

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

When my company transferred me to our Tokyo office as part of our cross-cultural management integration process, I wasn't looking forward to it. I was a 25 year old woman, fresh out of Harvard with my MBA and, truth be known, I was looking forward to settling down. Working 9 to 5 and maybe even finding a boyfriend. I'd been so busy during college that I hadn't had much time for dating, even though I am very attractive and had plenty of offers.

My appearance makes me really stand out in Japan. Beyond the obvious of being a white American, I have shoulder length blond hair, blue-green eyes, and firm breasts, C-cups which fit my well-formed body nicely, but seem almost ponderous compared to the average oriental physique. My ass too, is nice and round, standing out from most Japanese girls, who seem to have no ass at all. I'm taller in Japan, or so I like to say, and being five foot ten puts me quite literally head and shoulders above the women I work with. I have great legs that I've always been proud of and one good thing about Japan are the fashions, they really are on top of it in Tokyo. I like wearing short skirts and nice tailored blouses and blazers. Appearance is everything sometimes and even more so in Japan.

I have had a lot of strange experiences here. One of the first was riding the Tokyo subway system. The trains, both above and below ground, are extremely efficient and extremely crowded. Japanese men seem to take a perverse pleasure in these circumstances, using the crowded conditions to excuse their desire to feel up any woman who catches their fancy. For me it became a daily exercise in self-control, as I quickly became aware that not only was it very impolite to get angry and display emotion, but also quite useless. Venting on a Japanese man usually only got me some very cold and unsympathetic looks from everyone else, even old women and children. The man himself would studiously ignore me.

Of course not reacting also invites more and bolder advances, so it becomes a real no win situation. It can be very humiliating, even degrading, and at first I was nearly driven to tears by it. Now I just endure it, keeping my body still and trying my best to ignore what is happening, but this isn't always possible. If I'm to be completely honest, I have to admit that after several months of such treatment I'd learned to find some small pleasure from it as well, although even now that's only rarely the case and depends on my mood.

Just for an example, a few months after I arrived, when it was still a quite warm September, I was riding the train and it was crowded as usual. I wore a short cotton skirt, no pantyhose, just some panties underneath. A plain cotton blouse and a light blazer. I stood in a corner, and not near the doors unfortunately, but at least I could look out the window, when I felt someone rubbing my thigh.

I just ignored it and the hand was going back and forth, a little higher as the train rocked until I felt the fingers brushing across my panties. The hand turned sideways, pushing a little so that I would spread my legs. I thought I'd resist, but he was insistent, and obedient in my desire to avoid what I knew would be a useless confrontation, I shuffled my feet slightly and gave the stranger the access he desired. He rubbed my slit through my panties for a few minutes and then, inevitably, slipped his fingers inside the leg band to touch my smooth, shaven mound.

Such things don't usually excite me, but sometimes they do and that day I could feel myself getting damp. I felt him pushing his fingers inside me, my labia clinging to him as he worked slowly in and out. I just leaned against the window and shut my eyes and soon I was getting very wet and the Japanese guy, whose face I still hadn't seen, brought his fingers to my ass then. For whatever reason, the Japanese are fascinated with anything anal. He started pushing his wet fingers into my ass, making me gasp very softly as my muscles reluctantly gave way. It didn't feel bad though and he fingered my ass for several minutes before the train came to a station.

I didn't look around as people came and went and I assumed the Japanese guy who had been fingering me would still be there, but instead I was surprised a moment later by some very different fingers. If I had to guess, I would say that some other man had been a witness to the whole thing and after the first guy had left, the voyeur had jumped in to take his place. His fingers were thicker and he wasn't as gentle. He probed my vagina for several minutes and then I was very surprised when he took my hand with his free hand and pulled it back so I could feel his exposed penis.

This had happened a few times to me, but not very often. More often during the cold months when a man could cover himself with a coat. I played with his cock, feeling it not too hard, but thick and warm, and we masturbated each other until he suddenly came, spurting all over my hand, wrist and the back of my legs. I felt slightly disgusted at that point and I blushed as I wondered how in the world I was going to clean myself up. My stop was coming soon and I'd literally have to push my way through the crowd to get out. I ended up wiping myself on my skirt, being as surreptitious as I could. The man had stopped fingering me as soon as he came and I never did see either of the men's faces.

Another thing that I found unusual in Japan are the lunches. I learned very quickly that it is not uncommon at all for Japanese businesswomen to prostitute themselves during their lunch hours. At first I was shocked at this and then even more so when one of the Japanese men who worked in my department suggested we get a hotel room for lunch. He was willing to pay me 10,000 yen, about a hundred dollars for the pleasure of my company. I refused of course, but the offers persisted, and not just from him. It seemed the men in the company had made some kind of betting pool as to which of them would bed me first. I found it insulting and I reported it to my supervisor, an older Japanese man who had struck me as a fair and reasonable fellow.

He surprised me when he told me that I should not say no to my fellow employees because it was bad for the company spirit. We were a team, the man said, and I should help do my part to make us successful. I was so put out by this, really very discouraged, that I took a few days off, calling in sick. When I came back to work my supervisor wasn't pleased at all and while he didn't mention my lack of providing my sexual services specifically, he did make it very clear that he would file some very adverse comments about my performance if my attitude didn't change. I was being blackmailed, it was plain as day, and there was nothing I could do about it. The company had no sexual harassment policy in Japan. I'm serious, it just did not exist.

I ended up accepting an offer from one of the supervisors in another department, who at least was good looking. He took me to a hotel that rented rooms by the hour called 'Happy Moon Love' in English and I'll tell you quite frankly that it was the most brutal sex of my life up to that point. I felt like I was being raped and I wondered why he was acting the way he was. I'd come willingly, albeit somewhat embarrassed since everyone in the office would know by the close of business that I'd agreed to prostitute myself.

The room was small and had nothing but a thin futon on a traditional tatami floor. Once inside the room we undressed. I was a little shy because I hadn't been with a man in almost a year and I knew this guy hardly at all. My Japanese still wasn't very good at that time, and his English was marginal at best. Once I was undressed I turned around and saw him standing there stroking a surprisingly large penis. Like most Westerners I'd imagined that oriental men were generally small in the penis department, but this guy certainly gave lie to that. It was a solid seven inches long at least and fairly big around.

I wasn't exactly sure what I was doing, if I should just lay down or what, and I smiled a little nervously as he stared at me. Then, without saying a word he grabbed one of my breasts in his fingers and squeezed it so hard I nearly screamed. He used it to pull me down to my knees and I complied rapidly because it felt like he was trying to rip my tender boob right off my chest. I would

have been outraged, but I was too busy being frightened, if that makes any sense. It was just so unexpected and beyond my experience that I had no idea how to deal with it.

He pushed his cock at my face and soon had his hands in my hair, pulling me onto him. I'd never really been into sucking off my boyfriends before and so I felt very reluctant to be doing it for a guy who was little more than a stranger to me, but he didn't care. He held my head and basically just fucked my mouth. It was almost painful as he tried to get me to open my throat so I could deep throat him. I was choking and gagging as I sucked him noisily, my hands pressing against his thighs, and then finally he caught me just right and his cock seemed to pop into my throat. He slid all the way down, until his hairy balls pressed to my chin, and he held me there like that for a good 30 seconds or more. My eyes were watering and my throat felt sore and bruised. I sputtered and retched a little when he pulled back, gasping for air until he did it again, and it was only slightly easier that second time.

He fucked my throat for awhile, talking to me in Japanese and laughing occasionally. It did get easier as I learned how to control my muscles a little, how to let him enter me so it didn't hurt so much. But basically he was just raping my mouth and I felt deeply ashamed while he did it. I was crying and had my eyes closed nearly the entire time. This seemed to amuse him though, and I've found the same to be true with many different men since that first time. They really like to feel that thrill of power over a woman, especially an American woman, I think.

At least he didn't cum in my mouth like I was afraid he would. Instead he put me on my hands and knees and fucked me like a dog, pushing his cock roughly into me and I was grateful that his cock was so wet from my mouth, because my pussy was very dry. It still hurt quite a bit. He stretched me very quickly and made me cry out, which of course was a sign to him that I wanted more. I also became aware of the fact that he wasn't wearing a condom and of course I wasn't on the pill or anything. I had no reason to be until that afternoon. I tried breathlessly, gasping the words between his thrusts, to tell him that he would have to pull out. That I couldn't afford to get pregnant.

I didn't know then if he understood me or not, but I realized quickly that he had no intention of pulling out of me. Instead he grabbed my arms, literally pulling me back onto his cock as he leaned backwards, so we were joined and balanced on our knees, fucking like that. I couldn't have gotten away from him if I'd tried. It was both painful and humiliating, being caught with my wrists bound in his surprisingly strong grip. My arms ached, my shoulders especially as he would pull me hard against him, stabbing his cock inside me like a blunt knife at the same time. He was inside me deep enough so that his cockhead would find the bottom of my sex, the tenderness of my cervix, and it was like being punched between my legs. I rallied against the pain and discomfort, and begged him again to stop, to pull out. I'd even suck him if he wanted, I promised between gasps and groans. I'd let him cum in my mouth. I'd even swallow his orgasm, which was something I'd never done nor wanted to do, but I'd do it for him if he would only please, not cum inside my pussy.

It was no use. I felt his cock jerking and he held me tight to him as I became aware of a flood of warmth filling my womb. His cockhead was right up against my cervix and it actually might have felt really good, if I hadn't been cringing and softly weeping with despair. I knew I was ovulating, there was little doubt, I was right in the middle of my cycle, two weeks from my next menses. His sperm filled me and he must have been saving it up, because there was a lot. When he finished he just got off me and dressed, not saying anything. He opened his wallet and withdrew ten thousand yen, dropping the bills carelessly on the floor and leaving me there. I felt so sorry for myself. I just looked at my pussy, stretched and sore and leaking the guy's sperm, and I felt little incentive to move.

When I arrived back at work, late of course, there was a lot of smiling and bowing by the men I worked with. The women largely ignored me, but the guys, they were happy because I'd finally put

out. The man who'd first propositioned me, Kenji, told me he wanted me the next day. I felt numb and embarrassed and I just nodded. It was humbling to realize that I'd basically become a part-time prostitute for my company, one of the Fortune 500 that I'd been so eager to join.

I did file a complaint to the VP of Human Resources back in the United States, not saying specifically what had happened, I couldn't bring myself to do that, but generally informing him of what seemed to be corporate policy regarding women here in the Tokyo office. The reply came back that the company would look into the matter. I never heard another word about it and I realized that Japan could do whatever it wanted. That was the price of doing business over here.

I wish I could really tell you how humiliated I truly was, especially when I went to a Japanese drug store and purchased a large quantity of condoms. I also needed to see a doctor and get back on the pill. I was more than a little unhappy with myself, because I felt like I was giving in too easily, just giving myself up without a fight. But what was I going to do? I needed the job and I was 10,000 miles away from home. I thought I was doing the only thing I could.

Since that first lunch when I'd had sex for money, I'd done it pretty much every day since. Except when I had my period and with the birth control pills I was soon on, my menses lasted only three days and was usually very light, so often I had sex on those days as well. Japanese men, some of them anyway, don't mind at all. The ones who did mind were more than happy to have anal or oral sex, mostly anal, and so many of them wanted that in any event.

I also found out how easy it is to get an abortion in Japan. I did in fact get pregnant that first time. It took me three weeks to find out and I think I already knew it even before I missed my period. I'd never been pregnant before and I'd grown up with the typical suburban American romance regarding the subject. I wanted it to be with a man I loved, a man I was married to. Instead it was a stranger's child. A man whom I only just barely knew and couldn't even have an adequate conversation with, if I ever wanted to. I did write him a note, translating it into Japanese as best I could, and I gave it to him a few days after I found out.

He was going to fuck me again, paying me for the privilege of raping me during lunch, but raping me nonetheless. Before I undressed I handed it to him, watching for his reaction as he read it. He just wadded it up in a crumpled ball and threw it away, laughing at me. I was so offended I tried to slap him, but he stepped back and then surprised me with a sharp punch to my stomach. The man, a division manager at our company, ripped off my panties as I lay crying and trying to breathe through the pain. He fucked me, not bothering with a condom since it was obvious now that there was no need for one. While he did it, he would abuse my belly, perhaps trying to cause a miscarriage, I don't know. He pressed on me hard, punched me, and the whole time just grinned and talked to me like I was a wayward child.

He didn't cause me to lose the baby however, and a few weeks later one of the secretaries at work who spoke passable English told me she'd been assigned to take care of my problem. Obviously it wasn't much of a secret around the office anymore. She took me to a clinic, a very small one that was conveniently located nearby, and I paid 23,000 yen for an abortion. It was fairly quick and painless physically, although inside I suffered terribly. I'd been raised a catholic and I knew abortion had to be wrong, but I also knew I could never keep the child. It was another all-time low in a series of them.

In addition to being a prostitute during my lunch hour, I was soon initiated into the social responsibilities I was expected to perform after normal working hours for my bosses, usually when they wanted to impress an executive or two from another corporation. Apparently it was some perverse point of honor that my boss could provide a pretty gaijin woman for his dinner guest's

pleasure. This was often accompanied by some of the most humiliating and degrading experiences of my life. If you can imagine it, I performed it, sooner or later. I do not know if these men, supposedly the cream of the Japanese business community, were actually into such perversions, or if they were just warped by the potential abuse of an American woman, something they deemed a genuine luxury.

One of the first times, I was dressed very nicely and attempting to entertain a vice-president for a large Japanese bank. There were two dozen of us, 12 men and a female companion for each of them, at an exclusive and private rest house in Tokyo. There was a dinner provided, a bath house, some bedrooms. It was basically a place for Japanese men to take their mistresses and have all the comforts of home.

The other girls were all Japanese and I felt very alone there, being largely ignored, except when one of the men would eye me with very obvious sexual hunger. They didn't bother disguising it at all and while my Japanese wasn't very good, I knew enough of the vulgarities already to know when they were talking about me and the things they would like to do.

My corporate VP for Marketing Japan was the host and I naturally deferred to him in all things, but he surprised me when after we'd eaten, or I should say the men had eaten, we females didn't touch anything but our tea, the VP asked me if I was a 'Milky Girl'. I tried to translate this, as many times what a Japanese person will say in English has a completely different meaning than what the words are. Other times it can be very literal. I'd never heard that term before so I lowered my head and tried to explain to him politely that I didn't understand.

Well, it seems a 'Milky Girl' is a female with a sperm fetish. This was definitely not me, but I didn't have very much choice at all. It was time for sex games, which the Japanese seem to love a great deal. This one was simple enough, all the Japanese girls began giving their dates blowjobs. I was a bit shocked at seeing these girls, all of them secretaries or minor executives, salary women like I was, bending eagerly, even happily to their tasks. I was not exactly thrilled at the thought of going down on the total stranger I was sitting next to, an older man of about 60 I thought, but I started to lower my head to his lap, only to have him push me away.

I didn't know what was going on. I sat there, rather embarrassed as all around me women were sucking noisily away and the men talked like it was just another day in the lunchroom, laughing and commenting on the women's techniques. When one man started cumming, a large glass, like a goblet, was used to capture the sperm. This was done for every man there, except the VP I sat with. We just watched as the glass was passed around the table from girl to girl. It was filling rapidly, I didn't really think men made that much sperm. I'd heard most guys cum just a few tablespoons, or something, but who knows? How many table spoons are in a wine goblet? Too many, if you ask me.

All I know is that it looked positively gross. A glass full of 8...9...10 and finally 11 men's sperm. It looked like about 12 ounces of jism, with a thick gooey consistency, pale yellowish and I felt nauseated to see it. I didn't have a sperm phobia or anything, but this was pretty far out there to my mind. I was in for an even greater surprise though when the glass was passed down until it was sitting in front of me like my desert or something, and there could be no doubt as to what they expected me to do with it.

I looked at my boss and he just nodded, telling me to drink it in Japanese. Everyone was staring at me and many of the men and women were whispering and even giggling. I knew the women were all very glad that I was there. I had the feeling that a few of those girls had been in my position previously. I just stared at the glass for a moment and I felt my boss prodding me until I finally picked it up. I swirled it around a little and it was so gross. Like cream that had gone bad it seemed. I could even distinguish between the different men in the glass, the sperm was layered almost,

stratified by consistency. I looked around, which was a big mistake because seeing those people staring at me just made my face burn and tears of outrageous humiliation began to fill my eyes.

With a deep breath I brought the glass to my lips, smelling the very strong and pungent odor of male essence. It assaulted me physically, mentally, and worst of all, emotionally. I just wanted to crawl into a hole and die. But instead I tilted the glass and my mouth started to fill with lukewarm semen and I gagged at first, unable to force myself to swallow. I sat there, crying with my cheeks bulging with sperm. My body was rebelling, my stomach churning, but somehow I managed to swallow. It was almost painful and I brought the glass to my lips and repeated the process slowly, taking perhaps 7 or 8 big swallows to get it all down.

I put the glass on the table and looked down, hoping desperately that I wouldn't throw up. I held my stomach and didn't move, just hiding behind closed eyes in that room with all those people. They were happy with me, laughing and even the girls were speaking gently to me, but I ignored them. I just couldn't bear to face them. I'd just drank a big glass of sperm. I was going to throw up any minute. But somehow I didn't. I just sat there while the meal continued on around me. The men were enjoying sake and the girl's were allowed to eat small salads now. When they put the bowl in front of me, the waitress poured a generous amount of bleu cheese dressing on it, much to my companions' delight. I couldn't eat it.

After that I became known as 'Milky Girl' around the office, which was horrible. My supervisor seemed to think it was a very clever pun, because I was Caucasian, and never hesitated to refer to me that way no matter where we were. Of course it also meant I had a sperm fetish, as I mentioned, and I blushed every time someone used it.

My presence at those evening business meetings became more and more routine as time passed. They were invariably similar in that myself and any other females in attendance were only intended for the sexual gratification of the men present. How that was achieved depended on the men and the mood, but it almost never involved straight, normal sex. Sperm play was a favorite, most often drinking it from a large glass and I became somewhat used to it. At least it got to the point where I could drink it without fear of getting sick. But I always felt terrible afterwards. I learned that it was best to eat a lot of crackers or very dry bread before I went to these dinners. It seemed to settle my tummy a bit better.

One of the worst episodes I had involved bestiality, an idea which had never occurred to me before. I'd never even seen a picture of such a thing. I'd never wanted to, although of course everyone has heard stories of some kind or another. This was on a weekend, a Saturday afternoon and ironically enough it involved a couple Americans, although they didn't work for my company. They were the guests of honor, although such a thing is relative as I'd learned to distinguish the subtle Japanese art of insulting 'honored' guests while making them feel complimented.

There were seven men present, the two Americans, and two executives from my company, and three other men whom I didn't know at all, but were businessmen with some company or another. I was the only woman present which was unusual in itself and we were in a rest house near Ueno, sitting in a garden which was very pleasant. There were several dogs there, large ones, and I'm certainly no expert, but I believe they were Boxers, or a similar breed. There were three, all males, and they were large as I said. Each of them probably weighed as much as I did, if not more, the head of the largest dog very nearly came up to my shoulder. The other two were not much smaller.

I ignored them and rather concentrated my attentions on the Americans, who were average looking in their mid-forties, and not terribly amusing conversationalists, but at least they were from home. I was mostly surprised that some Japanese women weren't present, because as fascinating as most

Japanese men found my occidental appearance, Westerners generally had the same interest in oriental girls.

When the talk turned to sex, as it inevitably does, my boss was offering me in his broken English to do anything his guests desired, speaking of me in the third person as if I wasn't even present. I looked down and burned with humiliation as he told the men, American and Japanese alike, that I would do anything. I would fuck, suck, drink sperm. I was a 'Milky Girl' he said proudly and I literally shook with embarrassment when he had to explain the term to my amused countrymen.

"Anything, huh?" one of the Americans chuckled.

"God, I love this country!" the other one said. "Will she have sex with dogs?"

I jerked my head up as I registered the words and I couldn't believe I'd heard him correctly. The Americans were staring at me of course and I think the red on my cheeks was even more amusing to them than anything else. I whispered, "No." But if anyone heard it, they ignored my feeble protest completely.

"Dog?" my boss asked and when the American pointed at one of the animals he nodded and laughed, clapping his hands. "Yes! Yes!" he agreed and there was a lot of talking and good natured chuckles, but none of it directed at me. They didn't care what I thought of the idea.

I knew it was coming, but there was nothing I could do. I suppose I could have gotten angry, refused and stormed out, but that would have ended my career completely. My Japanese bosses would see to it I never did anything more with my hard won and frightfully expensive college education than manage a McDonald's someplace. It was blackmail of worst kind, insidious and degrading, and completely unstoppable. My whole future would be in ruins if I refused, and if I accepted, how would I ever be able to get through another day? I was crying softly as I undressed with my back to the men.

The two executives from my company, a couple of assistant vice-presidents, paid no attention to my distress. "Kimakura-san, please, I do not wish to do this," I spoke to one of them softly in Japanese.

"It will be good for the company, Jen-san. Good for you too," he smiled and I shut my eyes tightly.

Once I'd gotten naked, one of my bosses pushed me down, so that I was bent over a chaise lounge made of teak and satin, with my legs straight and slightly spread in the most humiliating of positions a woman could ever assume. Another of the Japanese men had pulled one of the dogs over by the collar. He was huge and his fur short, chocolate brown and black. I didn't know what to expect and I was shaking with nervous energy, almost ready to flee. I'd never even owned a dog, they scared me a little, especially the larger breeds. I felt his nose against my sex as the animal was pushed down and Kimakura told me to spread my legs wider. As I did so I felt the sudden touch of the beast's rough and warm tongue sampling my vagina from the rear. I almost jumped out of my skin and one of the Japanese men I didn't know came over to put a hand on my shoulder, pushing me down as the dog licked me.

It didn't feel terrible by any means, in fact I almost found myself enjoying the sensation, especially when he started digging inside my pussy and scraping that sandy tongue across my clit. This only added to my humiliation though, especially when I could hear the Americans laughing about how it was obvious that I was enjoying it. One kept saying how he'd always wanted to see this and he couldn't wait. He only wished he'd brought along his camcorder. I thanked my lucky stars that he hadn't, it was a small consolation though.

After several minutes of being licked I heard them talking about how the animal was getting excited for me. I was getting damp, despite my fear and embarrassment, and the dog could taste my sex juices now. Apparently his cock had begun to swell and one of the Americans wondered if I'd be able to take it. This caused some momentary panic because I had no idea how big a dog's penis was, I wanted to look, but I was afraid of appearing eager. I finally did get a glimpse and gasped with shocked dismay as I saw what was hanging beneath the animal's belly. It had to be 7" long and fat in the middle, very fat, but tapered on both ends with a blunt almost sharp looking tip that dripped like a faucet. It was big and not even fully erect yet, I didn't think.

The other two dogs had come around now as well, sniffing and barking excitedly. I ignored them and the men around me, just wishing this would all be over. I'd never, ever live this down, I knew. I could only hope that these men wouldn't talk about it. Or if they did, they'd at least have the decency not to mention my name. But reflecting on recent history, that seemed very unlikely.

They finally got the animal to mount me, albeit with some difficulty, I think, and I had to move my ass a little to accommodate the angle better. I felt the hot wet tip of the dog's cock stabbing at me as he tried to find my hole and I let out a high pitched scream when the animal finally found it and just slammed his entire cock inside me. It was incredibly painful like that, nothing slow and gentle about it at all, he sensed he was inside and just started fucking me as hard and fast as he could.

My scream soon died to a soft whimpering sound as my body just collapsed under the dog's furious assault. He seemed to have only one concern and that was filling his new bitch with sperm and making some puppies. My pussy felt totally abused, being stretched and possibly even torn around the cock swelling inside me. It fucked in and out so fast and hard I literally had the wind knocked out of me and I gasped in time with every jerk of my body beneath the animal's violent thrusting.

The Japanese man who had been holding my shoulder took out his penis and started jerking off while he watched and I soon became aware of all the men doing that. I was crying now, very real sobs from the unbearable humiliation more than anything else. The pain had largely gone away after a few minutes and it was starting to feel okay. But emotionally, I was dying inside. The men were all talking and laughing, and commenting on how it looked like I was really enjoying it, although how they could have thought that I have no idea. I was basically being raped by the animal. His paws were on the lounge, his heavy chest against my back, pinning me down, and his cock buried inside me. I could do nothing but take it.

I'd thought the worst was over when the pain from the animal's initial thrusting had faded away. I was resigned to it now and my pussy was juicing in response to the stimulation, but then I felt something else. There was a hardness banging against the outside of my pussy. I couldn't identify what it was as I had no experience with dogs at all. I now know it was the knot, the large bulge of muscle that dogs have. He was slamming it against me until I screamed again, not so much in pain really, as in surprise when the large, hard ball suddenly popped into my soaked pussy, stretching my tender sex and filling me completely.

I arched my back and tried to push myself off the lounge in an attempt to escape, but it was no use. Every movement I made was futile at best and worse, it only seemed to move that knot deeper. I was moaning loudly, weeping and begging for the dog to stop when I felt an orgasm rush through me. I was completely unprepared for it. There was no slow building up like there usually is for me, it just happened, like a tornado out of a clear sky. I was humping that hardness like a mad woman then, heedless of the men watching, just getting off with a dizzying confusion of pleasure.

The dog came almost immediately when he realized he'd locked me up, and then the men, all of them moving to spray their cum on my face as I lay panting and flushed. They got it in my hair and

eyes, and all over my face and neck. The dog was tied to me, his bulging knot trapped inside my pussy and he waited patiently. I couldn't move then, I didn't want to move, I just thanked God it was over. I'd cum, yes, and that betrayal by my body was bothersome to me. I didn't want to feel pleasure doing that thing with an animal. I didn't want to enjoy debasing myself in front of strangers. But I had, and I knew it. And even more, each of those men knew it.

When the dog's knot had finally gone down enough, he pulled free with a small flood of our combined juices gushing out of me. I started to move then, feeling sore and tender, especially between my legs, but I was stopped. There were still two more dogs and I was yelling then, protesting loudly, but it was no use. The dogs were going to mate with me, whether I liked it or not. I resisted to the point where it became an issue of quitting my job, and common sense prevailed. I'd already done it once, what difference would doing it again make?

I fucked the other two dogs over the next hour or so, probably longer, and I was so sore by the end I could hardly move. All of the men had masturbated at least once more, covering my face with their sperm so that I was sticky with it. My hair was terrible with thick drying gobs of cum. I was a mess, barely even human in appearance I thought, much less the beautiful young woman I'd come into the garden as. There were girls there, geisha's who stayed there, and though they hadn't been invited to our little party, now they were called to help me clean up. They were very gentle, but hardly sympathetic. A geisha is not a prostitute and would never disgrace herself as I had. I didn't look at any of the men, or say anything as I was led to a private bath.

I managed to sleep through the rest of the weekend, but I was still incredibly sore Monday morning when I went into work. I walked slowly and wore flats instead of heels and no matter how I squirmed, it was impossible to sit comfortably at my desk. I received a rude surprise though when I went to our usual 10am Monday meeting and found one of the Americans there. He was going to give us a presentation and I felt myself burning hotly as I sat, unable to meet his gaze. Every time I did risk a quick glance, I caught his eyes staring at me and a smile playing across his lips. He hadn't known who I was before, probably assuming I was just some goodtime girl, but now he knew and I would never be comfortable again. I imagined him going back to the States, telling his story about me to all of his contacts over drinks, laughing and then delivering the punch line that I was a marketing officer for one of the largest companies in the world.

Over time I became aware that I was changing. The outrage and shock I'd experienced at first were gradually wearing away. I found myself actually enjoying my lunchtime proclivities, at least with some of the men. Even the occasional evening entertainments seemed to be less offensive than they'd once been. I was becoming jaded by my experiences, my sensibilities becoming inured to the terrible things I was being forced to do. If I were of a suspicious nature I might have suspected my Japanese employers were doing this deliberately, following some sort of protocol to turn me into a sexual toy for their pleasure and benefit. But my only real thoughts were that I needed to survive this experience. To get out of Japan at the end of my little tour and see about restoring my reputation back home. Much of that would depend on my evaluations though, and it was clear that my performance out of the office was at least as important as anything I could do in it.

On my 26th birthday I was treated to a special night by all the male employees of our department, or at least the majority of them. This was about 30 men, most of whom I had slept with already at least once. I really do think that some of them thought they were doing me a favor, a special honor. Others merely wanted to degrade me more. It is curious in Japan that there are two lines of thought. One is the unconditional acceptance of foreigners, and the other is the absolute loathing of our presence. There is no middle ground it seems, and I had learned who was who very quickly. The men who wanted no part of me in the business world, were naturally enough, the ones who liked to purchase my lunchtime services the most often. Fucking me to demonstrate their superiority.

My so-called party was held at a private bar, Japanese only. Japanese men only, to be precise, but for this occasion I was allowed in. There were several hostesses working there, young and attractive Japanese women who sang karaoke, served drinks, and offered sexual release to patrons. Because I was known as a 'Milky Girl' and I'd grown accustomed to drinking glasses of sperm upon request, it had been decided to give me a 'bukake' party. I'd never heard of this before, but basically, as I was to find out, it was a sperm bath. Being covered with it, usually on the face, and drinking a lot of it. In addition to the 30 men from my company, there were perhaps a dozen men or more present who were just the usual patrons.

I didn't know what was in store for me. The men were all nice enough, buying me drinks, singing, talking loudly and enjoying themselves. I was even relaxing a little, thinking that perhaps I might have to do something, but thinking it was my birthday, so maybe this really was just a time to relax and enjoy myself. I did genuinely like some of the men and got along with most of them fairly well.

Eventually I found myself sitting in a low chair in the center of the small bar. There was plastic on the floor beneath me and I wondered vaguely at that, but I was a little buzzed from the drinks. One of the girls brought over a strange looking metal pan, like a bed pan almost, except smaller. It was round and one side was indented with a curve that went under my chin, so that it curled halfway around my neck. So I had this stainless pan, perhaps 2 inches deep and 6 inches wide, curving from ear to ear in front of me. I held it there, not quite knowing what was going on when the men started pulling out their cocks.

My eyes grew very wide indeed at that point and I looked around suddenly understanding exactly what was going on. These guys, nearly fifty of them, were going to masturbate and cum on my face. What I didn't swallow, what didn't cling to my pretty face and golden hair, would drip into the pan I was holding. I had a sickening sensation in my stomach. This was my birthday party? Getting degraded by my coworkers and worse, a number of complete strangers? I was even more disheartened when I saw that most of the men had brought cameras and a few had camcorders, all to record the event for posterity.

My body felt like it was on fire and I shivered, regretting that I was wearing one of my nicer business suits. I'd paid nearly 800 dollars for it only a week before, a special little present to myself and paid for by my lunchtime liaisons. I knew it would soon be ruined and that thought, for some reason, seemed almost the hardest to bear. I would have cried, but I didn't. I made up my mind that resisting this would only hurt me more. I could hardly stand seeing those men, stroking their pricks around me like schoolboys at a proverbial circle jerk. They were drinking, laughing, and joking. I took a deep breath and somehow managed to smile, inviting them to do it. To masturbate on my face and spoil me with their disgusting seed. It was a terrible thing, I know, to have to pretend I was enjoying it, that I wanted it. I thanked each man as he approached, sometimes standing on tip-toe and arching his back. They would jerk and throb and sometimes cum would spew out in a gush of heat, sometimes it would spray hard and thick, and sometimes just dribble out.

They painted my face for over an hour, some of them jerking off two and three times. My face was a mask of sperm. My makeup running and adding color as it streaked down my cheeks. The stuff burned my eyes and I had tears to mix in with the sloppy sticky mess. But still I smiled, tilting my head to catch their cum on my lips, chin, forehead, nose, cheeks, even in my ears, and in my hair. It was everywhere. I felt like I was getting a facial, a mudpack or something exotic to make me beautiful, but this was something else entirely. I must have looked terrible, with all that slimy goo running down into the pan I held.

It dripped down my neck, staining my blouse and blazer. Onto my skirt and no matter how carefully I tried to catch it in the pan, some little bit always seemed to escape. But that pan was getting full. I

had to move carefully as it sloshed inside, so I wouldn't spill the whole thing all over myself. It stank with the male musk unique to sperm and I actually smiled a little I think, recalling how that overpowering scent had once almost made me ill. Now I hardly noticed it.

I smiled for the camera repeatedly and pushed out my tongue for those who wanted to cum there, taking the sperm in my mouth and then spitting it out so it ran down my chin into the pan. I tried to swallow as little as I could and I found my mouth filling with saliva, so that I was spitting that out as well, even when I had no cum to speak of in my mouth. When at long last they were finished, my arms and shoulders aching from that position I'd been in for so long, they brought out a large glass pitcher, like a beer pitcher, and I carefully poured the contents of the pan into it.

I don't know how much the pitcher held, probably a good 96 ounces I'd guess, 8 big glasses worth, and it was about two thirds full. The substance looked gross, a pale yellowish mixture of some 40 men's semen. A girl gave me a large mixing stick and I stirred it around, smiling for the cameras. Then it was time to drink it. They didn't give me a glass, instead I would just use the rounded pouring lip that was molded into the pitcher's rim. I tilted it up, trying to forget what it was I was drinking, trying to become deaf and blind to the men who sat and stood around me, filming it and laughing. The girls, the hostesses who giggled a little nervously, were undoubtedly telling each other that they would never do such a disgusting thing.

But I did it. I took it down my throat into my unprepared stomach in one large swallow after another. I would take a mouthful and lower the pitcher, holding the cooling spooze in my mouth and try to swallow it without retching. It was rich and nasty, with a texture like snot, thickening slightly even as it sat there. My stomach was churning, the sperm settling inside me and making me feel sick, but I ignored it. Forcing more down and feeling bloated as I swallowed a lot of air as well. I needed to swallow three or four times just to get a mouthful down and keep it there. In between I would pause, occasionally belch and that would bring a slight gag, a little spasm in my body. But the guys didn't notice, they just cheered me on until I had drank the entire contents.

I put the pitcher down and closed my eyes, taking short shallow breaths. I felt like a gutter slut, the worst kind of woman in the world. I imagined my friends and family back home hearing of this, or seeing pictures, and I felt the tears coming again. I couldn't believe what I'd just done, for no other reason than a bunch of perverted Japanese men had wanted me to. I knew I was changing and as I sat there, crying with impotent anger and humiliation, I knew it was a change for the worse.

The bad thing was that no one there, not even my closest friends from work, understood what I was feeling. They thought I'd enjoyed my birthday present. That I was too happy to speak or something, and that incredibly stupid thought made me laugh. Of course that only spurred them on and I was grateful when one of the girls brought me a drink. I was still covered with sperm, now drying to a tacky mask and one of the guys pulled up my blouse, exposing my tummy so they could see it. In no time I was undressed completely in front of the crowd and everyone it seemed wanted to touch me. My stomach mostly, squeezing it as if they could feel all that sperm inside me, but also playing with my ripe full breasts and spreading my legs to play with my shaved pussy.

It wasn't long before they had me down on the plastic, with my long legs spread wide so they could gangbang me. I was so far gone I didn't protest, I just endured it. It even felt good at times and I had a number of small orgasms while the men took their turns with me. I was turned over to give them better access, a couple guys pushing me down to straddle one man's cock and a moment later someone was behind me, pushing his penis into my ass. Another cock found my mouth and I had cocks in each of my hands. I felt like a porn star or something and the thought reminded me that all of this was being filmed. But I couldn't do anything about it. When one man came another was right there with his cock hard and eager. The only time I really moved at all was to let someone slide out

from beneath me so another could take his place. I was a total wanton slut now, and I pushed everything else out of my mind.

It was my first gangbang and amazingly enough I was actually a little proud of myself when it was over. The men were well and truly spent and I was a mess. Sperm was running from my overflowing cunt and my ass felt loose and wet, a little sore, but I must have had a gallon of sperm in my rectum by then. I'd swallowed a lot and I was literally covered from head to toe with the stuff. I looked like a drowned rat, I supposed, and I just wore my skirt and blazer home, using my expensive new blouse to clean myself up a little in the back of the taxi. The driver didn't seem too happy.

Needless to say, pictures of my birthday party quickly made their way around the company. It seemed every department had their own album full of them and it was so bizarre. Japanese are the strangest people on earth. I was signing autographs on occasion, penning my name across 8×10 blowups of my face covered in sperm, or getting double penetrated. This was a culture in serious need of something, I didn't know what, but something. I found it to be embarrassing generally, but after awhile I largely ignored it.

All that changed though the night I was to accompany a small group of businessmen to a club in Yokohama. It turned out to be a BDSM sex club, of all things, and I was very shocked at some of the things I witnessed there. All of the girls working the club were in fetish gear, beautiful and expensive PVC and leather of all styles and colors. I was dressed normally in a conservative business suit, navy blue with a white silk blouse, and notably the only female customer in the place. I was escorting one of our company VP's and a couple business associates he wanted to impress, and I had very few illusions as to what my duties would include later in the evening. Both of the executive's guests had already heard of the gaijin Milky Girl who worked for our company and I'd blushed furiously at the realization that my reputation was spreading throughout the Japanese business community. My boss had merely chuckled and assured the two men that everything they had heard about me was true.

The club wasn't a large one, but such things rarely are in Japan, where space is at a premium. There was a circular stage raised in the center of the club and seating for perhaps 50 people around it. As you'd expect, there were chairs and small tables lit with candles, tall and thick and made of red wax. It was frightfully expensive to get in, 30,000 yen each, about 300 dollars, but my boss didn't even flinch. There was no charge for me. Like most clubs in Japan, if a woman was allowed to enter at all, then her admission was free. Once inside, it was an open bar. You could drink as much as you liked at no charge and there were numerous small snacks available. But the real interest was in the stage shows, which were 15-30 minutes long, with intermissions between, and featured almost any kind of light BDSM you can imagine.

I played with our two associates at the silent urging of my boss, exposing their cocks beneath the table and massaging them both as I sat close between them. I was doing my part for the company's image while we waited for the next act to begin on the stage. I didn't know what to expect and I'll admit I experienced no real curiosity. My knowledge of BDSM was superficial at best and I had little interest in it. But then there occurred something interesting. Two men dressed in the traditional dark gray of theater stage hands were bringing out a smaller girl.

She looked to be in her mid-twenties, but seemed to me exceedingly fragile and very pretty. She had a youthful quality which led me to regard her as a child, rather than the young woman she obviously was. She was nude but for a pair of handcuffs dangling from each wrist and she wasn't yet bound in any way. The girl stood silently in the middle of the stage, lit by spotlights from above, and the two gray men had been replaced by a woman. She was offering a short riding crop for auction in a sharp, sing-song voice. Naturally enough, I suppose, many of the Japanese men present wanted to see the

American woman whipping the girl and while I can't say for certain who had bought the crop, it did eventually end up in my inexperienced hands.

Of course, I'd never done anything like that in my life and as I took the crop and swished it through the air, I was reasonably sure it would be very painful to be struck with it. The woman, a hostess dressed in black leather from head to toe, chained the girl to a pair of rings hanging by chains from the ceiling. She wasn't gentle, but the girl made no sound and she soon stood with her arms spread and high above her head. Her back was to me and to much of the audience as well, and the hostess beckoned me onto the stage and told me to begin. That was the extent of my instructions and I swallowed hard, feeling nervous and more than a little self-conscious. I gave the girl a few strokes across her wonderfully pert ass, gentle ones because I had no interest in hurting anyone, least of all a girl so much smaller than myself.

The Japanese men watching were unhappy with that however, and they were urging me with loud voices to really hit her. I whipped the girl a little harder, but not very much. It just wasn't in me to do that sort of thing. After a few minutes the girl looked over her shoulder impatiently, as if to ask me when I was going to start and I blushed and lowered my eyes.

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## **Chapter two**

My whole performance lasted less than ten minutes and I was feeling very uncomfortable and even foolish as the hostess took her crop back. I started to leave the stage, but my boss stood up and suggested in a loud, humorous voice that perhaps the girl should whip me instead. It was hard for me to follow all of his Japanese, but I understood his intentions and so did everyone else. All around me Japanese salarymen laughed and clapped their hands, nodding excitedly to one another.

The hostess looked at me with some contempt and it seemed obvious to me that she was a very strong-willed person, a Dominatrix by temperament if not only by choice. I thought her exceedingly beautiful, as many Japanese bargirls and hostesses must be, and although I was slightly taller, the woman made me feel small by comparison and this was new for me. I'd grown very yielding to my superiors at work, but with strangers and especially the Japanese women I met away from the office, I was normally confident and perhaps arrogant with my background and education. Meek personalities don't graduate Harvard Business School after all, but I wilted beneath her dark presence and the Dominatrix literally grabbed my jaw in her gloved fingers, turning my face so that she could stare into my wide blue eyes.

"Do you wish to be punished?" she demanded and I tried to look at my boss before I answered, but she held my head tight, pinching my cheeks with her thumb and fingers painfully.

I could hear him, even if I couldn't see him, telling the hostess that it was alright because I worked for him. I would do what I was told, he said, and there was more laughter. I really didn't want this to happen and I felt a knot of fear cramping in my stomach. The Japanese woman holding me was strikingly beautiful, as I mentioned, and despite her attitude and stern countenance, her lustrous brown eyes seemed warm, almost comforting somehow, and perhaps that was why I agreed to it. I thought she would ensure that I wouldn't be hurt. I wasn't a professional BDSM model or whatever they call those people. I was an American, a junior executive, and innocent of such things as this. She couldn't possibly hurt me, I thought.

Another girl, attractive and definitely young enough to still be in her teens, entered the stage dressed in a small, red bikini which seemed oddly out of place at that moment. She released the girl

I was supposed to have whipped and then the two of them helped me undress while the hostess watched. I looked around, taking a deep, self-conscious breath because of the three dozen or so men in that place. I only knew three of them, and really only one - the company vice-president that I worked for. I was soon completely naked in a roomful of strangers and I could hear them talking about me, generally praising my body, but occasionally the odd Anglophobe would call me a cow or a fat pig. I tried to ignore everything as I was fitted with a stiff leather collar and then leather cuffs around my wrists, fastened with silver buckles.

I had thought they might bind me the way the girl had been, just handcuffed to the rings in the ceiling, but instead my arms were brought behind my back, bent at the elbows so my arms pressed painfully upward against my spine. It hurt a lot as my shoulders were stretched and my arms twisted so that my joints screamed with sharp protest. I didn't know a person's arms could even bend that way and I was trembling and fighting for each ragged breath I took. They fastened my wrists to a large ring on the back of the collar. I had to arch my back just to ease pressure on my shoulders and this pushed my breasts out further, which seemed exactly what my captors desired.

My legs were spread slightly wider than my hips and my ankles were cuffed and then chained to small rings built into the floor of the stage. They were hinged so that they could lay flat in in D-shaped recesses when not in use and I hadn't noticed them before. The girl in the bikini fitted my mouth with a ball gag, which I didn't like at all, and I shook my head, saying that no, I didn't want to be gagged. I was afraid that if I was hurt or something I wouldn't be able to make them stop, or even yell for help. I had no idea what they intended to do with me. This was a totally new experience and I quickly realized that I'd gotten into something over my head right from the beginning. The girls paid little attention to my refusals, and turning my head this way and that did me little good as they proceeded to gag me with expert efficiency.

The gag consisted of a rubber ball, a red one attached to a thin, leather harness of some sort. It wasn't hard, but firm and surprisingly soft, and very large as well. The device was quickly pressed behind my teeth, depressing my tongue so that my mouth seemed filled completely with it. My protests were immediately muted and muffled and I could breathe only through my nose as the gag was tightened and buckled behind my head. Being bound and gagged like I was filled me with a strange sense of claustrophobia, although I was standing in the center of the wide open stage.

I felt my heart pounding with excitement and fear, and I realized with some shock that part of me actually enjoyed this new experience. My senses seemed to become heightened with my fear and excitement. Everything was interesting to me and I was curious as to why and how I found myself becoming aroused. This seemed a forbidden thing, something darkly romantic, if you can imagine it, and that vague impression only fed my confusion. I didn't understand what I was feeling. If someone had asked me before that evening what I thought about being a BDSM submissive, I'd have said no way. I'd never do it. But at that moment I felt the butterflies in my tummy and not because I wanted them to stop.

Finally a chain was lowered from the ceiling and it too connected to the ring at the back of my collar. It was pulled taut, just enough to give me the sensation of pressure, but not enough to lift me off my feet or anything. I stood there, bound helplessly, gagged and uncertain of what was going to happen. The two girls had spoken not at all while they'd prepared me and they left the stage wordlessly, the one in the bikini giving me a smile and the other a small frown, neither of which offered me any reassurance. The hostess played with me first, which I found both stimulating and humiliating. I'd never had anything to do with another woman in my life, not even the playful exploration so many teenage girls share. I knew I wasn't lesbian or even bisexual, not in the least. But here was this beautiful Japanese woman stroking my breasts, talking to me softly and telling me it was going to be okay, and I couldn't deny that I enjoyed her attentions.

She knew I was excited and I had no choice but to watch her face while the Dominatrix taunted me with her hands. My bonds kept me upright, with my chin lifted and my back arched. My breasts were thrust out and up with my shoulders pulled back like they were, likewise my ass was put on vulgar display by the forced tilt of my hips. I felt like an object presented for the lusty approval of the men who watched us so intently. The woman teased me with her fingers, caressing the tops of my breasts and smiling at the dark arousal of my nipples. They were swollen and stiff and when she flicked them with her gloved fingertips, I couldn't refuse her the muffled moan that issued low in my throat. My body became flushed and damp with sweat, and goose bumps broke out across my skin. My nipples throbbed and burned ice cold and I shivered beneath her gentle hands.

The Dominatrix moved her hands down my body slowly. They were encased to the elbows in skin-tight black leather, buttery soft gloves that felt like nothing else I'd ever encountered before. She moved down my stomach and around my waist, petting and soothing me until she found my sex. I'd grown wet by then and we both knew it. I wanted to close my eyes in shame, but I didn't dare. The woman held me with her gaze and licked her crimson lips as her fingers slid down and across my slit. I jerked at the sensation and trembled as she worked her fingers between my swollen labia. My clit became a fiery point of desire and I rocked my hips in an effort to find her hand with it, but she denied me with a soft laugh.

I blinked rapidly as my eyes became moist. I was panting beneath my gag and growing lightheaded as I tried to get the air I needed through my nose. My heart raced and my lungs seemed to labor under a crushing weight. The woman massaged my vulva, splitting my lips and staring intently into my eyes as she pushed a finger slowly inside me. I felt my pussy spasm and the walls of my sex clasped her digit eagerly, nursing at that small penetration and hungry for more. A second later she began to caress my stiff little clit with her thumb, the sensation making my knees weak and my body tremble with a rush of pleasure. I don't think I'd ever gotten so excited so quickly in my life. I didn't know what was going on, whether it was because of the woman, because I was bound, because of the men watching, or a combination of all those things. I only knew she was going to make me cum in just a few agonizing seconds if she didn't stop playing with my cunt.

My captor must have realized it as well, not that it could have been very difficult to tell. My whole body jerked against my bonds and my skin fairly glowed with pink arousal beneath the bright lights. My eyes were wide and begging for relief, and shining with the desire that I was unable to voice aloud. The woman didn't stop and her laughter was soft and high pitched when she brought me off. Her finger thrust deep inside me, curling against my tender flesh and finding the most sensitive places imaginable. Her palm cupped my sex as she stood close to me, her lips brushing my cheek so that I could smell her perfumed hair and pale skin. I felt her humid breath on my face and her finger wriggled inside me, scratching the desperate itch my excitement had become. My orgasm arrived quick and hard, crashing through me like a tidal wave of pleasure and I was swept away with it for several long minutes.

I could barely stand and the collar tugged insistently at my neck, but I had little mind for that. I was dazed and floating on a cloud of adrenalin and endorphins and all the good feelings my orgasm had delivered. I could feel the woman still fucking me with her hand, telling me how she could feel my pussy nursing on her finger like a baby while I came. She pumped me slowly until I'd recovered enough that I could focus on her beautiful face once more. She brought her fingers to her mouth, the leather glistening with my juices now, and she wanted me to see her lick them clean. The Dominatrix was sharing in my orgasm and telling me that soon enough I would do the same for her, but the time for tenderness was through.

The girl I was supposed to have whipped with the crop had reappeared and she was now given the task of whipping me. She looked like a Japanese angel, perhaps five feet tall with big brown eyes,



small firm breasts, and a neatly trimmed V of black pubic hair between her delicate thighs. But she was a demon in disguise, I think, because she used the crop on me without mercy or sympathy. Not on my ass either, which I might have borne better. She whipped my breasts, taking a perverse delight in punishing them until they were covered with angry red welts, top to bottom and side to side. The girl struck me no place else, only on my tits, and the kiss of her crop was both unavoidable and very nearly unbearable.

I will tell you I screamed as long and hard as I could against that gag. I jerked and twisted. I pulled against my bonds until my body was bathed in sweat. I'd never been treated in such a way, not even by the most abusive of the Japanese men I worked with, and so I had nothing to compare this to. There was no reference and so this whipping of my breasts seemed all the more terrible than perhaps it truly was. Much of my suffering, I must confess, was brought upon myself by my own feverish mind. I'd closed my eyes and I was afraid to open them for fear of what I'd see when I saw my tits, but when the girl had finished and I blinked through my tears, I could see that my worst fears were unrealized. My breasts were criss-crossed with long, thin stripes of white across my flushed skin. The welts were raised and my tits throbbed with pain, feeling swollen and burning and heavy as they tugged at the exhausted muscles beneath them. But they were beautiful as well, although my mind tried to deny what I understood emotionally. The girl had painted my tits with pain and though it had been terrible and frightening, now I was learning to accept it.

The girl was breathing hard after exertions which must have been the equal of my own, which seemed a curious revelation and only hinted at a true and deeper understanding which escaped me. Her own small body had turned pink and damp with sweat while whipping me and she wore a satisfied, petulant smile on her angelic face. She held the crop in her left hand and I watched as she stroked it between her thighs, sliding the short length of it between her thin pussy lips. I suddenly became aware that I'd been crying and this seemed to please her greatly. She told the hostess that my tears made me even prettier and she struck my breasts again, watching my eyes closely as I sobbed. I think she would have continued until I passed out if the hostess hadn't stopped her. I wondered how anyone that lovely could be that cruel. I winced instinctively when the girl brought a hand to my face, but she giggled softly and her touch was gentle as she gathered some of the wetness spilling from my eyes on her fingertips. She brought her hand to her mouth and licked my tears from her fingers with her tiny red tongue.

For the crowd's benefit more than mine, I think, the hostess began playing with my cunt again and I should have been surprised to find that I was soaked down there. I thought I should have been dry, but being whipped like that had pushed me right to the edge and the woman brought me off again with very little effort. She took much pleasure in announcing my condition to her customers, telling the men in a loud voice how wet my cunt had become and how easily I accepted three and then four of her fingers inside my slutty hole. If she meant to embarrass me further, it wasn't possible. I was beyond humiliation, lost to everyone but the Dominatrix and her assistants, and my guilt and shame were gifts for her alone.

The men watching, laughing and drinking and making their lewd observations mattered very little to me at that point. I was cumming hard and so soon after having my breasts whipped, as if the experience had been an aphrodisiac to render me truly helpless with desire. My orgasm tore through me, mixing with the pain in my tits, and it seemed as if the door to heaven had been cracked open. It was an experience that I couldn't understand then, but the hostess knew. She understood completely, I think, and almost certainly the girl who had whipped me as well. They were like no one else.

At some point during my orgasm, the girl in the bikini had returned, bringing with her some long, thin leather cords. I'd had some expectation of being released after being whipped by that lovely

fallen angel, but I was mistaken and through the pleasant haze of my orgasm I realized that the hostess had no intention of letting me go so quickly. After all the effort and extravagance of binding me so thoroughly, I would be required to put on a good show for her well-paying customers and having my breasts whipped hadn't been nearly enough to appease them.

Instead of loosing my bonds, the Dominatrix had my tits bound, one at a time with the leather cords. The girl wound the leather tightly around the base of my left breast, over and over, ensuring the cord was painfully tight so that the fatty tissue seem to balloon outward as the flesh was narrowed beneath it. She did this to my right breast as well, and after she'd finished my tits looked obscene and strangely misshapen. They were already red and marred by the welts which had not yet begun to fade, and soon my tits began to turn darker as the blood inside them was trapped by the leather cords.

I groaned uselessly against the gag in my mouth when the girl stepped back so the Dominatrix and the audience could admire her handiwork. The hostess called out loudly in Japanese, using words I was unfamiliar with, and a moment later the bikini clad girl returned with a small bag of metal clips, like clothespins, only stronger with heavier springs and sharp teeth like large alligator clips. The hostess worked these onto my nipples first, which were hard and distended, dark with blood and swollen from the abuse they'd already suffered. It felt as an incredible, exquisite pain and my body jerked as my nipples were caught beneath those sharp teeth, the hostess positioning the open jaws over each nipple and then simply letting go, so that they snapped into place as if biting me.

A half dozen more were placed on each of my breasts, the clips biting into my flesh and adding to the nearly overwhelming pain I felt. But beneath it all I was shivering with excitement. I truly enjoyed this. Some terrible, perverse part of me that I'd never known existed was getting off on being abused in this way, being degraded and humiliated in front of so many total strangers. I felt my pussy aching to be filled and I found the sudden desire to have the woman clip some of those pins to my labia, even my sensitive clitoris, to be an almost intoxicating thought. But this was to be strictly breast torture, I understood, because they ignored every other part of me except when the hostess wished to give me another orgasm with her fingers.

With my breasts whipped, bound, and finally clamped as they were, it came time for the climax of our little scene. The hostess disappeared from my sight for a moment and this gave me time to fix my attention on the crowd around me, whom I could just make out through the bright lights that shone down upon the platform. It felt wonderfully strange to be helpless and in such a torturous mix of pleasure and pain, while only a few feet away from me men joked and laughed and played with the bar girls who kept them company. I saw my boss smiling and pointing as he discussed me with his two associates. He would be well pleased by what was happening, I was sure. This story too would make the rounds of my office and everyone I worked with would know what had happened to me. I felt thoroughly degraded, as if I were so much less than any of the men staring at me. I was barely even human now, I thought, but more like an animal to be abused for pleasure than a woman with an expensive education and a high paying job. How could anyone ever respect me after the things I'd been forced to do, I wondered. How could I even respect myself?

All of my thoughts were soon lost however, as I felt the hostess moving behind me. I could hear the men talking, some of them, and I understood from their excited words that I was about to be fucked. The Dominatrix had strapped on a dildo, a very large one judging from the comments I was able to hear, and I twisted my head to the left and right, but was quite unable to see the woman or the cock she now sported. I shook violently and my heart refused to slow as it seemed ready to burst with anticipation. I could hear it beating in my ears, rushing hot blood through my body to feed adrenaline to my excited flesh. I wasn't so much frightened by what was happening as I was desperate for more. My pussy had grown wet and tight with frustrating emptiness. I felt my sex like

a fist between my spread thighs, squeezing in on itself and begging to be filled. The idea of that beautiful, dominant woman taking my cunt in front of those men was intoxicating and I felt another orgasm building in the depths of my taut belly.

The hostess wasted little time as she worked the head of her dildo across my slit from behind. She pressed it down so the shaft rode between my labia without entering me and as the woman pressed her hips to my ass, the phallus appeared in front of me, jutting out lewdly between my legs. The woman teased me that way, and the crowd as well, taunting my sex for several minutes before finally drawing her now wet and glistening cock back and pressing it not to my pussy, which was begging to be filled, but rather to my anus. She put her lips to my ear, whispering to me in Japanese that her name was Mistress Atsumi and she intended to make me her slave. I shuddered and the gag made insensible my reply, but words were unnecessary in any event. Mistress Atsumi knew what I needed.

The Dominatrix pushed her dildo inside me with a forceful, steady pressure, spreading the round cheeks of my ass apart with her thumbs so she could see my tight sphincter yielding beneath her insistence. I'd been fucked there before, but never like this. None of the men who'd had my asshole had been as thick as that toy now felt. I might have screamed if I hadn't been so completely gagged. The delicate ring of my anus was being forced open around the smooth head of her phallus, lubricated with the juices from my cunt, and it was another pleasure-pain cocktail for my lust fogged mind to greedily swallow. With an odd popping sensation, the woman's cock forced itself into my rectum and then she began to fuck me in earnest. Mistress Atsumi held my hips and thrust sharply, with quick, short strokes that took my tender asshole inch by inch until eventually she had all of her phallus buried within the tight confines of my bowels.

She let me rest then and perhaps the woman was catching her own breath as well. I was impaled on her cock and how large it was I couldn't guess, but it seemed huge to me as my body stretched around it. Mistress Atsumi grabbed my tits then, pressing herself against my back and reaching around me. She began digging her gloved fingers into my tender flesh, by now horribly swollen and purplish from their bonds. Her efforts knocked several of the clips off and that was another splinter of painful joy. She handled my tits roughly, working them up and down, squeezing and pulling them, pressing her palms against my burning nipples as she fucked my ass with violent abandon. I could feel her hot breath against my neck and her leather encased body rubbing against mine. It was a glorious fuck filled with pain and pleasure and for the first time in my life I came without feeling any direct stimulation of my clit or vagina. I shook and whimpered like a little girl as Mistress Atsumi bent me completely to her will. I was powerless and it thrilled me to my core.

After our show had ended, the naked young woman who had whipped me and the other one, the teenage girl in the bikini, unbound me and brought me backstage. The sensation of fresh blood filling my breasts filled my eyes with tears and that seemed a pain as bad or worse than any other. They cleaned me up carefully, washing my body and applying a cream to my breasts which looked terrible from the beating they'd taken. The girls' hands were gentle and the water was very hot, soothing and relaxing, and I enjoyed it a great deal.

The girl who'd used the crop on my tits climbed into the water with me, sitting very close, and I watched her lovely face as her hands stroked my flesh. She comforted me in all ways and the pain I felt melted slowly away beneath her tender ministrations. She told me her name was Fumiko and she asked me if she'd hurt me, meaning something more than physically, but I was unsure of how I felt just then. I told her that she had and the smaller woman frowned at that, massaging my nipples with her thumbs while she squeezed my tits carefully. I smiled and dipped my head so that I could catch her dark eyes with mine and I told her that despite the pain, I'd enjoyed it very much. I just didn't understand how or why and she laughed at that.

"You'll learn, I think," Fumiko said. "You were very good for me."

After my bath I was ready to go back to the table and find my boss and our two guests. I knew they'd be pleased and probably ready to leave. They'd bring me to a rest house, or perhaps to a love motel, and I'd spend the rest of the night letting the two businessmen have their way with my body, all for the good of the company. I wasn't looking forward to it. I was worn out, as you can imagine, and I would much rather go home to my small apartment and spend my time trying to understand what had happened to me and what it all meant. But I couldn't find my clothes. I stood there in a towel, looking around and unsure of what I was doing. None of the other women were in the small bath just then and I opened the door to peek out. There was a narrow little hall with the bar directly ahead, the stage to the left, and offices to the right. I was concerned because I thought my boss would probably be angry with me if I took too long. I frowned at the towel and decided it covered me well enough that I could make my way to the bar and ask someone where my things had gone, but about the time I'd made up my mind, Atsumi walked off the stage and saw me.

The woman smiled patiently and stepped close to me as I stood there, damp and nervous, and my heart leapt at being confronted by the woman who had fucked me so publicly. "What do you think you're doing?" she asked me with a voice that seemed almost playful.

"I'm looking for my clothes, Mistress," I said somewhat hesitantly, but I'd decided that was the most correct form of addressing her. Somehow 'Atsumi-san' didn't seem like something I could easily say. "My boss is waiting for me and I do not wish to displease him," I continued in my somewhat formal Japanese. I kept my eyes lowered and my hands were clutching at the knotted towel between my breasts.

"I gave them to your boss for safekeeping," the woman smiled at me. "But now he's already left. Didn't he leave your clothes with Fumiko?"

"What? No, I don't think so," I said, looking around and feeling a little helpless. I didn't see the VP or his companions anywhere. "He can't leave! He had my purse also."

"Oh my! Well, this is a problem, isn't it?" The beautiful woman shook her head, but her lips curled in a mischievous smile and I understood that she was enjoying my discomfort.

"What am I going to do? My money, my keys, everything was in there!" I felt very insecure right about then, as you may imagine. Yokohama was a long ways from my apartment in Shinjuku and even if I somehow managed to get home, I couldn't get through the door.

"Well, I suppose you could come home with me if you like. In the morning you can call him at work. I'm sure it's just a mistake."

"But I have to be to work in the morning!" I was almost in tears, feeling suddenly overwhelmed by the entire experience. Not merely finding myself naked and helpless, but I hadn't yet come to reason with what I'd suffered previously. The heart and mind can only take so much and I was breaking inside.

"Oh, shush now!" she actually laughed. "This isn't so terrible. He's your boss. He'll understand if you're a little late, I think." Mistress Atsumi was making her proposal sound almost reasonable and I really did have no alternative. I couldn't even afford the train ride home and while I'm sure the woman would have been happy to lend me a little money, she hadn't made that offer and I was too embarrassed to ask.

"Maybe," I nodded slowly. "But I do not wish to be a burden to you."

"It's no burden to be someone's friend," the woman smiled and reached out to touch my cheek. "We'll go out and have some fun tonight, you'll see, and in the morning everything will be fine."

Atsumi had Fumiko find me a dress. It was about two sizes too small, especially for my breasts, which were large by Japanese standards anyway, and now swollen and overly sensitive. The dress was leather, bright yellow with an old fashioned bodice, like a corset that laced closed across my tummy up to my breasts. When I put the dress on however, I was barely able to cover my nipples and the untied laces hung free like tassels from my tits as they were pushed upward in a lewd display of female flesh. The bottom of the dress flared into a stiff leather skirt that barely covered my ass, and at my hips the dress stretched very little, hugging my body tightly in a warm, buttery sheath. The outfit actually felt wonderful around my waist and stomach, but I felt quite dismayed by my appearance. My body was only barely contained, with my tits threatening to spill out of the bodice and my ass and even my sex hidden only so long as I stood straight and still. Walking would be a definite challenge to my modesty and sitting down was out of the question! I looked like a very cheap prostitute, I thought, but Atsumi clapped with happy approval when she saw me.

Fumiko was smiling as well, although I couldn't tell which she enjoyed more, my trepidation or Atsumi's pleasure. The girl giggled as she gave me a black leather thong that I held up for a moment, blinking at it. I'd owned and worn many thongs, but I'd hoped for something a little more concealing to wear beneath that dress. Nevertheless, I put the panties on, pulling taut the thin leather between my butt cheeks while Atsumi watched patiently. I struggled to get into a pair of patent leather pumps, open toed with four inch heels that fit me alright, but they obviously weren't designed for comfort. They accentuated the effects of my new dress, forcing me to tilt my hips and arch my back as I had to stand almost tip-toe while Fumiko knelt and fastened the thin straps around my ankles for me.

I hoped we were going straight to Atsumi's apartment, because just walking through the club as we left proved enough to make me decidedly uncomfortable. Even though most of the customers had already seen my little performance on the stage, there were a lot of comments being made. The men were brutally vulgar for the most part, speaking loudly for my benefit as much as their companions' and my face reddened noticeably.

Atsumi had dressed as a Mistress should, attired as a fetishist wet dream, as was I admittedly. She wore a black leather dress, longer than mine and much better fitting. It had a skirt that fell just above her knees, but was very tight all the same, as though molded to her hips and thighs and wonderfully pert ass. The top was more of a corset than a real dress, with a push up bustier that had been laced tightly in the back. She wore her black gloves, the leather clinging to her arms up to the elbows, and she had her hair pulled back severely and pinned into an elaborate knot. Her face had been made up perfectly, as was mine after spending ten minutes in front of a mirror with Fumiko's undivided attention. Atsumi carried a small leather purse with long straps and she slipped it over my shoulder, telling me to carry it for her.

As we were leaving the club, approaching the darkened glass of the front doors, Fumiko hurried over and gave Atsumi a black leather collar. It was thin and supple and the Dominatrix affixed it around my neck without any kind of explanation. After the collar was securely buckled, Atsumi attached a silver chain to it, like a dog's leash, with a looping leather handle that Atsumi held. I wasn't too sure about this and I fingered the collar a little nervously, wanting to ask her what this was all about, but I couldn't find the words. I felt a rush of heat spreading upward from my sex and I frowned with my confusion.

"Don't worry, Jennifer-san, it looks very appropriate for you." Atsumi smiled and gave the leash a little tug. "I will call you slave tonight, and you will call me Mistress. You'll enjoy it, I promise. You'll

see.”

“Yes...Mistress,” I answered slowly and that seemed to please her a great deal. We walked out of the club and into the night, my new Mistress hailing a cab to take us to Yokohama Station.

I felt unbearably nervous and I fidgeted in the back seat beside Atsumi. She touched my leg and I looked down, seeing that my dress was completely hopeless. It was so short that no matter how I sat my crotch was completely exposed, the white of my skin contrasting starkly with the black thong that barely covered my sex.

“Where are we going, Mistress?” I asked her, trying to keep my voice low, but I saw the driver’s head turn slightly at the word and I reddened.

“We’ll go to Roppongi, slave, but before that I think we must go to Shibuya. I have something I would like to do first,” Atsumi answered and I cringed a little as she’d spoken in a casual tone, as if calling someone a slave was a normal thing.

The taxi dropped us off at the west entrance of the huge Yokohama train station and it was terribly crowded as always. I burned beet red as Atsumi led me by my collar through the crowded plaza, past the many stores, and down the wide stairs to the sublevel where the trains were. People openly stared at us and there were a number of comments made, but only quietly. It was not everyday that one saw a stunning Japanese woman leading a beautiful American around on a leash. I found the experience incredibly humiliating, but it also filled me with a strange happiness, a feeling of pride perhaps? I didn’t know, but I could feel Atsumi’s confidence radiating from her in waves and I took strength from that. She didn’t care what anyone thought and she seemed to possess a power that defied the world around us.

By then I had obviously become aware of my secret pleasure at being publicly humiliated, of being debased and dehumanized even. No doubt it’s become plain as you’ve read my story so far, but hindsight has its own clarity that is often lacking as the events themselves unfold. I’ll say that I was aware of my desires, but I had not embraced them willingly before that long walk through Yokohama Station. That, for me, became a journey from the subconscious yearning to the conscious acceptance of who and what I truly was. Or at least the beginning of it.

All of my protestations, my reluctance and embarrassments previous to this seemed silly and contrived. I remembered all the times I’d been shocked and horrified, stunned by what I was being ‘forced’ to do...Like this, being paraded through a crowd of literally thousands of strangers, dressed as a wanton slut for the pleasure of another, more dominant woman. And yet, for the first time I was able to tell myself that it made me happy to do so. That this was something that I wanted very much and if anything, I’d been lucky that Mistress Atsumi had recognized this about me and that she was strong enough to make me do it.

I was soaked when we finally boarded our train, my juices staining the small bit of lining in my thong and even running down my thighs. I thought of the times I’d been groped on trains similar to this. How I’d felt violated and had told myself so often that I was angry, but in reality I hadn’t been angry at all. I smiled to myself, knowing that I’d loved every perverse minute of it. I wished someone would do that now. I wanted someone, a man, a stranger, to feel my cunt and ass, to fuck me there, in front of all those people. To make me suck his cock and force me to accept his cum on my face, to do anything he liked with me. I wanted to feel that awful humiliation and worse, I wanted to show everyone how I enjoyed such treatment.

But no one touched me. No one dared as Mistress Atsumi remained close by and the leash

connecting us declared me to be her property. None of the men present would contest that. I looked around at them, feeling the superiority that being owned gave me. I was confident suddenly, strong and inviolable. 'You're all cowards!' I wanted to shout at them as they looked away from my alien eyes. They were useless cowards who couldn't face a woman and take what they wanted, but only steal it from behind her back. I grew angry not at what had been done to me before, but only that I'd once given such weaklings that much power over me. These were heady thoughts and they struck me with a clarity I'd rarely experienced before. I didn't entirely understand what I was feeling yet, but I enjoyed it nonetheless and I'd always been a quick study.

Now things were different. I'd given Mistress Atsumi the power she held over me, totally and completely while denying it to everyone else. I looked at her and she smiled as though reading my mind. To make my point succinctly, I knelt on the dirty floor of that train, pushing myself down between the legs and feet of those crowded around us. I put my head close to Mistress Atsumi's skirt, pressing my chin to her thighs and looking up with my blue-green eyes. She moved her hand to my hair, stroking me as the train rocked back and forth, speeding us towards our destination.

At Shinagawa we changed trains and it took another 30 minutes before we were in Shibuya. From that moment on, when we were on a train or standing in a queue waiting for a taxi, or when we arrived at a small shop and went inside, if we stood in one place for longer than a few minutes, I knelt. It seemed proper somehow and I knew it pleased Mistress Atsumi very much. She hadn't commented on it, but I could see the smile on her lips and the light in her eyes when she looked down at me. I found myself wishing the woman had handcuffed me, strange as that may seem, and I kept my hands in the small of my back if I could, while I knelt or even while walking behind her. I couldn't say why, except that it seemed proper and I wanted to find ways to please my new Mistress.

The shop we were in was a BDSM place, selling everything from fetish wear to fetish gear. There were magazines and videos and a large selection of toys, some of which I couldn't begin to imagine a purpose for. Mistress Atsumi seemed to be very friendly with the owner, another woman and obviously a Dominatrix. She was attractive, I thought, but not nearly so beautiful as my Mistress. Soon after entering, Mistress Atsumi unclipped the leash from my collar and told me I could look around if I wished. I thanked her politely, understanding that she wished to have a private conversation with her friend.

I'd never been in a BDSM shop before and it was fascinating to me. I had never imagined some of the things I saw, paddles and whips of all shapes and sizes. Clothes that looked almost too beautiful to wear. There were several mannequins dressed and on display. One that I studied quite intently had been dressed with a PVC hood, tightly drawn to the scalp and face with bright steel zippers over the eyes and mouth. This was paired with a leather jumpsuit, skintight and encasing the body completely with matching gloves and boots. It too had zippers covering the nipples and the genital area. Another zipper, this one black and hidden, ran along the spine. The outfit gleamed under the fluorescent lights and I thought it both lovely and frightening, the way it was designed to completely hide the person beneath.

"Do you like it?" a soft voice asked me and when I hesitated, she spoke again. "Do you speak Japanese?"

I turned to see a very cute and young Japanese woman, dressed in tight black leather shorts and high heels. She wore no blouse, but instead a collar that was very wide, covering her long throat almost completely. Her breasts were small and the nipples swollen and cherry red, so red that I thought they might be painted, but they weren't. Her face was delicate, with very high cheek bones and pouting lips, and her eyes were dark and narrow. With her black hair falling in a sort of uneven shag style around her shoulders, I thought the girl looked almost mythical in appearance, like an elf

or some forest nymph who should be dancing in the moonlight. I found her very enchanting and I couldn't help but smile.

"Yes," I answered in Japanese. "I like it very much."

"You're Mistress Atsumi's." It wasn't a question. "That's good. She's been lonely, I think. It's nice to see her happy again."

"I do not understand what you mean," I said. I hadn't yet considered what, if anything, my relationship with Atsumi was, beyond the immediate pleasure of being in each other's company.

"Mistress Atsumi hasn't taken a lover in some time," the girl shrugged, "but perhaps I'm saying too much." She decided to try and change the subject. "Your Japanese is very good, where do you study?"

"No, please. I wish to know what you mean." I moved a little closer to the woman. "I thought Fumiko-san is her lover."

She giggled at me when I said that. "Fumiko is Mistress Atsumi's sister. Not her lover."

"Oh." I stood back a little as I considered that news. There were similarities between them, I supposed, once I thought about it. But honestly, I wouldn't have noticed the resemblance on my own. It was their eyes, Mistress Atsumi and Fumiko, they had the same eyes in shape and color. Not so dissimilar from other Japanese women, perhaps, but wonderfully unique when one stared into them as I had.

"I'm Jun." She nodded in the direction of Mistress Atsumi who still spoke with the shop's owner. "My Mistress is called Kami."

"My name is Jennifer, although tonight my Mistress has said she will only call me slave." I bowed to Jun, not too deeply, but like that used in business when dealing with an equal. The young woman returned the gesture with a smile.

"You are taught well. I'll call you Jen-san," she said and that had always been the easiest and most logical diminutive of my name for my Japanese friends. Jennifer could be a little tricky for them at first, but Jen was perfectly suited to the Japanese tongue and I didn't mind. I'd been called Jen often enough in America too.

Just then Mistress Kami called to Jun and I looked over, but Mistress Atsumi did not look at me, so I remained where I was. A few minutes later the girl returned, carrying my leash. She clipped it onto my collar and smiled. "I've been instructed to find you a gift," she said and tugged at my collar with a soft giggle. I followed her, of course, curious as to what she meant.

We moved to a corner of the shop that displayed dildos and vibrators of all shapes and sizes. They were arranged neatly on glass shelves, packaged in ornate boxes behind a display sample in front of them. They seemed to be sorted by size, as much as anything else, with the smallest toys on the upper shelves and the larger ones near the bottom. And they were very large, some of them, and I swallowed nervously as I looked at a double-headed dildo that must have been two feet long and bigger around than a soda can. I couldn't imagine a possible use for that, except perhaps beating someone over the head with it. It certainly wouldn't fit inside my pussy! At the other extreme I saw a very small toy that looked like egg, except it was only slightly bigger than my thumb and pink. It had a thin wire attached to a small remote control and it was much easier to think of a use for that. I tried to imagine standing on a crowded train with a small vibrator buried in my ass, my Mistress



holding the remote and surprising me with it as she pleased. I rather liked that idea.

“Do I get to choose?” I asked, feeling a little self-conscious as Jun and I looked at the assorted collection.

“No, I’m supposed to choose for you,” Jun said softly and after several silent minutes she selected a cream colored butt plug that was perhaps six inches long. It was bluntly rounded at the tip and swelled quickly to perhaps seven or eight inches around at the widest point, before narrowing again to almost nothing where a thin, round rubber base was connected to it. The plug looked huge to me and I thought Jun must be joking.

“I do not think it will fit, Jun-san!” I giggled nervously as the girl held it up.

“You don’t think so, but you don’t know either,” she grinned at me slyly. “Come with me now.” Jun picked up a package, opening the box and looking inside to see that it was the same. She led me to what was ostensibly a changing room, like a small closet with a curtain that closed with Velcro strips.

We both entered and Jun had me bend over, placing my hands on a small cushioned bench that was mounted against wall. There wasn’t very much room and the curtain fell over the girl’s back as she pulled my thong down.

“You have a beautiful ass, Jen-san.” She caressed me for a moment, running her fingers across my slit and then my anus, teasing me and making me shiver slightly. “Your Mistress told me I could play with you, so you must let me.”

I nodded. “Yes, please. I like it,” I breathed.

I closed my eyes as she rubbed my pussy gently, working her fingers back and forth across my lips until they became fat and rubbery, and slick with oily wetness that I’d been steadily leaking all night. It felt nice and she moved her fingertips to find my clitoris, stroking the tiny bud and making me murmur my approval. A few minutes later, just as it was feeling very good, I felt something else rubbing my slit. I thought at first it was the butt plug, but it was warm and shaped not at all like the hard blunt plastic of that dildo. This was more like...

My eyes opened wide and I looked over my shoulder as the head of Jun’s penis lodged inside my hole. She? He? Jun pushed into my sex hard, grabbing my hips and pulling at the same time so that her cock was driven easily into my ready cunt. Jun’s cock wasn’t terribly large, but it did stretch my neglected pussy all the same, and with every thrust I would grunt softly and feel my warm muscles clasp eagerly around her.

“You...You’re a man?” I asked stupidly, feeling that very real cock sliding back and forth inside me. I wondered how she’d hidden her penis so effectively in the tight shorts that were now fallen down around her ankles.

“I’m whatever Mistress Kami desires me to be,” the girlish boy said as she fucked me at a nice slow pace. I still regarded Jun as a she, even though the cock inside me gave lie to that. It felt good, not very large as I said, but enough for me right then and I was enjoying the surprise of it immensely.

“It pleases her now to make me a woman,” Jun continued as her hands moved up to fondle my sore breasts through the bodice of my dress. “Soon I will have breasts like yours. Big, beautiful tits for my Mistress to love.”

I moaned softly and Jun picked up the pace, thrusting her cock deep so that I could feel her soft balls slapping my tiny erect clitoris and bringing me to the edge of an orgasm. I'd been aching to be filled ever since I'd climbed that stage several hours before and now I was getting what I needed. Jun's cock seemed perfect for me and she was treating me with it, working her prick between my quivering pussy lips to split the walls of my cunt around her. When she began moving faster, so did I, pushing myself against the bench I was leaning on. I fucked her cock the way I'd never done for my co-workers and bosses, grinding my sex around it, wanting to keep her inside me as my orgasm drew close.

"That feels so...good..." I breathed, turning my head and smiling, nodding my head and urging the girl to fuck me as hard as she liked. I was ready for it. "I am going to...cum...I...Oh...Yes!"

"Cum for me, Jen-san. Cum on my cock for me now," she was whispering in my ear, bent over me and working her prick into my pussy with short, quick stabs to make me gasp.

"Yessss..." I hissed in English through clenched teeth and my body gave in to the pleasure completely. I gave a sharp little cry and then only low mewling sounds as I felt a hundred soft explosions deep between my legs. I was cumming nicely, jerking beneath the girl and riding her cock wildly with my cunt spasming around it.

Jun gave me the moment, holding her cock inside me, but she wasn't cumming, not yet, and I groaned when the girl began to slowly withdraw her penis. "What are you doing? Don't stop! Please, Jun-san! I want you to cum also!" I was looking over my shoulder at her with half-lidded eyes, panting and feeling my pussy protesting the sudden emptiness.

"Thank you, Jen-san," Jun smiled at me. Her face was flushed like mine and her dark eyes were shining with the need to orgasm. "I will cum, but only in your ass." With that she pushed the head of her cock quickly past my sphincter and thrust into my already sore and well-stretched rectum. It happened so suddenly that she was inside me before I'd even fully translated her words. "I've never fucked an American before, Jen-san, I expected you to be much bigger inside."

I groaned loudly and felt my ass being split apart as my body instinctively resisted. Jun was smaller than the dildo Mistress Atsumi had used earlier, and much better lubricated for the penetration, but it still burned a little and I knew she was enjoying the tight warmth of my anus around her cock as she went deeper. My ass didn't resist for long though. The muscles were tired and weak and after just a minute or two I felt nothing but pleasure as Jun was able to fuck me as hard and fast as she wanted.

Jun fucked me good for five minutes or so, reaching around my hips to play with my cunt. She rubbed my clitoris and fingered my pussy and soon enough brought me to another shuddering climax. It was all she'd been waiting for, or so it seemed, because as soon as Jun felt my body jerk with pleasure she began cumming as well. Jun pumped her cock deep into my asshole and gasped sharply, flooding my bowels with her urgent semen. It felt amazing and the girl's cum bathed my tender flesh with an indistinct warmth. We paused for a moment, her body pressing down on my back, while we both caught our breath. I turned my head so Jun could kiss me sweetly on the lips and I thanked the Japanese transsexual for making me feel so good.

When Jun pulled her softening cock out of me, she immediately unwrapped my gift and had me spread the cheeks of my ass so she could push the plug inside my sperm filled rectum.

"That is so beautiful, Jen-san!" She was giggling and pushing hard until the extreme width of the toy had stretched my sphincter to almost unbearable limits. I was shaking and moaning and then let out

the breath I was holding as it popped inside and my sphincter closed behind it, although my anus was somewhat less than tight after being fucked twice that evening. Jun continued the pressure, holding the base in her small fist and pushing until the thin rubber flange was snug against my wrinkled little hole. The base was soft and not very big, and disappeared from sight as I was finally able to let go of my butt cheeks.

I stood up feeling more than a small bit of discomfort. The plug lodged inside me seemed to push against my body like an insistent cramp, keeping my rectum taut and the muscles stretched around it. I could feel Jun's greasy sperm trapped inside me as well and I had the odd sensation of needing a bathroom, but it was only because of the plug.

"How does it feel, Jen-san?" Jun asked, standing there with her penis hanging from her girl's body, semi-erect and covered with the remains of fucking my ass. It was all of five inches long perhaps, with a ruddy shaft and dark pink tip emerging from her foreskin. Her cock looked very pretty, I thought, almost feminine like Jun's hairless scrotum. I stared at her sex for a moment and dropped slowly to my knees.

"It feels very nice, Jun-san. Let me thank you properly for this gift." I took her cock in mouth, sucking gently and tasting my ass on it. I found the flavor slightly bitter, almost acrid, but I didn't mind it. I wanted to clean her as best I could, and I circled my tongue around the head, licking at the soft ridge with the tip of my tongue before taking her completely inside me. I bathed her cock thoroughly with my tongue and moved to her balls, pressing the shaft to my face as I suckled at the silky soft scrotum.

I would have been content to let Jun cum in my mouth and more than happy to swallow her sweet cream, but she lifted my face tenderly when her orgasm grew near. "We must stop now," Jun told me. "My Mistress will expect me to perform for her later and if you make me cum again, I'll be punished."

"Is that a bad thing?" I asked her with a giggle, giving the head of her cock one last suck before allowing my friend to pull away from my lips.

Jun laughed also. "No, Jen-san. The punishment isn't bad for me, but only the disappointment to my Mistress."

She pulled me to my feet and pulled my thong up my legs before fixing her shorts. I watched as Jun pushed her swollen cock down with some difficulty, tucking it between her legs so that it curled under her balls. She gave me a small pout, blaming me for making her cock so stiff. It looked uncomfortable to me, but when Jun pulled up her shorts it was difficult to believe she had a penis hidden away down there.

I walked a rather slowly, my body moving a little awkwardly against the pressure in my anus from the butt plug. I felt every step distinctly right there in my rectum and it did hurt if I wasn't careful how I moved. The plug was very large, not in length so much, but in girth. Mistress Atsumi watched me and I thought I saw a smile playing at the corners of her mouth. She already knew the reason for my delicate steps. Jun and I approached the two women and I bowed very low, thinking that would be appropriate, but the motion brought an intense discomfort that made me draw a sharp breath.

Mistress Atsumi watched with seeming disinterest as I straightened slowly back up, keeping my head down, but my eyes up as I was suddenly fearful that I'd displeased her somehow.

"Did you fit her with the largest one, Jun?" Kami asked and the girl nodded that she had. "And did you give her something to keep her warm also?" The woman's voice was teasing and I blushed

slightly.

"Yes, Mistress," Jun replied.

"Did you thank Jun for your gift, slave?" Mistress Atsumi asked me.

"Yes, Mistress," I nodded quickly. "But..."

"But what?"

"Perhaps I should thank Jun-san's Mistress, also?" I offered with a small blush and I kept my eyes on my Mistress' feet.

"Oh, she's special," Mistress Kami laughed. "Do you want to sell her?"

"Hmph," Mistress Atsumi took the leash from Jun's hand, moving so that she could reach beneath my too short skirt and rub my ass. She pulled my thong aside so that she could feel the base of the plug and giving it a little push-pull, ensuring it was securely inside me.

"I think we'll skip Roppongi tonight, slave," she spoke softly. "I feel the need for better entertainment."

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Chapter Three

We took our leave of Mistress Kami's BDSM shop and walked several blocks through the busy streets of Shibuya. It was sometime around nine o'clock and most of the larger retail stores were closed, but we passed a great many small bars and restaurants which would be open until well after midnight. There were a lot of people around, a large number of men who would stop for a drink or a bowl of ramen before going home after a long day at the office. They openly stared at Mistress Atsumi and I as we walked past them. The beautiful Japanese Dominatrix in her black leather leading a blonde American on a leash. I wanted to walk slowly because of the thick butt plug buried deep in my ass, but my Mistress set the pace and I had no choice but to keep up. I think she rather enjoyed it when I lagged behind as it gave the woman an excuse to give the leash a sharp tug and humiliate me in front of total strangers.

"Hurry up, slave! I don't care if your ass hurts," Mistress Atsumi laughed as she pulled me along. "You move like a bitch in heat. Do you need a cock, bitch?"

"N-No, Mistress," I said and the three men following us were chuckling as they whispered amongst themselves.

They'd been following us closely for a block already, wondering how much a whore like me would cost. They were deliberately vulgar and I blushed at their juvenile talk, how they would fuck me and cum on my face, for example. They were hardly imaginative, merely rude and I was grateful that Mistress Atsumi ignored one of them when he tried to ask her about me. But when he persisted, and I suspect he was more than slightly drunk, she stopped.

"Open my purse," Mistress Atsumi told me. "Give him one of my business cards."

"Yes, Mistress," I nodded and did as she told me.

"Come to the club sometime," Mistress Atsumi told all three of the men. "That's where she works."

“What’s her specialty?” one of the men asked, teasing me while his friends laughed, but I was still wondering why Mistress Atsumi would say I worked for her.

“This slave?” She smiled and reached out to touch my cheek with her fingers. “She’s a Milky Girl,” Mistress Atsumi said and she suddenly pushed her thumb into my mouth. My eyes went wide with surprise at her words, but I kept my lips tight around the woman’s thumb and sucked it like a small cock while the men watched.

I wanted very much to talk with Mistress Atsumi. I had a lot of questions and I was bewildered by some of her comments. I certainly didn’t work at her club in Yokohama. I worked for my company, the one that had hired me right out of Harvard Business School. I’d spent six hard years getting my MBA and I wasn’t going to throw that away. As soon as I could call my boss, the VP who’d disappeared with my purse and clothes, I would be going back to work.

This had been fun, the experience of being Atsumi’s slave was intense and I wanted it to continue in the future. I wanted to learn more about myself and what we were doing, but I understood that my career had to be the most important thing. It was the reason I’d found myself with Atsumi at all, really. I’d only come to her club because my boss wanted me to entertain his guests. I’d already sacrificed so much for my job. My self-respect, my dignity, all so I could get the highest marks on my performance evaluations when my year was up and I could return to the normalcy of corporate America.

But how did she know I was a Milky Girl? That bothered me as well. I’d been called that by my co-workers, many of whom were convinced that I had a genuine fetish for sperm, but how would this woman know about that? I’d never met her before. Had my boss mentioned it while we’d sat in the club waiting for the stage show to begin? He might have said something to his two business associates and I suppose Mistress Atsumi could have overheard him, but I didn’t think so. I didn’t remember anything specific like that, but then again, I’d hardly been paying attention anyway. Unfortunately, in Japan a woman’s place is on her knees and while I was with those three men they had treated me as little more than office furniture. No, I didn’t understand at all how the woman had known I was a Milky Girl and it bothered me.

I was unable to find the courage to ask Mistress Atsumi my questions, however, and so I suffered them in silence as I followed her into a nondescript office building. It was a long, but very narrow building and unremarkable in any way, but in Tokyo it’s impossible to predict what you will find inside any given structure. I wouldn’t have been surprised to find public baths, a five star restaurant, or a porn theater at the end of our journey. Believe, anything was possible and all I knew for sure was that Atsumi told me we were going to the fifth floor.

There was an elevator, but we took the stairs, largely so I could enjoy the effects those 108 steps had on the plug in my ass and the extremely arched shoes on my feet. It was a slow torture and very subtle in design, I thought. I could feel Jun’s sperm in my ass, moving fluidly around the plastic that stretched me so thoroughly. It was not entirely unpleasant, but my calves burned by the time we were done climbing. I was out of breath too and I reminded myself to get to the gym more often.

The place Mistress Atsumi was bringing me turned out to be a body modification shop, primarily for piercing it seemed, although it was apparent that branding and tattooing were also available. There were large display cases with all forms of rings, bars, and oddly shaped metal devices designed to penetrate, stretch, or compress the flesh. On the walls were photographs, large and small, in color and black and white, of actual piercing, brandings, and tattoos. I had never been in such a place in my life and I swallowed nervously, wondering why we were here, but instinctively knowing it was for my benefit.

The man who owned the place was older, with long white hair and a somewhat darker, grayish beard. I found that slightly strange for the Japanese generally have little regard for facial hair, at least the men I knew. He was slight in stature and dressed normally enough in a short sleeved shirt and dark trousers. It was quickly obvious to me that he knew Mistress Atsumi very well. My Mistress bowed low before him briefly and this surprised me so much that I did not move at all.

"She is American?" he asked immediately, not bothering with even the most rudimentary greetings. This again surprised me, as polite and proper greetings are a cultural institution for the most part.

"Yes," Mistress Atsumi said and gave me a sharp glance.

I regained my senses then and bowed at once to the man, able to ignore the protesting discomfort in my ass. I bent at the waist as low as possible, knowing I had to show as much or more respect to this man than Atsumi had. I held my bow until I heard him speak again, perhaps ten seconds later. It seemed a very long time.

"Does she speak Japanese?" he wondered and I had the impression he'd never seen an American before, ridiculous as that may sound.

"It's passable, she's still learning," Mistress Atsumi replied as I straightened up again. "Slave, greet this man. His name is Keiyu."

I kept my eyes properly lowered and spoke as well as I knew how. "Master Keiyu, it is an honor for this humble slave to be in your presence." I frowned as I knew at once that my pronunciation of several words had been flawed. "I...I beg your patience for my ignorant tongue."

The man laughed happily and clapped his hands, as if he'd just witnessed a trained seal bouncing a ball on it's nose. It seemed very impolite of him to mock me that way, I thought. I wondered then if Mistress Atsumi was equally displeased, but I didn't dare to look. I merely closed my eyes tightly instead and felt my eyes growing moist above my hot cheeks. I found the entire episode very humiliating.

"You will always surprise me, Atsumi!" the man chortled. "But it's good to see you so happy again. It's been too long since I've seen you, daughter."

Daughter? I almost looked up in surprise. I didn't know if he'd used the word literally or figuratively. Daughter wasn't a term of familiarity that I'd heard in common use. I thought it must be the truth and the idea of being presented in this fashion to Mistress Atsumi's father was almost distressing to me. There was no practical experience I could draw upon to give their relationship context. My own father was an insurance adjuster, he knew as much about my personal relationships as I did about brain surgery. But Mistress Atsumi and her father seemed to be much more intimate than that.

"This is what I would like for her." Mistress Atsumi said, handing the man a piece of paper covered with kanji in her delicate script.

Keiyu looked over the note carefully, rubbing his beard at one point. "Have you discussed this with her?" He looked at Atsumi hard, reminding me of the way my father looked at me when he thought I was making a mistake.

"No. I don't have to, she's my slave." Mistress Atsumi tugged the leash and I dropped to my knees in response. "She will accept what I ask of her."

"She's not Aijen, Atsumi," her father's voice was soft and I wondered who Aijen was and what this

was all about. I tried to get a look at the note, but not obviously, and my skills at reading Japanese did not extend to upside down handwriting in any case.

It seemed clear that Mistress Atsumi wished the man to do something to me, but I had no idea what that could be. I assumed that whatever it was would be permanent and I was torn between wanting to have it done, whatever it might be, without having any choice; and the more sensible desire to exercise some control over what happened to my body.

"I know that, father," Atsumi was speaking quietly. "But I know this woman. I know what she wants, even if she doesn't. Do you doubt it?" She seemed to be challenging the old man and he shook his head.

"I do not doubt that you believe that, Atsumi."

"So then you'll do it?" Atsumi crossed her arms, pulling my leash inadvertently so that I had to lean forward with my head to her thigh.

"You must ask her first." The man pushed the paper across the glass countertop between them. "I will not do it like this."

"I'll ask her now then. You'll see that I'm right." Atsumi reached down and touched my face, lifting my chin with her fingertips so that I looked up and into her face. Her expression seemed clouded by something, fear perhaps, or uncertainty, like the woman wasn't quite so self-assured as she'd professed herself to be.

"Slave..." she paused. "Jen-san, do you wish me to free you, right now? I will give you back your things, Fumiko has them, and you will leave me and we will never speak again. Do you wish this?"

I was not so surprised at her admission that Fumiko had my clothing and my purse. I'd actually suspected as much and it had given our little game a wonderful pretext. I thought about what I'd been through that evening and how I'd seemed to learn and grow at every step. I felt loved and wanted by this woman, as I'd never been before, and even now I could see hope shining in her eyes. Atsumi didn't want me to leave her. But I didn't know what, if anything, I was accepting or losing. I didn't know how far our game extended or what all the rules were. Somehow that didn't seem to matter, because Mistress Atsumi would know, and she would protect me. I was certain of it.

"No, Mistress. I do not wish to be free." I couldn't help but put my arms around her waist as I knelt there. "Please, do not send me away."

"Do you love me, Jen-san?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Do you trust me also?"

"Yes, Mistress. I love and trust you."

"Will you give yourself to me now, here in front of my father, as my slave and lover?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"You must say it, Jen-san."

"I give myself to you, Mistress Atsumi, my body and my heart and my spirit and my mind. I will be

your slave and I will be your lover in all things. I swear this to you, before your father and all of the world. I beg you to accept this humble offering, Mistress."

I don't know where those words came from. It seemed as though another voice had spoken through my lips, a different me, unknown and unsuspected. Someone lurking and waiting within my heart for this precise moment in time. It is a very Japanese concept that every thing and every person has a perfect state of existence, a harmony in which they are most pure and most content. I had heard of it, read of it, but never experienced or even believed in it. Until right then. Giving myself to this woman, a stranger it had taken 26 years and 10,000 miles to find, was my perfect moment.

"I accept you Jen-san," Mistress Atsumi said softly and I wept gently, feeling myself suddenly overcome by emotions I had never experienced before. She stroked my face lovingly and smiled at her father.

"Huh," the older man grunted, but he accepted me also. "She has a lot to learn, but that is your concern now. Come with me."

He led us to a small room with a chair that seemed like a cross between a dentist's chair and an OB/GYN examination table. I was told to undress completely and I did so, feeling only a little shyness as Mistress Atsumi's father watched me intently. I struggle briefly to get free of the dress, as it was entirely too small for my body and I think my self-conscious efforts amused the old man. Mistress Atsumi had stayed behind in the shop proper and perhaps I felt more uncomfortable being out of her presence than anything else.

"You may call me father now," Keiyu said as he positioned me in the chair, bringing stirrups into place, wide apart so I had to spread my legs, exposing my sex to him. "I will pierce you tonight, seven times, and when those are healed I will do additional piercings until your Mistress is satisfied."

"Yes, father." I nodded, swallowing nervously as seven piercings sounded like quite a lot to a woman with only pierced earlobes.

He washed my sex with surgical soap, having put on some thin latex gloves already. It was a gentle, but thorough process that left my pussy tingling. I felt his fingers inside me, not far, just enough to find my inner lips.

"These are the labia minora," he said in English, spreading my outer lips and pulling at the smaller interior lips with the tip of his finger. I could see them, thin and bright pink from the scrubbing he'd given me. "I will pierce them both, three times on each side, and set interlocking rings into them. You'll be able to urinate, to have your menstruation, but you won't be able to penetrate your vagina with much more than your little finger. You're hole is very small anyway, so perhaps not even that. Do you understand this?"

I nodded again. "Yes, father. I understand."

"That's called female infibulation and it will keep you chaste. I will also pierce your clitoral hood." His fingers were stroking the sheath of my clit, coaxing that small bundle of nerves to stiffen and emerge from her shy retreat. It felt good and I blushed slightly as I watched the man's expert fingers draw my clit to her full erect state, all of perhaps a quarter inch in length, softly rounded and ruddy. It was aching already and the thought of having my clit pierced filled me with fear.

"Do not worry, child, I've done this many times before. It'll be painful, but I will not injure you." He gave me what I hoped was a comforting smile. I just gulped and nodded. My clit was very sensitive

sometimes. "You have a wonderful pubis." He traced a finger just above my sex, on the fat little swell just above my slit. "I should like to give you a tattoo there sometime. Something personal. You should consider it, because I think your Mistress would enjoy giving you such a gift."

"I understand, father." It seemed strange calling him that when I considered it in English. I'd been a good catholic girl growing up and it seemed as if I were addressing him as a priest, but in Japanese it was better, with a meaning closer to Daddy.

"Your piercings will heal within a month anyway," he said, removing his fingers from my sex. "Six weeks at the most and your Mistress will know how to care for them."

Atsumi had returned and I could see she was carrying several small plastic bags containing the seven rings. Six of the rings were silvery, surgical steel as Keiyu explained, and they were obviously for my infibulation. Once they were in my flesh, piercing the small inner lips of my cunt, they wouldn't be noticed by the casual observer. My outer lips, the larger ones, would hide my rings well enough, at least until someone tried to fuck me, I thought with a smile. I had no idea how I felt about that. I liked having sex and the idea that I wasn't going to enjoy intercourse again filled me with no small amount of apprehension. That and having my clitoris pierced. I liked my clitty just the way it was and sticking a needle through the most sensitive spot on my entire body seemed a little insane to me, despite father's reassurances.

Keiyu took the bags and dumped the contents into a small autoclave so that they would be properly sterilized, closing the lid and turning a dial, then flipping a little switch. "It will take some time before everything is clean," the man said as he looked down at me and Atsumi smiled at him.

"Would you like to take her, father?" she asked him sweetly.

"I have washed her already," the man said.

"But you can always wash her again," Atsumi persisted. "It is fitting perhaps that her new father will be the last man she will ever have inside her cunt." The vulgar word widened my eyes and once again I tried to imagine myself saying such a thing in front of my real dad and I couldn't.

Keiyu nodded and smiled, laughing as he undid his trousers and revealing a very large penis that soon grew to full erection. Mistress Atsumi pulled a stool close to the chair and sat down next to me, leaning her face close to mine as he and we both watched her father rubbing his penis across my slit.

"I have never been with a man, slave," Mistress Atsumi whispered, the tip of her tongue tickling my ear. "But if I did, it would be with our father. Enjoy it for me." She said it almost angrily, I thought, and grabbed a fistful of my hair, turning my face to kiss me hard. She pushed her tongue deep into my mouth at the same moment Keiyu thrust his cock into the furthest reaches of my cunt with one swift thrust.

The effect of being fucked by a large penis, combined with the large plug still stretching my ass, was a new and intense experience. I felt more full than I'd ever been before in my life. It seemed Keiyu touched me in places that I'd never known existed. I could feel the friction between his shaft and the butt plug through the thin sensitive walls of flesh that separated them and the effect was deliciously wicked. I started cumming almost at once, having been primed by his earlier touches and the impossible knowledge that this might be the last cock I would ever feel reaching my womb.

Mistress Atsumi continued kissing me the entire time. It seemed our mouths could never tire of each other and I felt her hand massaging my breasts, squeezing and manipulating the flesh until my nipples burned and felt as though they would leap from my body. I felt her leather clad fingers

tracing my welts, exploring my bruised tits, digging into my body painfully when she wanted to elicit a sharp yelp from my open mouth. She drank all of that experience, breathing my moans and sighs until I could barely control my own body. I was jerking off the chair, thrusting my cunt against the cock invading me, arching my back to press my tits to Mistress Atsumi's palms, and working my tongue frantically against hers. My orgasm's were rapid and they stole all sense from my mind.

When father came, it was deep inside my sex, flooding me with his sperm and I enjoyed it immensely. I found myself almost wishing that I hadn't been on the pill, that I could have conceived a child by this last man to cum inside my cunt. I might have had a daughter, a sister for Mistress Atsumi and I to love, but this was only the idle dreaming of the rapture in which I was caught. It took a very long time for my heart to slow again and for my lungs to stop their ragged heaving. Father cleaned my sex gently, using a washcloth and a small douche to wash me inside. He placed a pan beneath my sex and I watched as his sperm flowed out of me, thin and weak as the man bathed my vagina with warm water.

The piercings themselves did not take so long to perform and were only mildly painful. He did my inner labia first, as he'd promised, using canula needles, that left a small plastic sleeve behind when they passed through my body. He used circlip pliers to open each ring, which were not ball closures, like the one that would go through my clit, but more like small hoop earrings, with a narrow end that fit into the hollow of the other end. He put three in each of my labia minora, spaced equally apart with a few millimeters between them, and interlocked as he'd described so that my pussy was effectively shut to any meaningful penetration. It was forced chastity and my emotional response was curious. I didn't know how I'd feel about that in the days, weeks, possibly even years to come.

The piercing of my clitoris was next, my clitoral hood, I should say. He wouldn't actually pierce my clit, thank goodness. I still fidgeted nervously however, watching as Keiyu prepared me for it. All of the rings in my labia were 2mm gauge surgical steel, but the one in my clit would be smaller, only 1.6mm and made of 18 carat gold. It was a ball closure ring with the ball itself made from a small 4mm pearl. Although beautiful to look at, father told me he would have preferred to use a less ornamental ring of surgical steel until I'd healed, and then replaced it, but Mistress Atsumi had insisted on this.

He rubbed my clitoris once again, but this time engaged my tender flesh with a surgical clamp. Resembling a small pair of scissors, they were designed for squeezing, not cutting, and he gripped my clit and pulled it outward slightly. He wanted to get the ring as low as possible, father explained, and very near the base of my clitoris. This wasn't so much painful as it was dramatically overstimulating and I trembled at the sensation, biting my lips as Mistress Atsumi held me in her arms and whispered soft words of encouragement.

Father did the actual piercing quickly after that and it did hurt, but not nearly so bad as I'd imagined. He did it as he'd done with my labia, using a canula needle, pushing it through the thin sheath completely until a plastic sleeve penetrated my flesh, then threading the ring through the sleeve. He removed the sleeve and fitted the pearl ball closure and let the ring close shut. It was over in only a few minutes and I stared at the new jewelry I sported, hanging just to left of tender clitoris like a pale drop of milk. The ring itself, I quickly realized, had been placed in a position where it would forever stimulate my clitoris, whether I wanted it to or not.

Mistress Atsumi kissed me as I relaxed, smiling with relief that the procedure had been so simple. It was probably harder for father than for me, trying to juggle the clamp, the needle, the circlip pliers, and the ring. I giggled and told him he needed an assistant and he took it good naturedly, smiling up at me and telling me that sharing would take half the fun out of it.

Father washed me gently again, then took a number of photos, asking me to spread my pussy at one point so that the rings in my inner lips could be more easily seen. After taking the pictures, he applied a medicinal cream to fight infection and handed me the tube to take with me. He told me what to watch for as I healed, and how to care for my piercings, but didn't go into a lot of detail. He repeated that Mistress Atsumi knew how to care for me. He said the best thing now would be to go home and lie down, to remain off my feet for a few days, and let my body take care of itself. All of this sounded very good to me because I was very tired then.

I did put my panties back on and I both walked and sat very carefully on the way to Mistress Atsumi's apartment. She lived near the Ginza, the great shopping district, and her apartments were generous by Japanese standards, on the eighth floor of a large complex. She led me to a bedroom, which seemed largely to be used for storage at the moment, and told me it would be mine. She found me a simple kimono, of the casual sort used for relaxing in the privacy of one's home or garden, and left to make us tea while I changed. I could move only slowly, for my piercings had begun to ache greatly, and of course the dress was still tight and difficult to remove, but I managed.

I found Mistress Atsumi in the kitchen, she had undressed as the water heated and now stood wearing only a silk robe, belted around her waist. She smiled when she saw me and placed our tea, sugar, cream, and some small pastries on a tray and I followed her to a large balcony. It was secluded and filled with plants so that it resembled a terrace garden. One could almost ignore the city spread out behind the thick shrubbery and trees that crowded the wrought iron railing.

Mistress Atsumi and I sat close together in small lounge chairs, sipping our tea and talking. We discussed who we were, where we'd come from, our experiences growing up, sharing the little things that make us who we are. It was very much like a first date, that nervous talk when you hope you won't say something silly, or that your interests won't seem utterly boring. The difference of course was that I'd already given myself to this woman, even though I had no real understanding of why or how. It had just happened. How dreadful it might have been then to find that we had nothing in common, that we were not meant for each other after all.

Luckily, that was not the case. If anything I found myself even more drawn to this incredibly beautiful Japanese woman. Every word she said rang familiar to me, echoing a similar thought, or feeling, or experience in my own life. I think my words had the same effect on her as well. At some point our tea was forgotten and I found myself embraced in her arms, kissing the woman passionately as she whispered soft words of love into my ears. I, who had never had a lesbian experience in my life until that evening, was hopelessly enamored with my new Mistress.

The hour had grown late when Fumiko arrived. She and Mistress Atsumi shared everything it seemed; ownership of the BDSM club, the apartment, and to some extent even me. Fumiko found us still on the terrace, quietly sitting and almost sleeping by then in the warm summer night. She had prepared a snack and sat down to eat it, smiling at us as she discussed what had happened at the club, small business things that were of no major importance. Mistress Atsumi in her turn told Fumiko that I had given myself to her completely, news that did not seem to surprise Fumiko, nor was it immediately apparent if she was pleased or displeased. I felt very tired by then and found it too difficult to try and understand the girl.

I woke up the next day and it was almost noon. I felt very sore between my legs and somewhat itchy. I reached down to scratch myself before I remembered my piercings. Fumiko was awake already and she smiled and offered me a cheerful greeting when I wandered into the kitchen. She told me her sister was still sleeping, but that she was glad I was awake because we had many things to do, the first being to eat and then get me cleaned up.

I felt very hungry and after a breakfast of rice and scrambled eggs with some small sausages, Fumiko took me into the bathroom. It was arranged in traditional fashion, although somewhat larger than the usual that I'd seen. It was separated into three areas by sliding doors. There was a small toilet, a large white and blue tiled area for bathing, which had both a shower and a large plastic tub beneath a spigot, already filled with water. There were eyebolts embedded in the floor near the walls, which seemed curious. The last room contained the hot bath, similar in shape, but smaller than a simple Jacuzzi.

Fumiko undressed me completely and then undressed herself. She had me turn around and bend over so she could remove the butt plug from my ass, grimacing when she saw how dirty it was. I had become so used to it that I hadn't even realized it was still inside me while I'd slept. She told me to use the toilet while she washed it for me, but after that morning I would have to take care of it myself. I would wear the plug at all times, removing it only for bathing and for using the toilet. A buttplug was to become a part of me, like my piercings, and Fumiko assured me with a curious smile that I would soon have an assortment of plugs for our Mistress to choose from.

After my toilet, we washed Japanese fashion. First with cold water spooned from the large tub, washing ourselves thoroughly with soap. Fumiko washed my piercings carefully and explained to me that there would be some swelling and some discoloration and discharge, but that was normal. She would check me everyday, or Mistress Atsumi would, until they were healed fully. After rinsing, we took a hot bath in the very large tub, heated through the bottom by natural gas. It was not really for bathing, of course, only for soaking, for relaxing after the cold bath. Normally such baths would be long and leisurely affairs, but Fumiko warned me that it was not good to bathe new piercings too often or too long, so our bath would be short.

She dried me carefully and applied medication to my piercings, and reinserted the lubricated butt plug into my ass. Fumiko dressed me in a pair of old jogging pants and a sweatshirt, which was the best she could do until my own clothes were brought over. We would go to my apartment now, she told me, and bring some things, moving slowly, a little day by day until I could easily close my apartment. It was then that I suddenly remembered work and I nearly panicked.

I babbled foolishly, telling Fumiko I had to call my boss, I had to make an excuse, or something, I didn't know what I was going to do. It was after 1pm already, I'd missed most of the day. Fumiko only shook her head, wondering why I would make such a fuss.

"Jen-san! You do not work there anymore," she said, laughing at the look on my face.

"What? Of course I do! I have to! Oh my God!" I reached for the telephone just as Mistress Atsumi walked out of her bedroom, asking Fumiko what was going on. She smiled at me and gave me a tender hug when she heard the explanation.

"Slave, you do not belong to that company." She looked at me sternly. "You belong to me. You must do as Fumiko tells you and then tonight you'll write a letter of resignation. Do you understand me?"

"I..." My mind reeled. Is this what I'd agreed to, and if so, was it what I wanted? I'd invested my life in that job. Years of hard work to get an education and now...? "I am frightened, Mistress." I had to be honest. I couldn't agree or disagree yet and I was glad that Mistress Atsumi accepted this.

"You do not need to be. I'll take care of you, as I've promised. There is nothing to fear." She put her arms around my neck, looking into my eyes. "I love you, Jen-san, and I'll keep you with me always."

I breathed a sigh of relief and nodded. I had to trust her, it was the only way. "Then I will do as you tell me, Mistress."

“Good.” She smiled and kissed me lightly. “After this, I will punish you for such behavior, but this time I will forgive you.”

“Thank you, Mistress. I am sorry.” I lowered my head, feeling very sorry indeed.

“Is your ass prepared?” Mistress Atsumi felt for my butt plug through the thin cotton of the jogging pants, giving it a little push. “And your piercings, are they well?”

“They are fine, Mistress,” I nodded.

“Come with me now,” she decided. “I will teach you one of your duties as my slave.”

I glanced at Fumiko and she merely smiled and lifted an eyebrow as I followed Mistress Atsumi into the bathroom, into the area where I had washed myself earlier.

“Take off your clothes, slave,” Mistress Atsumi told me and I looked at her, not understanding, but I did as she asked, handing them to Fumiko who stood in the doorway.

Mistress Atsumi opened her silk robe, exposing her naked body to me and I could see the dark tangle of her pubic hair. “Get down, slave, I require your mouth now.” I had been waiting for this, wondering when my Mistress would teach me how to please her with my tongue and lips, but a little confused as to why she wanted it there and then.

I had tasted myself before of course, but never another woman’s sex and I was a little nervous. I wanted to please her, but I felt myself shy and awkward, fearing that I wouldn’t do it properly. I knelt and leaned forward, parting my lips slightly and staring at the outline of her sex through the shadow of her hair. Mistress Atsumi surprised me by putting her hands on my head, pulling my mouth to her hard and bending her knees slightly, to press her slit to my lips.

“Every morning, slave, you shall do this for me. Drink now, carefully, do not make a mess or I will be unhappy.” With those words Mistress Atsumi began urinating into my mouth and I tried to jerk instinctively away, but her grip was tight and she stopped her flow until I had calmed.

“You must relax, Jen-san,” Fumiko suggested, but I felt only bewildered and even a bit offended at the idea.

“Try again, slave,” my Mistress said patiently, relaxing her muscles and once again filling my mouth with hot piss. I swallowed this time, feeling deep humiliation and revulsion at being forced to do this. It was hot, slightly salty and bitter, almost acidic as it filled my stomach. Several times I came close to retching and I thought I would throw up any second.

I managed to drink perhaps half of Mistress Atsumi’s urine, the rest spilling down my face and neck, into my hair and across my breasts and body. I felt despoiled and dirty and there were tears in my eyes as I stared down at the tiles, pooled with her yellowish waste. I could feel her staring at me, both of the women, Fumiko and my Mistress and I was terribly shamed.

“You did very poorly, slave.” Mistress Atsumi frowned and grabbed my jaw in her fingers, tilting my head up to face her. “Is my piss not good enough for you?”

I couldn’t answer, my lower lip trembled and I had tears running down my flushed red cheeks. “I’m sorry, Mistress,” I whispered. “Please...L-Let me try again.” I moved my mouth back towards her sex, but she pushed me away.

"Tomorrow, slave. I have no more for you now. You've wasted it all and you've made a mess of my bath. Clean this place up before you leave." She turned to her sister, "Fumiko, see that she's suitably punished. I'll be at the club tonight."

"Yes, Mistress," Fumiko bowed to her sister and smiled at me.

I cleaned the bath, it wasn't difficult, and washed my body and hair very quickly. I felt slightly nauseas still. Mistress Atsumi's urine in my stomach seemed to burn slightly, but it was probably just my mind overreacting. I dressed in the jogging suit again, looking very plain and shabby I thought, especially when I saw that Fumiko had dressed very nicely, with her face made up perfectly. She looked once again like the angel she'd been onstage and I remembered her helpless and awaiting the crop thrust into my hands. That seemed very remote and even laughable, as Fumiko had proven when she'd whipped my breasts so cruelly. I felt the quiver of nervous fear and sexual excitement at seeing her that way again, dark and exquisite and so small. I felt like an ugly, pale cow by comparison.

"Where is your collar, Jen-san?" she asked me pointedly and I did not know. I hadn't even realized it had been removed while I slept. "Find it, you must never leave this place without it."

I nodded and went to my bedroom, but couldn't find it there. I paused and then went to the terrace and searched frantically. It had suddenly become very important to me, although I couldn't then express why. I found it finally in the living room, sitting atop the television, and I breathed a sigh of relief as I put it around my neck, buckling the supple leather into place while Fumiko waited impatiently.

"You are responsible for the collar around your neck and the plug in your ass. I will not remind you of these things again, I will only report it to our Mistress and she will be unhappy with you." She sounded angry and I lowered my eyes, bowing to her.

"Forgive me, Fumiko-san, I will not forget. Thank you." It seemed to placate the smaller woman and we left for my apartment.

Fumiko had returned from work the night before with my keys and nothing more it seemed. If she'd brought the rest of my purse or my clothes, she made no mention of it and I didn't ask. We took a train to Shinjuku and then a short cab ride to my apartment building. Once inside, Fumiko had me get my mail, my important personal papers, my passport, and any other small items I desired to have nearby. I grabbed my laptop and a few music CD's, my journal, and packed a single suitcase with clothes, frowning as I found my wardrobe very boring after my recent experiences. Fumiko allowed me to change and I was able to dress nicely and make up my face, brush my hair and teeth. In all we were there less than an hour and soon traveling back to my new home.

We stayed just long enough to put my things in my bedroom and then we left again, this time going to the Ginza to do some shopping. I had no money, but Fumiko didn't seem to care. We bought an assortment of personal items for me, especially cosmetics, perfumes, scented oils and soaps, innumerable beauty products really. I briefly wondered if Fumiko was trying to say something about my personal hygiene. We bought some clothing, but it was all for wearing around the apartment. A silk robe, some house slippers, pajamas, nightgowns, that sort of thing. I wasn't used to that, having been accustomed to just sleeping in an oversized t-shirt and panties for much of my life.

By the time we carted our purchases back to the apartment it was nearly 6pm and we left again, this time going out for dinner. We hadn't spoken much during the day. I was uncertain of Fumiko's attitude towards me, which seemed at times to be warm and friendly, almost loving, and at other

times the woman could be distant, almost cold in a way. Fumiko herself did not deign to enlighten me, speaking to me only when it was necessary. I worried over that very much.

At dinner I decided to find out, if I could, what the woman really thought of me. We were in a nice restaurant that specialized in Kobe steak and the prices were ridiculous, even by Tokyo standards. Fumiko ordered for the both of us and we had a bottle of wine while we waited for our dinner.

"Fumiko-san," I spoke slowly. "Are you angry with me?"

"No, I'm not angry." She narrowed her eyes. "Why do you ask me that?"

"I would like very much to be your friend." I chose my words carefully. "I am only afraid that I have disappointed you in some way. If I have...displeased you...I beg your forgiveness, Fumiko-san."

"You do not displease me, Jen," she smiled and adopted the English version of my name. "I'm very happy to be with you, as if we are sisters now."

I smiled at her words. "I am sorry I have misunderstood..." I started, but she cut me off.

"There's no need to apologize. I haven't been so friendly, you're right." She reached out to touch my hand and I gripped her tiny fingers. "If you were mine, perhaps this would be different between us, but..." she made a small fluttering gesture with her other hand, "...I am only your friend, not your Mistress."

"I'm glad you are my friend, Fumiko-san," I replied truthfully and shifted in my seat with some annoyance. The plug in my ass grew extremely uncomfortable when I sat down any longer than ten minutes or so.

"Your posture," the girl laughed lightly. "The dildo in your rectum, Jen-san. You must learn to sit properly."

"Oh!" I blinked and looked around the crowded restaurant self-consciously. Thankfully most Japanese are polite enough, or rude enough perhaps, to make a point of ignoring even the most attractive foreigners.

Our food arrived and we ate in silence for a moment before I returned to the subject which interested me most.

"I am in love with your sister," I said, wishing to make that clear. I required Fumiko's good opinion more than anything else, and maybe her reassurance as well. I really didn't have any idea what I was doing.

"I love her as well," Fumiko smiled sadly. "So perhaps I am also jealous? I don't know."

"You call her Mistress though?" I was trying to understand.

"Yes. That is so, but only because I wish it, not because she demands it. She does not sleep with me, Jen-san." Fumiko looked pointedly at me. "As much as I would have her, Atsumi will not have me. It isn't proper for us, she has told me that, and I believe sometimes it's a cruelty that I should feel this when she does not."

We had our dinner and returned to the apartment. I removed my clothes and then my butt plug, washing it before using the toilet. I felt very sore and my piercings itched, so Fumiko washed me

gently. While we bathed from the plastic tub, pouring water over ourselves with a large scoop, I looked at Fumiko shyly.

“Do you...need to pee, Fumiko-san?”

“Why do you ask?” She gave me a little grin.

“Because I...” I blushed despite the cold water. “I would like to learn. I displeased Mistress Atsumi this morning, I think.”

“No!” Fumiko laughed and shook her head. “She was very pleased by you.”

I looked at my friend. “Are you sure? But she said...”

“Of course she cannot tell you, but you will learn these things. Soon enough you will know how to tell.”

“But I would still like to...learn,” I said softly.

“I think you did not like it.” Fumiko washed my breasts. They were still sore and the bruises were faded into yellowish-purple splotches. Her strong fingers very nearly brought tears to my eyes as they worked the tender flesh. “And I must also punish you yet. Have you forgotten that?”

I had forgotten that Mistress Atsumi wanted me punished. I sat looking at Fumiko, not saying anything while she finished bathing me. She reached for my sex and pulled at the ring in my clit gently, watching as that curious knot of flesh was drawn tight. I gasped at the flash of pain, but more at the immediate shock of pleasure. The girl smiled with satisfaction as a tiny shudder went through me.

And what a smile. Her angelic face seemed so innocent and pure right then, almost child-like but for her penetrating gaze. Fumiko had her sister’s eyes and I could hide nothing from them. “You are a true slave, Jen-san,” she decided softly. “You will never be satisfied by what we can do to you, I think.”

I could only sit there, looking at her. “Yes,” I sighed, knowing she was right. I would protest and resist and then only later would I realize how much I’d enjoyed and needed it.

“But we will try anyway!” Fumiko giggled and stood up. I took her hand and she pulled me to my feet as well. “Bend over now.”

I did as the small girl asked and grimaced slightly as Fumiko pushed the plug back into my ass. My muscles were being trained, I realized, and there was very little discomfort now. It went in easily and the overall feeling was almost soothing. Soon, I thought, it would seem more uncomfortable to be without that hard intrusive presence. I straightened back up and Fumiko dried me off and led me into my bedroom where she applied more of the cream to my piercings. My clit burned under her touch and she stroked it just for a second, teasing me.

“Lie down now and we will punish your breasts,” Fumiko said softly and I groaned at the thought. They were still sore and discolored from the previous day, so much so that I’d almost been certain that Fumiko would have to find some other way to punish me. She caught my look and just pushed me back. “Do not worry, Jen-san. This is very easy, you’ll see.”

“But they are still sore, Fumiko-san. Please...” I couldn’t finish because the girl brought her hand to

my cheek with a hard stinging slap. I felt my eyes watering and my whole body seemed to flush, not from the pain, which was very slight, but from the surprise and humiliation.

"I am sorry, Fumiko-san," I whispered immediately and I sank back onto my bed, keeping my eyes tightly shut.

"Your Mistress loves you, Jen," Fumiko said quietly, her fingertips tracing my features. "And so I will love you also. That's why I will do this, do you understand?"

I nodded and my lips moved, but no sound escaped.

"And that's why you will accept it." She left the bed and moved to the bureau, returning a moment later and sitting next to me as I lay there. "Open your eyes now."

"Yes...Mistress." I blinked at her. Fumiko sat very erect on the bed, still naked and meltingly beautiful. She held what looked like a leather belt, although it seemed to be shaped more like a pretzel than anything else.

"Do not call me that." Fumiko slipped the strange belt around my breasts. It was basically two small belts connected together, I saw, so that they formed a shape like the number eight. "We only have one Mistress. I am doing this because she wishes it."

"You don't want to do this to me?" I asked without trying to be clever, only wanting to understand. She cinched the belts tightly around each of my breasts, one at a time. Once again it brought more discomfort than real pain as the fatty tissue was squeezed to such a small diameter that I had the irrational fear that Fumiko would somehow sever them completely.

"Of course I do," she giggled. "You have such wonderful, perfect breasts, Jen-san. How could I ever tire of this?" She sat back, watching as my tits seemed to swell, plumping as if they were being filled with water until the thin strips of leather that bound them were almost invisible.

My body began protesting almost immediately, my chest filling with an ache at first, a low burning sensation. My nipples itched and hardened to twin dark points, demanding attention. I had to fight to resist the urge to touch myself. I arched my back and grabbed small fistfuls of bed sheet, digging my fingers into the soft cool fabric.

"Do not move," Fumiko told me sternly. "I will get the candle." She gave me a little giggle as she left the room.

While I struggled with the idea of Fumiko using hot wax on my breasts, I watched as my once pale skin turned pink and then slowly red. They felt as if they were on fire and the feeling spread rapidly throughout my entire body, centering it seemed on my sex. I pressed my thighs together, all too aware of the moisture weeping from my slit. I wanted to touch myself so badly, to feel my breasts, to rub the sweet spot hiding just behind my clit. I began to tremble with the effort of keeping my hands still.

Time was a lost concept to that awful, growing torture. How long had Fumiko been gone? Where was she, I wondered. I needed her. I needed her attention, her permission, her presence and approval. I was longing for more, to be whipped, or waxed, or clamped, or whatever else she wanted to do to me. The pain grew steadily worse, not from my bonds, but from being denied. The belts were just enough to make me want more, didn't she know that? I was supposed to be punished. Where was Fumiko? I had memories of being whipped and I tried to relive them, to imagine Fumiko stroking my flesh with her crop. The pain flashing through me, bringing my blood to boiling, giving

my desire voice in screams of pain. I needed it now, more than I'd ever needed anything.

"Stop!" Mistress Atsumi's voice startled me, making me quiver with fear and anticipation. My hands were on my belly, sliding up and down halfway between my aching, swollen breasts and the fire burning between my thighs. I didn't remember letting go of the sheets.

I stared at my Mistress, feeling both shame and longing. She was dressed nicely, presumably just arriving back from the club. Fumiko stood naked behind her, not smiling and whispering something to Atsumi who seemed to wave the girl away.

"Mistress..." I couldn't help but smile, a little shyly perhaps, but Atsumi frowned.

"Do not speak," she said and her words fell like a slap to my face. She removed the belt from my breasts and the sudden wave of pain made me cry out as blood rushed back into my tortured flesh.

Fumiko produced several pairs of handcuffs, real ones it seemed, and Atsumi turned me over onto my stomach so that my breasts were crushed painfully beneath my weight. In this way Mistress bound me to the bed frame, at my ankles and legs, so I was spread eagle and completely exposed. By the time she'd finished, Fumiko had returned with a small black satchel. Atsumi opened it and pulled out some vials, a small can and some matches. She used a spoon, and some cotton, cooking something on the nightstand and filling a syringe with it.

"What is that, Mistress?" I asked her. I felt uncomfortable, sensing it was something that I shouldn't ever know about.

"It is heroin, Jen-san. Now lie still and you will like this." She brought the needle to my arm and I protested then, telling her I didn't want it. That I couldn't do any such thing.

"Please," I begged her. "Don't..." But it was too late. She pushed the plunger and a moment later I felt the most wonderful sensations. Floating and dreaming, without a care in the world.

She made love to me then, removing the butt plug from my ass and using a huge dildo that looked as though it should have split me in two, but it didn't. It only felt good and I was flying with her on top of me, kissing me, fucking me over and over again until I couldn't stop cumming. It was the most perfect and beautiful experience of my life and all I knew was that I never, ever wanted her to stop making love to me.

At some point I must have passed out, for I awoke still chained to the bed, feeling sore and thirsty and I needed to pee badly. The bedroom lights were still on and I lifted my head weakly, looking over my shoulder to see the large dildo protruding from my ass. It was massive, stretching me unnaturally and I became aware of a particular pain deep between my legs, like a cramp, but not throbbing, not coming and going, just a constant ache.

"You're awake now, good." Fumiko had entered the room and she smiled at me. "How do you feel."

"Sore," I whispered. "I need to use the bathroom."

Fumiko nodded and moved to the bed, reaching between my legs and pulling the dildo from my ass. It had been inside me at least eight or nine inches, I thought, and it bulged in places, very wide and uneven, not a smooth phallus at all. She set it aside and unlocked my cuffs, letting me roll over slowly and finally sit up. Then Fumiko handcuffed my hands behind my back. She did the same with my ankles, locking the two lengths of chain together, so I would have to shuffle my feet as I walked.

"Why do you have to keep me like this?" I asked the smaller woman. I felt like I was sleep walking, there was no resistance inside me and the chains seemed ridiculous.

She just shrugged. "It's part of your training."

"Oh." I didn't know what else to say. "Mistress...She gave me something last night. Heroin, I think." It was difficult to walk and the cramp between my legs felt worse when I moved.

"Yes. I know," Fumiko nodded. She carried the dildo and my butt plug into the bathroom as I followed slowly. She helped me sit down on the toilet and I felt a little embarrassment having Fumiko there, but she attended to washing the dildo and the butt plug in the sink while I urinated.

"You must shit as well." Fumiko looked at me and I wasn't sure I could. "The heroin will make you constipated, but you are loose now."

I tried and pushed, but it hurt and I shook my head. "Later, please?" Fumiko just shrugged and wiped my pussy with some toilet paper.

"Perhaps Mistress will give you an enema." She reached down and fingered my asshole gently. "We will bathe later," she told me.

Fumiko brought me back to the bedroom and chained me once again to the bed, this time on my back. She pushed the butt plug in my ass, asking me to raise my hips for her. I felt a welcome pressure as the widest part stretched my anus once again and then it slipped inside and Fumiko pushed it snugly back into place.

I watched wordlessly as Fumiko retrieved the same kit that Atsumi had used the night before and I asked her why she was injecting me with heroin. "Didn't you like it?" she asked me, smiling a little.

"Yes, I did like it. But isn't it...dangerous?"

"No, not like this. Mistress only wants to make you hungry for it."

"She doesn't have to though," I whispered.

"Why is that?" Fumiko asked, pushing the needle into my arm.

"Because...I'm hungry for her..." I felt the rush of the drugs coming into my head and I felt like I was swimming in a fire, but it didn't burn me, it just felt good.

"You are a strange woman, Jen-san." Fumiko was undressing and I just stared at her. I thought she had to be the most beautiful thing in the world just then, glowing and flowing, like she was made of water, all wet and warm.

"Are you wet?" I asked her, but she didn't understand me.

"Drink this now." She straddled my face, kneeling over my mouth and pressing her tiny pussy to my lips.

She was wet, all water and warm and salty as she poured herself into my mouth, slowly at first and I drank eagerly. Then she turned bitter and I felt my stomach churning against her and I didn't want to drink this girl. The drugs were twisting everything I knew, confusing me and I wanted to be clear, but it was so hard. I swallowed as much as I could and felt some of her running down my face, wetting my pillow and soaking my hair and neck. Fumiko lifted herself and I breathed deeply.

"Did I hurt you?" I asked her, because it seemed I must have drunk half of her small body already.

"What?" She laughed at me. "No, of course not. Do you want more?"

"You're so small, Fumiko-san," I said and I licked my lips wondering why she tasted like that.

"But I have a lot of piss for you. Drink." She put her pussy back to my mouth and I clamped my lips over it, feeling the girl filling my mouth again and again as I swallowed.

And then Fumiko changed, slowly, dissolving and growing into her sister, Atsumi, as lights and shadows from the window moved fast and slow, the world spinning away without me.

"What time is it?" My voice sounded soft and tired and I felt as though I could barely keep my eyes open.

"It's time for another injection," Atsumi smiled and I realized she was holding the syringe.

"Oh..." I nodded, smiling. "I remember."

"Shhh...quiet now...Fumiko!" she called and a moment later the girl appeared, naked and sweating, her body flushed. "Hold her arm still."

"Yes Mistress." The girl grabbed my left arm tightly and I watched dispassionately as Atsumi pricked my arm, filling me with another dose of the wonderful drug.

"You have such a perfect body, Jen-san. Good veins." She withdrew the needle and kissed me. "Whip her," Mistress told Fumiko and then she left.

Being whipped while on heroin is like...dying and going to heaven, only to find that God had left the Marquis de Sade in charge. Once again it was my breasts which had to endure the punishment. Fumiko used a very small switch made of wood. It was thin and flexible and intensely painful. She whipped my tits for a long time while my mind tried to cope with the dream-like, surreal quality the drugs lent to the scene.

At times it felt as though each small stroke was a living thing, like a viper biting into my flesh, insinuating itself beneath my skin, coiling and writhing so that the welts seemed to wriggle and crawl before my horrified eyes. At other times I was apart from it, observing casually and feeling nothing. The sharp slapping sound echoed in my ears, reverberating, and I laughed and cried and felt myself going mad beneath Fumiko's smiling gaze.

I don't think I ever fell totally asleep, but I wasn't awake either. I was somewhere in between. Mistress Atsumi was there and I looked at her. "I have to go to work," I told her, since that was the first thought that came into my head. The second thought was that I was going to be sick. I felt my stomach cramping and I had a dim memory of a dream, of drinking Fumiko's urine.

"You are at work, Jen-san." The woman looked at me and I saw she was dressed in a wonderful kimono, pink and white and blue, a classic design of Japanese cranes. Her hair was put up and held in place with an ivory comb. She had a powdered face and crimson lips, and her eyes were black and beautiful.

I rolled over onto my side, bringing my hands underneath my cheek like a little girl. It took me a long moment to realize I was no longer chained to the bed. "What did you do to me?" I whispered, watching Mistress Atsumi as she just stood there, beautiful and ethereal like a dream.

"I gave you a reward," her voice was soothing. "Because I love you so much. You must bathe and dress. I would like you at the club tonight."

"I'm so...sleepy." I yawned and curled up a little tighter. "Mistress..." I breathed and then she was gone.

"Jen...Jen..." Someone was tugging at my arm and I opened my eyes to see Fumiko. "Come with me now. We need to get ready."

I stood and stretched, moving slowly and feeling sore and stiff all over. I examined my breasts and they were a mass of bruises, stained yellow and purple and black. They were grotesque and beautiful, I thought, criss-crossed with welts that hadn't healed yet. My nipples were puffy and swollen and colored dark red. I massaged my tits tenderly, admiring how the swelling made them seem even larger, the skin tight and warm.

"You're an artist, Fumiko-san!" I giggled a little, wondering if it was me, or if I was still a little high on the drugs they'd given me.

"And you are a bad little slave," the lovely girl chided me with a grin, pulling me by the arm to follow her into the bathroom.

I used the toilet, although it was difficult, and Fumiko rewarded me with a warm, soapy enema. I'd never experienced such a thing before, but it wasn't as unpleasant as I'd feared. It actually felt good for a little while and about the time it became uncomfortable I was allowed to expel the dirty fluid. This was repeated twice more until Fumiko was satisfied and then she washed the rest of me, paying careful attentions to my piercings, which were healing well, she decided.

Fumiko replaced my butt plug and fastened my collar around my neck and allowed me to dress in something reasonable, at least by the standards to which I was becoming accustomed. A cream colored leather miniskirt and a red silk blouse, sans bra of course, so my nipples protruded obscenely. I put on a red thong, pulling it tight across the flanged base of my buttplug and high over my hips. Some red fishnet stockings and cream colored heels finished my outfit. I made up my face and brushed my golden hair, tying it back in a thick pony tail, while Fumiko dressed in her own bedroom.

She emerged looking like a Goth goddess in what had to be an authentic German SS uniform, or part of one anyway, and tailored to her pixie form. Fumiko wore gleaming black jack boots into which her black wool trousers were tucked neatly. The pants were pleated and tailored to hug her hips and ass nicely, ballooning slightly at the knees. She wore no blouse at all, just a black wool jacket, casually buttoned so that her breasts were exposed when she moved. The jacket had collar tabs and epaulets embroidered in silver, for rank I guessed, though I had no idea what they represented. There was silver piping around the collar and cuffs, and a patch with an eagle holding a swastika on the left breast. Around her neck she wore a red and black ribbon with an authentic iron cross dangling from it. On her head, Fumiko wore a peaked cap in silver and black with a gleaming skull pinned on the front. She carried a leather riding crop, slapping it against her thigh as she stared at me and her face had been painted white, with deep black eyes and crimson lips. On the whole, the effect seemed both frightening and terribly exciting, I thought.

Fumiko attached the leash to my collar and led me outside and I could only imagine what people must have thought of us. Me, tall, blonde and American, and dressed like a prostitute, being led on a leash by a small, elfin, Japanese girl costumed as evil incarnate. I kept my eyes down for much of the short walk to the subway station, avoiding the stares and trying to ignore the odd comments and

giggles. It was early evening and the streets were crowded, the trains would be even worse, I knew.

Standing on the subway, everyone was pushed very close together. I stood facing Fumiko, her face coming just to my breasts and I looked down on her as we moved from stop to stop, with interminable periods of swaying in between. We had 6 stops before arriving at Shinagawa Station and we'd transfer to a real train. Between the 3rd and 4th I suddenly felt someone's hand on my thigh, stroking up the back of my leg towards my barely covered ass. I sucked a little breath of air and my body tensed causing Fumiko to look up sharply into my face.

"What's wrong?" she asked softly.

The hand played along the tops of my stockings and I closed my eyes for a second, feeling both slight embarrassment and pangs of excitement at being touched like that in public by a stranger. It brought back memories of previous encounters and a part of me had missed those furtive moments.

"Someone is touching me..." I spoke softly as well, but doubtless a few people around us could hear, perhaps even the man whose fingers were moving ever upward toward my sex.

Fumiko moved a little, peeking around me to see who was doing it. "Do you want him to stop, Jen-san?" she asked a little louder.

The fingers abruptly moved away from me and I blinked, shaking my head slowly. "No, I...I enjoy it." I looked into Fumiko's eyes trying to find some understanding, but she seemed confused by my complicity. "It is a secret pleasure."

"Is it?" Fumiko's voice sounded doubtful. "Very well. Take off your panties then," she ordered.

"What? Fumiko..." I started to protest but the look in her eyes, the realization that she could lose face in front of total strangers with my refusal, broke my will. "Yes, Fumiko-san."

If there'd been enough room I would have bowed in apology, as it was I slowly and somewhat clumsily worked my thong down my thighs, letting gravity pull them to my ankles. I bent my knees, crouching straight down to retrieve them, feeling the plug in my ass protesting the unusual movement. I could also feel the eyes of several dozen people, mostly men, but more than a few women as well, watching me. I stood up, red faced and breathless, staring into Fumiko's eyes.

She took my red thong from my fingers silently, handing them to someone behind me, presumably the man who had been touching me. "You wanted to feel these?" Fumiko's voice was loud enough to attract even more attention than we had already, if that was possible. I closed my eyes and felt my body burning up. "Take them home and give them to your daughter, pervert."

I don't know if Fumiko threw them in his face, or if he took them from her hand, or if she just dropped them on the floor. I'd had my eyes tightly shut and when I opened them again, all I knew was that I no longer had any underwear at all. I felt horribly exposed like that, as if everyone could see under my short skirt. I imagined people seeing the bit of rubber from the base of the butt plug protruding from my ass as I walked. Or the rings in my vagina, or the pearl on my clit. I felt cold and hot all over and Fumiko just smiled at me, enjoying her game immensely.

"Is it better now for you, Jen-san?" she almost giggled. "Now if a man wants you, we will have to find something else to remove."

I swallowed nervously at the thought that Fumiko would make me remove the plug from my ass in public. That would be too much, even for the bizarre permissive world of Tokyo mass transit.

Luckily, the rest of our little trip was uneventful, despite my much too overactive imagination.

Exiting Yokohama Station we took a taxi to the club and inside it was much as I remembered it. There were a few dozen customers, even though it was early, even by Japanese standards. Fumiko led me back, past the bar and down the short hallway to the dressing room. There were three Japanese girls inside, one of them I remembered as the girl in the bikini who'd assisted Mistress Atsumi the night I'd been there. They were all young, barely eighteen if I'd had to guess, and strikingly beautiful. Fumiko largely ignored their respectful, if somewhat playful greetings and introduced me quickly.

"This is Miki and her sister, Niya." Fumiko gestured at the two I hadn't seen before. "And this is Ayu. Miki and Niya will perform tonight, always together, so you will see what they are like." Fumiko smiled and the girls nodded happily. "Ayu is Mistress Atsumi's assistant, you've seen her before. We have six others, hostess girls who will sit with the customers and sometimes perform on the stage. You can meet them later."

"Are you a Russian?" Niya asked me and I shook my head, smiling and telling them I'm American.

"See? I told you!" Miki laughed. "You're so stupid."

"I am not. She looks Russian!" Niya said as she removed what was unmistakably a school uniform, like something out of a Sailor Moon comic. Her sister was already naked, sitting on a metal folding chair and working her small body into a white fishnet body stocking.

"How old are you?" I asked Niya, admiring her lithe body while trying not to stare. It wasn't easy for the girls were twins, obviously, and beautiful as I mentioned.

"That depends on who is asking!" Miki giggled.

"That's enough talking. They are sixteen now and they behave like spoiled five year olds." Fumiko had been digging through some plastic containers, finding what I would need for the evening. "You will be a hostess tonight, Jen-san."

"We come here after school," Niya said. She was standing in her panties now and she had a gymnast's body, very firm and toned, with small breasts and the most wonderful ass I'd ever seen.

"We're very popular!" Miki laughed. She had the same perfect body as her sister and she posed for me with her hands on her hips and tits thrust outward invitingly.

"Popular with dirty old pedophiles," Fumiko retorted, pushing the girl out of the way.

Atsumi appeared briefly, just looking into the small room. She barely glanced at me, focusing instead on Fumiko and Atsumi told her to dress me for working, but to make sure my breasts were bound again. I started to speak, not understanding this at all, when Atsumi waved her hand. "And a gag as well. She is beautiful, but I'm tired to hear her voice now."

My Mistress disappeared then and that was perhaps the hardest lesson, that in the club I would have to share her attentions and doubtless there would be times when I would feel the lesser for it.

Fumiko pulled me along with her to the offices, where there was a dressing room and several wardrobe closets, the temporary sort made of cardboard and plastic that the Japanese favor. I tried asking Fumiko what was going on, but she just told me she didn't know. The young woman used a strange sort of gag that I'd never seen before. It was made of hard rubber, red in color, and shaped

like a very thin 'O' that fit into my teeth, stretching my mouth open uncomfortably. There were two thin straps that went to the back of my head. It felt strange and I realized there was a depressor on the underside that effectively trapped my tongue.

"Do not remove that," Fumiko warned me with a smile, but her eyes were serious. "Or Mistress Atsumi will be unhappy with you."

Next she fitted my breasts with two thin leather belts, one around each of my breasts, pulling them so tight I thought she'd cinch my boobs right off my chest. I gasped as a fresh wave of pain awoke the welts that I still sported. Fumiko pushed at my back, bending me over so she could remove the plug in my ass. She helped me into a black leather thong and then a pair of black fishnet stockings that came mid-thigh. A pair of stiletto heels in black leather completed my 'uniform' and Fumiko stepped back to admire me.

"You will sit with customers. You're not a waitress, so you will sit and do what they tell you to." She watched as I nodded. "I'll be close by, so you won't have to worry. Nobody will hurt you."

I followed her down the hall and we exited through the bar where I was immediately seized upon by a Japanese man sitting by himself. He crooked his finger at me and I looked at Fumiko who nodded. I walked over, having absolutely no idea what I was doing or what the man might be expecting from me.

"I see you do not talk, eh?" The Japanese man was perhaps 40 years old, with the superior attitude that I'd come to deplore in many of the Japanese men I'd come into contact with. "Well, that's good, because I don't want your mouth to talk, bitch."

The word sounded terrible in Japanese and it took me a moment to recognize it. He told me to remove his penis and watched as I gave him a blowjob with people waking past, or sitting nearby at their tables, seeing me and commenting on the American woman. I was so embarrassed by this I almost couldn't finish, but I had little choice anyway. My mouth was locked open and eventually the man just grabbed a fistful of my hair and moved my mouth up and down his cock the way he wanted until he came with a rush of thin, salty semen.

Swallowing proved to be extremely difficult and I made quite a mess, which did not make the Japanese man happy at all. I shrank away from him as he voiced his opinion of American whores who couldn't even swallow a man's cum properly. He slapped at my tits painfully and I started crying, although more from outrage and embarrassment than any real injury to my body.

Fumiko came over and I looked at her hopefully, certain that she would protect me from this man. It wasn't my fault the man had cum all over himself. If I hadn't had to wear this silly gag I could have given him a real blowjob, didn't he know that? Fumiko, I was sure, would straighten everything out.

"This stupid cow has ruined my trousers." The man pointed his finger at me. "It's an insult and she did it deliberately."

"Is this true, Jen-san?" Fumiko stared at me and I couldn't believe my ears. I shook my head vigorously.

"She's a lying bitch," the man pronounced and Fumiko nodded.

"She must be punished, sir. Will you do it?" She bowed to the man and I felt my whole body flush with anger.

"Yes. Of course," he said and I waited silently, wondering what my punishment would be.

Fumiko returned with a strange looking whip. It had a handle and seven long flat strips of leather attached to it. I guessed it was for flogging, similar to a cat o'nine tails, but slightly less abusive. I would soon learn though that it was capable of producing quite a lot of pain when used properly.

I was laid over the small round table on my back and I heard Fumiko talking to the man. "Sir, this slave is still in training, only her breasts may be punished."

The man grunted and lost no time flogging my breasts. He must have used one before, because he had a way of snapping his wrist at precisely the right instant to crack the ends over whichever part of my skin he preferred. Invariably that seemed to be my nipples and I was soon writhing in pain upon that small stage. A number of onlookers had moved closer, commenting on the man's skill. I sobbed loudly, but with the gag in my mouth it sounded like a curious mewling sound and it got no response but laughter.

He flogged me for perhaps ten minutes, a good thirty or forty blows I would imagine, maybe more. My tits were hot and dark red now, and every touch on my flesh left a lingering stain of white. They burned and I was swept up once again by an indescribable pleasant sensation beneath it all, struggling to surface. My hips were moving, but not jerking as the rest of me was, they were grinding as if searching for something and I had my hands there eventually, pressing against my sex as the last few blows fell.

The man noticed, as did more than a few others. "The bitch likes it!" he laughed. "This was no punishment!" He dropped the whip on my heaving belly and moved away from me.

"Come! Sit with me now." I barely had time to think before another man was pulling me to my feet. Fumiko did nothing to interfere, she merely picked up the whip, and so I followed the man as though I were drugged. He was younger, maybe in his late twenties, and he brought me to a table where two friends of his sat, also young men. "I am Keisu, this is Aisen...and Tomasu. You are so beautiful. Why do you let them do this to you?"

His words made very little sense. I was still trying to catch my breath and it felt as if my whole body was throbbing with the fire centered in my breasts. I looked at him, but of course I couldn't speak.

It didn't really matter anyway, because despite the man's pleasant manner and polite introductions, it soon became obvious that he and his friends were only really interested in fucking an American. I had no idea what I was expected to do, or even if there were limitations to what I could do, so I did not resist. I pulled my thong to the side and straddled them one at a time, facing them so they could play with my abused tits while I rode their cocks with my stretched and ready ass. It was what I'd been aching for and the men were very pleased that they were making me cum so quickly and often. The truth is I would have gotten off riding a doorknob; these guys were just in the right place at the right time. But if I've learned anything, Japanese men have egos made out of glass.

It was a very long night, the club did not close until 2am and by that time I had sucked or fucked about a dozen men. I'd been punished three times, always by a flogging across my tits. I had the belts removed and put back on several times and that was even worse than the floggings. When the bonds of my breast were removed and blood flowed back into the bruised and oxygen starved cells, it was like the floodgates to hell had been opened. It seemed the most painful thing in the world for five or ten minutes and then the pain would subside to a dull throbbing ache that never went entirely away.

Fumiko removed the gag from my mouth and it hurt just to close it. I had to practice talking because

my jaw had become so stiff. "You have done very well tonight, Jen-san," my sister told me, for that was how I thought of her now.

"I did not understand why you let that man punish me," I said slowly, trying to pronounce the difficult words correctly with my aching jaws. Fumiko looked at me, giving me a seductive smile. "But now...I understand. Thank you, Fumiko-san." I bowed to her, very much wanting her to know that I was learning.

"Quiet now, we will bathe and you'll go with Mistress Atsumi tonight." She smiled at the look on my face, understanding that I thought myself much too weary for more adventure. "We are like vampires, Jen-san. We live at night, you will see. It's also for your training."

She smiled and led me to the small bath, frowning at Niya and Miki, who were already inside, splashing each other playfully. She grabbed the closest by her hair, but which of the twins it was I had no way of knowing, and pulled the girl to her feet.

"Go home now, or I'll crucify you and leave you on stage for a week!" Fumiko said, but the girl only laughed and danced away, smiling at me. The other one rose slowly, grabbing a towel as Fumiko slapped her small round ass. "And you, I will have mounted by a dog!"

"Do you promise?" The girl giggled and hurried out before Fumiko could spank her again.

"They are a terrible tease, don't you think?" Fumiko sighed and I smiled, nodding my head.

"I have done that," I said as Fumiko washed me carefully.

"Done what?" She worked her soapy fingers into my ass and I gave a little moan.

"Been mounted by a dog," I admitted. "By three dogs."

Fumiko laughed at that. "And did you enjoy it, Jen-san?"

"I did not think I enjoyed it so much at the time," I shrugged with a smile of my own at the memory. "But now I can tell myself that yes, I did enjoy it very much."

"Then I shall have to speak with your Mistress about a pet."

I looked up sharply, uncertain if the girl was teasing me or not, and Fumiko laughed, giving me no clue as to her intentions.

I dressed in different clothes than I had arrived in. This was a simple red cotton jumpsuit, like coveralls that a mechanic might wear. The zipper went from my sex to a point midway between my swollen and bruised breasts, leaving them exposed in a most obscene manner. I wore no underwear, merely my buttplug and my collar. But it was comfortable enough, even sexy, despite the utilitarian design of it. The shoes, also, were an incongruous touch, with their 3" heels, but there was little that could be done for that.

"Is she ready?" Mistress Atsumi walked in just as I was straightening up and Fumiko brushed my hair quickly.

"Yes, Mistress," Fumiko replied and she turned to me, giving me a kiss on the cheek. "She is perfect."

I didn't know what was going on, but I hurried after Mistress Atsumi, falling into step behind her.

She paused at the door, clipping her leash to my collar and giving me a small smile. "I watched you very closely tonight. I think you are learning, slave."

"Thank you, Mistress." I lowered my eyes, blushing at the unexpected praise.

"We will go someplace where you can rest. We have a home near Fuji-san. It's a place where you will be safe and we will learn from each other, I think. You've been busy; you're tired and you need to heal. The city is not good for that." She looked outside briefly as a taxi pulled up to the curb. "Tell me your thoughts now. Quickly, slave!"

"I love you, Mistress." What other thought could I have?

Once in the taxi I sat back, curling up against Mistress Atsumi as if were a child again. I felt so tired. My entire body ached. There was something else too; a small yearning to be back in my bed, dreaming once more with the drugs I'd been given. It was only a tiny thing though, the stirrings of an addiction I feared, and I tried to dismiss it. For her part, Mistress Atsumi largely ignored me, sitting upright and proper, staring straight ahead. Only her fingers betrayed any interest in me whatsoever, playing slowly at the large zipper between my breasts and occasionally brushing my tender flesh.

The ride was a long one, several hours even with the light traffic and I fell asleep, only to be awakened by Atsumi's gentle voice in my ear. "Wake up, Jen."

I blinked and smiled at the sound of my name and I knew we were home at last.

The End