



25 Million Dollars

Don't Be Cute... Especially
with Someone Else's Money

Mike Watson

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By
Mike Watson

FDC

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“If you know the enemy and know yourself, you need not fear the result of a hundred battles. If you know yourself but not the enemy, for every victory gained you will also suffer a defeat. If you know neither the enemy nor yourself, you will succumb in every battle.”

“Let your plans be dark and impenetrable as night, and when you move, fall like a thunderbolt.”

(Sun Tzu, ancient Chinese military general, strategist, and astute tactician; The Art of War)

Prologue

The moans and grunts of the fat Russian were the only sounds in the plush air conditioned room in a non-descript building on San Li Street, Shenzhen, China, a building that might look like any one of the thousands of decrepit buildings surrounding it, except for the sign in Chinese posted outside it.

Roughly translated into English, the sign basically said “Welcome to our sauna! Enjoy a nice, relaxing, massage along with a hot sauna. All preferences welcome!”

And while the casual onlooker might overlook that last part - *that* last part - a very rough translation from Chinese to English, is what really tells the person on the street (or at least, those “in the know”) what to expect.

Ever since the late Deng Xiaoping (one of the greatest, shrewdest and most practical minds of the 20th century) opened China up financially to the outside world, the Chinese economy has only been on an upward spiral, and the thousands upon thousands of saunas, nightclubs, bathhouses, massage parlours and more that have opened up, all offering sexual services of various natures, sometimes blatantly advertised, usually not so, has been but one of the “side effects” of the improvement and *liberalisation* in living standards throughout China.

Luxuries for the rich, or those with money to spend, some might say – or at least, that is how it started out, but at this point prostitution and sex in China are so widespread that even a lowly

taxi driver can enjoy a “night out” with the woman of his choice provided he knows where to go.

And this obese Russian businessman certainly did, as he thrust his large cock in and out of the submissive olive skinned Greek man’s mouth.

A Greek he, the Russian, had paid big bucks for as foreign faces commanded a premium in China in any business.

Prostitution being no exception.

“Except of course, I don’t benefit from that premium,” thought Antonio unhappily as the Russian increased the force of his thrusts, his large balls slapping against his chin, a nasty smell emanating from his pubic region, sparsely populated with strands of hair.

His belly hung over his waist in a most unattractive fashion, and seemed to obscure half of what would otherwise be a decent sized member, thought Antonio idly as he prepared for the inevitable, the man’s sighs of pleasure a clear indicator of the impending orgasm as his own “well trained” tongue flickered around the base of the dick firmly entrenched in his mouth and he did what he had been trained to do.

“Oh, fuck,” he thought. *“What I wouldn’t do to get out of this, to punch this fat man in the stomach, to be rid of this lifestyle once and for all...!”*

Never get too smart.

“Fock”, moaned the Russian, and Antonio almost giggled, despite the member sticking into his throat, the expression somewhat funny to him, but he was used to it, many of his non-English speaking foreign clients seeming to use it in place of the universally accepted “fuck”.

Not *my* clients, he thought, a wave of despondency engulfing him as the man gripped his hair, his grip still powerful despite the state of his overall health at this point.

Her clients...*Ms. Tina's* clients...

Tina Wang, the Chinese American businesswoman, he thought, and his mind flickered back to the recent past, to a well-appointed cubicle on Wall Street, a cubicle in which *he* used to work.

A life which seemed as far away to him now as the moon was from the Earth, he thought miserably as the Russian pulled out, pointing his member directly at his eyes, and he winced.

Some of his clients liked to “dump a load” onto his face, maybe even his eyes, and there was nothing he could do despite his obvious dislike, given they had paid big bucks for his “services”.

Services that includes anal sex as well, but he didn't mind that at this point so much, having gotten used to cocks of every size, shape, and colour invade his rectum on a regular basis, but he had never quite gotten used to the thick blobs of semen spattering down his throat or into his eyes, the experience always leaving even an “experienced pro” like him revolted.

Oh well, he thought. At least I'm not going to gag on his load...

And the man suddenly gripped his head again and literally *pried* his lips apart with his large member, mowing through the innards of Antonio's mouth much like a knife through hot butter.

As the blasts of hot cum erupted, the words resounded over and over in his mind, as did a steely gaze scything through his brain, the black eyes boring into him in his mind's eye as the Russian emptied his balls into the prostitute's mouth, the former *gigolo's* mouth...

Never get too smart, Antonio. *Never... ever...you fuck!*

And as he returned from the bathroom, having washed all traces of the cum out of his mouth, the nasty taste still lingering, he prepared to give the Russian, who was lying down on the bed comfortably by then, his legs spread wide apart, a soothing massage before his sauna.

But his mind was elsewhere...

Chapter One

The financial “whiz kid”

Antonio grinned at the woman he was out on a date with, a Spanish woman he had “procured” via a high class call girl service, a service that promised “the most beautiful, and *discreet* women for our esteemed clients” and of course charged accordingly.

He didn’t really need to pay for sex, to be honest. Though he was no “Greek God” (despite his Greek heritage), he was slim and in fairly good shape, quite good looking actually if you thought about it a certain way.

And more than his looks, it was his job that really scored him brownie points.

That job being as a “financial advisor” with Lehmann Brothers (yes, the very same one that ended up crashing a few years later, heralding the start of a long and what sometimes seems like a never ending global recession) being one that paid him exceedingly well, and people, especially women, could tell.

But he didn’t like the never ending drama of multiple dates, “honey do’s”, and such before finally getting a woman into bed, and he figured it was much easier to simply pay for what he wanted;

In this case an exotic Spanish woman, paid for much like he would pay for a fancy lobster dinner at any one of New York’s upscale seafood restaurants.

“Yes, baby”, she cooed, breaking into his thoughts as he looked at her heaving bosom, the breasts fresh and ripe, the chocolate brown skin on her arms and back giving him an erection as he sat there

Oh, boy, he thought happily as he grabbed her hand across the table, their steak dinner forgotten, lust being the only thing on his mind as he squeezed her soft hands in between his, looking straight into her brown eyes.

These Hispanic women are something else altogether!

And as he hurriedly paid the bill, they left the restaurant, and it took darn near every ounce of self-control he had not to grope her lovely round buttocks as she got into the passenger seat of the car.

As they drove back to his pad, she twisted at her waist, bent and kissed his crotch, her tongue expertly flicking his penis through his pants as he started to pull out of the underground parking lot.

“Hold on, baby”, laughed Antonio. “You’ll make me have a wreck right here in the parking lot!”

He caressed her hair, and spoke again, his voice heavy with desire.

“I’m pretty good at multi-tasking, Sandra, but not when it comes to sex and driving, and...Oh, *fuck*, that feels good”, he moaned as she moved her face up and kissed him, her hands expertly groping him at the same time, a smell of jasmine coming from her.

She pouted, the expression somewhat put-on and he knew it, but it turned him on anyway.

“A man like you...a real man...and you say you can’t multi-task? I don’t believe it, Antonio”, she said, again bending to do what she seemingly did so well.

“Hold on, hold on”, he gasped, as she unzipped him.

And he parked in a dark, vacant area of the parking lot and tilted his car seat back, as she pulled his engorged member out and took the head expertly between her full lips, flicking the tip of his penis ever so gently.

As the erotic sensations engulfed him, he leant back, completely content, not even bothered about the fact that security might catch him “in the act” as it were.

Money talks, and he had plenty of it. A “Benjamin” or two passed to any security that might object, and that would be the end of it.

Life’s good, he thought, as she pulled his pants down, and gave his hairy nuts some attention, as he ignored her, enjoying the service she was providing.

From a college student struggling to pay the bills, to a Wall street “whiz” – the rise had been rapid and meteoric for Antonio.

He was a smart guy, naturally talented with numbers, always interested in finance and related issues, and it was no surprise when he applied for a job at Lehmann Brothers (one amongst many others) as he was about to graduate.

And wonder of wonders, he got called in for an interview, he recalled, as Sandra lovingly sucked on his cock head, not wanting to rush his orgasm, and he pushed her head down roughly.

“Suck it, you fucking *bitch*”, he moaned, as he enjoyed the power his money gave him over this woman, obedient and subservient to his every need, almost anticipating his sexual desires before he himself did.

Of course, if he had known how abruptly the shoe was about to be put on the other foot, he might not have been so rough with her at that point.

If he had known what it felt to have stubby Chinese penises rammed down his throat and up his butt on a regular basis, the sheer revulsion that one felt from having a stranger's throbbing meat down one's throat, not to mention up one's rear end...

But of course, he didn't at that point!

And as she did his bidding, his mind wandered back to that interview.

That interview, he thought, as Timothy's words swirled around a corner of his brain.

"If you can handle it, Antonio. Only if you can handle it!"

And being the naïve kid that he was, blinded by the scent of big money, he agreed.

You see, Antonio was one of the thousands that the conglomerate had called in for an interview, thousands that would be little more than "HR fodder", their resumes ending up in the trash bin right after the interview.

But Timothy, an immigrant himself, saw something in this kid that the HR department did not.

Something that made him stand out from most of the other interviewees, something that he was looking for at that point.

It wasn't his grades, though those were good. It wasn't his skills, as those were "untested" as yet, this being his first full time job,

although he did do a six month internship with Capital One, and had glowing reviews from his supervisors at work there.

So, what *was* it, then, you might ask?

Well, to put it simply – *ambition*.

Despite his humble “beginnings” as a broke college student, barely having enough money to take the car in for regular services, he was confident and ambitious, and had a ruthless sort of look in his eyes – a look that said “hustler” clearly to anyone that recognized it.

A willingness to do what was required to get ahead, ethics be damned for the most part.

A willingness to take chances...chances that might pay off handsomely, but chances that had an even bigger risk associated with them...

“So, that’s what I’m looking for, Antonio”, finished Timothy quietly, the door of his room firmly shut, so prying ears (and there were plenty) couldn’t listen in on the conversation.

“I can promise you we’ll make good money, Antonio. So much money that it’ll make your “official” compensation package look like peanuts!”

And as the kid looked back at him, Timothy knew he had found the right guy.

Timothy led a team of financial “advisors” in the company (one of many teams), whose job was basically to advise wealthy clients about investments, tax loopholes, income tax deadlines (or extending them), and such – in other words, to perform accounting duties for wealthy clients.

And that meant he, or the “advisor” appointed to the client had access to the client’s financial information, and in many cases, even power of attorney to execute certain important financial deals.

Of course, this power of attorney was only given due to the reputation Lehmann Brothers had at that time, the client instinctively knowing that the advisor would always only act in his best interests.

But there are “rotten apples” in any organization (the sort that can cause the very organization itself to topple and crash like a pack of cards, as a gullible public was soon to discover a few years down the road), and Timothy, along with a few of his team members were part of the bunch.

They were “hustlers” looking to make a quick buck “under the table” from every client, and were always looking for more additions to the team.

The more, the merrier (and more bountiful the spoils, as it were), as all the members of this “rogue” bunch shared their ill-gotten spoils with their compatriots, spoils that netted them way more than their salary on a regular basis.

What they did was basically play with the client’s trust, and use the large sums of money they had been entrusted with to seal deals in the “black” market, usually always related to investments in land and property.

And though this can and is a risky biz, Timothy was always careful about where he put his money, with multiple guarantees and backups being the cornerstone of any deal he clinched, and so far he had never gotten burnt, having the client’s money “back in the account” before the client even knew it, and netting a nice “little” commission for himself and his partners in crime.

Antonio looked at his potential boss, various thoughts swirling around his mind, one of them of course being “what if”.

But the words died on his lips as he involuntarily prepared to ask the question, both because of what Timothy had said (“Only if you can handle it!”), and also because he was a hustler at heart, much as Timothy had gauged him to be, years of experience coming to the fore as he instantly sense the fierce flames of ambition burning within the rookie.

And so it was that Timothy hired him, and he made more money than he ever thought possible in his wildest dreams.

Of course, with money came the necessary accompaniments – women, expensive drinks on a regular basis, a fancy BMW, a large house in a “gated” community, and so forth.

His boss disappeared from the company a short while after he hired him, citing “personal reasons”, and no-one was ever really sure why, though his team of “bandits” knew he had amassed more than enough money by now.

And “the word on the street”, as it were, was that he had, for once, messed with the wrong people’s money, and had gotten caught.

Something about a client, ostensibly a business man, rumoured to be a hit man for the Russian mafia, Antonio remembered thinking uneasily, something about a cool 56 million roubles (or the USD equivalent) disappearing from a bank account, much like his boss himself had disappeared.

Antonio was far more cautious in his own dealings for a while after that, knowing that in these cases, it was always a case of “winner takes it all, loser takes the fall”, in other words, you made money, a LOT of it, if what you did panned out ok, but in the rare cases that it didn’t, well, you took the fall – sometimes quite literally.

But he was too deeply entrenched in his devious ways by then, Timothy having “schooled” him too well, and he soon forgot about it.

And now, as Sandra sucked him off furiously, he remembered the next deal he was going to crack on Monday morning, once the 25 million dollars from the super-rich Chinese-American businesswoman showed up in the account.

And the commission he was going to net off that would add more bucks to his already bulging bank account, perhaps another BMW to his stable of expensive cars, cars that he made hefty monthly payments for, he thought, moaning with pleasure as Sandra’s tongue did its job.

But there is a reason why honesty and transparency in dealings are virtues so highly sought after, especially when it comes to doing business.

Sometimes, sticking to the straight and narrow might not pay big bucks instantly, but it pays off eventually, and in a manner that is safe and beyond reproach or suspicion.

And the other route?

Well, that old cliché again...

“Winner takes it all, loser takes the fall”.

Little did he know that playing around with Tina Wang’s cash would result in him taking a nastier fall than he had ever thought possible.

If he’d known what awaited him a few months down the road, he would have wished for, nay, *pleaded* for a chance to turn back the clock to that fateful day he accepted Timothy’s job offer, so that

he could rush out of the office as quickly a man in the African bush might take off upon coming face to face with a cranky male (and well concealed, until that point) lion roused from its sleep by the man's movements through the bush.

But of course, he didn't know.

No-one does, to be honest, and it's usually too late to escape the consequences when one *does* know.

As the old timers said "you reap what you sow".

Antonio would soon realize he'd end up "reaping" far, far more than he had "sown" (no puns intended for those that have already skimmed through this volume and know what Antonio's eventual future held, or for those that read the prologue extra carefully!).

The night was a warm one, but the BMW's climate control feature blocked the humidity out effectively, the engine powerful enough to keep the A/C powered on at full blast even when idling.

Of course, Antonio had other thoughts on his mind at that point, the weather being the least of his concerns as he reached the crescendo of what had literally been a "mind blowing" (again, no puns intended) orgasm, the beautiful Spanish woman knowing *exactly* which buttons to push while sucking him off!

"Ah. Ah, *fuck!*", he gasped, still shaking with pleasure, semen still shooting out of his organ as his orgasm subsided, and his lower back literally curved with the sheer sensations of pleasure passing through him.

God, this bitch is good at what she does, as he groaned one last time, a silly grin spreading across his face, the sort of grin that a

man often has after a fantastic orgasm, completely relaxed and at peace with the world as it were.

She looked at him seductively, her mouth still dripping with her cum, as she licked it off her lips, swallowing it.

A fantasy straight out of any hot blooded male's book of "bedroom escapades that I wish I had indulged in", and Antonio was no different, except in his case he had indulged in plenty of similar "escapades" before, though this particular setting was a first for him.

And normally, he'd take the girl back to his pad for more action, happily choosing to ignore the slight, barely noticeable (except to the trained, observant eye and mind, and his certainly was) flicker of sheer disgust and distaste as she licked the cock slime off her lovely lips like it was rare nectar.

But tonight was different, as he had other things on his mind, namely the impending 25 million.

He was planning on "investing" the money in not one, but a few shady, but high value property deals, deals that would net him a very handsome commission, to the tune of six million dollars, after which he could happily travel the world for a few years and not have to worry about money, which was something he always wanted to do.

Travel the world, but concentrate on South America, or that was the plan at least, anything to get closer to those beauties from the Amazon!

But at this point, even the Spanish beauty licking his cum off her lips failed to interest him beyond the initial orgasm so utterly engrossed was he with making those commissions.

"...your place", he heard her say, as if in a distance.

“My place? What...” he responded, not sure what she was on about.

“I said, aren’t you going to take me back to your place, Antonio? I have many more tricks I can show you”, she said, and here, her mini-skirt suddenly slid up her thigh as if it had a mind of its own, exposing deliciously tanned soft brown thighs.

You rich bastard, she was thinking. If you only knew how much I hated doing this...

She was a struggling college student, much like her client had been at one time, and the money on offer in this “job” was too much to pass up, even though she hated what she did with a passion.

Of course, she was a professional, and this hatred never bubbled up from under the surface, though try as she might, she could not stop the fleeting and involuntary expressions of disgust from showing up in her face or eyes, although she had learned to control them to a degree.

But Sandra need not have worried, as he wasn’t in the mood to take her back home anyway, instead muttering some excuse under his breath and dropping her off at the subway station where she gladly exited the cool environs of the BMW for the smelly subway.

More importantly, she need not have worried as his comeuppance, as it were, was on the way, ready to hit him with way more force than the nasty ejaculate that had just spattered against the back of her throat...

And as Antonio headed back home, Sandra was the last thing on his mind.

25 million dollars, he thought.

Or more importantly, *six fucking million dollars* for me, if I can finagle this the way I plan on doing.

It all rested on the client now, an unsuspecting Tina Wang not knowing what was in the offing.

And as he sipped on a whisky and soda, he felt drowsy and switched on the T.V., idly flicking to H.B.O., and soon he poured himself another drink as he started to relax.

Soon, he was in bed, and fast asleep dreaming he was on a beach in Brazil, with brown beauties everywhere to be seen, the breasts threatening to burst out of the bikinis, and those large bottoms, the perfectly toned legs, the lovely hair...

Chapter Two

The deal that never was

“Antonio...” his current boss Thomas, another one of those slick shysters that do anything to make an extra buck, said.

He leant back in his chair and looked at his young protégé as if to say “you knew what the deal was!”

And Antonio knew, but it didn’t make the pill any less bitter to swallow.

Live by the sword, die by the sword as it were.

The events of the past week sped by as he relived them in his mind’s eye, frowning as his brain desperately looked for a way to get out of this, but there did not seem to be one.

Tina Wang had shown up on Monday morning, as promised, and so did her money, again as promised.

She was an unassuming (at least, so he thought at that point) Chinese-American businesswoman, who had made her millions trading in equity funds and also from a highly profitable import export business she ran, using her connections in China to get items manufactured cheaply, and then selling them in the United States at U.S. retail prices, making a huge profit in the bargain.

But it wasn’t her that interested him (he wasn’t attracted towards Asian women anyway, except perhaps Indian women).

It was the *25 million dollars* that thrilled him, and he set to work almost immediately, confident that he’d pull off what he was planning, despite his boss, himself an experienced shyster as

previously mentioned raising a quizzical eyebrow at him as he outlined his plans to him.

But the quizzical look was soon replaced by approval. After all, it wasn't his ass on the line, thought Thomas. And if he pulls it off, we'll all do pretty fucking well...

If he pulls it off, that is, and the odds on this one were somewhat slim, he thought, fingering his goatee thoughtfully.

And initially, it seemed as if the heist would work, as Antonio skilfully used his list of rogue contacts to invest Tina's money and "swung" a couple of deals that should have, and looked like, the money would be back in the account in a week's time along with a hefty commission.

But it didn't quite work out that way, as he was to find out on Thursday that week, when his "partners in crime" informed him with a quick email sent to his private email account that the commercial deals they were involved in had "fallen through".

And Antonio, who by then was gleefully expecting a payout on Friday morning read the words and goggled at them in black and white on his laptop screen for a while as if struck on the base of the skull with a cement brick.

Fallen through? What the...???

And then, upon placing another quick, and furious email, he learnt that the commercial deals these guys were supposed to net their money on (and therefore return his money plus the commission) had fallen through as the market had inexplicably, and suddenly dried up.

Just like that – with no reason, and there wasn't much anyone could do about it as it was one of those things that just happened.

But, the money was still gone.

And now, as he walked out of his boss's office the following Monday, having spent a frenetic weekend trying to recover his initial investment (unsuccessfully, of course) he sank back into his chair, wondering what was in store for him.

The number one worry on his mind was of course, the *money*.

The client would know soon enough that her money had been, well, *embezzled*, for lack of a better term to use.

And that would happen sooner rather than later, as he knew, since she was expecting weekly reports on investments, etc. – some of which were actually due today by 5 P.M. in her Inbox.

And he shuddered to think of what would happen when she found out, the first consequence being an immediate and abrupt termination letter from his employers, his own boss being the one to hand it out, reminding him again of the adage “*Live by the sword, die by the sword*”.

In other words, the risk is all yours, and so is the majority of the benefit, and while it had worked for him quite well until now, it seemed this was one risk too many.

Fuck, he thought, running his hand through his coal black hair, shifting restlessly in his chair. I should have listened to Thomas this time!

Losing the job was the least of his worries for the nonce, though.

I have enough money saved up to last me a while, he thought. I could perhaps go on a vacation, perhaps move to another part of the country and find work elsewhere, perhaps...

But as he said this, he knew he was only kidding himself.

The world is a small place, and “insider knowledge” would soon be doing the rounds, and no large company of any repute would hire him, at least not in the financial biz where the real money was.

“But I can still find a *job*”, he reasoned, almost speaking out loud, causing a couple of co-workers to look at him in a strange manner, wondering why he was talking to himself.

No, that wasn’t what worried him as much as the other potential consequences.

One huge worry was legal action that his old company could take against him, action that he could certainly contest in court, using all sorts of legal loopholes to either delay the case or “reach an out of court settlement”.

Action that would require him to hire a lawyer, another “shyster” as it were, and while he knew many of those, he knew they didn’t work cheap.

And last, the most worrying part of all this was that he had heard some rumours about Tina Wang being connected in some vague way to the Chinese Mafia in the U.S., the 25 mil being the tip of the iceberg as far as her “fortunes” were concerned.

Nothing specific, of course, he recalled Tony, one of his colleagues saying, this as they raised a toast to yet another potential commission in a private booth in an upmarket bistro on Tuesday afternoon.

And he had dismissed it from his mind as being just rumours, and hadn’t given it a second thought, his primary reaction being “so what”.

So long as I get their money back in time, and I will, well, they don’t need to know about it, and all’s well!

All fine and dandy, but the problem of course was that he *hadn't* got the money back, and he didn't even want to think about if the "Mafia" rumour were true.

And things started to happen pretty fast after that, one event leading to the other.

It was around noon that he received his termination letter after a brief "interview" with his boss (with the H.R. Manager in attendance as well to listen in) who went through the whole charade of not knowing what was going on, demanding to know where the money was invested etc.

It was a brief letter (as these sort of letters tend to be) curtly stating "Your services are no longer required. Our human resources department will be in touch to inform you of pending pay, benefits accrued etc."

In other words, nothing for now, except the proverbial boot to the backside, and don't let the door hit you on the way out, son!

And then, on Wednesday that week he received notice that the company was planning legal action against him, and he called Thomas up immediately.

"Thomas...what the heck is going on? Do they really think it's worth...?"

And he meant what he was saying.

There had been cases of folks embezzling monies before from the company (his old boss being one potential case), but the company hadn't ever actively gone after most of them in court, reasoning that they'd end up spending way too much on a court case (without ever being sure of recovering the money originally embezzled) and that it just wasn't worth it.

Sure, the fraudster might *eventually* end up being put in jail for the rest of his life, but at what cost, the “powers that be” reasoned. At what cost the lilies, so to speak?

And plus, at the end of the day, these financial gurus, much like their compatriots in the legal field, those esteemed lawyers we hear about so often, are all brothers in crime, and none of them really want to see their fellow man punished severely.

He’s lost his job, he won’t be able to get another high paying one in this field, but that’s enough punishment, they reasoned. After all, it’s the client’s money, and the clients are rich enough, and...

(That sort of thinking is probably what led to their eventual downfall, but that’s another story, of course!)

But as Thomas hesitated, his breathing being the only sound on the line, Antonio suddenly experienced a pang of worry, a far deeper pang than he had before.

This was serious, he thought, and...

“Antonio”, his former boss said quietly.

“Yes, Thomas”, he responded, sort of knowing what was coming, but not wanting to hear it from his mouth.

“Yes, they normally don’t prosecute, even for large sums such as these since, well, they know you’ll hire a lawyer to fight them in court, it’ll cost them money, and, well...”

“...at the end of the day, well, Antonio (and here he sighed in an exaggerated manner), we’re all peas in the same pod, and, well, you know how it is”, he finished, the final set of words coming out in a rush as if he was glad to have got them out of his mouth.

“Yeah, Thomas, I do know how it is”, responded Antonio, the fear gnawing deep within him making itself apparent.

“Yeah. But in this case...”

“What *is* it, Thomas? Out with it, for Christ’s sake?”

“Antonio, it’s the Mafia thing we spoke about. Nothing’s clear as yet, but Ms. Wang and the big boss had a meeting the other day.”

“The third meeting since you left, this one shorter than the rest, but word’s gotten around that while the initial two meetings were “friendly” meetings, neither one of them openly using the term “embezzlement” though they both knew what happened, each offering the other a way out of it gracefully, but...”

“But the money, the fucking money, Thomas...it’s not there”, responded Antonio, interrupting his former boss.

Thomas sighed.

“Exactly, Antonio. And the third meeting was apparently far less congenial with names of Chinese mafia bosses being bandied about, and a short, but menacing call apparently being made by Ms. Wang...”

He sighed again, and Antonio could almost picture him shaking his head in annoyance, wishing this would all go away by waving the proverbial wand (which of course did not exist in this case).

“I don’t know all the details, of course, but long story short, they’re prosecuting you to show the...well, the *Mafia*...that they at least mean business; i.e. they’ll go after you even if it means losing money. A ‘*face*’ thing as it were, something that is apparently huge in Asia, and even amongst the Asians here...”
And Antonio knew what he was talking about.

“A face thing” was often more about self-respect and perceived dignity rather than actual money, gains or losses. In most Asian cultures, losing “face” means losing one’s dignity, one’s social standing, even one’s own self-respect and financial issues pale in comparison to this “loss of face”.

Quite different from Western cultures which look upon things in a more dispassionate and logical manner for the most part.

But that’s how it was in Asia, and apparently the Mafia here were no exception.

“Antonio, one last thing...” his old boss said, hesitating again, and Antonio spoke, as if by reflex.

“Yes, Thomas...?”

“Well...I...”

“Yes, Thomas...what IS it?”

“Antonio, here’s some advice from me. You are of course free not to take it, but I say this as a friend and not a former boss, and I say this from experience”.

He cleared his throat and continued.

“The court case and all the legal wrangles, all that is all fine and dandy and you could probably even not worry about that for a few weeks, not until things start hotting up at least”.

“But, and here’s the kicker, Ant (using the ‘nickname’ they had coined for him in the office during a jovial ‘boy’s night out’). The mafia’s not going to directly intervene in this for now, not with the media glare on this case, and not with Lehmann Brothers involved in this”.

“But, sooner rather than later they’ll see that the lawyers aren’t accomplishing much, and truth be told, they already know that. They’re just planning for the right moment to strike, Antonio, and here’s the advice – just get the fuck out of Dodge as quickly as possible”.

“The quicker the better”, he finished, these words again pouring out of him at a rapid pace like torrential rain off the side of a steep hill.

“Get the fuck out of...huh? How?”

“I don’t care, Antonio”, his former boss said quietly. “I don’t care how you do it – but do it. It’ll be better for you. Go somewhere they aren’t likely to find you, and somewhere the law might at least try and protect you if they DO find you”.

And with those words he hung up, and Antonio walked off to the living room in his apartment, pouring himself a pensive whisky and soda, tossing aside the legal notice the company had sent him.

I’ve got a problem on my hands – multiple ones, actually.

Real fucking problems!

Chapter Three

“Bailing” out of trouble, or so he thought

“Uh yes, that’s fine”, responded Antonio, as the voice on the other end of the line finished outlining the details of his new job offer to him, an offer that he would soon receive via email.

“Good!” trilled Carol, the recruiter who had found him his “new job”, a job that didn’t pay even a fraction of what he made at his last job.

A job he didn’t quite fancy...a job teaching English, of all things, that staple financial backup for all backpackers, the “in between jobs” crowd, college students out to make a fast buck and other general riff raff that pass through Asia at some point in their lives.

Of course, a job teaching English didn’t necessarily mean that you had to actually, um, *teach* the language.

Most, if not all of these jobs (except those offered at reputable schools and colleges) were dodgy ways of making income, and all the schools, parents, and students really cared about is a white face talking to the students, even if that “white face” could barely speak English (think Russians, Poles etc.).

And the second, and almost as important requirement was your nationality.

If you were not white, but “close enough” (in other words, not black), and from one of the “English speaking nations”, or “native English speaking nations” as they termed it, then you could land a job teaching English in China with relative ease, though not as easily as if you were in the first category.

Another one of those “*face*” things as it were.

Having a white “lao wai” (foreigner in Mandarin Chinese) speak to their kids in English (in the role of a teacher, no less) was enough for the Chinese parents to shout this out from the rooftops until they were blue in the face, brag about it to all and sundry, and so forth – a massive “gain in face” for lack of a better way of putting it.

And as he put the phone down, still annoyed with himself for having accepted this offer, but knowing he didn’t have much of a choice, the events of the past two months sped by him as if on a high speed train, each event almost “waving” at him through the windows, as it were.

Lehmann Brothers went through with their threat of the legal case against him, a complicated case that could drag on for years, given the right set of lawyers, and both parties had hired expensive lawyers to espouse their cases in court.

Lawyers that cost a bomb, Antonio thought miserably as he watched a once robust bank account being whittled down slowly, but surely by lawyer fees, car payments, house payments, and more – all without a steady income, and of course without the all-important *commissions* which he had based his lifestyle around.

Sure, he was hardly penniless – as yet.

But he could see that what seemed like a bulging bank account would soon dwindle to one with very little left in it, huge chunks of money disappearing from it at regular intervals, chunks that he noticed even more now with no income coming in.

An illusion, all smoke and mirrors as it were, much like the shady deals he used to profit from so regularly.

At first, he wasn’t too worried about it.

Fuck it all, he thought. I'll find another job, a job that pays me well, and with my experience at Lehmann Brothers, most other large companies should be glad to hire me!

But he quickly found out that even that was impossible. As stated previously, the world is a small place, and Antonio quickly found out that he had been unofficially "blacklisted".

And strangely enough, he wasn't blacklisted as "someone not to be trusted", or "someone that didn't know what he was doing", or anything like that.

To put it another way, piranhas hunt in a shoal, and there's no way you'd see one piranha calling another a "man eater", so to speak, even if the entire shoal was shredding apart a dead human body in the water more efficiently and quickly than a man-made machine ever could.

No, he was now "the person that got found out, the person that no-one was willing to take a punt on any longer".

The one piranha whose bite was no longer incisive, abandoned, but not attacked as it were, and as a grizzled and worldly wise Bank of America H.R. Manager told him, "it was of no use".

"It's no use, Antonio. You've been found out, and no-one is going to hire you, at least no large company of any repute".

And so he was forced to take on odd jobs, small jobs that didn't pay a lot, apply to a lot of smaller companies (only to be rejected by a lot of those too, as they instantly figured he'd be too expensive for them to get on board), and so forth, none of which paid the bills, so to speak.

And of course, the problem of "having to get out of Dodge" loomed as well.

But a month or so into the court case, he found out that this last problem was far more important than any other he faced.

The battle was a long and protracted one, and both parties were, as mentioned before, spending huge amounts of money to fight a case that might literally take years to resolve.

The media, fickle as is their wont to be, had long since lost interest in the case, relegating it to the inner pages of the morning newspaper, and even then very brief columns, and it was only a matter of time before a settlement was in the offing, and it arrived abruptly one Friday morning via Jerry, the attorney the company had hired.

“I’ll make this brief, Antonio”, he said, cutting straight to the meat of the matter without any prologues.

“We’d like to reach a settlement with you if possible, as this (as you know) is costing us money better spent elsewhere. First, we want you to remove all references of Lehman Brothers from your resume, your online job applications, your social media profiles...*everywhere*”.

“Second, we want you to move out of New York State. Find work in another State, another country, hell, another planet for all we care, but not in *this* State”.

He paused, and Antonio didn’t say anything, waiting for him to finish.

“If you decide to drag this on, well, there’s nothing much we can do – but – you know you can’t afford this for much long, pal”.

And he paused meaningfully again, another one of those pregnant silences as it were, knowing he had played his trump card, knowing he had Antonio by the balls, figuratively speaking of course!

He's right, Antonio thought.

It's a nuisance for them, an expensive hassle, but they can *afford* it.

I can't.

And as if sensing his adversary's indecision, Jerry struck at that point, much like a bull shark might at a swimmer's exposed leg in the ocean.

"Should I draw up the papers?" he asked, as if it was a mere formality.

"Uh, yes, I suppose so..." said Antonio, his mind elsewhere, wondering what the reason behind the settlement was.

Sure, it was costing him money, but they weren't worried about that, and they could certainly afford to drag this out for a while longer.

No, there's more to it, he thought worriedly, as he placed a call to Thomas after he was done with Jerry's call.

And what he heard worried him BIG TIME.

"The media glare is off now for the most part, Antonio. And the mafia has decided they want to get involved, and they want the company out of it".

"It's between you and them now. Plain and simple", he finished.

And a worried Antonio knew he wouldn't have much time to "get out of Dodge", perhaps a couple of weeks at most as the lawyers wrapped up their pointless battle, reams of paperwork, arguments, and such all leading to a blithe settlement at the end

of the day, all so much waste of time and money as legal matters often tend to be.

It was then that he actively started toying around with the idea of moving to another country until the heat died down, so to speak, and he spoke to a couple of his friends, one of whom suggested the idea of teaching English in China.

He initially balked at the idea, being that those he “was running from” were Chinese as well, but he then thought about it logically and had second thoughts.

First, there was virtually no mafia of any nature in China (at least not the sort we know), the country being ruled with an iron fist and rule of law being of utmost importance. There was no way the Chinese would allow matters pertaining to foreigners from other nations to be “fought out” in their own country (unless it was done legally, of course).

And second, the demand for English teachers was huge in China, and only growing by the day.

Hence the large number of foreign riff raff, backpackers, students etc. that chose this vocation to “make ends meet” while they looked at other possibilities. In fact, the demand for English teachers was so huge in China that most schools rarely conducted any background checks before hiring a foreigner, preferring to gloss over this most important part of the hiring process in their rush to get the expat on board and teaching ASAP.

Of course, they did do the background checks later – but only if they were not satisfied with said expat’s performance, only if they were looking for a reason to fire him as it were.

And in most cases of course they could find nothing, and had to find other ways of sacking the errant (in their book, of course) teacher.

But for the most part, it was all a massive sham engineered to have a white face in front of Chinese students for a year or so before said “white face” got tired of dealing with the nonsense one has to put up with on a daily basis as a foreigner teaching English full time in China does (and yours truly can almost see anyone reading that’s done this full time for any length of time nodding in agreement), and the hunt for another “face” begun.

And these lax hiring procedures have meant that, as of late, criminals of all hues, colours and nationalities have found their way into China, almost all of them as “English teachers”.

In fact, there have been cases of convicted paedophiles from “native English speaking nations”, no less, teaching English in kindergartens (again, no less) in China for *years* before they were found out, and even then it was only when they turned themselves in that justice finally started to be meted out.

(Author’s note: That last sentence is not fiction – it is *true* – and while I do not feel the urge to devote space to it here, a quick Internet search will quickly reveal the facts I have referred to above).

And so it was that he decided to take up a job teaching English in Shenzhen, the boom town right next to Hong Kong, one of the showpieces of China’s new “shiny” economy and growing prowess and presence on the world stage.

Fuck, fuckity, *fuck*, said Antonio to himself, wiping the sweat off his brow irritably.

It was around 1 P.M. on a muggy June afternoon as the kids around him screamed and yelled at the top of their lungs, all kids between the ages of 4-6, boisterous and noisy as kids of that age tend to be, as they threw their Lego sets, puzzles and games all

over the room – stuff that he'd have to pick up later to get ready for the next class.

And of course that is what the parents of these “little emperors” (as they are so often referred to in China, the Chinese equivalent of the English saying “spoilt brats”) were paying for, to have a “foreigner” (albeit not a white one in this case, but a fairly good looking and “light” skinned one) play the fool with their kids, learning English being the last thing on their minds as each sought to outdo the other in terms of bragging rights.

Not quite what he was used to, he thought, his mind flicking back to the many expensive lunches he used to have with his partners in crime in New York, as he aimed an ungainly swipe at “Chee Han”, a particularly annoying kid that seemed intent on running around the room at odd times screeching “How are you” at the top of his lungs as a parrot might, the term for some reason endearing itself to him.

But both he and “Chee Han” knew that he wouldn't dare to actually strike him physically as that would mean the parents removing him from the school instantly (unless of course there was a valid reason for the “spank”, and to many Chinese parents, indiscipline isn't one of those reasons).

And there went the big bucks the school got from the parents, bucks that paid his salary as well.

A pithy, trifling amount, 10,000 RMB (Chinese Yuan) a month all inclusive for about 25-30 hours of work a week, plus a crappy two bedroom apartment with all utilities and Internet connection paid-for (another crappy one, as these schools generally go for the cheapest options).

As they say, “Ain't nothing free in life”.

And so he had to put up with it, but a month or so into his new job, he was already starting to get sick of all the nonsense he dealt with on a daily basis, not to mention the fact that the air-conditioners in the school tended to conk out at the hottest parts of the day, since the owner had apparently not gotten them “serviced” in years.

Of course the schools were being run in a typically Chinese capitalist fashion, the overriding mandate being “profit”, and if they could save a few bucks on something as trifling as servicing the air-conditioners regularly, they’d do it happily, reasoning (in a rather annoying manner), that “a penny saved is a penny earned, Antonio”.

And then of course there were the work hours which tended to be fluid, changing from week to week depending upon when the parents felt like sending their kids in to “study”, and he often found himself working overtime on weekends without any pay for the extra hours put in.

And as that class ended, and he cursed Chee Han (who ran out of the door giving him a spiteful glare, no love lost between teacher and student as it were, at least not in Chee Han’s case), another gaggle of young brats rushed in, and he busied himself with picking up the used toys, Lego sets etc, preparing himself for another hour of torture.

Fuck, he thought again. This can’t go on forever!

But what he didn’t know is that his annoyance was plain to the students, some of whom had already complained to their parents about “the teacher that didn’t sing and dance with them despite the promises being made”.

Initially the school shrugged aside the complaints, knowing that most expats took a while to get used to this sort of annoying environment, especially the serious teachers who were usually

flabbergasted at the fact that actually (gasp!) *teaching the language* to “young and willing minds” was the very last priority during the workday.

And in many cases the students were just too rowdy to be controlled, and discipline was required in some cases, and the school was prepared to duke it out with the parents – but again, to a degree.

At the end of the day, it was MONEY that everyone, most of all the school, was concerned about.

And if it got to the point that parents were routinely complaining (a sure precursor to them dragging their kids out of said school and dumping them into another, a task which was pretty easy given the number of schools competing for these kids) about a teacher, then at the end of the day the teacher got the sack, regardless of whether or not he was in the right or not.

It happened without warning one day as Antonio was called out of his morning classes by the owner of the school wanting a “meeting” with him.

This by itself was nothing out of the ordinary, of course, at least not the “meeting” part, but the timing was odd, Antonio noticed, as they usually scheduled such meetings at the end of the workday, after classes (this so the parents would not gripe about the time they had paid for being devoted to internal meetings, albeit meetings that were convened with the purpose of benefiting the student in the long run as opposed to the teacher).

It was July 10th, he noticed idly. Payday, a day which rarely excited him (as opposed to some of the other expats he worked with for whom even a monthly wage of 10,000 RMB was a lot of money) these days...

Wouldn't surprise me if the clown says salaries are late, he thought irritably as he settled down into his chair as the diminutive, bespectacled Chinese man in front of him looked at him.

And without preamble, much like the abruptly written termination letter he received at his previous job, he learnt he was wrong.

"We cannot have you as an English teacher any longer, Antonio", said the owner of the school who the teachers usually referred to as "Mr. Hua".

"Huh?"

"We did a background check on you, a check that was, uh, delayed due to unavoidable circumstances (here he looked at Antonio as if to say, "yeah, that's bull shit, we both know it, but what are you going to do about it"), and that check revealed that you are a fraudster, a potential fraudster at the very least, accused, and probably rightfully so of embezzling millions of dollars from some businesswoman in the States".

Antonio sighed wearily, massaging his temples.

"Yeah, we both know that *now*, Mr. Hua.", he said, as if as an after-statement.

And then, he looked his boss straight in the eyes, and asked him the real question.

"How many "Chee Han's" are there, Mr. Hua?"

The shifty eyes stared at him without responding, the gaze probing yet not revealing, cunning yet silent, as if the owner of the eyes had read a few chapters on willing battles (albeit verbal

in this case) from the famous “The Art of War”, written by Sun Tzu, an ancient Chinese military general.

“There are many complaints, Antonio, and you know that while we put up with complaints to a degree, and even brush them aside at times, recurring complaints can get to be a financial pain in the ass”, he finally said, clasp ing his fingers together and looking at the teacher he had just fired.

Antonio suddenly felt this ridiculous urge to laugh out loud, looking at the little Chinese man in front of him using the term “pain in the ass”, the accent and his obvious difficulty at speaking English being painfully apparent.

But he controlled himself, and the gravity of the situation soon flooded him.

What the fuck do I do *now*, he wondered. Another job teaching English? How long before THEY end up firing me?

“Antonio...” his boss spoke again, and he looked at him, brow furrowed with worry.

“We won’t cancel your working visa. And we’ll pay you until today, including for these 10 days”.

Great, Antonio thought. 10 *fucking* days’ worth of salary, and he’s acting like I won the goddamned lottery, for fuck’s sake!

But being the hustler he was at heart he made a last ditch attempt to salvage his job, even though he knew it was impossible.

“Mr. Hua...Can we try this again? Let me figure out how to better handle these rowdy kids, and, and...”his voice trailed off, as he felt silly for saying what he was, a former high roller being forced to grovel for “scraps” in front of a man who had never even

probably *heard* of, let alone seen or actually handled as much money as he used to earn on a weekly basis back in the day.

As he looked into Mr. Hua's eyes, he thought he saw a glimmer of sympathy there, a degree of compassion even, perhaps, for the foreigner being so rudely fired from his position.

But it disappeared as quickly as it came, being replaced by the inscrutable stare that the Chinese can put on at times, sort of like a mask revealing their inner feelings, a mask which even the most experienced of interrogators or psychologists, as the case might have a tough time tunnelling through.

And as he rose to leave, he heard Mr. Hua telling him he could collect his dues in cash from the HR manager and he nodded idly, his mind pre-occupied with thoughts of "what now".

"This lady, Antonio..." a quiet, yet curious voice spoke behind him as he realized Mr. Hua had risen to "show him the way out", something that might be considered rude in some cultures, but it wasn't so in China, the other person showing respect for the employee he had fired, so to speak.

Or, as Antonio thought, "literally showing me the way out".

As they say, there are many different ways of looking at the same thing!

But he didn't know what his former boss (there seems to be a long and as of late, unending line of people vying to get the "exalted" status of "*former* boss" when it comes to me, he thought bitterly) was talking about.

"Lady? What lady?"

“The lady, the Chinese businesswoman, Antonio...” looking at him searchingly, and if his mind hadn’t been so preoccupied with future worries, he’d have understood instantly.

“Mr. Hua, what lady, for God’s sake”, he began, but his voice died down as he finally understood as Mr. Hua just kept staring at him in that annoyingly knowing, yet inscrutable manner, almost like a farmer looking at a prize hen, wondering how much it would sell for in the market, the hen being of course blissfully unaware of its eventual fate.

“Oh, her”, he said, his voice faltering.

How the fuck do they know about her, he thought, but then he instantly chided himself for asking the question, knowing that the background check must have revealed her name.

And funny as it might sound, he hadn’t devoted much thought at all to the Chinese woman whose money he had so gleefully “toyed” with, and neither had she been really vocal about the whole deal, at least not to him directly.

But being direct isn’t always the best way to conquer one’s enemy, and the indirect way is often far more painful and long lasting for the unfortunate soul that war is being waged upon, and he was about to find that out.

Neither did he notice that Mr. Hua had referred to her as the “Chinese” businesswoman, rather than “Chinese American” businesswoman, something that might not sound too ominous to the average reader, but those well versed with China and Chinese culture will know what he meant.

The Chinese, for the most part, treat their brethren as a *Chinese* person first and foremost; regardless of what country that person belongs to, nationality being an annoying “secondary issue” at times.

In other words, once a Chinese person, *always* a Chinese person.

Anyway, he remembered her now, outwardly plain and unassuming, and he suddenly felt a little tense, though he wasn't sure why.

Though he knew that no Mafioso from anywhere would dare to show up in a country as strictly governed as the People's Republic of China, Mr. Hua's tone and searching glance clearly told him that there *was* something to worry about, no words necessary to expression his feelings.

"She's a powerful woman, Antonio. Friends in many places from what I've heard, and..."

Here he paused, and a nameless feeling of dread suddenly swept over Antonio, though again, the logical part of his brain did not understand why.

(And if he had devoted more thought to the "Chinese" businesswoman part detailed above, he'd feel positively petrified at that point, but of course he didn't, not being *that* well versed with Chinese culture at that point).

"Being too smart is never a good thing, Antonio", he said quietly, almost in a sympathetic manner, so that Antonio could do nothing but agree with the implied jibe, the older man's tone being way too polite for him to outwardly disagree with him.

"As they say, never get too smart".

"*Never get too smart*", he repeated, as if in a trance, still staring at Antonio.

And the "meeting" was over after that, as Antonio shuffled over to the makeshift HR department, where he was handed his pay in a faded paper envelope.

And that was that, as he walked out of the school, one part of him glad that he didn't have to deal with these school kids any longer, another part of him saying that this "break" was only temporary, and he'd probably end up with a bunch of even rowdier kids when he found another position.

But what he was thinking about most were Mr. Hua's parting thoughts.

Never get too smart, Antonio.

Never get too smart!

Chapter Four

The Gigolo

The air-conditioning in the Shenzhen restaurant hummed powerfully, keeping the heat of what was otherwise a horribly stifling and humid August afternoon, even by southern Chinese standards, out of the well-populated restaurant renowned locally for its sea food.

But not the sort of seafood that most Westerners are used to, Southern Chinese cuisine being very different in all regards from Western cuisine.

Not to get into all the gory details here, but suffice it to say that if it walks, moves or breathes, the Chinese, especially those in Guangdong province (Southern China) and Hong Kong, will eat it with great gusto and relish.

Fried cockroaches, cats, even huge sewer rats, horses, dogs, you name it, and they eat it.

In terms of seafood, the list is a little less shocking, but only because Westerners themselves eat a variety of seafood.

And delicacies such as “shark fin” soup which the average Westerner might protest against, said taste quite obviously leading to the demise of shark numbers across the globe, and “live fish” (a Japanese speciality popular in certain parts of China where folks literally cut into a fish *that is still alive* before eating it *live*) are but some of the items on the menu that the average Westerner would find repugnant and abhorrent.

Not so the Chinese though, and today there was a whole bunch of diners pointing at the walls of the restaurant which were literally styled like an aquarium, with live fish swimming around the

walls, ready to be picked out and cooked per the diner's preferences.

Usually bony fish with not a lot of flesh, NOT the sort of sea food a Westerner would normally choose to eat!

And a lot of folks entering the restaurant would notice an olive skinned man sitting with a fat Chinese woman, the latter clearly his senior in terms of age, digging in gleefully into the assortment of dishes piled in front of her, the former glumly nit picking at the food, but swigging from his beer with far greater gusto.

They'd also notice the obvious disparity in looks, physique and overall appearance, the "olive skinned man" far more handsome in all regards than the older woman he was with, sort of like the young white American women that the rich Chinese factory bosses used to hire as "trophy" girls to be paraded around business meetings, conferences, client visits etc.

Except in this case it was an older Chinese women hiring a "trophy man", a professional gigolo at that to keep her "satisfied", though of course the onlookers didn't know the nature of or even what the man's profession was.

And the "olive skinned" man continued to pluck glumly at the food, a pleasant smile on his face regardless of his obvious dislike of the food, a dislike that was totally and completely ignored by the older woman in front of him.

After all, they weren't dining together out of choice, or, to be precise, Antonio certainly wasn't here "by choice".

He was there because it was his job to be there – a job that is despised and looked down upon as being unworthy of a "real" man, unworthy of even the respect grudgingly and very sparingly afforded to female (or male) prostitutes.

But a job that is necessary regardless of its perceived social standing and “skills” that were in increasing demand in China, especially amongst the newly moneyed class.

The skills of a professional male escort (usually a male prostitute as well), an escort whose job it was to be a “trophy boy”, a younger male in good condition, both physically and otherwise (in bed) to “escort” older ladies in dire need of female company, a “grey” industry not often advertised, but growing in size and volume with each passing day.

In other words, the skills of a successful gigolo, which Antonio had grudgingly become.

And as he picked at the bony fish sparingly, struggling to control his annoyance by downing copious quantities of the Chinese beer that accompanies most meals in China, he wondered just how things had come to pass the way they had.

From a Wall Street professional (albeit a crooked one, he thought wryly), to an English teacher in China, a job which lasted barely a month or so, and now...this job, this awful job that he hated, but a job that he stayed in only because it afforded him some “sanctuary” from “the long arm of the Mafia” back home in the States.

And he cursed the day he had ever played with Tina’s money, remembering the look his “then boss” gave him.

Don’t do it, Antonio. It’s not going to work this time.

The words stood out in bold relief in his memory though they had never been uttered, a look being enough for both men to understand what was being said (or implied, as the case might be).

Never get too smart, Antonio...

After being fired from his last job, he had briefly considered taking up another teaching job, of which there seemed to literally be heaping platefuls of (no puns intended), all small schools or training centres desperately looking for teachers, but all with the same crappy, or in some case crappier work conditions than the last school he had taught (that term is being used sparingly!) at.

But he discarded the idea shortly, knowing that more complaints would come from the parents, as handling roomfuls of noisy kids (that expected royal treatment at times) did NOT come naturally to him, and that he could never do what didn't come naturally to him on a long term basis without problems accruing.

And he started to look at other methods of making money in the new and strange land he had chosen to “seek shelter in”, a land whose ways were strange and mysterious to him initially, but which he started to gradually understand as time went by.

The women were plentiful, he noticed, and every ready to throw themselves at a foreigner (if just to get the coveted foreign passport and then discard the husband), and the foreigners here, at least most of them, were equally ready to reciprocate, grateful for a break from the nagging spouse and kids at home.

But the one thing that most male foreigners love and come to China for didn't seem quite as appealing to Antonio, as Chinese women were *not*, to put it mildly, his “bowl of soup”.

Of course, one often has to do what one doesn't want to do to survive, and even in those relatively recession free times, Antonio found that the gigs that paid the best, and were the most “stable” for a foreigner without any real skills other than finance (and that was a no-no for him in China as well, most of the major firms refusing to hire him for the same reason that they didn't back home after his stint with Lehmann Brothers ended) were often the ones he despised, and didn't want to do.

And such a “gig” was being a gigolo, a foreign male face happy to escort the scores of Chinese women around who couldn’t find the right man to do it, or, and this would probably be a better way to put it, those that wanted a man *submissive* to their every need with them, if just for a period of time.

Of course it wouldn’t be so bad if it was just “being” with them, but “being” involved sexual relations as well, and that was the nastiest part of the job to him, bedding unattractive Chinese women on a regular basis, and being treated as little more than a plaything and a prostitute (much like scores of young women in China were on a regular basis).

Much like he treated Sandra, her of the amazing blowjobs in the car, he thought bitterly.

But at the end of the day it paid far better than the idiotic English teaching jobs he had taken up, and provided the women he escorted didn’t complain (and most didn’t, being happy to have a relatively handsome male foreign face escorting them), his job was far more “secure” as well.

Of course, it was a “grey” job, meaning there was no security in terms of his visa being renewed next year (his current visa still the same as the school had procured for him, meaning he could legally only work for that school), but he wasn’t looking that far ahead, figuring he’d find a way around that as well.

After all, that’s what a hustler does, find a way around things, find a way to get things accomplished...

“Oh, *Tony* (the name he used in China, Antonio apparently being too complicated for the locals to pronounce)”, the woman said, sitting back, licking her lips with relish not just because of the dinner she just had, but because of what awaited her *afterwards*.

A two hour romp in bed with this deliciously sexy (to her) man, she thought, and I can ask him to eat me out for the entirety of those two hours if I want to!

A far cry from the submissive Chinese woman most men here expect, she thought smugly.

And her smug expression was in part matched by the general gloominess (albeit well hidden) that seemed to envelop Antonio as soon as this part of his job needed to be done, something he absolutely hated, especially when it came to eating these women out.

But every cloud has a silver lining, and there was one here too, or so he thought.

Much like he would in case of a regular job teaching English, he had “options” here too, those being to work for other companies (or other “bathhouses”) in the same field of work, offering the same services to women that needed it, excepting for higher pay.

And though he was making decent money escorting the women around at this job, one of these very women had let on to the fact that there were other, more lucrative opportunities that abounded in Shenzhen, that strange mix of frontiersville and modernity.

Some of which even offered a “salary” in addition to a “per client” compensation structure, and he had actually been offered a “job” at one such establishment, a “job” he was seriously considering.

And as they got home, and the older woman breathlessly tore his clothes off and kissed him, her breath reeking of fish and garlic, he steeled himself, knowing that her pussy would likely taste just as awful if not worse.

But as he bent to his task, the woman forcing his head down deep inside her chubby thighs, the colour of her thighs revolting him, a complete opposite to his own preference of dark, tanned skin, he comforted himself with the thought that he'd soon be switching jobs, and if nothing else would manage to save up money to consider and ponder his next move.

Or so he thought at the time, at least.

If he had known what lay in store for him, perhaps he wouldn't even have ever come to China, preferring the relative "sanctity" of a jail cell back home in the U.S. to what awaited him here.

As they say, the best laid plans often go awry, and though his plan had already gone awry in terms of not being able to make a (very handsome) profit from Tina Wang's money, he had little inkling or warning of the fact that his current plans were about to be struck down rather rudely, as if by a thunderbolt.

And that too, when he least expected it, in a manner and by someone that he'd never have thought possible in his wildest dreams.

A cunning, ruthless and powerful *tigress* that had stalked and watched her prey for a few months, finally deciding that *now* was the time to strike, when the enemy least expected it.

And it would be a fatal strike...

One from which there was to be no escape.

Chapter Five

The tigress revealed

Antonio woke up with a headache that fateful Friday morning – or afternoon, shall we say, to be precise.

“Fuck”, he said irritably, sitting up in bed, stretching as he remembered the events of the night before.

A sharp, stabbing pain shot through his temples as he gingerly massaged them.

What the fuck have things come to, he thought. Is there literally no limit to what gigolos are expected to do??!

His job, as you might imagine, demanded his very best on the “graveyard shifts”, periods which sometimes literally left him feeling ill after he unwillingly, but dutifully serviced the woman who had “bought” his services for that night.

And the last night was worse than most others were, mostly because of the sort of servitude required.

He had been hired not by a Chinese woman this time, but a fat, rude British lady going through a divorce, her husband apparently having deserted her for a more compliant (and apparently in better shape, from the constant references she made to “skinny woman”) Chinese woman.

And that story in itself isn’t that uncommon in China, with many an expat falling head over heels in love with Chinese women, such can be their wives, deserting wives and girlfriends back home, only to end up (again, in most cases) being little more than human ATM’s and a ticket to a life in a Western country for most of these girls.

Anyway, he took Melinda out to a movie (was that her name? Or was it Melody?)... He shuddered as he thought of her, wanting to erase the very memory of this awful woman, even her name from his mind!

...And to bed after the movie, which is of course when the real movie started for Melinda, when she forced her gigolo to literally please her in ways he had never thought possible before.

And as she ordered him to kiss her unattractive legs all over multiple times (something that was about as much of a turn on for him as kissing a “beached and bleached” hippopotamus’s legs would be), he knew tonight was going to be worse than the usual run of the mill “please me down there” nights.

She had a voracious sexual appetite, and the very first thing she did after their first fuck was to demand he get it up again, and keep it up as she turned over on her stomach, clearly wanting more.

But it wasn’t “doggy style” sex, he soon found out, as he attempted to enter her, but was met with a sharp rebuke.

“Not that penis again, not now!”

“Uh, but Melinda...”

And she slapped her right butt cheek with one fat hand, sort of like a trainer beckoning a pet dog over with a snap of the fingers, and a sense of dread started to build within Antonio.

Surely she doesn’t want me to stick my dick inside *that*...?

He soon found out she didn’t, but the alternative he was offered, nay, *forced* to accept, literally made him want to throw up right now as he sat up in bed this afternoon, shaking his head to clear

the cobwebs, wishing his hangover would go away but knowing that only time (and plenty of water) would cure it.

And that alternative was to pleasure her anally using only his tongue, as she laughed and drove his head down into her smelly ass, the stink coming from her asshole repugnant, his reluctance only seeming to turn on her more as she ordered him to stick his tongue in even deeper.

“Lick my white shithole, you little fuck! Ah, shit, *yeah!* Oh, God, it feels good to have a man’s tongue back there!”

And so forth, until she finally had enough around 3 A.M. and ordered him out of the apartment.

The first thing he did upon leaving?

This was to throw up in a nearby alley as a couple of female Chinese prostitutes playing cards (having given up on any more customers at this advanced hour) watched the foreigner curiously, but didn’t intervene, likely thinking he was drunk.

After that, the first thing he did was to buy a 12 pack of beer at the local convenience store, and he must have drunk about 8 cans of beer before collapsing into bed that “night”, the beers an attempt (ultimately in vain) to forget the occurrences of the night before.

But as he drank from a bottle of water, his head starting to clear a little, he remembered that there was at least something good about this afternoon, this being the day he planned on resigning from his current “job”.

The establishment that he was working for now had no real limits on what the gigolos were expected to do. The only thing they cared about was the customer’s money, and if the customer paid, well, they could literally demand the moon and get it as well.

But that wasn't the case at the new establishment, where though the customer was always king (as is usually the case with Chinese businesses, despite the general "Western" opinion being that Chinese customer service is especially poor, an opinion that is more speculation and based on isolated incidents than actual experience and/or fact), there was also limits on what the gigolo was expected to do.

Sure, said gigolo could choose to extend his limits and get paid more, but so long as a certain basic "level" of service was provided, nothing more was expected, as compared to the establishment he was working for now.

No more ass worship for sure, Antonio thought, shuddering yet again as he remembered his nose tightly wedged between that woman's fleshy buttocks, the pale white skin seeming to envelop him so tightly he could barely breathe...

And quickly, he dressed, making his way to work to resign from this god-awful joint for good.

If only he had known...

"Good afternoon, Antonio", said Li Yao Yun, in name the "secretary-cum-receptionist" at the bordello, but in reality and actual practice, a manager of sorts for all the gigolos that worked there.

"Ready for the next lady?"

"Li, I..."

She forged on ahead, without waiting for him to respond.

“It’s a black woman from the U.S., a fat black bitch, (and here she spat contemptuously), Antonio. Bloody *hei gui*!”

And Antonio winced inwardly at the slur, the Mandarin Chinese equivalent of “nigger”. The Chinese can be a very racist towards people of colour (*darker* colour would probably be a better way to put it), and blacks end up getting the brunt of their (albeit indirect and never outright) racial hatred.

She shook her head, and shrugged.

“But she’s a paying customer”, she said, as if that was the one thing that mattered, above everything else.

Antonio laughed, but in a sarcastic manner.

The woman could probably have a penis as well as a vagina, or none, and it wouldn’t matter to Li Yao Yun, she of the new China where everything (culture, feelings, respect, *everything*) is game to be sacrificed at the altar of the all-powerful RMB.

And as she started to tell him where to meet her, and what “services” to render (no oral service this time, a part of him noticed in a detached manner), he spoke.

“Li, listen to me”, he cut in, rather forcefully this time.

“Huh?” his manager looked at him irritably, much like one might at a couple of pesky fire ants doing their best to crawl up one’s leg.

“I’m quitting. I’ve had enough!”

She looked at him in a disbelieving manner, sort of as if he had asked her to get down on her knees and suck him off, a look that said “what the fuck” in no certain terms.

“What did you just say?”

And as she stood there, hands on her lissom hips, furiously glaring at him for not providing notice (yes, even these sort of jobs require a notice period of sorts so that the clients don’t complain!), he felt a tiny bit of satisfaction run through him.

You fucks, he thought. You thought I’d stay here the rest of my life, didn’t you?

I’m not, he thought triumphantly.

“I said I’m quitting, Li. And I’ll tell the boss myself, if he’s there...”

“You’re quitting!” she said again, her voice angry now. “With no notice, at that. How the fuck am I supposed to rejig a schedule I’ve done up a week ago?”

“It’s your problem, Li”, he said, grinning at her, but little was he to know that every grin, every little triumph scored in these precious moments would come back to bite him hundredfold in different ways.

She stared at him, contempt and dislike in her black eyes, and for a moment Antonio felt uneasy.

“Useless fucking gigolo, can’t even honour his own words!”

She didn’t say those words, of course, but she might as well have. The eyes are often a window unto one’s soul, and Antonio could clearly “see” how she felt though again, of course, she didn’t say it outright.

But soon enough, the expression was gone, replaced by an expression of resignation.

“Fine, whatever. I’ll go in and tell the boss. She just showed up a week or so ago, by the way”.

“She?”

“Oh, that’s right. I didn’t tell you, did I?”

And Li laughed, throwing her head back.

“This joint doesn’t belong to Kevin, Antonio”, she said, “Kevin” being “Kevin Lo”, the “General Manager” (and owner as far as Antonio knew) of the bordello he worked in.

“What!”

“Yes, it’s some woman that financed the entire deal and put him in charge. But don’t worry...it’s not just you that doesn’t know. Most of your (and here she sniggered in a mean sort of way), ah, *colleagues*, don’t either, Antonio”.

Of course we don’t, he thought bitterly. Why would they tell a lowly gigolo any more than he needed to know?

“And now for some reason she’s put Kevin in charge of one of the karaoke bars she owns, and wants to run this particular club herself, get actively involved so to speak”, she finished, shrugging her toned shoulders again, another look of resignation on her face, this one a genuine expression, as if to say “God only knows what these rich fucks want to do and why, but whatever, so long as I have a job!”.

“Wait here. I’ll go in and inform her now”

And she pranced off into the big boss’s room, as Antonio shook his head to clear it.

After all, the history of this goddamned place hardly matters to me, he thought, as he perked up again.

But that wasn't the only reason he had perked up. The new joint that he was going to be working at had made note of his "financial skills" (as he had indirectly told them about) and had already told him that they could use those skills provided he "proved himself to be a valuable employee to them".

Which basically meant that they might just be open to providing him an actual JOB there, perhaps balancing the books, or something to that effect after a couple of months of successfully escorting lonely women around town.

Maybe I'll be rid of this annoyance once and for all, he thought, and have an actual *job* again, and not one where I'm required to teach English to a bunch of brats that don't want to learn it...

"Go!" her voice broke into his thoughts, and he started, much like if someone had suddenly lit a flame under his backside.

"Ms. Wang is waiting for you. I'm sure you'll have fun explaining why you don't want to serve your notice period, but...well, all yours now, *Tony*".

And she flounced off, leaving a trail of expensive perfume behind her.

Antonio shrugged, preparing to make his way into the office, but he stopped midway.

Wang? Isn't that name vaguely familiar?

Wang, Wang, ah yes, Tina Wang, he remembered now. The same woman who...

But he wasn't as petrified at this point as the reader might expect him to be. There are plenty of "Wang's" (or Li's, or Lau's, for that matter) in China, and sharing a last name with someone isn't that uncommon.

In fact, he knew several other "Wang's", he recalled as he prepared to enter, one of them being a Chinese gigolo working at the same joint.

The door to the office was closed, and he knocked respectfully before entering.

The knock that would change his entire life...

Cigarette smoke swirled around the room, the room well-appointed and comfy, the air conditioner humming busily, keeping the humidity of the outside world away from the room.

And a rather strange scenario was being enacted within the confines of this room, the "General Manager's" room, so to speak.

There was a huge desk in the room (that might as well have the words "big boss" etched all over it), behind which there was a large and comfortable leather chair, on which a Chinese lady sat, leaning back in the chair comfortably, her feet up on the desk, exposing a pair of toned calves as well.

A pair of large, but well cared for, female Chinese feet, the soles of which were clearly visible, and dirty, the black dirt sticking to the pristine "milky" coloured skin of the soles, a glimmer of bright blue nail polish on the toes evident to the onlooker.

The woman was wearing a one piece (and again, blue) dress, not exactly business attire, but then again, this wasn't the typical "office", so that could easily be excused, as could the pair of high heels that were carelessly tossed to the side of the table, one shoe resting upside down on the other, the pointed heel clearly visible, the soles of the footwear themselves curiously far cleaner than the lady's soles.

But what the average onlooker would struggle to explain was the fact that there was a man, a *foreign* man no less, dutifully kissing the woman's dirty soles all over, as the woman herself looked down confidently at the man debasing himself at her dirty feet.

And the strangest observance would be the muffled sounds of "thank you, Ms. Wang" (or something to that effect) emanating from the man's mouth as he kissed the dirty feet, each kiss being met by dirty, unrelenting skin on the lady's soles.

Triumph shone in the lady's eyes, and she had a knowing smirk on her face, as if to say "I knew you'd be doing this, you fucking bitch!"

And she took another puff of her Marlboro's Light cigarette, and carelessly kicked the man in the side of the face as if she was kicking a football off the desk, and he let out a large yelp of pain, falling to the ground, holding his jaw gingerly, staring in terror at the woman.

At Ms. Wang.

Ms. Tina Wang, thought Antonio. Oh, no, *fuck, no!*

And the occurrences of the past half hour or so rewind themselves before his eyes as if it were a movie on a DVD player with the "triple speed rewind" selected.

He entered the room in a hurry, wanting to get it over with.

But as he crossed the threshold, he saw that the woman, the big boss as it were, was apparently lost in thought, staring out of the window, long black hair being the only thing visible at that point in time to him, along with the back of the large leather chair.

“Uh, excuse me...excuse me, Ma’am”, he said, not sure why he had added the “Ma’am” on, his voice dying away as she ignored him.

He stood there uneasily, not sure what to say, noticing the plumes of cigarette smoke coming from the cigarette she held in her slim fingers, the fingernails painted a shade of purple, he noticed idly.

Much like Melinda’s toenails were, he thought, shuddering with disgust again at what she had forced him to go through.

And the thought of that disgusting British lady egged him on, even though he knew, that somehow, just somehow, interrupting this lady would NOT be a good idea.

“Excuse me, I...”

“What?” the lady spoke, her voice quiet, vaguely familiar though he couldn’t place it at the time, a sort of quiet menace dripping from the voice, and a feeling of dread spread over Antonio at that time.

And simply describing it as “menacing” does not do justice to the scene unfolding here.

I doubt any of my readers have been fortunate enough to go on jungle safaris in the lush forests in the lower Himalayas in what is now the state of Uttarakhand in India, but those of you that have been might know what I am about to refer to.

Of course, the “lush” forests now literally pale in comparison to the dense, impenetrable jungle that covered most of the region in colonial era India, the time that the great Rudyard Kipling made his way to India, his skills as a professional hunter much in demand in the region.

Much in demand, as fans of Kipling will know, to hunt down man eating tigers (and the occasional leopard as well).

The jungles in these regions were so dense (and still are in parts of the state) that the jungle is literally like a “blanket” that blocks out *everything* outside it. The sun, the “civilization” outside, even your sense of direction – just about everything.

In fact, it wouldn’t be out of place to describe the sensations of entering a dense jungle (replete with various forms of wildlife) as positively *eerie*, a sort of grim foreboding if you were, as the realization dawns upon the causal trekker that he (or she) too, is fair game for everything that resides in the jungle, thousands of hidden eyes seemingly following his or her every step.

And add in the feeling of a (possibly man eating) tiger’s almost, but not entirely, imperceptible growl behind a dense bush, that tiniest bit of movement you can “feel” (to paraphrase, that tiny rustle of leaves made by a tiger carefully parting the bush just that little bit so well described in Kipling’s writings), a movement that makes an experienced hunter literally *freeze* in his tracks, knowing that the slightest bit of movement would be enough for the big cat to pounce.

“*What?* What the hell do you want, Tony?” the voice spoke again, and he shivered though he couldn’t see her, a Southern Chinese tigress waiting for the right moment to pounce as it were.

And he finally spoke, mustering up the guts to do so.

“I’m, um, resigning...Ms, uh, Ms...(and he suddenly remembered her last name) Wang”, he said, feeling rather stupid as there was no response from the lady for a minute or so after that, cigarette smoke steadily rising into the air being the only indication that there was an actual person in the chair.

“Resigning, huh?”, the voice spoke, this time in an idle manner, as if contemplating the pleasures his retirement would bring to her, he thought uneasily.

“Uh, yes”

And she laughed, her “tinkly” laughter sounding about as appealing to him as a witch’s high pitched squeals might, a witch “warming up” to boil him alive in the figurative cauldron of evil as it were.

The voice spoke again, uttering three words a few times, words he’d never forget after that day.

“Twenty five million dollars, *Mr.* Antonio...” she said, emphasizing the “Mr”.

“Twenty five million dollars...” the voice speculative now, almost as if the person that owned it was musing on an exquisite torture about to be meted out to him.

“Twenty five fucking million dollars...you fucking BITCH!” and he started as the voice rapidly rose in crescendo, drums seemingly beating around him, and she turned around, swivelling just as rapidly in the chair, and he was greeted with the full force of her malevolent glare, her anger scaring him, but what scared him most of all was her face, a face he instantly recognized as belonging to the woman he had unsuccessfully attempted to con a few months back.

A few months back, he thought idly as his knees turned to jelly, and he literally shook with fear.

What the fuck, he thought. What the *flying* fuck is she doing here??

His former boss's face floated in front of him, as if in a dream.

"Go somewhere they won't find you, Antonio!"

But she had found him.

"Oh, Christ, what now?" thought Antonio.

"Oh, shit"!

And he rapidly started to stammer out an apology for "disturbing her", it being the first thing that came to his confused mind at that point, babbling away incoherently like a patient in a mental asylum might at the kindly "white coat" administering medicine to calm him down.

"Shut the fuck up, you piece of shit!"

The command rang out in the room, aptly enough, given the nonsense coming out of his mouth, and he quickly acquiesced, mouth wide open, staring at Ms. Wang, Ms. *Tina Wang*, to be precise, sort of like a fish goggling at curious visitors through the walls of an aquarium.

She stared at him, and for the first time, he found himself noticing her as a *woman* rather than a "client".

The stately and "staid" business woman was gone, at least in terms of dress and general appearance, the one piece dress clinging to her strong, yet supremely fit (as most Chinese women

tend to be) body, not an ounce of extra fat on it, the muscles toned yet supple, the entire body coiled like a spring, yet relaxed...

...much like a tigress, the kind we just mentioned a few pages back...

And those were his exact thoughts as he looked at her.

A Chinese tigress, he thought.

Oh...my...God!

And she flicked the butt of her cigarette contemptuously at him, the still alight butt hitting him on the arm before falling to the floor where it smouldered, much like the events in the room were at that point.

“You fucking bitch! You thought I’d forget about you, didn’t you?”

And she rose from the chair, moving to him, her movements supple and graceful, and slapped him hard on the face.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

The blows stunned him, if just due to the power this woman before him was putting into her blows, each slap feeling as if (and here, dear readers, I must borrow an expression from the great British novelist of yore, the incomparable Sir P.G.Wodehouse) “a mule had sloshed him” square on either side of the face.

And he retreated before the force of her blows, whimpering for mercy as she followed him.

Finally, she pushed him down on the floor and he lay there flat on his back, looking at her with an expression of pure terror in his eyes, not fighting back even though he had the strength to do so

(or perhaps not, given the pure physicality of this Chinese woman), the words “Mafia” ringing in his ears over and over again.

She spat at him, the spittle hitting him on the right cheek, slowly moving down the side of his face.

“You piece of fucking *shit*!”

And she bent down, grabbed a clump of his hair and made her way back to the desk, where she made him kneel in between the two chairs in front of her desk, and moved back to her original position behind it, the muscles of her well-toned, powerful calves rippling with every movement, and he found himself wishing (again, in a distant part of his mind) that the women he was forced to “serve” on a regular basis were this well maintained.

It would make my job so much easier, a part of him thought, wanting to escape the gravity of the situation he was in. Perhaps I wouldn’t even resign if...

And she swung her feet up on the desk, not in a “feminine” manner as you might expect, with one foot crossed over the other, but in a “manly” fashion, both large feet landing on the desk with a loud *thump*, legs spread apart.

If he wanted to, he could have got up and looked underneath the dress, and he would have seen she was naked underneath, not bothering with niceties such as underwear, preferring to go “commando” in the stifling heat outside, much like men often do.

An alpha female as it were, with the man she had tracked for six months grovelling before her very eyes, as she took in the pathetic sight before her, lighting a cigarette and clicking a few pictures with her phone.

For posterity’s sake, she thought gleefully.

“You didn’t think I’d forget about you, did you, you fucking idiot?”

And as he started to speak, she cut him off.

“Shut up! Bloody *gwei lo* (a Cantonese slang, slur if used in a certain manner, meaning “foreign devil”)...you bloody gigolo!”

She spoke again.

“I’ve been tracking you for a while, Antonio. I know all about that fucking case, all about how the settlement...a settlement that I myself orchestrated, boy, so I could have my revenge without the “niceties” of a court case, the incessant and annoying media, and so forth”.

She inhaled on her cigarette deeply, and for the first time he found himself noticing her face (her dirty soles dwarfing the “photo”, of course).

Quite attractive, one part of him thought again. And those lips...those full lips...

She blew smoke and continued.

“You see, Antonio, your old boss was right – there IS a mafia link here”.

And she grinned at the expression of terror clouding his features.

What a bitch, she thought, but it’ll make my eventual task easier...

“And the mafia’s code is simple, boy. Right is rewarded, and wrong is punished – all within the Mafia, boy. No courts, no “law”, nothing. In other words, it was between me and you from the day you decided to pilfer my money”.

“25 million dollars, boy!”

“Please...” the words started to bubble up out of him, but she cut him off again.

“25 million, boy! I’ll get my twenty five million bucks...oh, sorry, *fucks* out of you, that’s for sure!”

And he goggled at her, dazed and confused, a bruise beginning to form on the left side of his face where the blows had been especially painful, doing his impression of a stunned goldfish again, as she threw her head back and laughed.

“But a tigress waits for the right moment to strike, you fool, and this is it”.

She blew puffs of smoke at the ceiling, smiling contentedly.

“The head master was spot on”, she continued, looking down at him. “Never get too smart, boy!”

And the old man’s words flooded back to him, as she continued.

“I got you fired from there, boy. We’ve dealt with the school before for different purposes, and we have a fairly good relationship, and when I learnt you were working there, it was just a matter of time...”

And here she paused.

“You might wonder why I allowed you to work there for a month, boy. Are you wondering that?”

“Yes, Ms. Wang”, the words tumbled out of his mouth as if his voice was on auto-pilot, mechanical and devoid of any emotion other than fear.

She laughed again.

“So you had no other option but to become a gigolo, and more importantly, so you couldn’t resign and escape to the U.S., boy”.

“Not that we wouldn’t find you back there either, but it’s so much better to do it in China. So much more...*profitable!*”

Profitable? What on earth does she mean, he thought.

“You’ve already broken the law here, boy, and I could report you to the cops right now, and though yes, there’s way to “officially” prove you’ve been working for an employer other than the one mentioned on your visa, there are many ways to skin a cat”.

She looked at him, spreading her legs even wider so she stared right AT him, and he knew she was right.

A few words to the right officials, a few discreet inquiries made, and they’d have enough for an official courtroom case, after which...

“No need for the family (as the Mafia often refers to itself) to even *get* involved!”

“But it WILL”, she continued, saying this as an afterthought.

She looked at him again, grinning.

“What’s it going to be, boy? Still planning on resigning? Or do you plan on staying here and...making me more profit?”

He was silent, as she answered for him.

“Poor Tony...you really don’t have a fucking choice, do you!”

And her eyes narrowed as she stared him down.

“And *now*, Tony, you WILL make me profit. But you won’t have a ton of women running after you...unattractive and fat perhaps, but you’ll soon begin to see those women as beautiful Goddesses once you know what awaits you”.

She giggled in a demonic sort of a manner, or at least that is what it seemed like to the petrified gigolo on his knees in front of her, and continued in a low tone of voice.

“Initially I thought I had punished you enough, with you not being able to work anywhere other than here, too scared to return to the U.S. to await your rightful fate.”

Smoke billowed at him, and he grimaced, not particularly a fan of cigarettes or second hand smoke, his knees starting to yell at him.

“And I might even have let you resign, and got you back here...but the most important thing here is *this*, bitch (and here she tapped ash into an ashtray located on the desk in an imperious manner, one purple forefinger landing on the cigarette like a judge’s gavel might in a courtroom), that you still haven’t learnt from the numerous mistakes you’ve made”.

“You still haven’t learnt a) not to cheat, and b) to keep your word!”

She grinned at him, her even white teeth exposed, and at no point to Antonio did she bear more resemblance to a human tigress than then.

“But you will, boy. You will...but it’s too late”

“First, though...”, and she crooked her finger at him. “First it’s time to make you do something I’ve always wanted to”

And she pointed at her feet.

“See them, boy? I’m sure you’re already well aware of this, but touching or otherwise “serving” at anyone’s feet in Asia is considered to be demeaning, the ultimate show of respect for the person being served, as it were”.

“Kiss them all over, boy! Kiss the dirt as if it were gold dust, and keep kissing the pair of soles that belong to the lady you dared to cheat”, she suddenly thundered.

And though he was petrified by then, he still hesitated, the sight of the dirty Chinese feet NOT a turn on in any way for him, and the thought of actually putting his lips to those nasty soles possibly even more revolting than sticking his tongue inside Melinda’s butt hole had been.

“Or would you prefer me to call the cops, boy? Or...even better (that demonic giggle again), perhaps I’ll let you return to the U.S., and...”

And he miserably moved to do her bidding, the stink on her feet unbearable as he noticed her clean high heels tossed to the side. I wonder if she walked her barefoot just for me?

A tinkle of laughter ensued as he kissed her foot, telling him the answer to that particular question was likely a resounding “yes, you fucking bitch!”.

And she leant back in her chair, grinning.

“Thank me, boy. Say Thank you Ms. Wang with every kiss”.

Completely humiliated by now, the sight of the dirty bare feet so close to his face unlike anything he’d seen before (none of his female “clients” at his “job” had done anything remotely similar, though the ass worship was something that revolted him as well, but not as much as *this*!)

And it was the mental humiliation, the debasement that really got him, more than the actual act itself as he miserably kissed her smooth soles, thanking her over and over again.

Finally, he was kicked to the side, and she stood up, putting one foot on his chest.

“Never get too smart, Antonio”.

“Never!”

And she stepped on his chest, and over it, casually, as if he was a “stepping stone” of sorts, and moved out of the room, barking orders in Chinese to an unseen person.

And he *was* a stepping stone of sorts...or rather, he had been turned into one.

He just didn't know it as yet!

Chapter Six

The point of no return...NO escape

He hurriedly cleared the table away as the group of people returned to the living room, unmindful of the mess they had made while eating.

A mess that is customary at any dinner in China, especially southern China, with those dining seeing fit to spit bones into the very same plates they ate from, throw out pieces of leftover chicken on the tablecloth, stub cigarettes out into “conveniently” located bowls of tea, and so forth.

In fact, and this is actual fact again, much like the case of the paedophile mentioned earlier in this story, Antonio had almost barfed when he saw the going-on's at a Chinese restaurant once, the bunch of rowdies (or so it seemed at the time) seemingly there to torture the young waitresses waiting smilingly upon them with the mess they made.

How do they get that stuff off the dishes, dishes which are used again... he had asked himself and remembered wanting to turn away and *run*; such was his revulsion, used to as he was more “Western” ways of dining, even though he had heard of such things and actually wine and dined Asian clients whose manners left a deal to be desired. The truth was that all Asian nations have certain... *peculiarities*... which might stun the average Western visitor and...

Ms. Wang's voice resounded amongst the group of people and brought him back to the moment, the group being mostly women, all “business partners” as it were and all connected to the “family”.

ALL of them aware of why the *sei gwei lo* was there, literally forced to work as a menial in Ms. Wang's house, a lowly servant there to serve her in every way she so desired.

And that included cooking, cleaning, massaging her for hours (her feet in particular, a task he hated with passion but dared not display his revulsion for publicly), ironing her clothes, cleaning her footwear, in short, everything a dedicated slave might do for an imperious and overly demanding Queen.

Of course, it wouldn't be so bad if she also demanded sexual services, he thought bitterly.

She's way better looking and in far better shape than any of the woman I used to serve before, he thought, as he cursed under his breath, his hand slipping as he attempted to remove the traces of cigarette butts from the plate he was holding before putting it into the dishwasher.

Of course, he had never been a fan of Chinese women, but things change, and prolonged contact with the Chinese woman whose house he served in, this commanding presence whose mere words sent fear coursing through every fiber of his being if said the right way, had made him appreciate her natural beauty far more than he had that fateful afternoon when he first met her in New York.

He cast his mind back to the day, that shocking afternoon when he met her again, blissfully unaware at that point that she had been watching him and following his every move all this while, right from when he had been fired from Lehman Brothers.

And her words floated back to him as clearly as they had been said yesterday.

"You'll be my bitch now, Antonio. My personal servant...my *wai guo pu ren* (foreign servant)"

And she laughed hysterically at the implied insult. Foreigners have traditionally (at least, outwardly) been given an exalted status of sorts in China, respected guests in a friendly country, and by calling him a servant she was demeaning him far more than the actual word itself did.

“No more salary for you, as you won’t need it, and no more women for you to serve...no Melinda’s, Antonio!”

And though he inwardly breathed a sigh of relief at this, worry was writ large across his face because another part of him knew he’d be wishing for even this sort of life back after a few weeks with her, and as it turned out, he wasn’t wrong.

He was ordered to move out of his place and move into hers, a comfortable and well-appointed apartment (though she could probably afford far better) where he didn’t have his own bed to sleep on, being ordered to sleep on the carpet, or the kitchen floor, or sometimes even on the verandah as the air-conditioner buzzed busily indoors, water dripping from it, making its way steadily to where he lay, the incessant buzz of insects all around keeping him company as well.

When he *did* sleep, that is.

The Chinese love their massages, specially the foot massages, and Ms. Wang was no exception to the rule. There are literally thousands, if not, millions of foot massage parlours all over China where young women (and young men too, though nowhere near as plentiful as the women) make a living massaging their customer’s feet, customers who pay as little as 70 RMB for two hours of foot/body massages.

To be treated like a king, as some of them like to term it as, and it’s actually not a stretch to say *that*, as some of these establishments actually require the women or men providing the massage to kneel on the floor as opposed to perching on those

tiny stools, quite literally a slave serving his or her King (or Queen).

And this love of foot massages was proving dear for him, as he'd stay up many a night with her feet in his lap, not daring to move a muscle except for those required to continue massaging her feet as she slept comfortably, her snores and deep breathing in sharp contrast to his frustration.

Oh, and except for the "muscle" in his pants, of course, which ached for release now that he never had any, even with this Chinese women he'd never have given a second glance or thought a few months ago.

He had been reduced to nothing more than a servant, even lower than a gigolo, who was at least "required" and "in demand" as opposed to a lowly, unskilled servant.

And back to the topic of foot massages...it didn't just end there, as she forced him to give her daily pedicures, keep her feet shining and spotless, looking as if she never even walked on them, right down to changing the nail polish on them daily, sometimes multiple times a day.

This wouldn't seem too bad to someone with an actual foot fetish, of course, as some of you readers will no doubt be thinking, but to a person like him, with no real "servitude" related fetishes, it was a veritable nightmare.

And Ms. Wang had never, not even once, demanded him to service her sexually, which made sense, he thought, miserably, as he started the dishwasher once and moved to the living room to serve them all drinks, see if they needed anything else.

It's strange, he thought. Does she not want sex? Not enjoy it? Or...?

And though it would be a stretch to say that he missed women like Melinda (even at this point), he DID miss the sexual release that accompanied a lot of his “visits” to the clients he “served”, albeit sexual release that was allowed only if the client wanted it.

And the following night, as he massaged her head (while she watched T.V., lolling on the sofa with her drink), he wondered in a despondent manner if life could get any worse.

No, he thought. I’m trapped here forever, and it can’t get any worse!

But it could.

She abruptly switched the idiot box off, and motioned him over at his feet, and he knelt to his task, being greeted by the smell of freshly painted toes and lotion.

I’ve become an expert at providing fucking pedicures, he thought bitterly, what with her making me change her bloody nail polish on a daily basis, sometimes multiple times a day!

She laughed, as if sensing his displeasure.

“What’s the matter, boy? My feet not good enough for you?”

“Uh, no, Ma’am, Ms. Wang, I mean, of course they are, I...”

She guffawed at his predicament, spreading her legs apart as she did so, exposing her pussy.

“Here, Antonio...*here*”

And his cock grew hard, aching for release, but he knew there’d be none, just merciless teasing as had occurred from the day she made him her full time servant.

At that point, he'd gladly service her asshole, lick her pussy, do anything for her sexually, just anything to get *some sexual relief*...

But he knew it wasn't to be.

She stretched luxuriously, the slow and languorous manner in which she did so reminding him of a cat again...a *tigress* to be precise.

And abruptly, the doorbell rang, and he looked at her, red in the face, not so much because he was expected to open it, but because he was dressed only in a pair of skimpy pink panties that barely covered his cock and balls, attire that she ordered him to wear that day, though he wasn't quite sure why.

Of course her wish was his every command, and the terrified "once gigolo" had no option but to comply, and here he was, butt naked except for the pair of panties.

"Please Ms. Wang, please allow me to dress before opening the door!"

He didn't say the words, but he might as well have, his beseeching expression saying it all a puppy imploring its owner to indulge it.

Actually, he might as well NOT have, as a sharp rebuke from her proved.

"Open the door, bitch, and hurry up!"

The snap in her voice startled him, but he noticed she seemed excited, and he wondered why.

And he rushed to the door, opening it, startled to see Lucas and Jerry, two of his former colleagues at the door.

“Oh, hi, guys...” he began, his voice trailing off as he noticed the incredulous look on both their faces, a look which quickly turned into a look of sheer amusement as both tried desperately not to laugh, but not really succeeding.

“You’re really the *pu ren* we’ve heard so much about, Antonio!” laughed Jerry, pushing his way past Antonio, who was rooted to the spot with embarrassment.

And they bowed respectfully upon entering the living room, as they saw their boss seated there, of who they were both in awe but who they now looked upon even more of an admiring eye for having turned this foreigner into, quite literally, a lowly servant – wearing panties at that!

But tonight wasn’t about him, as the *pu ren* quickly realized.

Ms. Wang issued orders to both the two Chinese men and Antonio stared, repulsed at what they started to do, not in his wildest dreams having imagined that he’d be forced to watch this sort of thing live, but that is exactly what was happening!!

His brain spun as the two Chinese men kissed each other and undressed each other, feeling each other up.

“Like that, boy?” Ms. Wang’s voice chimed in laughingly. “I bet you never realized men are into other men as well, did you?”

“*Of course I knew, Ms. Wang,*” he wanted to say, but the words froze on his lips, not believing that his former colleagues were into each other!

They were bisexual, and I didn’t even know it!

But what really, really shocked him was the look in Ms. Wang’s eyes, a look that instantly explained why she never needed him to

serve her sexually, and as if to further drive the fact home, she spoke.

“I love this shit, bitch! Two men sucking and fucking each other, a couple of bitches in heat as it were!”

And she moaned gently as Lucas bent to suck Jerry’s dick, expertly taking the very tip into his mouth, and Jerry moaned, clearly enjoying the attention.

Bzzz...a gentle vibrating sound ensued from the couch as Antonio looked on, eyes as round as flying saucers, completely forgotten amongst the three of them, and he saw Ms. Wang touching the tip of her vibrator to her pussy, legs spread wide apart, the two men ignoring her as they focused on each other.

THAT is why, he thought. Sweet *Jesus*, she’s into watching men get it on. That’s what does it for her!

The two men assumed the “69” position, and bile started to rise in his throat as the two rammed their members down each other throats, both enjoying the attention their penises were getting, male mouths on male penises, sucking each other off like only gay men can, acutely aware of each other’s pleasure spots as nimble fingers tickled a set of balls, or played with the other’s nipples.

But as he looked on, repulsed by the scenes unfolding in front of him, he remembered that a lot of men, himself included, didn’t mind the sight of two women getting it on.

And logically speaking, a woman, a powerful, dominant women such as Ms. Wang...well, it didn’t surprise him that this was what turned her on, two men enacting a gay act in front of her, something that was far more “taboo” even in this conservative part of the world than two women getting it on.

Soon enough, it was time for the final act, as Lucas dropped to his knees, and spread his ass cheeks wide apart, Jerry's pale, not too long (perhaps 5 inches or so), but thick nevertheless organ at his asshole, the head almost touching it, as Jerry looked at his boss inquiringly, and she uttered a breathless "ha" (Mandarin Chinese for "yes").

In other words, yes, go for it – *fuck* his ass!

And he did so eagerly, Lucas apparently enjoying the fucking he was getting as much as Jerry enjoyed doing it, moans of pleasure emanating from the sofa as Ms. Wang used the vibrator expertly on just the right areas, guttural moans and loud screams of pleasure emanating from her as she hit her G-spot with the device repeatedly.

God, she's experienced at this, thought Antonio, looking on wide eyed at the two spectacles in front of him, trying to absorb it all, but not really succeeding.

The two men soon switched positions, and this time it was Lucas ramming his meat, not as thick as Jerry's, but longer regardless, into Jerry's butt as Jerry gyrated his butt, timing his movements oh-so-perfectly with Lucas's frenzied thrusts, enjoying the sensations.

And the *gwei lo* watched as if transfixed, stunned and horrified, knowing that a similar fate likely awaited him in the future.

But as he watched, he heard Ms. Wang order him to kneel in a strained voice, her own orgasm (the first I've seen her have, Antonio thought in a detached part of his mind, a part still able to think rationally)

She ordered Lucas to do something in Chinese and he immediately pulled out, though it was clear he'd rather have continued pounding Jerry's butt, his arousal evident, all three

faces so flushed with sheer lust that Antonio rubbed his eyes in disbelief as he knelt per Ms. Wang's orders.

Her eyes narrowed as she noticed him rubbing her eyes, and the two men walked over to him, their smooth, hairless Oriental bodies contrasting with his own dark skin, two cocks proudly wagging as they walked, ready to explode at any moment.

And that is precisely what happened, as Antonio looked at the two men in increasing horror, sensing what was going to happen, but powerless to do anything about it as the two men approached, stroking their respective organs, breathing heavily.

And then it *happened*.

Spotch! Splatter!

Antonio felt loads of sticky hot goo literally “blast” against his eyes, the two men having pointed their cocks at his eyes per Ms. Wang's orders, laughing with merriment and sexual relief, those medium sized balls seemingly deceptive in looks, as they produced endless amounts of cum, so much so that his entire face was covered with streaks of white.

That detached part of his mind told him that porn authors and the like aren't simply being dramatic when they talk of cocks “exploding”, and “hot bubbly cum splashing forcefully into the bitch's face”, and so forth – it was actually happening to him!

“Ahhh”, moaned Jerry, and he wiped his dick off on the gwei lo's face, while Lucas wiped off the remaining cum with *his* own organ, and wiped the mess onto his hair, as Antonio just gaped, unable to do much about it at all.

And he heard loud screams of pleasure, mixed in with screams of “se gwei lo! (a derogatory Cantonese slur towards foreigners, literally meaning “dead foreigner”).

“Ah, God, se gwei lo! SE GWEI LO!” she screamed, literally convulsing with pleasure, her back arching, the sweat pouring off her forehead, the vibrator still buzzing, tossed aside in the “heat of the moment”.

And as Antonio got up to wash his face, he heard the two men laugh, and Ms. Wang said something in Cantonese to them, after which they seemed to leave, but he didn’t notice, too busy cleaning his own vomit and cum off his face, the vomit having appeared as soon as he saw his own reflection in the bathroom mirror.

God Almighty, he thought, as he thought of the nasty mess “splattering” against his eyes, the stench of the cum, the stickiness, and most of all, *her arousal* at this, and he threw up again, not able to handle any of it.

“Come here, your fucking idiot!” he heard Ms. Wang roar from the living room, the tigress clearly displeased at the prolonged absence of her meek but unwilling prey, and he made his way to the living room, still clad in his red panties.

“What were you doing in there, boy? Were you throwing up?” she demanded, her face angry, yet flushed with pleasure.

His silence said it all, and she whacked him on the head once.

“Throwing up because of the cum – the very cum you should be worshipping, you fucking bitch, and doing it because *I* said so?”

“Answer me, bitch!” she roared, slapping him again, and he was still silent not sure what to say.

POW! That detached corner of his brain sprung to attention again as it saw she had stepped back and delivered a solid kick to his nuts, and he collapsed, the agony too much to even scream out

loud, too much to bear, the sheer *pain* radiating through his entire lower abdomen like nothing he had EVER experienced before!

And as the lights around him in the living room dimmed into one bright blur and then darkness, he heard the all too familiar words uttered with a sigh of triumph, and vaguely felt her spit on him.

Never get too smart, Antonio. Never!

And his balls still hurt as he massaged her feet that night, and she relaxed on the bed, preparing to go to bed.

Oh Christ Almighty, my balls, my tender balls!

“I told you, boy”, she suddenly piped up, digging her feet into his left nut ever so slightly, causing him to scream not with the pain, but the sheer *anticipation* of the pain that might ensure.

“I’ll get my twenty five million bucks...oh, sorry, *fucks*, out of you!”

And even now, even after he had watched and experienced something that disgusted, nay, *revolted* him to the very core of his being, he didn’t understand what she was talking about.

She giggled, a mean and menacing giggle as always.

“I’ve changed my plans for the club. Running a stable of gigolos is profitable, but there’s a new demand in town, boy – a demand that is VERY, VERY, robust, but rarely spoken about, yet there, simmering beneath the surface, just *waiting* to be tapped, you little fuck!”

That sense of doom and foreboding rose within him again, and he kept rubbing her feet, wishing she'd go to sleep, wishing he wouldn't have to hear it tonight...

“A demand for men...to service men, Antonio”, she said quietly, and the animal like lust in her voice as she said those words shocked him as it had a couple of hours before.

God, she's really into this, he thought, the bile rising in his mouth yet again as he now realized he was literally, to borrow a phrase from the esteemed Mr. Wodehouse again, “facing a fate worse than death”.

“There's so many gay men in China, Antonio. The culture here doesn't allow them to express their feelings openly, but believe you me, they'll pay, and pay big bucks for men to service them on a regular basis”.

AAHHH!

He roared in pain as she dug a toenail into his balls, and she laughed.

“Especially foreign trash like you. A foreign mouth on their Chinese pleasure rods, boy! And a foreign ass for them to fuck!”

And the vomit rose up in his throat yet again as he imagined sucking on another man's “pleasure rod”, let alone being fucked by another man, but he swallowed every drop of it back down, not willing to risk any more pain that night.

With those words she turned on her stomach and fell asleep, and he rubbed her feet miserably, wishing a hole would open up right there and then into which he could vanish into forever.

But the only hole that was going to open in the near future was his...yet not FOR him.

His *asshole*, to be precise!

“A male sauna”, she giggled, as she slowly fell asleep.

“Twenty five million bucks”

“Twenty five *million*...”

And his heart thudded with fear as she fell into a restful sleep, the orgasm an hour or so ago and the foot massage she was getting now relaxing her fully, loud snored emanating from her as the servant sat naked at the foot of the bed, contemplating yet another long, lonely and tiring night ahead of him.

And his training started the next day itself, as Ms. Wang brought back a ton of porn videos from a nearby store – ALL of them gay porn.

From that day on, she literally tried to brainwash into thinking about nothing but sex with men (or more accurately, proving randy men with the sexual pleasure they desired, exactly *as* they desired it) all day long, something which she of course wasn't successful at, but something that he dared not show his disapproval for again, lest she permanently damage his balls with those powerful kicks of hers.

And so he'd nod his head and agree when he saw two black men sucking each other off, one moaning as the other sucked on his ball sack.

“That's how it's done, bitch”, she'd murmur, her own voice heavy, vibrator always at hand in case she needed it.

Or, she's tell him to get on his knees and hold a piece of fruit in his mouth, sucking it until his tongue was sore, but NOT being allowed take even a single bite.

"That's preparing for sucking cock, boy! Chinese cocks, foreign cocks, none of them like to be bitten, but they all like to be sucked", she'd sneer at him as he valiantly attempted to keep the piece of fruit in his mouth.

And this, my dear reader is reputedly how female prostitutes in China are often "trained" (another one of those "facts" I keep bringing up at random intervals throughout this story), so Ms. Wang was certainly training him the right way.

Sometimes, she'd get pairs of sweaty underwear that the gigolos had worn, and shove them in his face, ordering him (with a foot clearly raised and poised ready to deliver *that* blow to his nuts, his penis cringing behind the balls) to inhale deeply, and he'd do so, ever fearful of that horrible pain in his nuts.

All of this of course paled in comparison to when she fucked him up the ass with dildos, the pain so unbearable initially that he almost fainted when she literally "ripped him a new one" with the large, curved (in various shapes) dildos she had bought at a nearby store, all to prepare him for being fucked up the ass.

And he'd scream in pain, screams that would only intensify as she sometimes reached down and squeezed his nuts just because...well, just because she *could*, and she enjoyed tormenting this man who had been stupid enough to mess with her money.

"25 million, Antonio", she'd gleefully say as he literally begged her not to fuck him, tears streaming down the cheeks of his face (given the circumstances being described, it is only appropriate to clarify what "cheeks" these were!).

“25 million fucks, Antonio! THIS is what the men will pay huge bucks for!”

Of course, man is a creature of habit and he slowly got used to the pain, though the revulsion associated with performing or even watching the actual act never went away, in sharp contrast to the lust it aroused in Ms. Wang.

But all the training in the world wouldn't prepare him for the real thing – it never does, to be honest, and that goes for anything.

Fire a gun all you like during Army practice, for instance, but it's only after the first kill that a trained sniper really understands what it's like to kill another man.

Lift weights all you like to train your arms for the sport of arm wrestling, to cite yet another example amongst many others, but engage in an actual arm wrestling match, and you'll quickly (and perhaps painfully) learn that the “real thing” can only be learnt through actual practice **DOING** that thing.

And so it goes for a straight man learning to (albeit unwillingly) pleasure other men sexually, a fact that he was rather painfully made aware of one fine Saturday morning as Lucas (the same gigolo he had been forced to watch *that* night, the night when all was made clear in terms of her sexual desires and preferences, and the “mystery” of why she did not require him to serve her sexually resolved in no uncertain terms).

As Lucas stripped in front of him, he saw his unattractive Chinese dick dangling limply on top of a set of almost hairless nuts, a sight that made him gag involuntarily as he was ordered to kneel.

“Look at this, boy! Get used to the sight of a man's cock dangling in front of your mouth!”

And laughing, Ms. Wang took the other man's cock in her hands, slim and talented fingers expertly caressing the underside of the cock head, a gesture sure to rouse even the most dormant of male organs to a frenzied state.

Lucas was no exception, noticed Antonio miserably, as he instantly shuddered with pleasure, as all 6 inches or so of him stood to attention, his penis demanding more as she gently cupped his balls in her soft hands, and stroked his organ with her smooth palms.

And then of course, she stopped.

“Suck it, bitch!”

This addressed to Antonio, who was cringing at the mere thought of the moment she'd ask him to do this, and now that she had...

“Suck it!”

The command rang out, her voice reverberating within the confines of the living room, and he moved to do her bidding, noticing the malicious and excited gleam in her eyes as he took Lucas's erect member in his mouth, the velvety soft skin on his dick and the smell coming from his balls, almost making the bile rise in his throat as he controlled himself.

Just like the bananas he'd been forced to suck on during “training”, he thought unhappily, except this one is far smoother and soft-yet-solid, for lack of a better way to put it.

THWACK! She smacked him on the head, the blow taking him by surprise.

“That's not how you do it!” she said angrily, as Lucas giggled in a feminine sort of manner, enjoying the attention this foreigner was being forced to provide his penis with.

“Don’t you remember the two black guys, you fucking idiot? Carefully sucking the head of the cocks, licking the pee hole, running the tongue across the base of the head (and here she flicked an expert finger across the length of Lucas’s pale Chinese dong again, causing him to moan with pleasure), kissing the *balls*, the love sacks, *sucking* each one of them...?”

And she smacked him harder on the head, causing him to literally see stars, and he knew he better apologize, or else!

“I’m sorry, Ms. Wang, I really am”, he pleaded like a condemned man begging a stern executioner for mercy, but knowing it was of no use. “I really, Ms...”

And reasoning that actions speak louder than words, he bent to his task miserably, taking Lucas’s cock head gently in his mouth, sucking on it with his lips alone, taking care not to disturb the “grape” (or cock head, as the case might be) with his teeth, making sure to “taste” every inch of his head right down to the pee hole which he stuck his tongue into, wincing at the slight taste of piss that seemed to be overwhelm him.

Lucas moaned, his dick getting harder with every minute, a sharp contrast to Antonio’s own “manhood” (if that term might be used here), getting smaller and limper with every suck, literally crouching as if terrified on a pair of what seemed like shrivelled up balls.

And Ms. Wang giggled, the lust dripping from her voice as she spoke in Chinese to Lucas, who moaned in response, something that Antonio managed to get the drift of.

“Ah...it feels so good to have a foreigner suck my dick, Ma’am! You’ll make a lot of money off this...ah, *fuck*, you’ve trained him well, Ma’am! Suck it, you fucking *bitch*!”

And he was soon ordered to shift positions and squat with his back against the sofa, his neck stretched out backwards, mouth wide open, sort of like on a dentist's chair, except here it was only his neck and the part above it that was "resting" (again, if you can call it that) on the cushions of the sofa!

But that wasn't the end of it, as Lucas, his penis seeming to have grown by a full inch or more was in no mood to relent, and started to literally fuck his mouth like it was a pussy...sort of like Jerry was fucking him that first night he had observed the two gigolos together, but with even more fervour, the fact that he was fucking a foreign man's mouth like a pussy waiting to be used making all the difference.

And soon, all that could be seen of Antonio's face was...well, his face couldn't be seen, actually.

It was as if Lucas's ass had taken the place of Antonio's face, on top of his body squatting uncomfortably on the floor as Lucas roared with pleasure, releasing copious amounts of Chinese ball juice into the Greek cum dump that was wide open in front of him, and it was all too much for Antonio who gagged, wondrous at the amount of jizz this little Chinese member was producing, and not able to handle the sheer quantity, the sheer *loads* of cum shooting down his throat.

Dimly, almost vaguely, he heard her providing instructions in the background, instructions to the effect of "swallow it all, boy!", but he couldn't.

Nothing, no amount of training can actually prepare a man (or woman for that matter) to swallow loads of icky ejaculate (unless of course one is "into" drinking cum in which case no training is required in the first place!) streaming down one's throat, not to mention a hard dong head "scratching" the back of one's throat furiously, teasing one's inbuilt gag reflex with every thrust...

And finally, it was over, as Lucas pulled his member out, and amazingly enough, it was still semi-hard!

“Oh, God” moaned Lucas, collapsing on the sofa, one of his legs accidentally striking Antonio, who “teetered” in his squatting position, almost falling over.

Well, actually, he DID fall over, but it wasn’t due to Lucas’s unintentional push, it was due to Ms. Wang grabbing him by the nape of the neck (tigress, anyone?) and literally “pulling” him to the ground so he lay there spread eagled, jizz all over his lips legs wide apart.

OOOWWWW!

OUCH!!!! PLEASE, Ms. Wang, oh PLEASE, Ma’am, Ma’am, Ma’am, AAAAH.....!!!

The screams of pain rang out as Lucas looked on, stupefied, as Ms. Wang literally whipped his balls with a “felt” whip she had produced out of nowhere, each flick of her wrist causing the whip to “snap” through the air, and land across Antonio’s nutsack, each touch feeling like a red hot razor was *slicing* through his very nuts!

And she paused for breath, she looked down at him contemptuously.

“You dare to gag on his cum, boy!”

AAAAHHHH! The whip rang out again, and Antonio could no longer control himself, doubling over with extreme pain and squeezing his legs shut, even that movement causing immense pain but nothing like the whip was!

And he curled up into a ball sideways to escape the pain, but it did no good, as the tip of her whip expertly found that little bit of

skin which poked through his legs and the pain was even more intense this time!

“All the training I provided, boy, and you dare to disappoint!”

And he somehow crawled to her feet, and prostrated himself kissing her ankles furiously as she continued whipping him, this time on his backside.

“I’m sorry, Ms. Wang. I really am!” he repeated over and over again, kissing her ankles, her feet, her arches, and of course her beautifully painted toenails until she tired of whipping her, and stopped, his backside displaying several red welts where the whip had struck it.

“Let’s see how sorry you are, boy. On your hands and knees!”

And he didn’t need a second invitation, though he screamed in pain as even the slight movement caused by getting into that position caused his penis to smack against his oh-so-tender ball sack, even the touch of his own cock against his own “family jewels” making said jewels feel like they were literally *roasting* in the midst of a searingly hot flame.

And then the inevitable happened, as he felt his ass cheeks being parted, and he felt a foreign “object” enter him, and he knew that he was about to complete his first training session very soon, as Lucas’s eager Chinese member penetrated his “virgin” asshole.

But it didn’t hurt him as much as he thought it would, as Ms. Wang had prepared him well for this with the large curved dildos she used on him regularly, dildos that were far larger than the modest (though admittedly robust) Chinese member so diligently working his asshole.

“Fuck yeah, that’s what it’s about, Ma’am”, gasped Lucas, delirious with sheer pleasure, and the sheer feeling of fucking a

foreign man quite literally “up the ass”, but ever mindful of his boss’s stature, not forgetting to add the “Ma’am” in at the end of the sentence.

And as he winced, wishing it would be over soon, he saw Ms. Wang undressing in front of him, muttering something in a guttural, hoarse tone, and he felt the hard member being pulled out of him.

But he could see she was wet and dripping already, except *this* time there was no vibrator in those slim fingers he noticed in a detached sort of way, a slow burn in his nuts, the pain far, far more than in his asshole which an eager, warm, male organ had just pried open, as if with a pair of pliers (no puns intended!).

They made their way to the bedroom, and the first thing that both men saw was Ms. Wang kneel on the bed, as if *she* was the one about to be fucked.

And she was...but in a manner that neither one of the men had imagined, and the command surprised them both when it came, Antonio gingerly caressing his bruised balls, and Lucas of course salivating at the two sights in front of him, his dick so hard one could hang clothes on it, the head proudly pointing ceiling wards, literally screaming “I want more!”.

He was ordered to use his tongue inside her ass, and memories of Melinda came flooding back, but strangely enough, licking *her* ass was hardly as revolting as the other episode had been, mostly because he had been wanting sexual contact with her for so long and he wondered if he’d get some sexual relief as well as he “plunged” into her asshole, and she moaned in delight.

But his cock and nuts, battered and bruised refused to respond, and he soon found himself hating the very task he had been wanting to do for so long, not to mention that...

...that Lucas, unable to control himself any longer, chose that very moment to stick his own pole into Antonio again, fucking him harder than any dildo ever had, and he was being used at both ends literally, as he pleased Ms. Wang with his tongue and hands, his ass a willing receptacle for the Chinese dick pounding him furiously.

I'll get twenty five million fucks out of you, boy!

And as the words resounded in his mind, the two Chinese people he was servicing both moaned with pleasure, each trying to outdo the other in terms of making their foreign bitch pleasure them *just as they preferred...*

Lucas was the first to cum, as Antonio felt a sticky, warm mess “spread” into his rectum as the Chinese man rammed his dong deeper and deeper inside him, sort of like he was trying to impale Antonio on his cock, and he felt his insides literally “shake” with the load that was spurting out of the erect member inside of him as Lucas gasped with pleasure, his grunts bringing Ms. Wang to orgasm as well.

Well, his grunts combined with the talented Greek tongue working its magic inside Ms. Wang’s smelly asshole, of course, as the tongue lapped furiously at the walls of her rectum and he fingered her at the same time, and she screamed with extreme pleasure, literally “squeezing” his fingers in her vagina as she came, the orgasm more powerful than any vibrator could provide her with.

Sex, as they say, is more a mental state than physical, and BOTH these Chinese people were not so much turned on by the actual physical penetration as they were by the sight and thought of a foreigner, a foreign *man* so humbled in front of them, little more than a toy for their sexual pleasures, no matter how base!

And that is what will make me money, thought Ms. Wang happily.

Much like the foot massage joints where customers literally get off on having young girls kneel and serve them like kings, the gay Chinese clientele she planned on catering to would literally blow wad after wad at the mere *thought* of a dark skinned man on his knees in front of them!

But it's not over as yet, she thought. There's one last thing I need to get him used to.

And as Lucas put on his clothes, preparing to leave, a curt command from her stopped him mid-way, and he put his underwear down.

“Clean his cock off, boy! Lick the juices off, and *thank* him for using his *Chinese* cock on you!”

And Antonio took Lucas's dong in his mouth yet again, the bile rising in his throat as he tasted, God forbid, tasted his *own asshole* on another man's cock as he cleaned it off!

But he made sure the cock was clean, as he certainly didn't want to experience that whip on his nuts, that were incredibly still aching, every movement causing him pain, not quite as intense as before, but still enough to make him wince.

“Kiss the head, bitch!” chimed in Ms. Wang as he inspected Lucas's tool carefully as Lucas sniggered, hands on his waist.

“Thank it for fucking you, for providing with a mouthful and (she giggled) arseful of man juice! That's what you will do for all cocks you serve, boy!”

And this time, as Antonio kissed the cock head gingerly, making sure his lips touched the pee hole that was still sensitive from the

two orgasms it had a short while ago, he knew he was done for – forever.

It's over, he thought miserably. I can never escape from this!

“Thank you, Mr. Lucas”, he heard himself saying. “Thank you for allowing me to suck your cock and clean it, and most of all, thank you for fucking me with your wondrous Chinese tool, Sir”

He couldn't believe how easily the words poured out of him but he had been well and truly “broken in” now, and it was showing.

Never get too smart, Antonio.

The words reverberated around the room as he got up to fetch Ms. Wang a much needed drink, and also to hurriedly gulp some water down himself, his throat sore and “dry” (strange as it might sound) from all the cum that had been “dumped” in it.

And the final “icing on the cake” that night was Lucas's contented laugh as he exited quietly, that laugh summing the night up for the two Chinese perfectly.

And there were other training sessions after that, many more in fact, but the “first time” always sticks in memory more than the second, or third, or tenth (millionth, anyone???) time, and so was the case with Antonio.

Scarcely a day passed by when he did not curse himself for ignoring his former boss's words (and look) of caution as if to say “I don't think even you can pull this one off, Antonio!”

And soon enough he was ready for his first customer, at a brand new building at that, since Ms. Wang had decided to rent different

premises, this particular bordello having only gay male prostitutes, and clientele of similar taste.

The first amongst many customers, not quite yet the “25 million” he had been threatened with, but it would soon get there, he thought miserably, as he made all the right slurping sounds, sucking on the customer’s tiny (what seemed like four inches to him, even when fully erect) dick lovingly, as the customer lovingly caressed his black hair, muttering obscenities in Chinese under his breath.

And that’s where this particular tale, should end, but there remains one *final* twist in this already twisted story...

Epilogue

The Russian turned over and relaxed in bed as Antonio miserably rubbed some scented oil on his hands, and started to knead his back as he muttered something in Russian that Antonio couldn't understand.

He was so overweight that the fat was literally “spilling” out of the sides of his waist, his large white ass reminding him of Melinda (her of the hippo like legs)’s ass, equally revolting, but the bile didn't rise in his throat this time, so used had he gotten to asses (both male and female) by now.

“Ah, Tony, feels good”, his client suddenly piped up, and he stopped what he was doing for a minute, surprised by this.

“Rub my legs”, instructed the Russian, and he moved down to his legs dutifully, and winced as he felt the fat literally “move” under his fingers as he massaged him, his efforts apparently pleasing the Russian no end.

And as he massaged this obese client, he mused on his spoken English.

He hadn't expected this client (or most of his Chinese clients for that matter) to speak a lick of English, especially not fluently.

From what he could tell from the man just said, he was fluent in English, even though that English was heavily accented.

And soon enough, the inevitable happened, and the Russian turned over, exposing a cock that was hard again, already starting to leak pre-cum from the very tip.

Antonio started at his dick, a forced smile on his lips, knowing what was to cum.

The second blowjob, and then a fuck up the arse if the client so desired, or another “happy ending” in his mouth, or hands, or wherever the client wanted, actually.

Not exactly a wealth of choices, of course, he mused bitterly, as the client grabbed his head with a powerful hand, and pushed his head down on his large dong, and he started to expertly slobber all over it as the Russian relaxed, enjoying the sensations.

And suddenly, he spoke again.

“Too smart for your own good, Tony!” he laughed.

And as he uttered the words “too smart”, a sudden chill passed through Antonio, and he stopped mid-way through licking the man’s hairy balls.

Too smart...??

Never get too smart, Antonio!

The words rang out over and over again as the Russian muttered something irritably, but the words didn’t register.

Never get too smart!

POW!

The annoyed whack to the side of the head brought him out of his reverie, as the Russian bellowed ferociously, quite literally yelling at him, much like an emperor in ancient China might at a lowly servant who had dared to openly disobey his orders.

“I didn’t ask you to stop licking my balls, you pathetic Greek bitch! Keep that tongue working, boy!”

And Antonio apologized, hating himself for doing so, but knowing he had no alternative.

“I’m sorry, Sir, I...”

The man roughly pushed his head back down, and he was silent again, taking the man’s nuts into his mouth, making sure to concentrate on his job, the smell from the man’s nuts filling his nostrils, but at least it wasn’t as repugnant as some of the other nut sacks he had been forced to lick...

“Too smart, like that fucking idiot Timothy”, his client suddenly said, the words seeming to appear out of nowhere as he was preparing to ask him if he preferred a fuck or a blowjob.

But as the man spoke, he kept his mouth rooted on to his nuts, a feeling of pure terror passing through him, as he knew, somehow *knew*, at that point that this obese Russian with a grip like steel knew about his first boss, had something to do with his disappearance...

“Suck my dickhead, bitch”, the man commanded. “And look at me while doing so!”

And as Antonio carefully took the man’s cock head within his lips, being extra careful not to let his teeth touch the skin of his rock hard member, he looked into the man’s eyes, shame and subservience meeting a look of satisfaction mixed in with some degree of disgust.

“We took care of him, Tony...or should I say, *I* did”.

And he sniggered, as Antonio attended to his penis like a faithful prostitute serving a regular client just the way he liked it, and continued speaking.

“He thought he was so smart, messing with our money!”

And suddenly it all became clear, and Antonio literally shook with terror as he realized the man he was worshipping was the same hit man that a lot of the “water cooler” talk at the office (*that* office in New York!) centred around.

Some vague “talk on the street” of his former boss messing with the wrong guys, the Russian mafia, and a hit man...

*The man he was servicing **was** that hit man!*

He stared into the man’s eyes, fear coursing through every part of him, and his fear seemed to turn the Russian on, as his weapon (no pun intended) stiffened even further, and he shoved the entire length into his bitch’s mouth, not bothering with pleasantries such as “its coming”.

As he did this, Antonio remembered the first time this was done to him, a Chinese penis shoved deep into his throat, the gagging that ensued, an unhappy client, and the whipping to the balls that Ms. Wang had administered, a beating he would never, *ever*, forget!

Oh, God, that pain, *that terrible pain!*

And involuntarily, he started to make sloppy, “sucking” noises as Ms. Wang had instructed him to while she was training him on how best to please a man, the techniques not unlike those taught to female Chinese prostitutes skilled in the art of getting even the most “reluctant” of male members to instantly stand to attention with a mere flick of the tongue, lips, or even a causal finger sliding *oh so expertly* up a soft member’s underside...

The Russian murmured in satisfaction.

“Tina Wang is smart”, he laughed. “She could have gotten you killed instantly, but she chose to literally (and here he guffawed at his choice of language) *fuck* the 25 million out of you, Tony!”

“How many men and women has she forced you to service until now? A million? Two? Or more than 25 already?”

And he laughed again, his erection strengthening all the time, and Antonio half expected him to blow another load right there and then, such was the man’s level of arousal.

Perhaps he’ll cum in my mouth and I’ll be spared an ass fuck, he thought, knowing that this probably would not happen.

And it didn’t, as the man pushed him away, and ordered him to bend over, and crestfallen, he slipped a condom carefully on to his erect cock, and got on his haunches, exposing his (by now) well used asshole to the man.

“Ah, God”, the man moaned as he entered Antonio, who winced in pain, still not quite having got used to anal sex despite the innumerable (by now) occasions gay males of all nationalities and colours had penetrated him.

“*God*, that feels good, you little slut!”

And as he pushed the length of his member in, his tone changed, more serious, yet sounding even more aroused to Antonio who was little more than a piece of meat in a butcher’s hand at that point, waiting for his client to explode inside his anus, dreading the “clean up” that would inevitably follow.

“Feel that, bitch? That might just be the last cock you feel, you little faggot!”

And he laughed, plunging in and out of Anthony as he spoke, his flabby tummy bouncing up and down.

“Sure, Tina Wang hasn’t got her 25 million fucks of you as yet, and she probably never will”, he said laughing.

“But...”, and here he penetrated even deeper into Antonio, so deep that the two men might literally have been “joined at the hip”, “I have a new contract...”

A new contract? What on earth does he mean thought, Antonio, confused.

And why is he telling me this?

And another bolt of fear shot through him, so strong that it made him shiver.

“A smart alec who thought he was good enough to steal a Chinese businesswoman’s money and get away with it...” the man said, menace dripping from his every syllable.

His balls slapped against Antonio’s ass, large globes that felt vaguely comfortable to Antonio, as opposed to the man’s pole which was deep inside his anus by now, hurting him, a pain he had gotten used to a long time ago...

“The Russian mafia and Chinese mafia don’t usually work together, you little fuck, but we do “co-operate” on occasions. Especially when it comes to smart alecs stealing *our* money”, he said, emphasizing the “our”.

And at that point Antonio knew what he meant.

His old boss had paid for screwing around with the Russian mafia, and his protégé, himself, currently getting his ass raped multiple times a day, was a future risk that (though nullified for now) needed to be addressed at some point.

“Never get too...ah (and here he uttered guttural moans of pleasure, almost ready to come)...smart, Tony!”

“Never, ah... *fuck*...!”

And he came in gushing spurts, as Antonio felt the hot sticky liquid spread inside his rectum, a nasty, sticky feeling that he had never quite gotten used to, and one which never turned him on, despite his valiant efforts in the past to at least *try* and *tolerate*, to a degree, if not actively enjoy the inevitable.

As the Russian's orgasm subsided, he started to pull out, groaning as his sensitive member, fresh from an orgasm, touched the walls of Antonio's asshole.

"Ah, fuck..." he groaned again, wiping the remnants of cum on Antonio's naked ass, making sure to smear it with his penis right into his ass crack, to make it even harder for "his bitch" to clean up, a thought which sent another shudder of lust running through him, his organ not fully dormant as yet.

But as this once cocky "whiz kid", reduced to an unwilling male prostitute by the very woman he had thought he'd successfully got up, all thoughts of lust disappeared from his mind, and he regarded his "bitch" contemptuously.

What a piece of work, he thought. I'd kill myself before allowing someone to do this to me on a regular basis, but *this* clown is too much of a pussy to even do that...

POW!

The lighting in the room dimmed as the entire room swayed before Antonio's eyes, the Russian's blow having hit him square on the jaw, the entire weight of his obese body behind the blow.

It was much like a boxer's knockout punch, swift, brutal and usually living up to its description a.k.a "knockout". And the hit man who used to be an amateur boxer "back in the day" idly recalled a few of his knockouts (in actual boxing bouts), as he watched Antonio hit the floor like a sack of potatoes.

The body had of course gone to pieces, too much vodka and very little actual exercise, but as they say, a man's punch is the last to go, and his certainly hadn't deserted him – as yet.

And he grinned at the prone body lying in front of him, the human being he had just fucked so remorselessly little more than an inert piece of meat to him at that point.

What a pansy, he thought contemptuously.

But it might be worth it not to kill him, he thought.

Plenty of “closet gays” in Russia would pay big bucks to get this jerk in bed, he thought, nudging him with his foot.

The next time you wake up, it'll be in St. Petersburg, you idiot, he thought.

And the hit man slipped on his clothes quickly, preparing to “negotiate” his release from Ms. Wang, who had in actuality ordered him to “dispose” of the gigolo and fraudster she had tired of punishing, rather than outright “kill” him, a choice of words that left the actual meaning open to interpretation, and he grinned, knowing that the “new meat” he was planning on bringing back to the “stable” would net him a pretty hefty commission from his boss, on top of his regular pay.

A hefty *commission*, he laughed, much like the unfortunate soul lying prone in front of him had once anticipated...

The End of the Beginning