight is your big night. Remember your routines that we have been practicing these past two months. Being invited to perform in the executive dining room is a great honor. I will sing three songs and dance while you accompany me on the shamisen. We have two sets to perform then after, entertain our hosts. It will be very insulting if you don’t do everything asked at that time. You can reap much honor if you perform well,” she instructed.

She led him to the private executive elevator where they were met by a young Japanese man wearing a black tuxedo and white gloves. Handing him a note, he nodded and led them into the elevator and taken to the top floor. They were then led through the kitchen and into a waiting area.

It wasn’t long before a young man entered wearing a plain gray kimono with the company logo over the left breast. He gave Matsuri’s teacher a brief nod and told her it was time for their first performance. Matsuri was a bit nervous as he sat on the cushion and daintily placed his shamisen on his lap. The bright stage lights prevented him from seeing the audience which eased his nerves. At a nod from his teacher began playing as she began her performance.

“You did well for your first public appearance Matsuri,” she said as they reentered their stage room.

“Thank you very much Sensei. I was nervous but your beautiful singing and dance was calming,” he replied.

“Okay, we are here to entertain then act as hosts. You are now mizu-

shobai (water trade) and taikomochi (male geisha). After this next set, follow me at least three steps back as I greet them. Some will decide to honor you to please them. Should you displease any one of them, you will bring great dishonor to the both of us," she reminded Matt.

"Hai sensei," he replied as his conditioning required.

Matsuri was approached by two elderly men that the others respectfully made way for. His teacher seeing them, whispered, "Be careful with these two. They are on the board of directors of Muesaka and have a reputation. Be brave and do what they want."

"Brave? What did she mean by that?" he thought as they both bowed deeply to the men.

"Ah, Hiroshi this must be one of Agname's special projects he told us about."

"Hai, Arihiro. I say we take this one to please us." Hiroshi replied with a smirk.

"Hai, indeed," Arihiro answered with a grin exposing gold capped teeth.

Matsuri dared to look at the two elderly men. Arihiro looked to be in his seventies, bald as a cue ball and thin as a rail. Hiroshi about the same age with gray hair and a pot belly. Neither one looked threatening and he wondered why he had been warned to be brave. They seemed harmless enough.

Matsuri followed the two elderly men respectfully three paces behind as they went to a private room. The room had no furniture except for a wooden stool. There were two large cushions, a silver tray with two go's of Sake between the cushions and padded mat in front. There were coils of white silk rope tucked in a corner. As Arihiro went over to the rope, Hiroshi began disrobing Matsuri.

Stripped down to just his gaffe, Arihiro stuffed a pink ball gag into Matsuri's mouth and fastened it behind his head. Then he pulled Matsuri's hands behind his back and wrapped the wrists three times with the rope before tying them tight. Not painfully tight but with his palms together uncomfortable. It became somewhat painful when three strands of the rope were tied above the elbows forcing them to meet. As Arihiro was doing that, Hiroshi was securing Matsuri's ankles and knees. With Matsuri's limbs secured both men began wrapping the rope under, around and over his breasts. The tightness around his breasts made them bulge. That was more irritating than painful. A single rope was tied to the lower breast ropes and pulled between Matsuri's legs then secured to his wrists. Helping Matsuri lay down on the mat, he was then hog tied. During the entire process, neither man spoke and Matsuri could only mumble.

“What’s happening? Why are they doing this?” Matt thought wide eyed and terrified.

Hiroshi secured a thicker rope to the bindings connecting the feet to the hands as Arihiro got up on the stool and slid the other end of the rope into an eyebolt in a ceiling beam. Matsuri could only groan in pain as he was lifted about three feet into the air. The rope bindings now digging painfully into his body. As his body swayed in the air, the two old men stripped down to their loin cloths exposing torsos covered in colorful ornate tattoos. Taking a cup of Saki, they toasted each other smiling broadly. Then picked up thin long strips of bamboo and began swatting the helpless Matsuri. None of the swats were hard but each stroke was very painful and left a pale pink line behind. By the time they were finished, most of Matsuri’s torso was pink. Fortunately, Matsuri had passed out before they were done.

As Matsuri’s eyes fluttered open, moaned. His whole body stung as if bitten by a swarm of mosquitos. Every muscle and joint painful. His Sensei was hovering over him with a sponge in her hand. He started to say something but she put her fingers to his lips silencing him.

“Hush now. You rest and let me bathe you. This lotion will take the sting out,” she said.

##

Nikkiko was getting ready for his date with Hsuki. Nick hadn’t been out in public since they first arrived so many months ago and it both scared and excited him. Hsuki was taking Nikkiko to a club in Tokyo’s Shinjuku-nichome (gay district). Nikkiko only knew that he was going to a club and had no inkling it would be a gay club.

Going out in public, Nikkiko knew he had to look his best. With his pink dyed hair selected the sweet Lolita lavender cotton layered jumper dress as a good contrast. It was a tea party length, sleeveless lavender, embellished with bows, white floral lace and ruffles in a Rococo style. The straps were ruffled white lace with a square neckline. Three satin lavender bows were centered down the bodice with a large double bow, lace trimmed centered at the waist. The full skirt had four over lapping ruffled layers with lace trim. The trim ran down the sides from hip to the hem. The skirt was lined in a cloud of purple chiffon petticoats with a wide white lace hem that would be exposed under the short skirt.

For lingerie Nikkiko decided on his purple with black lace embellished corset. It was wasp waisted and heavily boned. Lace thong panties and floral embroidered garter belt with purple bows on the tabs. The stockings were in alternating wide purple and lavender rings. For that sweet look added a pair of little girl ruffled lavender laced nylon socks.

The Lolita shoes he selected were bright pink leather with a one-inch

platform sole, crisscrossing straps over the vamp and four-inch heel. A pink bow adorned the rounded toe.

The accessories were a lavender silk ribbon choker with a frill of ruffled ice lace. A hairband decorated with pale lavender silk flowers, frills of ruffled floral powder pink lace with a sheer powder pink veil trailing down to mid shoulder blade and powder pink fingerless lace gloves.

The sweet Lolita makeup Nikkiko applied was equally elaborate. Pale matte foundation to face and neck to give his complexion a doll like look. Pink and lavender eyeshadows, thick black liner extending out to give an almond shape to the eyes. Feathered long black false eyelashes and pink contact lenses completed his eye makeup. Bright wet looking lavender lipstick and pink rose blush were the final touches. Several spritzes of a rose scented perfume and he was ready to get dressed.

“I hope kantoku-sha Hsuki likes how I look. If I don’t please him, I will lose more face. He said he was taking me to a club in the city. I’m really excited by that. I’ve heard Tokyo is fantastic at night with all the neon signs and activities. I will do whatever I must to gain his respect so he will take me out more often,” Nikkiko thought stepping out into the hallway and slipping into the heels.

“Shokuba no nana Nikkiko, tonight is special for me. I have an opportunity for advancement. I’m depending on you to make sure my guests are properly entertained. You will do whatever they ask. If they are pleased then my advancement is assured. You do good and you’ll be rewarded,” Hsuki said as the company car headed out into the night.

“Hai sempi Hsuki, I will do my best to please you and your guests,” Nikkiko replied dutifully. “Yes, this is my chance to gain face. Maybe enough to get...to get what? I can’t remember why I need more respect but still gaining more can’t hurt,” he thought.

The club, The Little Lolita, they entered looked like a 1990’s disco with loud music and flashing strobe lighting. While the small dance floor was well lighted the rest of the interior darkened. A second floor was lined with large rectangular mirrors. Hsuki led Nikkiko up a flight of stairs and into a room with subdued lighting.

There were three middle aged men sitting on cushions around a squat black lacquered table. Two more unoccupied cushions were placed at the table. As Nikkiko took his seat, noticed that he could see through the mirrors to the floor below. Looking at the three men as Nikkiko was introduced, Nick had a flash back. All three looked like LA biker gang members with their harsh looks and tattoos. The only difference was that they were wearing kimonos and loin cloths.

“I wonder how these men can advance my sempi? Oh well, it’s not for this lowly one to question, just make sure he is pleased with me,” Nikkiko

thought smiling and bowing to them.

Nikkiko's question was soon answered. One of the men who appeared to be the leader, took Nikkiko by the hand and led him over to the mirrored wall. Nick could see the crowded dance floor. He noted that all the girls were dressed as Lolita's. The mirrored wall was slanted, so he placed his palms against the glass and leaned over to get a better look. As Nikkiko did that, the man standing behind him, reached under the frothy petticoats and pulled the thong aside. Before Nikkiko could react felt something stiff press against his rose bud. Strong hands gripped his hips and a burning pain shot up Nikkiko's spine.

It was nearing 3 in the morning by the time Nikkiko and Hsuki left the club. Hsuki was all smiles while Nikkiko had a glazed look in his eyes. "You performed well tonight Office Flower. Sempi Kanaka was very satisfied as were the other yakuza. So pleased, they have honored you by offering you a position at their club. Of course it would bring dishonor if you refused such a generous offer but Muesaka Enterprises must release your contract first. I'm pleased as well, so I will put in the official recommendation for your release," Hsuki said.

Nikkiko dazed and confused could only whisper, "Hai."

##

Mr. Agname sat back with a very pleased smile on his face. Dr. Ito had just given his final report on the effectiveness of his program. "Ahhh sooo, both subjects have been totally rewired. Dr. Ito just isn't sure how long the programming will last without supervision but no matter. All that matters is the yakuza payment. Once they have taken possessions, it will be their problem," he thought then pressed the intercom button.

"Mikio, send the contract releases for Matsuri and Nikkiko down to HR," he said.

##

Matsuri was in the middle of arranging his hair in an elaborate style when he suddenly paused. The heavily made up face staring back from the mirror seemed to shift and change. It kept changing back and forth from a man to a geisha's. Matsuri clasped his hands to the sides of his face and fell to the floor as memories came flooding back where he passed out. He was found soon after by his mizu-shobai roommate Akiko. When he finally came too, told Akiko everything begging for her help to him escape.

"You crazy Matsuri. Such nonsense, even if true, you know there is no escaping the yakuza. Just accept who you are. You think I like this life any better than you? Put that part of your mind away. Lock it up deep inside like I do. Be a refuge inside yourself. Now hurry up, if we

are late you know the punishment,” she angrily snapped back.

Matsuri had all his memories from before and after he joined Muesaka. He also was well aware of what could happen if he balked doing what his bosses demanded of him. Reluctantly he went back to his grooming.

“I need time to think. I can’t live like this but I can’t stop now. Maybe Akiko is right. I must put that old part of my mind back into it’s safe place. If I don’t have to think of what I’m doing I can survive,” he thought.

Nikkiko was having nightmares featuring a totally different life. They disturbed him to the point where he mentioned them to his club’s Sense. She took him to see a Dr. Ito. He left that appointment feeling much better.

The End

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