



*Reluctant Press presents:*

# Oriental Pearl

Cheryl Lynn



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A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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# Oriental Pearl

**By Cheryl Lynn**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Ooo

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

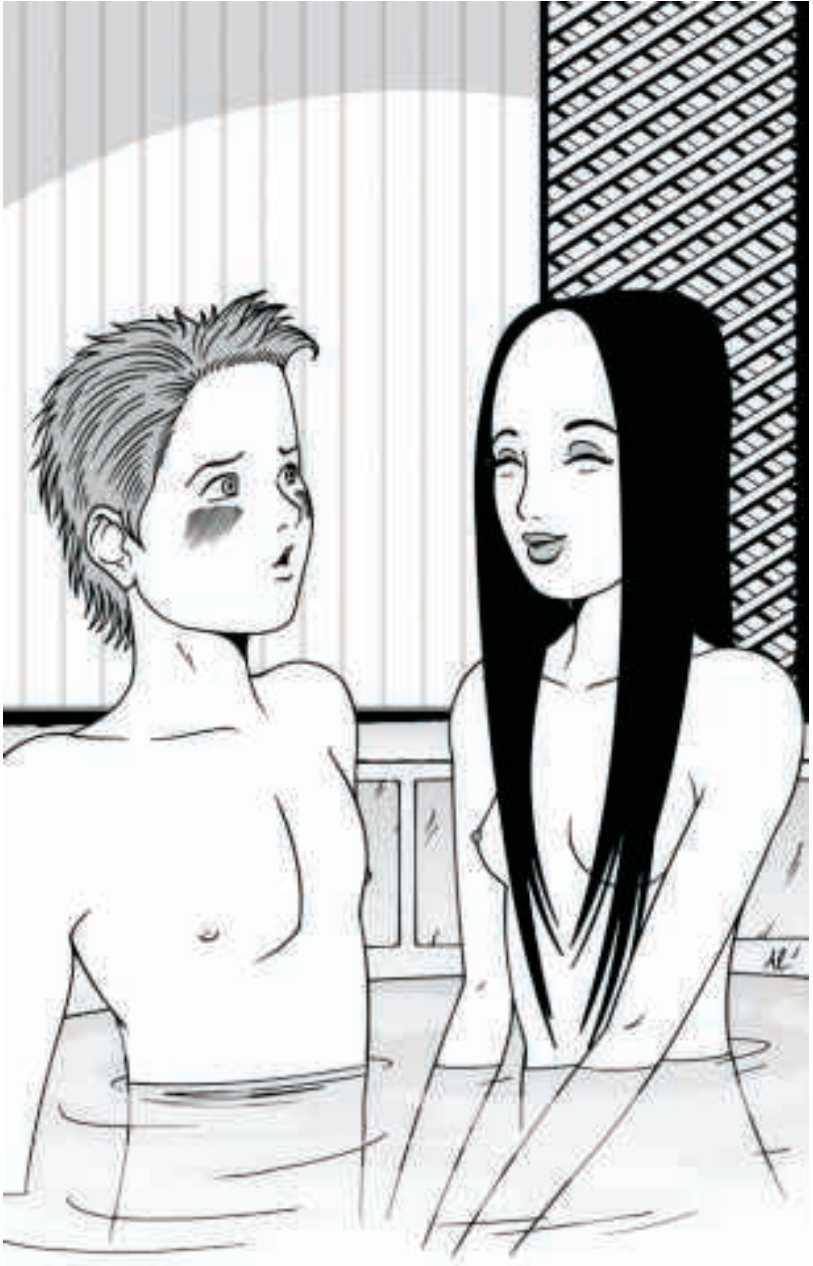
"You like, yes," Sensi said.

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

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

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

"Holy crap!" His mind screamed.



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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Lift foot," she ordered.

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