

A Well Trained Man



By

Freddie Clegg

A New Order Story

Acknowledgements

The scenarios in the tale were inspired by the drawings of Nimrod. His vision of eastern dominatrixes is one that I'll confess to being fond of and his illustrations of implacable, Eastern, matrons that brook no defiance from the men in their thrall have often entertained me. The characters of Madame Chao, Tsai Linn, and Liu Weii turned up in my imagination as a result of enjoying Nimrod's work at his web site.

Nimrod has kindly provided some illustrations for this edition, exclusively for members of the Freddie's Femdom Fables Yahoo group.

You can find more of his work at www.studio-oridomain.com. It's recommended! For members of the Studio Oridomain site there is also a Yahoo Group:

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/nimrodredux/>

The New Order Stories

The New Order party was elected to Government eight years ago. As a result of pro-female policies attracting women voters and political cynicism, indifference and divided loyalties among men the New Order Government found itself installed with a majority that allowed it to put its radical manifesto policies into practice. By establishing a society in which women have the governing hand, ostensibly for the benefit of all but in practice with significant restrictions on men, created a more stable society popular with women and even some men. Re-elected after their first five year term, New Order's approach to gender politics continues to dominate the political agenda – and the men.

Other New order stories from Freddie Clegg include:

New Order, New Opportunity

A Night in The Gynarch Hotel

You can read Freddie's femdom stories at:

<https://freddiestales19.wordpress.com>

The Train Now Arriving

Bernard Lewis watched as the sleek diesel electric locomotive nosed slowly towards the end of the track at platform 11. With a hiss of brakes and a hum of electric power it slid to a standstill, just inches away from the end of the track. It seemed as though the train knew that beyond the buffers was a region that it dare not trespass upon. Bernard, looking back on all his experiences with women since the election of New Order, knew exactly how it felt. In reality he'd not had to suffer as much as some. He lived on his own and he'd managed to hang on to a sponsored job as a station cleaner. He didn't have the problems of subjugation to a previous wife or girlfriend or the continuous harassment from the police that unsponsored men had to put up with.

The driver got down from her cab in her smart scarlet uniform jacket and skirt, crisp white shirt and peaked cap. The glossy black of the cap's peak shone bright in the morning sunshine as it streamed through the station's roof. Once, Bernard thought, he might have hoped for such a job. These days, he was unlikely to progress further than cleaning the platform.

He stood still and bowed his head politely as regulations required while the driver passed him. With her scarlet shoes tapping on the platform, the soft swish of her dark tights beneath her skirt clearly audible, she gave no sign of noticing him until she stopped, turned suddenly, peeled her skin-tight scarlet leather gloves from her hands and struck Bernard across the face. "I know what you're thinking. Don't!" she snapped, before turning on her heels. Bernard watched as she strode away, picked up his bucket and mop and went back to his job.

The passengers from the train were streaming past him too; women, chatting to each other or busily muttering into mobile phones as they headed off to work. They went by with the occasional man following along carrying bags or pulling a trolley. None of them took any notice of Bernard.

He didn't have time to take offence, though. A moment later his supervisor was calling him. "Lewis!" The bark got his immediate attention and he saw she was advancing towards him along the platform. She was a bulky woman in a uniform that was tighter than it ought to have been. Lewis found himself worrying lest in her haste her uniform skirt, shiny from where it stretched around her plump thighs would split. "Don't bother with that," she said, waving at his brush. Then, brusquely and rather short of breath from hurrying down the platform, she ordered him away. "Get over to platform 15, they need some help over there."

Bernard knew what was behind this. Over the last few weeks Platform 15 had been used for a series of small exhibitions. Trains touring the country showing the products of one company or another would arrive, provide a display for a day, and then move on. In the past month there had been a fashion house exhibiting its latest collection and a beauty products company. There was always plenty of cleaning up needed. Bernard passed a sign, "Sunrise" it said, unhelpfully, with an arrow pointing towards Platform 15.

Platform 15

At Platform 15 the regular comings and goings of the stations suburban and inter-city services had been replaced for the morning by a single train parked in the station. An express locomotive sat quietly at the far end waiting for its opportunity to be off along the track in front of it. The train was six cars long; one regular first class carriage, a dining-come-club car, two exhibition coaches that were essentially carriages from which all the seating had been removed to be replaced by display areas, a sleeper car, and two luggage cars. All had been newly repainted in a yellow and blue livery. On the platform beside the train a series of brightly coloured display boards announced the Sunrise Rail Show. A number of passengers were standing around reading some of the leaflets being handed out by four Chinese girls, dressed in the same colours of yellow and blue.

“Ah, good! You come with me!” As soon as Bernard had reached the platform he felt a firm grip on his arm as a woman took hold of him and began to pull him towards the train. She was shorter than him by a good six inches but the way that her finger pressed into his arm, her talon like nails almost cutting through his jacket sleeve to his skin, showed Bernard that she was stronger than he was. Even with needing to keep her balance on high heeled shoes she was still able to propel him forward seemingly without effort.

“I’m sorry, I don’t understand, what....?” Bernard began but the woman was having none of his protests.

“You come. We need one more man. Station Mistress send you.” The woman scowled at him. Her narrow slanting eyes, sleekly black bouffant hair lacquered to almost plastic immobility and sallow complexion, gave her the air of someone who was used to having her will obeyed without question. She certainly wasted no time with explanations as Bernard was pulled along the platform, trying to keep up with her as, in spite of the height of her heels and the tightness of her skirt, she sped forward.

By now Bernard had been hurried along almost the entire length of the train and was pushed on board. Almost for the first time he got to look at the woman that had been pushing him along the platform. Above the tight skirt, she wore a figure-hugging leather jacket that only just buttoned beneath a capacious bosom. Her one concession to the corporation that she obviously represented was a gold and blue “Sunrise” badge, clipped to her jacket in such a way that it looked about to slide down into the woman’s substantial cleavage to be lost for evermore. She turned to one of the younger women, a girl in her late teens, dressed in a bright yellow blouse and navy blue skirt. “Here, take this one. He do for demonstrate cangue,” the older woman said.

Before Bernard could object the younger girl had grabbed his arm, twisted it behind him and forced him off along the platform and up through wide doors into one of the train’s luggage van. Inside, to Bernard’s dismay, a number of naked men were chained to the wall of the van in heavy iron fetters. They looked up at the sound of the new arrival and then, as one, bowed their heads, looking towards the floor. “That right,” snapped Bernard’s captor to the captive males. “You know your Mistress, la! Keep heads bowed!” The girl turned to Bernard. “You! Clothes off. Now. Slicky-quick, round eye.”

Bernard found it hard to reconcile the girl's sweet, smiling face with her aggressive words or her slight figure with the strength with which she had pushed him into the van. She stood hands on hips, square on to him. Her yellow blouse, with its long rounded collar and deep sleeves with three button cuffs, carried the word "Sunrise" over her right breast. Her navy blue skirt was straight and reached just to her knees. She looked for all the world like a travel agent or a bank teller but it was perfectly clear that if he didn't do as she said then she would be quite able to do it herself. The rest of the men in the luggage van looked naked anyway, so it hardly seemed a problem to Bernard to obey.

"You know about cangue?" the girl asked, still wearing the same beatific smile as she watched Bernard undress with no interest beyond the fact that he was complying with her wishes.

Bernard shook his head. Judging by the uncomfortable position of the other men in the carriage he wasn't sure that he wanted to, but he was equally certain that he wouldn't get the choice.

"Good Chinese restraint. This is small one, for beginner like you or for not too big crime. We'll see." The girl had picked up two large, rectangular planks of wood, hinged together and each with a semi circular cut out in the middle of one side. She leant forward and pulled one of each plank either side of his throat before swinging the boards together.

Bernard squealed, convinced that the two planks would crush his neck and choke him but instead there was a heavy "clack" as they hit together behind his neck.

"Now see, one padlock here," there was the click as a steel hasp was fastened through an iron staple behind him, "prisoner is quite controlled. No more trouble needed."

It might have been no more trouble for the girl but Bernard could see that it was a considerable trouble for the prisoner. The wooden cangue was so heavy that he could only move by supporting its weight with his hands and it was so large – wider than his shoulders – that any movement was very awkward.

"That do for now. You stay there. I need to see to others."

Bernard certainly didn't feel able to go anywhere. He watched as the girl set to organizing the other men in the carriage. Two of them she herded into small cages on wheels, locking them inside in such a way that their heads protruded through the top. Two others she locked into strange iron collars. Each man's collar had a heavy bar welded to the front sticking out straight in front of them. The bar had a hinged piece that fastened around the wrists so that the captive was held standing in such a way that they looked as if they were playing a trumpet. In every case the restraint seemed as much designed to humiliate as to secure, a purpose emphasized by the amused look on the girl's face as she did her work and the unmistakable stiffening of the nipples on her tiny breasts beneath her yellow silk blouse.

Bernard was struggling to move around at all when he saw the woman that had originally accosted him and three more girls in yellow and blue appear at the door of the luggage van. "Tsai Linn," the woman called across to Bernard's tormentor, "we need to start. Bring out the demonstrations."

"Of course, Madame Chao," Tsai Linn replied. "All is ready." Tsai Linn and the other girls set to moving the men out of the van and on to the platform. The two in the wheeled cages were wheeled

down a ramp while the others were simply herded out by the girls switching their naked backsides with bamboo canes. Tsai Linn's cane was ample encouragement to get Bernard moving, even with the weight of the cangue around his neck.

Bernard and the others were pushed, caned and kicked along the platform towards a small crowd that had gathered beside some of the sunshine banners. The group of women crowded forward to see just how the men had been secured. Madam Chao was standing beside a microphone. Although perhaps little more than five feet tall six tall in her high heeled shoes, she still managed to command the space around her. For Bernard, the way in which her V-necked, cashmere sweater followed and revealed every curve of her ample breasts was as troubling as the shine of the tight leather of her pencil thin skirt and the way its sheen caught the light glancing down from the station's glass canopy. Her broad leather belt, studded with brass rivets, and the way it cinched her waist, emphasizing her breasts above and her hips and buttocks below just made things more difficult. Bernard knew that the consequences for responding to such an alluring look were usually unpleasant but even so he couldn't help his cock reacting to the self-assured presence of Madam Chao. He tried casting his eyes down towards the platform but found his glance and thoughts straying to Madam Chao's spike heeled white leather and brown snake-skin shoes and the way that her stockings – he was sure they were stockings, he thought he had caught a glimpse of a hint suspender button pressing beneath the tight, fine, leather of her skirt – slid across her well formed calves. That was no better.

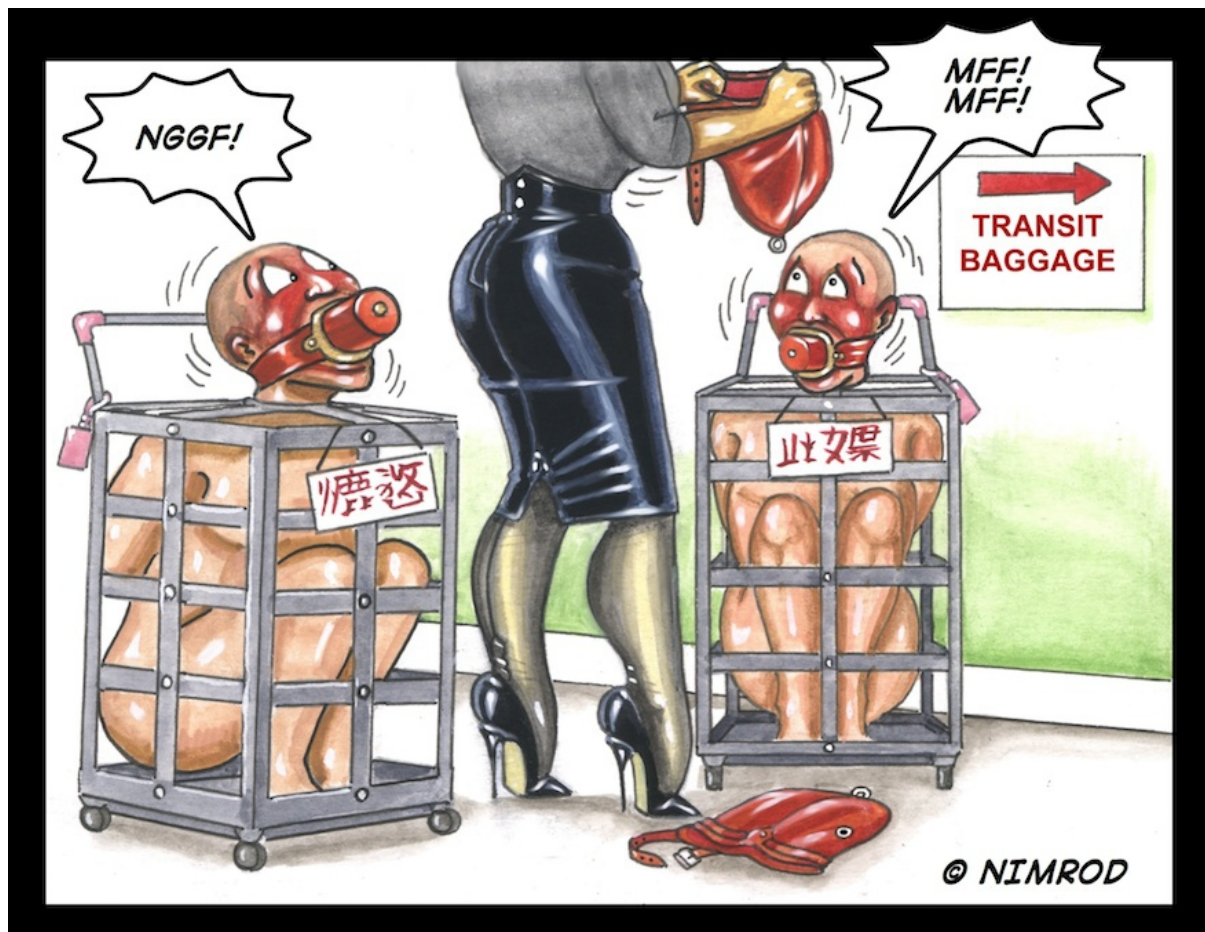
Alongside Madam Chao stood a tall, middle-aged, obviously English woman who was as thin as Madam Chao was rounded. Behind the two of them the Tsai Linn and the other Sunrise girls stood in a semi circle, hands clasped in front of them, smiling beatifically at the gathering crowd. The tall thin woman peered around the audience and began to speak. Although she had seemed as though a gust of wind would blow her over, once she began to speak it was obvious she was used to commanding an audience. "Good morning," she boomed. Bernard was astonished that such a sound could come from such a thin body. "I am Daphne Takely and it really is a considerable pleasure for me to welcome Sunrise Industries today so that they can show you something of their products." On one hand her voice was penetrating and attention gaining, on the other her grey suit, cream blouse, hair that matched her suit and skin that matched her blouse gave her the look of a self-effacing librarian.

The audience was captivated by the voice.

"The Foreign Office and the British Council, which I am pleased to be representing here today, is particularly pleased by the support we have received in putting together these events. As you know, our New Order programme is breaking new ground in arranging the social politics of women and men but that is not to say that we cannot learn from other cultures. Sunrise Industries has been supporting a number of similar initiatives in the Far East and we are working with them to develop similar activities here. I was very lucky to have seen some of their work in China and Japan and I was certain that it would be helpful to bring them here to show the women of Britain. The display they will provide for you this morning may provide you with some useful ideas, I am sure. Madam Chao of Sunrise Industries will outline the presentation and then her team will provide some practical demonstrations. After that you will have the opportunity to talk with the presenters, to see if there is anything from the sessions that you can put into practice in your own lives. Madam Chao..."

Daphne Takely stood back from the microphone as Madam Chao stepped forward to an anticipatory round of quiet applause. “Good morning to you all. Please, first I will excuse English as not my first language. You will see this is not a problem in keeping men in order, though. La!” She gestured to the group of captives.

The audience gave an amused, collective chuckle. “In my province we are not lucky like you to have New Order Government,” Madame Chao nodded towards Daphne who gave a smug smile, “but we do have long tradition of useful restraint and punishment techniques which Sunrise is harnessing for those women that seek to take the lead in their lives.”



Two shaved and helpless slaves are readied for their journey as part of the Sunrise demonstration tour. A slave labeled “This One Insulted Women” gets his hood while “Careless & Stupid” waits his turn.

One of the men locked into the wheeled cages gave a groan of despair and the eyes of the audience and the other men swung towards him. It was clear that he was already in considerable discomfort with the way that the cage forced him to squat on his haunches, his knees practically up against his chest and wrists poking through the lid of the cage alongside his head. It was also clear that he had no intention of having his despair heard, as he looked around with the frightened air of one thinking, “Did I do that out loud?”

“Apologies, ladies,” Madam Chao said. “Most unfortunate interruption.” She nodded to Tsai Linn who quickly went over to the man’s cage. Four hearty slaps on the face served to redden his cheeks and remind him that if he was going to make noises then he would be given something to make noises about. “Now please to join us on board in our exhibition cars. We can explain just how these aids can be used by yourselves and we will be happy to share a little rice wine or some tea with you. Ladies,” Madam Chao turned to the Sunrise girls, “our demonstrations to position please.”

With that the cage men were wheeled back on to the train and the others were whipped on behind them, Bernard along with them.

The Demonstration Carriage

Bernard's progress was severely hampered by the weight of the cangue but the girl following him seemed to take no notice as she whipped him forward with strokes of a bamboo cane that left scarlet wheals across his buttocks and back. In the end the cane driving him on overcame the cangue holding him back and he half fell, half crawled into the carriage he was being directed towards.

Inside most of the other men had been already positioned around the open area of a carriage from which all the seats had been removed. Display boards lined either side of the carriage, extolling the virtues of the Sunrise Corporation, explaining its heritage and connection to the tools and techniques of the Chinese Empresses. Others listed the wide range of products that Sunshine was able to offer, from heavy duty fetters, through to traditional Chinese punishments such as the cangue that Bernard wore.

The yellow shirted girls from Sunrise lost no opportunity to demonstrate the various devices. Bernard suddenly found himself the centre of a knot of half a dozen visitors while Tsai Linn explained how the cangue was closed with its padlock and how an important part of the restriction it imposed came from the sheer weight of the wood it was made from.

"What does the writing on the paper mean?" one of the visitors, a smartly dressed young woman, evidently on the way to some office job or other asked.

Tsai Linn smiled. "The tradition was always that prisoner should show crime. Whatever had offended the Empress written on a paper so all can see. All know justice fairly and crimes never go unpunished."

"Justice seen to be done," the young woman responded.

"Exactly." Tsai Linn was pleased that her audience was understanding how things were done so readily.

"But what do these words mean, then? It's only a few characters, so he can't have done much."

The others in the group smirked as much as to say she was right, Bernard certainly looked inoffensive.

"Quite simple – it just says 'Man' – often that is crime enough!"

The group of women laughed heartily at Bernard's expense. Bernard felt more and more uncomfortable. He just wished he could get back to sweeping platforms.

"Important extra!" Linn said holding up a leather ring. Without pausing she fitted it between Bernard's lips and twisted it so that his mouth was jerked open. His cry of surprise and distress was turned into a grunt by the effect of the ring gag but Tsai Linn ignored it. "This keeps unfortunate from complaining but you see unpleasant gaping mouth. Bad teeth, bad smell!"

Tsai Lin picked up a small cylinder of wood, the size of the hole in the ring gag. “Simple plug is the answer. Push in through ring, fills mouth and presses tongue flat. Makes slave quieter. No complaints now!” By way of illustration she gripped the back of Bernard’s cangue and twisted him around before striking another five blows with her bamboo cane across his buttocks. In spite of the pain, Bernard could make little sound. When Tsai Linn turned him back the audience could see the tears streaming down his face but the only noise he had made were some barely articulate squeals. Tsai Linn took advantage of the pause to link a chain from Bernard’s cangue to the plug in his mouth. No matter how much he tried to push out the plug with his tongue or tried shaking his head, it was clear that he wouldn’t be able to dislodge the gag. “So ladies. Any more questions on how to treat your round-eye men?”



Bernard, in his cangue, labeled as a “Stupid Barbarian” is lead off along Platform 15 by Madam Chao while Tsai Linn offers encouragement from behind.

The assembled group broke out into applause.

“And perhaps you see some of other products,” Tsai Linn waved her group off towards the other demonstrations that were going on. For Bernard the main effect of the New Order government had been a stream of casual abuse and sexist exploitation. Uninvolved with a personal sponsor and

without a long term female relationship he hadn't been subjected to the sort of treatment that was being shown off and was attracting such approval from those in the audience.

He was glad that he had never had to suffer the sort of control that two of the men were subject to, where brushes had been fitted to the plugs that filled their mouths so that, on hands and knees, they could sweep the floor of the carriage by pushing their face forward inches from the ground. At least when he swept the platform he did it with a regular broom.

Neither had he ever suffered the humiliation of being cross-dressed. There had been a proposal that all station staff would have to wear skirts but nothing had come of it, to Bernard's relief. Here though, the Sunrise girls had forced one of the men into a leather geisha maid costume and the unfortunate was now serving the visitors with rice wine, waddling around on high heels, strapped into a stiff skirt that hobbled his every movement. The giggles of the visitors at the way his costume had been padded in pretence of female breasts, coupled with the absurdity on the geisha wig he had been forced to wear, had combined to embarrass the man to a point where his cheeks were almost as red as Bernard's buttocks.

Tsai Linn caught him staring. "You think you could do that, round eye? Sure he look stupid but walking in that costume difficult. Needs much practice. Needs much," she swished her bamboo cane threateningly, cracking it down close to where Bernard was kneeling, with such enthusiasm that the tip of the cane split into a series of splintered strips, "training."

Bernard looked up at her and shook his head vigorously. She just laughed. Bernard felt that whatever else happened he couldn't get off this train soon enough.

The demonstrations went on for two hours or more. For all that time Bernard was subject to the prods and pokes of the visitors, the occasional crack from Tsai Linn's cane or that of one of the other Sunrise girls and the giggles of amusement as he tried to get some comfort in his helpless position.

Slowly though the groups of visitors began to ebb away as the time allotted for the demonstrations was used up. At last, Bernard thought, there was some prospect of being released and sent back to his regular work.

Green Light

“Ladies, quick now. Train to go in ten minutes. Please to put demonstrations away.” Bernard was relieved. At least now he would be freed of the heavy oak restraint and allowed to get back to his job. In any case it was time for the end of his shift, with luck he’d be back home soon.

But he wasn’t released. Madame Chao and Tsai Linn were busy talking with their backs to him as one of the other girls took him in charge. He felt himself being pushed along the train towards the baggage car. In dismay, he tried to protest that he was one of the station staff and not part of the exhibition but the Sunrise girls, unable to understand his gagged grunting and uninterested in any case, ignored him. He found himself in the baggage car being pushed into a low metal cage in the same way as three other similarly helpless males. Once he was secure in the cage, the cangue was unfastened but by the time he had been able to free himself of his gag the train was already underway.

On Track

As the train rattled over the points at the station mouth, Bernard was thrown heavily against the bars of his cage. "Can anyone help me?" he called out to the others in the luggage van but there was no reply. "Please, I'm not supposed to be here. I should be back at the station. Can't anyone do anything?"

The only response he got was a frantic shaking of heads from the others in their cages, anxious that Bernard's complaining should not attract the attention of the girls or, worse still, Madame Chao.

They needn't have worried. Back in their passenger coach, the Sunrise staff were meeting after their busy day. Madame Chao was congratulating the girls for a successful event and tea had given way to rice wine as the drink of choice.

Tsai Linn was giggling with one of the other girls. Liu Wei was shorter and fatter than Tsai Linn, an object of fascination amongst the Sunrise girls because of her unusually large breasts. She'd long ago given up being embarrassed by them, even though they were far more prominent than was usual for Chinese girls, and she'd also discovered that they held a fascination for round eye men that made her job in Sunrise easier.

Tsai Linn felt the same fascination as the others. Of course, Tsai Linn thought, Madam Chao was well endowed too but she was old – at least forty – and she couldn't imagine playing with her. But Liu Wei was another matter. Tsai Linn was talking to Liu Wei in one corner of the carriage. "Come quick. Look I have rice wine, we go share it."

Liu Wei giggled. Tsai Linn was one of the most successful demonstrators and Liu Wei was pleased to be seen with her. She nodded enthusiastically. "Through to luggage car, round-eyes will not mind, will they?"

By the time the two girls had reached the luggage car, Tsai Linn had her mouth pressed against Liu Wei's neck and her arms around her waist. Liu Wei, having grabbed the rice wine was taking a pull straight from the bottle. Already half drunk, she fell against one of the cages as the train swayed around a bend in the track. Tsai Linn grabbed hold of her as she slipped and the two girls fell together. "Sit here," Tsai Linn laughed as she gestured to the cage where Bernard was imprisoned.

The two girls sat down heavily on top of Bernard's cage. He could look up and see the blue fabric of their skirts stretched across their buttocks and thighs, pressing down on the mesh of metal work that made up the top of his cage. Through the front of the cage he could see the two girls' legs, shiny in hose and their high heeled yellow shoes and although he couldn't see what they were up to, he could hear quite clearly what was going on.

The giggles that the girls were sharing as they drank the rice wine left Bernard in no doubt as to their intentions. "You like these, Tsai Linn?" came Liu Wei's laughing question as she pulled open her bright yellow blouse.

"I like!" Tsai Linn agreed as she leant forward to bury her face in Liu Wei's cleavage.

Liu Wei gave a squeal of delight as Tsai Linn pinched the chubby girl's nipple. Bernard could only watch as the two girls above him began to wrestle with one another's clothes. Tsai Linn soon had Liu Wei's skirt up around her waist and was pulling her panty hose and knickers down. Bernard could see the grid of his cage etching into Liu Wei's fleshy thighs as she sat back to let the slimmer girl do what she would. "Here," Liu Wei grabbed the bottle of rice wine from Tsai Linn, "I give you nice drink."

So saying she poured a stream of rice wine down across the dark hairs that surrounded her sex. Tsai Linn responded by burrowing her head between Liu Wei's thighs to lick at her wine covered cunt. Bernard, beneath the two women, could do little to avoid the stream of wine, Tsai Linn's dribble and Liu Wei's cum as the two girls gave themselves over to still more abandoned embraces.

Suddenly there was a cough, followed by a squeal from the two girls. Bernard looked around to see Madam Chao's feet in the distinctive, red, high-heeled shoes that she had been wearing earlier, inches from his nose, outside the cage. "Ladies, I am not sure this is good for our round eyes. They get too excited from this sort of behavior. If you wish to do as this, please do in your cabin."

"Yes, Madam Chao," Bernard heard the chastened voice of Tsai Linn as the two girls got up from their place on his cage.

"Ha! And you do it on station boy!" Madam Chao slapped the top of Bernard's cage with a cane she was carrying.

Bernard started as the cane cracked the bars inches from his head. He was startled by the blow but grateful that Madam Chao hadn't forgotten where he had come from. "Please, Madam Chao," he called up from the cage. "It's all right. I just would like to get back to my job. If I could get off at the next station. Please."

As the train reach a straight length of track the swaying in the truck ceased and the sound from the wheels on the rails slipped away. The sharp intake of breath from the other prisoners and the stunned silence of the two girls added to the sudden quiet in the carriage.

"Tsai Linn," Madam Chao's voice was soft. "Please help this one from the cage."

"Of course, Madam Chao."

Bernard, grateful that his plea had been heeded watched as Tsai Linn hurried to unfasten the padlock that held him prisoner. No sooner had the door been unlocked than he was uncoiling himself from within his cage, straightening up, stiff and aching from his confinement with a great sense of relief that he was about to be freed from the clutches of these sadistic women.

"So," Madam Chao squared up to the naked Bernard. "You want to get off train?"

"Please," said Bernard. "It's just that my supervisor at the station will wonder where I am and ..."

"Quite understandable. Your diligence and attention to your work does you credit." Madam Chao smiled. Tsai Linn and Liu Wei looked on suspicious of Madam Chao's quiet manner. Liu Wei took the opportunity to pull up her pants and tights and to button her blouse. Madam Chao stepped up to where Bernard was standing. "I think we could let you have your wish. This carriage was used for

Post Office - bags of letters dropped at stations. Put letters in leather bag, hang on hook," she gestured towards a large metal bracket at the side of the carriage, "swing out near station. Net collects bag as train goes by. We have big leather sack for slave, this can be done."

Bernard went completely white, terrified by the prospect of being dropped from the train at 80 miles an hour or more. "No, well... Perhaps I could stay on until the train stops?"

"Tcha! Slaves! So indecisive! First one thing then another! How can we keep track? We'll put you in bag anyway. Decide what to do later."

Tsai Linn and Liu Wei advanced on Bernard at Madam Chao's nod. The two girls wrestled him to the floor easily and Bernard felt stiff straps pulled around his limbs immobilising him. Bernard was about to protest when Liu Wei sat down heavily on his stomach. As he gasped in reaction Tsai Linn, with practiced dexterity, pushed a rubber ball gag deep into his mouth, leaving him choking as the two girls drew the heavy leather bag around him and laced it shut. The combination of the stiff leather, the straps and the lacing meant that Bernard could barely move. With little air inside the bag Bernard's strength was quickly sapped and he was reduced to a gasping, grunting, bundle on the floor of the carriage. A metallic creaking sound, followed by the clatter of chains running over pulleys, was succeeded by the sensation of his arms and feet being pulled up and then of him being lifted from the ground. Bernard squealed in terror, convinced that he was about to be swung out over the track as the train sped through the night. Instead his squeals were rewarded with a kick in the arse from, he assumed, one of the girls. It came as almost a relief when he was left helpless, silenced and swinging in his bag, swaying as the train sped onwards.

Let Out Of The Bag

Bernard had no idea how long he had been hanging in the leather sack. The swinging motion induced by the train had come close to making him sick. He had only just succeeded in choking back vomit on a couple of occasions and now the caustic sting of stomach acid filled the back of his mouth as the taste of the rubber gag filled the front.

Suddenly he felt a touch on the leather that covered his face. Even through the thick hide he could tell that one of the girls was tracing a finger nail over his cheek. Then there was a voice, he thought it was Liu Wei, hissing in his ear. "I'm bored station-boy. Want to play?"

Bernard couldn't respond but his answer would have been an emphatic, "no". Liu Wei knew it, of course, but didn't intend for that to interfere with her plans.

"Let's see your man stick. Everyone say all you round-eyes have small ones but maybe it's not true."

Bernard felt a fumbling in the area of his crotch as Liu Wei unfastened straps and zips. He felt cold air on his groin as his cock and balls flapped free from the leather bag.

"Ha!" Liu Wei responded. "Maybe it is true. This looks more like acorn than mighty oak." Bernard felt Liu Wei's finger nails dig into the back of his ball sack as she twisted, pulled and pushed his cock around, examining it. "You men have such trouble because of these. Hardly worth it!"

Bernard was used to scornful remarks from women. Liu Wei's remarks sounded just like the way his supervisor criticised his platform cleaning. On the other hand he didn't often have his sexual member commented on at all. Mostly women showed no interest in him apart from his use around the station. In spite of Liu Wei's sarcastic tone, he felt his member stiffening as the result of her touch.

"Eughh!" Liu Wei reacted with repulsion. "Now looks like white slug."

The train lurched again as it passed over points. Liu Wei giggled as Bernard swung away from her. She grabbed at his cock again as a way of stopping the pendulum motion that the jolt had caused. Bernard gave a sharp cry as Liu Wei lost her balance and fell backward so that his movement was brought to a halt painfully as she grabbed at his balls. It was excruciating but with the gag in his mouth there was little sound that emerged from his leather bag prison.

"Still it makes a useful handle, round-eye. You stop Liu Wei falling over so you are some use!" Liu Wei giggled again, Bernard was convinced that her fall had been caused as much by rice wine as the movement of the train. Anyway, Bernard didn't think it was much of a compliment.

"Liu Wei!" the sharp sound of Madam Chao's voice interrupted Liu Wei's rice wine-fueled laughter. "Go back to carriage! You have work tomorrow. No time to play with demonstration equipment."

"Yes, Madam Chao. Of course," was Liu Wei's chastened reply.

Bernard, pleased by the respite from Liu Wei's torments, only had a moment's relief before his problems started again.

"Even in bag, cannot trust round eye males!" Bernard felt Madam Chao spinning him around so as to see what Liu Wei had been doing. He felt another hand on his balls. "Still no fear you will frighten my girls with this! Better be safe though."

There was a short pause and then he felt Madam Chao fitting something rigid around the shaft of his cock, with some sort of bar or strap around the neck of his ball sack. There was the click of a lock closing.

"La! Now you safe." Bernard felt Madam Chao's fingers teasing skillfully at his balls. As his cock stiffened it came into contact with the rigid metal cage that she had locked around it. He gasped into his gag in pain. Madam Chao grunted with satisfaction. "Good! Girls only play with round eye if they come to Madam Chao for the key."

There was one more humiliation to be handed out to Bernard though as Madam Chao ran a length of chain from the tip of his cock cage to a ring in the floor of the carriage.

"This will stop you swinging," she said. "Stay there to next station. Then we decide what to do with you."

Now instead of the nausea inducing swings ever time the train rounded a bend in the track or lurched over a crossing, Bernard could swing only as far as the chain from his cock allowed. Every bump or sway was translated into a painful jerk on his cock as his body swung in its bag.

A New Arrival

The train had stopped. It wasn't just a signal, Bernard was convinced. They had been stopped for some time. There was the sound of slamming doors that told Bernard they were in a station somewhere.

"Now you," a voice beside his leather-bagged head said. There was a lurch and clanking of chains as he was lowered quickly to the floor of the carriage. Straps and zip closures were undone and Bernard felt the cold morning air chilling on his sweat soaked skin. He was looking up at Tsai Linn as she pulled the leather bag from around him.

No longer wearing her Sunrise Industries uniform, she had changed into a short vivid green silk chipao that barely covered her crotch. Bernard's face was inches from Tsai Linn's feet. Pale tan hose shone on her calves. Her green stiletto heeled shoes seemed to threaten him with a kick or a stab of the heel just by her stance.

"You stink, round-eye." Tsai Linn turned her back on Bernard and reached for a fire bucket hanging on the side of the carriage.

A stream of water fell across Bernard, soaking him and freezing him at the same time. Bernard reached for the buckle of the strap that held his gag in place, desperate to be able to beg the girl for something to get dry with or for some clothes. Tsai Linn, uninterested in Bernard's view of his welfare needs, reached for a cane from one of the carriage side racks and cracked it across his fingers. "You leave that, station-boy! No need for you to talk. Get back in cage for now."

A kick from Tsai Linn's green stilettos urged Bernard across the floor of the carriage as he crawled to where he had first been imprisoned. A cut from the cane across his buttocks indicated that he wasn't moving quickly enough. He scuttled as fast as he could into the cage. Tsai Linn slammed and locked the door behind him.

From his crouched position in the cage, Bernard watched the legs of the Sunrise girls as they made ready for their next presentation. Half expecting to be dragged out and put back into the cage again to show it off, Bernard was resigned to at least another day of discomfort and humiliation.

The site of Tsai Linn's green shoes standing by the door to his cage, told Bernard that something was about to happen. Tsai Linn was joined by Madam Chao. Bernard recognized her brown and white shoes from the day before and the glint of an ankle chain shining intermittently through her dark tights. There were two other pairs of legs as well; one in heavy black brogues, the other in point toed black shoes, both in dark blue trousers. Railway police, thought Bernard, now I will be sent back; thank heavens.

"This is man from London station, officer," Madam Chao's voice announced.

"We understand he tried to abscond. Broke curfew. Failed to report to his lodgings. Missing without permission."

“You need to talk to people at station,” Madam Chao replied. “You take him now?”

“Yes, we’ll take him.”

Bernard felt relieved as the cage door was opened and he was able to climb out but it didn’t last long. No sooner was he out of the cage than handcuffs were jerked around his wrists locking his hands behind him. With the gag still in place he could do nothing as the two railway police officers pushed him to the carriage door.

“Thanks you for your help, Madame Chao. We’ll see he gets back to where he’s meant to be. They were pretty annoyed that he’d gone off without permission, so I wouldn’t like to be in his shoes when he gets back, though.”

Maybe not, thought Bernard, but it can’t be worse than being left with this lot.

He was hurried out of the carriage and down the platform by the two officers, one on each arm, barely letting his feet touch the ground. The group attracted plenty of stares from women arriving for the next Sunrise Road Show, wondering what on earth this male had done to deserve being hustled off, naked, ball-gagged and handcuffed by two hefty police officers. Bernard was too relieved to be embarrassed by the stares and even happier once they were all on a train heading back towards his home.

Bernard was made to lay down on the floor of the compartment while his two travelling companions relaxed on the comfortable bench seat. The two police officers took the opportunity to take the weight off their feet by using his naked back as a foot rest. With his face pressed to the dusty floor of the compartment Bernard could see as little of the journey back as he had of the journey up but the press of the first officer’s brogues and the digging sensation from the other’s spikier heels were infinitely preferable to the terror of swinging in a leather bag and threatened with being thrown from the train.

“That was a beautiful dress that girl had on,” one of the officers, the one in the heavy shoes, remarked.

“What the green chipao? A bit girly for you, I’d have thought.”

“I was thinking of it for you.”

“You wish! Last thing I want after a day of trudging around in this uniform is to get into something tight and slinky. A pair of old pyjamas is more my style.”

“Hmm. Well, do you think they’ll be pleased to see this one back?” A tap on his back from a boot told Bernard it was him they were talking about.

“Can’t see why. They’ll just be glad they haven’t got to fill in the forms for losing him.”

“I surprised he went off, especially with his dick in that thing. You’d think he’d want to stay close to his key holder.”

It was then that Bernard realised that every mile that took him back to his usual job took him further away from the woman that held the key to the cage around his cock. He gave a despairing grunt.

“Oh shut up,” the owner of the boots barked pushing down on his head so that his face was pressed hard against the compartment’s carpet. “Just let us have a quiet journey. You’ve caused more than enough trouble for one day.”

Bernard felt that somehow his troubles were only just starting.

THE END

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