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by
Midori

TALES FROM
DEPRAVED NEOTOKYO

**MASTER
HAN'S
DAUGHTER**

**BY
MIDORI**



**CIRCLET PRESS, INC.
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Master Han's Daughter
by Midori

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MASTER HAN'S DAUGHTER

PART ONE

Floating slowly up from blissful soft black sleep, I come to the dim awareness of my wretched life. No need to open my eyes to know every inch of the cluttered steel container that I reluctantly call home. Hundreds of these stacked up on each other like a beehive, connected by lifts, gangways and catwalks. The sun barely ever penetrates this deep into the res towers. Then again, the sun doesn't often shine on ShinEdo—the synth isle showcase of Nippon's technological might. Most of us living here know that this is just a penal colony for the “nails that stick out.” They just hammer us down into helplessness, into being wetware components of the giant zaibatsu info domain. I write code. Just another system jockey who works too damn long just to barely survive. When I can, I get high or get laid. Both cost a load of yen. I owe a lot of money to men with missing digits.

The java calms my morning nerves as I skim the white noise chatter off the net. Java, jack-in and jack off—my morning ritual. Live feed from *Hong Kong Honeys* is streaming steadily in the center of my visorscreen. I do love those barely legal Asian beauties. This morning it's Sofia from Seoul. Her stats read that she's she's a 21-year-old majoring in pre-nursing at a Catholic girls college. Yeah, sure. Two tight black braids with bows skim her firm tits. She's wearing a blue, pleated skirt with a sailor blouse and matching blue scarf, held by a sorority pin. White tube socks come just up to her knee. She has a Band-Aid on her left knee. Nice touch, doll face, like you got scraped on the volleyball court. More likely she's got rug burned knees from swallowing too many cocks last night at the girl corral.

Call me old-fashioned, but I'm crazy for those school uniforms.

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P She's sitting on the floor with one knee up, sucking on a lollipop. She's swinging her knee lazily from side to side and letting the wet sucker slurp in and out of her pink little lips. Her white cotton panties flash at me from time to time. I like it when they pretend that they're innocent. I like to pretend that I'm corrupting them. The truth is probably that I'm the naive one, clinging to some antiquated idea of innocent girls and their virginal tight pussies, and getting off on the thought that the look of pain and struggle when they're getting fucked is real.

She's swirling her tiny pink tongue around the candy, looking at me with eyes of well-practiced wide innocence. My cock stiffens. I slide the neuro adapter sheath onto my dick and neuro gloves on my hands. I see generic hands and the shadow of a throbbing cock on the edge of my visor.

Sofia grins. I hear her silver bell girl voice in my ear buds. "I'm here for my tutorial, Teacher. What will be my lessons today?"

Oooh, yeah, Baby! This site really memorized my preferences so well. "Oh, yes, Miss Sofia, I have some very important lessons for you to learn today. It might be painful but you'll thank me in the end. First I must give you a thorough physical exam. Come over here, now!"

God, I'm such a little pervert. The hands on my screen loom larger as she comes in closer. I wrap my arms around air and feel her virtual skin. Her tiny shoulders fit into my hands. I pull her into me and feel the wool of her pleated skirt against my cock. My cock moves up to look for a non-existent wet hole. I feel the virtual thighs through the wool around my member. She gasps as I grab her hard into me. With a length of rough hemp rope I crudely tie her hands behind her back and run the rest of the rope around her chest, making her nipples protrude even through the sailor blouse. Then I grope her like some old man. I paw her perky tits and bite at them. I'm working fast this morning. I grab her left tit hard and knead it while with the other hand I'm feeling up her ass.

She squeals and giggles and protests. "Teacher, what are you doing? That hurts!"

"You're a big girl now. You can take more than that. Let me see more of you so I can give you a good, hard lesson." My hands slide under the blouse and feel the soft edges of a small cotton bra. The pattern is floral. I know that because that's what I request. I tweak her

nipples until she squeals with a high pitch. I press my mouth on to her honey-glossed lips and thrust my tongue down her candy-flavored throat to feel her smothered squeals in my mouth. The more she struggles the more she rubs against my aching cock. My other hand slides under the skirt and paws at the white cotton panties. My hips move and thrust into air as I feel my cock pump her soft thighs, poking at the wet spot in the panty crotch.

She keeps protesting and calling me teacher. I keep groping and humping. I slide my left hand under the elastic of the panties and feel for her slit. Wisps of hair on soft pussy skin don't hold back the juices. My right hand grasps the soft cotton training bra. With one swift motion I rip off her bra and plunge two fat fingers up her cunt. She screams into my mouth. There's nothing like a good neuro interlock program to get me horny as hell. I push her back and get on top of her, pushing her legs aside. Her blouse pulled up, askew off her tit and straining against the rope, her skirt around her waist and her panties wet.

She still has that sweet, scared face. One hand mauling her breast, with the other I pull the wet crotch cotton aside. I don't even bother to take them off of her. Somewhere in my head I hear the sound of a zipper being undone. Next thing I feel is the soft, warm flesh of wet, young pussy against my swelling head. Her cunt lips are small and dainty. Her hairless lips are tightly clamped together with cunt cream flowing out just at the bottom. My dick head slides up and down along her gash as I slowly push into her. Her lips part and I feel heat. As I push harder, I feel my head opening her tight twat. She's really tight. Just as I break through I feel a wave of warm juices gush over my dick and I slide into her tight hole. I hear her scream somewhere far away. I sit back and pull her little body on top of mine. She hardly weighs anything as she's speared on my hard cock.

Her sounds of fear shift to moans as she begins to grind into me. "Oh, teacher, oh, you make me feel so good! Oh, yes, fuck your dirty little co-ed!" She bounces on my dick, and I feel her wet silk cunt grab my nearly bursting cock. The sweet little girl likes it and talks nastier as my veins throb faster. "Let me be your slut!" She screams as she grinds on my dick. Her little breasts with finger welts bounce just before my lips. Her braids have come undone and her hair flies furiously. She's grinding harder and harder. Her pussy's so hot and her mouth so filthy, I can't stand it anymore. Her cunt's pumping and

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P sucking at my dick, pulling all of me into her. “Fuck me harder, teacher, I’m your little whore! My cunt is so hungry for you. Dump your come in me!”

a I lose it. I gush and pump deep into her tightness.

r Sofia’s image flickers a bit as some of the neuro adapters fall loose from my wilting dick. My belly and chest is covered in warm splooge. Sophia is on her hands and knees saying something to me, but I got what I needed from her this morning. She now registers in my mind as much as another tropical vacation commercial. The pampered life on a warm relaxing beach without a care, or the indulgent life fucking the light out of my own sex-crazed bitch for free. Both comforts far away and unattainable in my ShinEdo-bound life. Flipping my visor off, I deal with cleaning off my belly, feeling a vague desolate emptiness in my gut. It’s bad enough that my java’s now cold.

O As I scan the usual traffic of news and gossip from the various worlds I care to know about, something a bit unusual catches my attention. Jiro, my dealer, tells me Master Han is looking for a husband for his only daughter, Mai. Huh? That praying mantis needs no help in finding herself a man.

n Everyone’s seen her around the clubs here, always flanked by a small army of bulky, dark-suited men in designer shades and designer firepower. The girl can fly and party anywhere, Shanghai, Amsterdam, Buenos Aires, etc... but rumor has it that she prefers ShinEdo, where she grew up. She likes to cruise the clubs, junkie houses and bod mod shops for her next amusement. “Hunting for prey” is an apt description of her nocturnal hobby. Miss Mai, as she is reverentially referred to, is a tightly muscled and well detailed high femme with golden cobra eyes, cocaine white skin and blood red lips. To say that her sexual appetite is voracious may be slightly misleading. She was born under a bad star omen and she stays true to her cursed sign. The prophecy states that Fire Horses devour men, are untamable, and leave a trail of destruction behind. It is also said that they are endowed with mind-blowing sensuality and alluring beauty. All of which are true of Miss Mai.

e Everything about her is long and lean. Her gorgeous legs seem to go on for miles under the side slit of her signature chongsam. On those long legs she moves through this congested and chaotic world with the liquid grace of a forest cat. A languid gaze from her gold and onyx eyes transfixes the victim of her affections to suspended con-

sciousness. Knee length blue-black hair, immaculately oiled and shined to a lacquered high luster, is always coiffed into intricate braids and coils, reminiscent of the Dynastic ladies of a millennium past, though what electronic and electroorganic devices she has imbedded in the courtly 'do' is anyone's guess. Thin, small hands extend to long spidery fingers, which in turn sprout vicious talon-like nails capped with sharpened titanium tips. Rumor has it that her claws are sharpened to cut flesh with ease. This latter is more a comment on her love life than her dining habits.

Miss Mai consumes sex. Her appetite for sex is now legendary among us low lifes and metro dwellers. She goes out with her entourage of servants, hangers-on of indeterminate gender and hunting mates just to catch a new amusement. With her stunning beauty she easily attracts new little sex toys each night at her various hangouts. The word on the street is that she's heroin on two legs—a mind-blowing lay like Aphrodite and the priestess whores of the Raj combined. Her tight cunt's supposed to move and fuck like it's got a tongue and a pair of hands inside it.

She'll take her chosen morsels back to her Shinjuku lair and use them for days. The only problem is that if the sex bores her before she's fully sated, she has a habit of tying up her exhausted sex toys and slicing off strips of their flesh with her talons to consume them like thin strips of fine Kobe beef tartar. I've even heard that she has a large food disposal unit in her bedchamber to "clean off her plate." Of course all of this is just gossip on the ether, since I just don't rate enough to know anyone who fucked the bitch and told about it or even someone who fucked her and didn't live to tell about it. Although I'd guess that she's a much finer lay than any joyride a neurosheath or low-grade sexmorph hooker's ever given me. Damn, she must be fine.

Miss Mai is the beloved only daughter of Master Han, one of the biggest names in organized psychopharmacological industries—yeah, he's one of the prime dealers this side of Beijing. My dopeboy Jiro's one of his countless pathetic little street punks. A direct descendent of one of the 19th Century opium lords, Master Han still adheres to the old ways of the Continent, even though his operation HQ and lab relocated long ago to a barren, fortress-like compound on an island off Hokkaido. On the other hand, the cold and forbidding new capitol of the opiate empire does resemble pre-American Manchu a

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P great deal. Master Han may be a ruthless overlord in the viper pit
a world of narcotics, but he is also one of the most doting fathers
r ever walk this earth. He actually thinks that his daughter's murderous,
t depraved lust is "adorable." Her father's position, power and obsessive
O doting is also why everyone addresses that sex cannibal with the
n obligatory title of "Miss."
e

Later that night I hook up with Jiro at the izakaya over a beer. I want to know the scoop. "What's up with the husband search for the flesh-eating princess?" I ask as I push a tall cold one across the table to him.

"Well, you know, Master Han's not getting any younger. He's looking for an heir to his throne now." He's gulping down the brew like a man dying in the desert.

"So what's wrong with Miss Mai?"

"She doesn't want the job. She just wants to play. Master Han's fine with that, but that still leaves him without an heir."

"So he's looking for a husband for her to be the heir?"

"Not exactly." He belches between swigs. I order him another beer to keep him talking. Obviously I'm paying for the info with a meal and brews.

"Master Han wants Miss Mai to breed. You know, he's all about the Old ways. He wants to keep the bloodline. Of course she wants nothing to do with carrying it or raising it. But she's willing to fuck and have the embryo transplanted to a synthwomb. The new lord will be raised by the estate, I'm sure."

"So why the search? She's got plenty of breeder boys to pop." Fiddling with some edamame, I try to hide my impatience.

"Master Han's gotta clear the donor through genetic testing. He wants a good combination with Miss Mai's genetic temperament to make a good leader. So he's looking for a husband candidate with the right double helix."

Great, I thought. He's trying to custom breed a Genghis Khan with an appetite for flesh. This is an arranged marriage of the DNA—a biotech omiai.

As he wolfs down the food from various small plates he manages to tell me that once the husband candidate clears the gauntlet of the geneticist, he has to pass the test of satisfying Miss Mai. I guess that last hurdle was set by the bitch herself. Although Master Han probably sees that any man who can sate her and survive must have strength

in character, creativity, stamina and a steel will to survive. All auspicious traits for the next drug lord of the Far East. The only thing that will be different for this lucky survivor from any other nightly conquest of hers is that he's going to be set for life. Master Han's ancestral duty and filial responsibility is to honor the father of his heir for the rest of his natural life. This dude will get to live the life of luxury, fuck Miss Mai from time to time (that is if she'll have him), and have the choice of whatever drug he wants, whenever he wants it. Best of all, he'll be beyond the stranglehold of any law or zaibatsu powers. By the edict of the Old ways, he could even have concubines! A harem!

I sure wouldn't mind fucking the minx and getting out of this dump. My mind starts to wander an infinitely huge mansion filled with an endless supply of the highest grade drugs and willing, fuckable women—just for me.

Yeah, right. I take a long pull on the beer. I'd better enjoy the Sapporo, since that's a more real thing than any drug-and-babe-filled pad could ever be to me.

"Jiro, come clean with me. What's in it for you? There's gotta be a reason why you're telling this to me. You're never one to just shoot the breeze unless it smells of yen."

Jiro grins. "Of course, buddy. There's a big wad of yen in it for me if I snare the right scumbag. And I think you just might be that meal ticket for me."

I resent being called a scumbag, but since what they're after is my jizz, I guess scumbag just about sums me up. It costs me more food and beer to get all the relevant information out of him. I never knew this punk had such an appetite. Afterwards I wander the urine-stinking back streets of ShinEdo. Blue green lights from the windows of dilapidated res towers, green and orange neon signs of bod mod joints, and the bright marquees of cheesy, legal bordellos all mix and melt in the oil-slicked puddles in the streets of my pathetic 'hood.

Everyone here is looking to score, to get off, and to be happy for a little while, and I am no different.

ABOUT ME

I'm a big dork who leads a charmed life. I get to do what I love surrounded by great friends who love me, and my beloved and adoring—if slightly strange—cats.

I guess I'm an idealist, very much like the rest of my family. I believe that individuals, myself included, can make a positive impact on the world with everything that we do. (OK, some days it's harder to believe in that than not, but I get over it.) I believe that being true to oneself is the first step in that.

What I do for a living and what I'm passionate about are one and the same. Somehow I managed to get lucky and be able to make a living traveling and teaching/speaking about sexuality, intimacy, fulfillment as well as the art and philosophy of creative living.

What to know more about the sticky and darker side of Japan? Beyond my fictional Shin Edo, there's a real Tokyo with layers of fantastically fascinating sexual subcultures and expressions. I return home to Japan frequently, diving further and further down the rabbit hole of that world, all in the name of 'research'. The fruits of my investigation appear in frequent essays and reports on Japan, the lecture "Pink Japan: Contemporary Sex Culture" and, occasionally, small group custom tours of the underbelly of Tokyo. Consider me your guide and cultural interpreter to the shadows of the Floating World!

As often as my insane schedule permits, I create art installations, strange objects and curious performances. My portfolio grows slowly but steadily. I hope that some day we can have a conversation over one of my pieces.

If you're jacked-in, look for me in these usual haunts:

Websites: www.planetmidori.com

or

www.FHP-inc.com

Rope Intensive Weekend: www.RopeDojo.com

Women's Dominance Weekend Intensive: www.ForteFemme.com

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Beyond the Softness of His Fur: Part One
by TammyJo Eckhart, Ebook Price: \$3.99

When Emily is promoted, the bosses make it clear that her new status comes with certain expectations: she is to purchase herself a morph, a customizable animal hybrid of the future that is both sexual pet and status symbol. Her own tastes require the unique: an exotic and submissive male pet. All desires are exceeded with Wynn, a white fox morph. But Wynn's soulful wisdom is a challenge to the morph-culture status quo and could ultimately spell disaster for both Master and pet. "Part One: Wonders of Modern Science" is the first installment in TammyJo Eckhart's provocative and edgy science fiction trilogy. A tale of genetics, sex, and love between owners and pets, *Beyond the Softness of His Fur* is both kinky and deeply romantic.



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