

“Jill”

By Dirty Dawg

"A desperate disease requires a dangerous remedy."

- Guy Fawkes (1570-1606)

Catholic Conspirator on the gunpowder plot
to blow up the Houses of Parliament

"Assassination has never changed the history of the world."

- Benjamin Disraeli (1804-1881)

Prologue

Since President Gerald R. Ford signed Presidential Executive Order #1471-736, the United States of America has been prohibited from recruiting, hiring, training or fielding assassins. A civilized country does not send highly-trained killers to distant shores to enforce foreign policy.

However, there exists inside the government of the United States a small cadre of men who believe that this was a poorly motivated decision, and that there will always be circumstances where the direct application of violent physical force is the best solution to certain problems. Monies set aside by Congress for the intelligence agencies are buried deeply inside so called 'black' budgets, numbers and programs and projects so highly classified that only a handful of people know of their existence, purpose and scope.

The National Security Agency, (NSA) perhaps the largest and most secret of all the agencies that make up the alphabet soup of the US intelligence community, has a budget higher than that of any other single government entity, excepting only the Pentagon. The NSA is charged primarily with gathering, processing, analyzing and summarizing SIGINT (Signal Intelligence) and ELINT (Electronic Intelligence), information gathered by the super-secret spy satellites and listening posts scattered around the world. The NSA Headquarters at Fort Gorge G. Meade in Maryland contains the single highest

concentration of computing power in the world. Within the walls of those buildings lie several high-powered Cray supercomputers who do nothing all day but process and analyze SIGINT and ELINT from around the world. It has been rumored, and it has also been denied, that the NSA monitors every single telegram and telephone call leaving or entering the borders of the United States, looking for keywords such as "nuclear" and "espionage".

As with all of the intelligence agencies, secret, top secret and top secret-plus programs and projects are secured by a process of compartments. A person with a top secret clearance for one project may not have a need to know about another, and thus, is denied access to that program or project. The fewer people that know of a project or a program, the more highly classified and sensitive it is.

The GOLDEN ROPE Project, started in the late 60's, remains the single most highly classified project ever undertaken by the NSA. The various directors of the project, six in all, have been one of only two men who have ever understood the scope and content of the project.

Named after the mythical rope that Wonder Woman carried, the golden lasso that made anyone under its influence tell the truth, GOLDEN ROPE was designed not to gather ELINT or SIGINT, but the rarest of all intelligence sources, HUMINT, or Human Intelligence. HUMINT was what the CIA and DIA specialized in, the agents-in-the-field rodeo that had marked the more dramatic and secret moments of the Cold War.

GOLDEN ROPE had been designed in two stages. The first stage, the most important stage, was developing a way to get an agent-in-place close to the particular subject. The method had to be foolproof and fast. Studies were made, statistics analyzed, computer models designed and run. The solution, when it was hit upon, was simplicity itself. It was remarked (by a rather junior agent,) that most of, if not all, of the people that the NSA wished to target for infiltration were men. And men all had one weakness: Women. A highly-trained woman, familiar in the skills of seduction and sex, could get closer to a particular subject faster than any other type of agent. Using women to get close to men for intelligence purposes was nothing new. Dating back to the times of the Roman Legions, women had been used throughout history to betray the men they took to their beds.

But this was going to be different. The GOLDEN ROPE project had the full support of the entire NSA machinery. A woman could be completely briefed on her subject before move one was made. She would be aware of every single possible facet of her target. She would be able to become any woman that was needed: A seductive temptress, an innocent waif, a die-hard slut...whatever the particular tastes of a specific target, a woman could become that person and thusly get close to the target.

The second stage was turning the women into the perfect assassins. She couldn't use a gun or a knife, unless one was already handy. She couldn't risk being frisked and being found carrying a weapon. She had to be expert in all forms of martial arts, all styles of bare-handed and unarmed killing. A master of various poisons and toxins, ways to kill without leaving a trace.

The third and final stage was indoctrination. The woman had to be completely loyal to the NSA and their objectives. Towards that end, she had to be completely psychologically stable, intelligent, capable, and above all, sexy. She had to have a cold heart and the ability to kill on a moment's notice. Finding such a woman was the hard part of the entire project.

Two tacks were taken. The first was to find hardened criminals, women who had killed before and were eager to kill again. The concept was to take them, and through a variety of drug therapy and intense psychotic manipulation, turn them into government-sponsored assassins. Sadly, that project failed. The women failed the most important test: They were psychologically unstable at their basic levels.

A second idea was suggested, discarded, and then approached again, discarded again, and finally accepted. It was almost unthinkable on its surface, but the more the powerful men who ran GOLDEN ROPE thought about it, the more sense it made. Instead of finding a woman that fit their specifications, why not create one? Not in the sense of genetic engineering, but taking a woman...a girl, really, in her early stages of development, and turning her into the perfect agent-in-place, the perfect assassin, the perfect embodiment of what GOLDEN ROPE stood for.

Various attempts were undertaken with women in their late teens and early twenties. Each failed. The age was backed up to 16, and the project was attempted again, this time with limited success. It was finally decided that in order to generate the perfect GOLDEN ROPE agent, a very, very young girl would be needed, someone who had only begun her psychological development. Someone who had no moral frame of reference. Someone who could be molded from the outset, created in the image of the project.

She was found. At the age of eight, Jill Tanaka was discovered living in an orphanage outside Chicago. The daughter of an American GI father and a Japanese woman who died giving birth to her, Jill had been at the orphanage since her father had died in a training accident at Fort Polk. Her intelligence tests were off the scale. Her tested IQ was in excess of 160. At the age of eight, she already spoke three languages: English, Japanese and Spanish. She had learned Spanish by watching cable TV.

In 1983, Jill Tanaka, age 8, was 'adopted' by two 'parents' sponsored by the NSA. After that, she was taken to the GOLDEN ROPE training facility located in the sprawling Skunkworks base in the middle of the Nevada desert. For the next ten years, she was instructed by the best in the business. Upon her graduation from the program, at age 18, Jill (code-named MEDUSA) was a sixth-degree black belt in Aikido, an expert with a wide-variety of small arms, an expert knife fighter, an adept pharmacist, and more than qualified as a sexual temptress. Her mixed heritage had turned her into a seductive, gorgeous young woman. Her hair was long and straight and glossy black, so dark it was almost blue. Her wide set almond-shaped eyes showed a hint of her Western ancestry, as did her full, rounded bosom and long, slim legs. The Asian influence on her looks only contributed to her overall beauty.

Jill Tanaka, at the tender age of 18, was both gorgeous and deadly, and she was about to undertake her first official mission.

-1-

NSA Training Facility MJ-9

Tonopah Test Range, Tonopah, Nevada

Monday Morning

Deputy Director, Operations for the NSA Walter P. Stark studied the dossier on his desk. It was thick, covering just over ten years of the subject's life, and was complete in every conceivable way. If he cared to check, Stark could flip to the back and see how often Tanaka had a bowel movement. That, however, did not interest him. What did interest him was the mission had had planned for her.

The door opened and Tanaka stepped through. Stark had to fight to catch his breath. The official black-and-white glossy clipped to the inside cover of her dossier did not do the woman justice. She was beyond gorgeous.

She strode into the office as if she owned the place. Dressed in skintight leather from head to toe, she looked like a walking wet dream. Her long hair was worn in a saucy, bouncy ponytail that swished from side to side as she walked. Her long, slim legs were encased in sheer black stockings, and the tight leather skirt she wore was so tight, Stark imagined that he could see the garterstraps holding the stockings up. Her black heels only added to her already impressive height and Stark had to fight the overwhelming feelings of arousal he felt welling in his groin.

"Good morning, sir," Tanaka said, taking the seat in front of the desk. She crossed her legs, and Stark had the treat of listening to the sleek sound of her stockinged legs rubbing together.

"Good morning, Jill. Do you know why I've called this meeting?"

"No, sir."

"We have something we want you to do for us."

"Of course, sir."

"Are you familiar with Toshi Yumura?"

"President and CEO of Yumura electronics, the sixteenth wealthiest man in the world, worth somewhere in the area of five or six billion dollars American. Married, two children."

"That's correct, Jill. We want you to get close to his son, Yoshi. The NSA is getting ready to release specifications on a new data encryption algorithm. It will make the fiber-optic computers of the future impenetrable by foreign powers, but open to our systems. For obvious reasons, this is a matter of national security. We have some intelligence that indicates that Yumura electronics may have gotten their hands on our encryption algorithm, which means they can reverse engineer a chip that would break our codes. Again, for obvious reasons, we cannot allow this."

"Now," Stark said, opening another folder on his desk, "Unlike his father, Yoshi is very western. He lives in Los Angeles, running the US subsidiary company of his father's firm. If anyone would know if Yumura Electronics has the plans, it would be Yoshi. We want to put you in place next to him." Stark closed the folder and passed it to a silent Jill, who opened it on her lap and quickly scanned the pages, memorizing everything she read. In addition to her other skills and qualifications, Jill had a photogenic memory.

She closed the folder and silently handed it back to Stark. "What's my in?" she asked.

Stark stroked his chin and swiveled in his chair. "You tell me. From what you read, how would you get close to him."

Jill didn't pause or blink. "Yoshi likes...trashy women. Especially Eurasian women. He likes artists and musicians. I suggest that we get some studio musicians and create a fake band, and go on the road. We can get booked into clubs that Yoshi frequents. Nature will take its course from there. If that doesn't work in the require timeline, I can run into him at another social function. All I need is five minutes with him to plant the seed of desire." Stark knew that was true. He'd seen the tape.

One of Jill's training exercises had taken place inside another secret NSA facility, near Pave Creek Montana. The exercise had been part of her sexual training, and the entire session had been videotaped. Her target, or subject, or whatever you wanted to call him, had at one time been a Catholic priest. Long retired, he had been told that he was to hear the confession of one of his old parishioners who had been a long-time deep cover agent who was near death from cancer. Jill had been the one that had entered the confessional specially constructed for this exercise.

Jill had performed incredibly well. She had spoken in low tones to the priest, telling him of all the horrible, sexual things she had to do in the performance of her duties. The invisible camera that had been placed inside the confessional had revealed the old priest's excitement, and later, after they had exited, it had taken Jill only six minutes to get his pants down, his cock out, and into her wildly sucking mouth.

The fact that the priest had committed suicide three days later had not impacted Jill's grade on that exercise one iota.

"Very well, Jill. Standard sterile practices. If you get made, we don't know you. You never existed. You have twelve weeks to get the information." He handed her a third folder. "All your contact information is in this file. Read it, memorize it, then destroy it. You're dismissed."

Jill Tanaka stood and took the proffered folder and turned smartly on her high heels and left the Deputy Director, Operations, National Security Agency staring at her twitching ass as she left his office.

"There are two levers for moving men: Interest and fear."

-Napoleon Bonaparte (1769 - 1821)

Los Angeles, California

Two Days Later

Jill Tanaka studied her new digs with satisfaction. The rent had been paid, in cash, for the next six months, courtesy of the NSA Special Funds Account. It was a loft above an abandoned warehouse, just the place for a struggling musician. The place had been steam-cleaned and then painted blank, stark white everywhere. It looked like the sort of place you might film a "Docker's" commercial in.

The entire place had been decorated from Government storage facilities. It had the practiced, casual look of a place that had been lived in for several years. The three neighbors in the building were actually fellow NSA operatives, all of them paid to back up Jill's stories and to keep an eye on her. The floor immediately above Jill's held an apartment complete with a suite of electronic eavesdropping equipment. Every square inch of Jill's apartment was wired for video, sound, thermal imaging and voice stress-testing. Anything done, said, whispered...even thought inside the apartment would be recorded, forwarded to Fort Meade and analyzed by faceless, nameless technicians, the final results and conclusions delivered to Stark's desk.

Sighing, Jill decided to take a shower. Her first gig was the next night, at a place called "X-MEN" in La Jolla. Intelligence said that it was a place Yoshi frequented. A little pressure applied through a double-blind NSA front had gotten "MEDUSA" booked as the headline act the next night.

Shrugging off her half-length leather jacket, Jill kicked off her shoes and contemplated the mission ahead. Getting close to Yoshi would not be a problem. Getting him to make love to her, also, would not be a problem. Jill knew exactly which buttons to push on a man, any man, to get him excited, to make him want her. After all, she had learned her lessons well. She had been taught by the best.

Unzipping her short, tight leather skirt, Jill remembered some of those lessons with a smile. Her entire life, her upbringing and training and education, had been focused towards turning her into the perfect woman, the talented seductress, the perfect sexual partner for any man.

The leather bustier was next, and Jill stood in her stockings, garter belt, black silk panties and matching black silk bra. Jill was well aware that the technicians on the floor above her were getting an eyeful, but she didn't care. Let them look. Probably the only thing they're capable of.

Jill padded into the bathroom and started the shower. The bathroom quickly filled with steam, and Jill waited until then to shed her underwear and stockings. She knew for a fact that only the thermal imaging unit (a CyberDyne XM2 Mark V model,) would be able to penetrate the curtain of steam she'd thrown up. Let the technicians watch her if she was working, Jill thought, but not when I'm on my own time. Not if I can help it.

She washed quickly, liking the sensuous feeling of the hot water sluicing off her body as she soaped herself. Jill took enormous pride in her large-breasted, slim-waisted body, and knew that

she turned both men and women on. In her private life, away from the NSA, she liked to dress to impress. When her assignments, like this one, allowed Jill to dress close to the way she normally did, it made everything that much easier.

Jill exited the shower and wrapped a large fluffy towel around her body and returned to her bedroom. Slipping on an oversize T-shirt to sleep in, Jill slid between the sheets and was asleep in minutes.

Oddly enough, her dreams were about her fourteenth year, her sixth year at The Compound. The year she began her sex education courses.

Stark was still an Assistant Deputy with the Operations Directorate when Jill was fourteen. The GOLDEN ROPE project has been his brainchild since its inception. Funded with money intended for and diverted from other projects, Stark was sure that he was four short years away from seeing his efforts bear fruit.

They had decided to wait until Jill was aware of her sexuality before introducing her to the ways and means of adult physical love. When the close-circuit TVs monitoring her bedroom caught the young girl openly masturbating, it was decided at the highest levels that it was time to teach her the ropes...and the whips and the chains, as the joke went.

They started off with erotic novels and short stories. The reading material covered the entire gamut of adult sexuality. She was encouraged to read and ask questions, and let her instructors know which works made the largest impression on her. By far, the nastier the material, the stronger Jill's reaction to it. She loved reading about gang bangs and rapes and bestiality, group sex and lesbianism. Anything what was off the beaten path, anything that was perverse and dirty and nasty, she loved. The stranger the sex, the more she got off on it. A medical doctor was brought in, and he explained all her sexual organs to her, even going to far as to point out her clitoris and what it was used for. Seeing the look of glee on Jill's face when she was told that not only was she allowed to masturbate, but encouraged to do so as often as she liked, Stark knew that he'd found his temptress for sure.

Jill became overtly sexual. She began mimicking the characters she read about in thought, word and deed. She dressed to highlight her developing body, trying at every turn to excite and arouse her instructors and mentors. Many of the men assigned to teach Jill hand- to-hand or weapons found themselves on the receiving end of a little fourteen year old sexpot who desperately wanted their approval and affection.

When Jill turned fifteen, it was decided that her virginity would be taken. There were long discussions about how this was to take place, and it was finally decided that Jill herself would be allowed to pick whom she wanted. To everyone's surprise, Jill picked one of her bodyguards, an Air Force enlisted man who had been Jill's shadow for more than two years. When the twenty-six year old Sergeant was brought into Stark's office and informed of his 'duty assignment,' it was rumored that you didn't need a KH-11 spy satellite to see his smile from twenty-two thousand miles up. He agreed to do exactly as instructed and break the future assassin in as a woman.

That tape, widely copied and distributed throughout the base, was a favorite jack-off fantasy for the men of GOLDEN ROPE, and more than a few of the women. Jill was perfect in the role of teenage seductress. She had worn a black T-shirt with the logo of some heavy-metal band on it, and strategically torn blue jeans when her bodyguard came to tuck her in on the fateful night. She had been given official permission to attempt to seduce him, and the young enlisted man had been given permission to let her.

They sat and talked for a while, mostly about nothing. Jill was giggling and smiling and acting coy, and the enlisted man was slowly moving closer and closer to the young girl. When they first kissed, it was a tender and perfect moment that never failed to move anyone who watched the tape. What followed was also tender and moving, and undeniably sexy.

The EM undressed Jill slowly, revealing her perfect, virgin body to the camera and the excited eyes of the monitoring technicians. She was an eager, hungry lover, willing to do anything that might bring her or the young sergeant pleasure. He taught her well, using patience and gentleness, and brought the girl to her first orgasm with another person.

After that night, Jill had been unsuitable. She wanted sex constantly, and wasn't too picky about who she invited between her sheets. Understanding that a rather loose sexual morality was desired in an agent of this kind, Jill's handlers subtly encouraged this, and even went so far as to keep her bodyguard phalanx full of constantly rotating good-looking young men. Jill bedded them all, and they all left the assignment with wonderful stories about a Japanese-American temptress who did things to them between the sheets that they had never imagined in their wildest dreams.

After about six months of unfettered sexuality, the GOLDEN ROPE project leaders decided that Jill needed some coaching. She was doing fine on her own, but her sexual practices had been limited to the basics of screwing and mutual oral sex. Nothing exotic, nothing out of line or unusual. Unfortunately, men of great power also tended to have sexual quirks, and so it was decided that Jill needed to be aware and comfortable with a variety of sexual acts and practices.

Several Thai whores were brought in, B-girls notorious for their ability to do anything that a man requested, and act like they enjoyed it and were only disappointed that they hadn't thought of it first. They took Jill under their collective wings and taught her everything she needed to know. Inside of a year, Jill had learned quite a lot about being an adept sexual partner. She had also learned to control her sexuality when she was on one of her practice missions. She was taught that it was more important for her to appear certain ways at certain times than it was for her to give free reign to her own unique, unbridled sexuality.

Jill woke the next morning feeling refreshed. She took a fast shower and dressed simply, in Levi's and a T-shirt. She threw a leather jacket over that and headed out the door. She had an address that Stark had given her, a recording studio downtown, off LeBrea. The Jeep Wrangler that the NSA had provided her for this mission was topless that morning, and Jill drove quickly, loving the power of the machine under her hands and feet.

The address turned out to be another faceless, nameless warehouse. A single video camera, mounted on an L-brace, scanned the doorway, fixing Jill with it's electronic Cyclops eye. She stared at it for perhaps ten seconds before hearing the electronic buzz of the lock's solenoid. Stepping through, Jill was greeted by a large, hulking man with arms the size of tree trunks. He didn't look too bright, but Jill was sure that he was assigned to Operations, not Analysis. Smiling at her own private joke, she followed the man into the interior of the warehouse, and was surprised to see that the place did house an elaborate, high-tech recording studio, complete with 64-track two-inch decks, various other electronic sound equipment, and a sound mixing/production board that looked like it had been lifted from the bridge of the Starship Enterprise.

In the rehearsal/performance room were three men, all dressed in the current fashions of the grunge music element. Long, dirty, unwashed hair, flannel shirts, torn, stained jeans, the whole routine. A drum set and two guitars were set up, and a lone microphone stood on a stand in front of

the band.

They eyed her suspiciously as she walked in, her cowboy boots making loud clunking noises.

"Jill," she said, not offering her hand. The three men stood and introduced themselves as Billy, Sam and Joel. Joel was the lead guitarist, Billy the drummer, and Sam held played the bass.

"Well," she said after the introductions were over, "Let's get to it. We play tonight at X-Men and we've got a lot of practicing to do."

The band climbed into and behind their instruments and tuned up quickly. They were obviously professional and had played together often before today. The drummer tapped his sticks together four times, and the band launched into the opening chords of a hard rock tune that Jill instantly recognized. Stepping to the mike, Jill came in at the appropriate time and let loose with her voice, matching the chords and melodies of the band perfectly. It was as if they'd been playing together for years.

The band went through dozens of tunes, finding the rhythm and getting used to one another's style. After several hours, they figured they had it down, and Jill left to return home and prepare for her premiere as the lead singer of her new band. After some debate, it was decided that the name of the band would be "The Pickle Factory." Jill smiled at her own private joke and left the band-mates to pack the equipment and move it to the club in La Jolla.

She drove home quickly, eager to get the assignment underway. She had no doubt that she could get close to Yoshi, if he was at the club. Everything, at this stage of the operation, was dependent on Yoshi's appearance at the club. If he didn't show up, Jill would have to move to Plan B.

Whatever that is, she joked. As she drove, Jill aware of the machinations going on behind the scene, the secret deals being made and solidified. As she turned onto Sunset and drove towards the freeway, she knew that the band that had been scheduled to play this week at the club were being informed by their manager that he had gotten them a better gig in San Francisco, and that they were to be at the airport in an hour. The manager was then calling the club and informing them that the band had cancelled, had run out on their contract. After listening to the club owner's tirade for ten minutes, the manager said he had heard of another band and that he just happened to have the number of their manager.

Planning. Everything was planning. Steps had been taken, monies paid, people reached and forced to operate to the whims of the nameless, faceless men who actually controlled the machinations of government. The first band's manager had a hefty deposit in his bank account, enough money for him to retire for the rest of his life on. Normally, deposits of that size were to be reported at once to the Treasury Department, and then to the IRS. Neither had occurred. A phone call here, a voice mail there, a telex, and a memo, and the rules had been neatly circumvented 'for the needs of the government,' as the parlance went. The reach and control and power of the men at the reigns of the NSA never ceased to amaze Jill.

Two phone calls later, her band, "The Pickle Factory," was scheduled to play at the club where Jill hoped her target would appear that night.

When she got back to the loft, one of the technicians from upstairs was waiting for her. Sitting on the couch, he was looking around nervously while tapping a slim brown manila envelope against his knee.

"Message for you," he said, standing and handing the envelope to Jill. She turned it over and saw that the seal was still intact. She nodded, and the technician turned and left. Jill took his place on the couch and carefully slit the envelope open with one long, painted nail.

Jill noticed that the message was coded. Concentrating, she remembered the day's code sequence. With a pencil, she quickly decoded the message into word blocks. Once fully translated into plaintext, the message simply said: GREEN BOX PHONE PICTURE PEN KNIFE CAMERA.

That, in and of itself, made no sense to anyone but Jill and Stark. The message gave her operational permission to execute the first step of the plan. Reaching into her purse again, Jill removed a small, unlabeled vial of clear liquid. It was the inert portion of a binary poison called DIXIE PEACH 12. A binary poison is a pretty ingenious way to kill someone. It is administered in two portions; first the inert half, which is colorless, odorless and completely untraceable. It can be mixed into a drink, into food, into anything that the victim might consume.

The second half, the activator portion, is also completely colorless and odorless, and has the added advantage of not having to be consumed. The activator portion can be dissolved and then applied to a piece of clothing that the victim will wear. All he has to do is touch it to his skin; the chemical is absorbed through the sweat glands, and the victim will die within minutes of an apparent heart attack. The combination of the two chemicals is completely untraceable. Although Jill was an expert in all forms of hand-to-hand combat, martial arts, and was able to kill with guns, knives, pens, credit cards, feathers, practically anything within reach, as well as her bare hands, Jill preferred the binary poisons. They seemed a little more humane.

If, after about ninety days, the second, activator portion of the poison wasn't administered, the inert portion dissipated in the body.

The second half of the message also indicated that there was another agent coming to provide backup. The message didn't give a clue as to who it might be, and Jill sat and wondered for a few minutes who Stark might send.

Then it was time to prepare. Jill showered, and then carefully applied her makeup, and chose an outfit that would be sure to catch Yoshi's attention. Torn fishnet stockings, very, very high black stiletto heels, a black leather skirt so short that the top to inches of bare thigh were visible, a black leather and lace bustier, and a shorty leather jacket. Standing in front of the mirror as she applied her pigeon-blood red lipstick, Jill thought she looked like the popular image of an Asian Rock Slut...In Heat. Yoshi was going to love her.

-3-

*"Rock 'n' Roll is part of a pest to
undermine the morals of the youth of
our nation. It is sexualistic, unmoralistic,
and...brings people of both races together."*

- North Alabama White Citizens' Council, 1954

X-MEN was rocking when Julie got there. The warm-up band, although not up to The Pickle Factory's stature or skill, had the majority of the bar's patrons on the floor, bodies writhing, everyone sweating and having a goddamn good time. Jill spotted two pairs of NSA operatives on the floor, posing as couples. She still hadn't made her backup, but she knew he or she was there,

somewhere, in the crowd or posing as a staff member. They would not make themselves known unless required by circumstance, but Jill couldn't help wondering who it was.

There was a thirty-minute break between bands as the stage crew exchanged equipment. Jill made her way backstage and found her band-mates in their dressing room, exchanging their grunge look for the spandex and leather required by popular expectations. They went over the playlist and then fell quiet as the pre-performance jitters settled in.

Then it was time to go on. The club was darkened, and a single spot lighted the microphone. There was a long anticipatory pause, and then the band hit the stage. Jill waited in the wings, waited for them to crank the sound up to a rocking, thumping crescendo ..and then she made her entrance.

The spotlight lit upon Jill as she strutted onto the stage, reflecting off the shiny leather and blinding the audience. The band brought the sound up, held the note, and then descended into a crashing downbeat that started the first song of the first set. As if they'd been doing this for years, the band and Jill molding into one complete musical entity. The crowd roared with approval as The Pickle Factory crashed through number after number.

The first set was forty minutes long, and as they left the stage for their break, Jill scanned the crowd, smiling and waving. She caught the high sign from one of the floor agents. Yoshi had been spotted.

The game's afoot, Jill thought.

Halfway through her second set, Jill spotted Yoshi. He was standing in the back, surrounded by pretty women and three huge, hulking bodyguards. He was wearing sunglasses in the dark club in an attempt to make him look cool. Jill thought he looked like a parody of a movie gangster. But she flattered him with her performance, giving him just a bit more attention than anyone else. Not too much, but she let him know she was interested.

It worked. In between her second and last sets, one of the staff came backstage and informed Jill that a man wished to meet her after the show. He handed her a business card, and Jill took it, turning it over in her hand to read it.

"Yoshi Yumura," it said, "President, Yumura Electronics America, Ltd." On the back, in an immaculate script, a single word: Dinner?

Jill smiled to herself. She took a pen from the staff member and wrote "...breakfast?" and handed the card back to the man. He tried to avoid looking like he was reading it, but the small smile on his face destroyed that effect. He took the card and vanished.

The third set was almost anticlimactic for Jill. For her, the thrill was in the hunt. The quarry had been sighted and marked. All that remained was for Yoshi to fall into her trap. Yeah, Jill thought, leaning back to belt out the final, lingering note of the last song, the trap right between my legs.

The band begged off an encore and Jill changed into her version of street clothes. She left everything she was wearing on, and added another glossy coat of lipstick, then reemerged to find Yoshi and go have dinner.

He'd had the good grace to get rid of the girls that had been hanging around, leaving only the daunting phalanx of bodyguards surrounding him.

"Jill Tanaka," she said, offering her hand. As if he was a member of the British peerage, Yoshi bent from the waist and kissed the back of Jill's hand. Jill took her arm back and made a show of wiping it on her skirt.

"Let's get out of here," she said, taking his arm. They left the club and got into a waiting limo, settling back against the plush, comfortable seats. The car pulled smoothly into traffic, accelerating powerfully.

"I had reservations at the Polo Lounge," Yoshi said, speaking softly and slowly, "But...considering the way you're dressed, perhaps another location might be more...appropriate."

Jill turned to look at him, fixing him with her steely gaze. "What," she asked, "is wrong with the way I'm dressed. It caught your eye, didn't it?"

Yoshi didn't speak for a long moment. "In Japan," he finally said, "It is normally a woman's position to acquiesce to her husband's wishes. In the absence of a husband, her lover or the man who is courting her takes his place." His meaning was clear; Yoshi didn't like Jill's impertinence. Or, he was testing her.

Jill decided to take the initiative. "In case you haven't noticed, asshole, we're not IN Japan!" She leaned forward and depressed the button to lower the one-way glass.

"Stop here," she said to the driver. "I'm leaving."

"Continue on," Yoshi ordered, and the driver nodded. Turning to Jill, he said, "I apologize for my...criticism. Yes, you are right. We are not in Japan, and although you do have some of the blood of Nihon in you, you are not truly Japanese, are you?"

"No. I'm an American. Is that a problem?"

"No, of course not!" Yoshi's laugh was somehow hollow and empty. "Not at all. I just...didn't wish you to feel uncomfortable, that's all. Perhaps you know of another location, another place that's not so... formal as the Polo Lounge?"

Jill named a popular LA restaurant, and the car turned as smoothly as an aircraft carrier coming about into the wind. They arrived within minutes and were shown immediately to the best table in the house. The food was plentiful and good, and they finished the meal in a little under two hours. By that time, it was almost one in the morning. Yoshi and Jill returned outside to find the limo idling at the curb. She wondered how they managed to do that, how the car always managed to be ready for Yoshi. Then she realized that the bodyguards, who had been mostly unobtrusive during the meal, must have a chase car and radio contact with the driver of the limo.

Jill realized that the bodyguards might be a problem. If she'd been armed, and this had been a straightforward hit, she would have had no compunction with taking the guards out, single shots to the head for each. And then a final bullet for Yoshi. But this assignment was a little more subtle than that. The bodyguards presented a...difficulty, but she had an idea of how to overcome that.

The limo pulled up in front of Jill's loft, and she knew that the entire place was blanketed. The two surveillance technicians upstairs would be in front of their consoles, tape reels turning, recording everything said and everything done until Yoshi left. The other NSA agents, posing as tenants, would be in constant radio contact with the surveil team. In case of trouble, if everything went to shit, Jill would have eight NSA agents in her apartment in a matter of seconds. She remembered her trouble code phrase: "I'm not sure this is a good idea, Yoshi." If she said those words, all hell would break loose. Six miles away, in an underground complex of the Los Angeles Federal Building, an ISA (Intelligence Support Activity) QRT (Quick Reaction Team) would be on constant alert for the entire time Yoshi was inside the apartment. If Jill uttered her code phrase, the NSA QRT could be overhead in four minutes by chopper. Jill felt protected at the same time she felt like a specimen under a microscope.

Jill moved as if to exit the limo, but Yoshi placed a hand on her arm. "Just a minute. My men wish to...inspect your apartment."

Jill felt a small tingle of panic run up her spine. "Check it for what?"

"Listening devices, video...things like that. I'm a very powerful, influential man, Miss Tanaka. When you are in my line of business, one can never be too cautious." The panic was rising inside Jill now. She didn't know very much about electronic surveil techniques, but she wondered if they had any countermeasures to defeat the bodyguard's detection equipment.

After a moment of thought, Jill relaxed. The NSA was the single largest intelligence agency in the world, even larger than the old, pre-reform KGB. If anyone could get her out of this, the NSA could.

The wait was interminable. It took almost ten minutes, but the bodyguards returned and gave Yoshi the high sign. He escorted her to the elevator and they rode up in silence. Yoshi was carrying himself with a self-assured air that made Jill want to kick him in the balls.

She knew she was going to sleep with him. She knew that it was her job to get close to him. She knew that she was going to let Yoshi seduce her. And she also knew that she was going to give him the inert portion of the binary poison. Yoshi was halfway to death, and he thought he was halfway to heaven.

They entered the apartment together, two of the three bodyguards close behind. Jill glanced at Yoshi. "What are they going to do...watch?"

"If need be," Yoshi said, and then, noticing the expression of shock and horror on Jill's face, quickly added, "No. Of course not. They will be out here, in the living room. In case I need them."

Jill didn't want to ask for what, and she didn't get a chance. Yoshi suddenly leaned in and kissed her. At first, Jill was repulsed, but she made a good show of it, molding her body against his, opening her mouth and gently teasing lips and tongue with her own. The kiss lengthened and deepened, gaining passion and urgency. Truth be told, Jill was getting a little turned on, kissing like this in front of the huge, silent bodyguards.

Let them watch, she thought. Let them see what they'll be missing. Hopping up, Jill wrapped her legs around Yoshi's waist and attacked his mouth with renewed vigor. They stumbled into her bedroom where Yoshi dumped her unceremoniously on the bed. Jill lifted her skirt and revealed her tiny, lace G-string panties to Yoshi's gaze. The electronics millionaire reached down and softly rubbed his crotch.

"You like these?" Jill whispered. "You like my tiny little panties?"

"Yes," Yoshi said. "Oh, yes."

"Fine. Why don't you tear them off my body and fuck me?" Jill's harsh, nasty words had an immediate and visible effect on Yoshi. His cock hardened against his pants, tenting them, and his breath deepened. Jill got up off the bed and shrugged her jacket off. In the leather bustier and microskirt, she looked like a vision of hot, wanton sluttishness that every man dreamed of. Including Yoshi.

Jill stepped over to where he was standing and removed his tie, slinging it over her shoulder and moving on to his jacket. She slid it over his shoulders and down his arms, letting it fall in a fabric puddle at his feet. The shirt was next. Jill bent her face and used her mouth to undo his buttons, a trick she'd learned from the Thai whores back at the NSA training facility. Yoshi's shirt fell away, and Jill moved to his pants. Her hands glided over his throbbing erection and Yoshi groaned, moving his hands to Jill's heads.

Good little Japanese wives don't suck dick, Jill thought... but I do. She unbuckled and unzipped Yoshi's pants and let them fall around his ankles. He stepped out of them, and his shoes and socks, finally standing in front of her wearing only his boxer shorts.

Jill reached for the waistband, lifting her head to gaze into Yoshi's eyes. His expression was one of barely controlled lust. Jill smiled at him and lowered the shorts. Yoshi's cock was not exactly large. In fact, it was puny, like most Japanese men. Just over four and a half inches long, it was the diameter of a hot dog. Jill hid her disappointment well. All this thinking about fucking Yoshi had gotten Jill hot, and she'd been looking forward to a fat, hard cock that would make her cunt happy. What she got was...Yoshi.

Jill opened her mouth and lowered her face over Yoshi's cock, reaching with her tongue to lick the purple, throbbing head. Slowly, gently, Jill began sucking Yoshi's cock, easily taking all of it into her wet, slavering mouth. Yoshi's hands tightened on Jill's head and he started humping his hips into her face, pulling her mouth hard against his groin.

Jill let Yoshi lead, eager to have him cum in her mouth and get this over with. The sooner Yoshi emptied his load inside of her, the sooner she could open her purse, get the vial and-

Her purse! Jill almost bit Yoshi's cock off in surprise. Her purse was still in the front hallway! She'd dropped it when Yoshi had started kissing her. The bodyguards were out there, doing God only knew what... her purse, goddamn it! That was a mistake only a rookie made!

Incredibly angry at herself, Jill began sucking Yoshi's cock with a vengeance. Yoshi tried to slow down, tried to hold off, but it was no use against Jill's educated, experience mouth. Within moments he was shaking and gasping, and then he was erupting, emptying himself inside Jill's mouth. She licked and slurped at his spitting rod, drowning herself with his copious load.

Yoshi fell to the bed, a wide grin on his face, pulling Jill along with him. His hands were all over her, removing the bustier, working the zipper of the skirt down, tearing her clothes off. Before a moment had passed, Jill was wearing only her garterbelt, stockings and heels. Yoshi was above her, panting hotly, staring down at Jill's young, tanned, trim body, his little cock hard and rejuvenated again. Yoshi was not a very... good lover, Jill realized. He basically got on top of her and just thrust like a rutting rabbit. He had no finesse, no skill, no desire to do anything that might please Jill. And to make matters worse, it was over in about two minutes. Yoshi rolled off of Jill, turned over, and started snoring twenty seconds later.

Jill lay there, stunned. This man was perhaps one of the wealthiest in the world. He could have almost any woman in the world, at any time, in his bed...and he was a dead fuck. Well, she thought, in a few weeks, it wouldn't matter anymore. Yoshi would not just be a dead fuck, he'd actually be...dead.

And that reminded her. The inert portion of the binary poison was still in her purse, which was still in the front room, under the watchful eye of the bodyguards. She had to figure out a way to get out there, get the purse from under their noses, and return to the bedroom, all without raising their suspicions.

Jill got out of bed, careful not to disturb the sleeping Yoshi. She stripped off the garterbelt, stockings and heels, and picked up Yoshi's shirt. It hung down below her butt by about two inches. Combing her hair out, Jill checked herself in the mirror one last time. On an impulse, she unbuttoned the shirt all the way. It was held closed only by the weight of her breasts. If she moved too quickly in any direction, it would billow open, giving revealing, tantalizing glimpses of her perfectly round breasts. If she could keep the bodyguard's attentions on her body, Jill knew, then they wouldn't care about the purse.

Walking softly back into the front of the apartment, Jill found the two bodyguards standing in the kitchen. They stood, staring off into space, holding their hands in front of their waist. They looked at her quietly, studying her, looking for...what? A suspicious move? To see if she was going to get a knife from the drawer and go back into the bedroom and finish Yoshi off?

She walked into the kitchen and made a big show out of getting a mineral water from the icebox. She smiled coyly at the two men and bent carefully over as she pretended to search the interior of the icebox for the water. Jill knew that the bottom of the shirt was slowly crawling up her body, revealing more and more of her firm buttocks to what she hoped was their fervent gaze.

She shut the door and turned to face Yoshi's men. "Can I get you two anything?"

The taller of the two looked at her and grinned softly, intentionally lowering his gaze to stare at her almost-visible tits. His grin widened as he saw her nipples harden under his view. Almost against her control, Jill was getting excited having this man look at her. She knew it was wrong, but she suddenly wanted this man. She wanted both of them, right there, right then. Yoshi was asleep in the next room, and probably would be for another few hours. And her purse was still on the counter, where one of the men had put it. Jill hoped that they hadn't gone through it.

"Really?" Jill asked, stepping a little closer to the man. "Both of you want...me?"

The big one turned to his partner and shrugged. The little one turned and left them alone. Jill smiled up at her new friend and ran a shaking, tentative hand over his chest. He was completely unlike Yoshi. His body was hard and firm under her fingers. "We have to make this fast," Jill said, "your boss might wake up at any second."

"My partner will keep watch for me, just as I will when he has you. If our employer awakens, he will be...detained until things are once again as they should be. For the time being, we can be assured that we will not be interrupted." And with that, the man reached down, grasped Jill's waist, and lifted her onto the kitchen table. Jill's shirt parted, revealing her body to the man's hot, horny gaze. He smiled at the sight of her, and Jill actually found herself blushing.

The bodyguard pulled out a chair and sat in it. And then his face was approaching Jill's crotch. She watched in amazement as he lowered his mouth between her legs and began to expertly, patiently eat her cunt. His mouth was everywhere at once, teasing and licking and probing, tasting her most intimate of spots. It didn't seem to bother him that Yoshi had been there first, and in fact, if anything, it made him eat her that much harder. His hands came up and found her thighs, pushing them apart, spreading Jill wider so he could get at her cunt.

Jill lowered her hands to his head and rode his face, grunting softly as she felt her first orgasm rapidly approaching. She wondered what kind of joke the Gods were playing on her. Why was it that the rich man, the one she was supposed to want to be with, was a dead fuck, while this man, the bodyguard, the man-servant, was a skilled lover that was making her cunt leak like a faucet? Why was it always that way? Why was it that the ones you didn't suspect always turned out to be the animals?

Putting that and all other thoughts from her mind, Jill surrendered to the pleasure and rode the man's face through an incredible climax. Her cunt gushed lubrication and the man doubled his efforts, finding Jill's clit with his fingers, twisting and tweaking it, making the poor girl shudder and shake with pleasure and joy.

Finished, he sat back and unzipped his pants and fished out a truly huge cock. His gaze was fixed on Jill's face, and she just smiled, moving as if to take it into her mouth. His hand stopped her, and he lifted her again, moving her over his lap. Understanding what he wanted, Jill reached down and grasped him, lining herself up with his prick.

With a single smooth lunge, Jill settled herself down on the man's prick, taking it completely inside. Her tight vaginal walls clutched and massaged the man's prick, and when Jill consciously applied pressure he groaned. His huge hands came up and swept the shirt off her shoulders, baring her tits to the night air. His mouth closed over one erect nipple and he tongued it hungrily, making Jill moan and groan. They began moving together slowly, liquidly, staring deeply into each other's

eyes as the nameless man fucked Jill. Jill had the ability to tighten her pussy muscles to an almost unbearable level, and keep them that way for as long as she wanted. Other men that had had her, other men that had fucked her, had all sworn at one time or another that she was about to rip their cocks off, tear them at the root and leave them implanted inside her body. Jill loved watching the men trying to concentrate, trying not to lose control as her slick, impossibly tight cunt took them for the ride of their lives. She knew she was an incredible sex partner, and took power from that.

The man suddenly pulled out of Jill, grimacing as he did so. Holding her by the waist, he lowered the small Eurasian woman to the floor and got between her legs again. With the better angle, he was better able to penetrate her, and the bodyguard took Jill for the ride of her life, fucking the shit out of her tiny body. Jill moaned and groaned and fucked back at the man, lifting her hips off the floor to take him as deeply as possible with every single stroke.

With a huge grunt, the man came, but not before taking Jill with him. She felt the pleasure exploding from her groin, enveloping her entire body, spreading out to her arms and legs in crackling electric waves of joy.

The man continued to cum, pumping Jill's pussy full of his cream, emptying himself inside her. Jill felt each spasm and spurt against her walls and she clutched at him, eager to have it all inside her. The bodyguard finished off inside her, and stood, pulling his limp, dripping cock out of her cunt. He stood there, looking at her with a serious, studious expression on his face.

"I do not wish to make assumptions," he finally said quietly, "but my comrade..."

"Sure. He can fuck me too," Jill said, turned on beyond belief. The thought of having another man right after this one was exciting and arousing and just a little bit nasty. She could feel the first one's semen slowly leaking from her pussy, and she wanted another load shot inside her, she wanted another man to drop down between her legs and bury his cock inside her hungry, clutching hole.

A minute later he was there, smiling widely, undoing his pants in his eagerness to fuck Jill. She just smiled at him and spread her legs further, eager to have him fucking her. The man was naked in a heartbeat, and then he was upon her, poking at her thighs and belly with his cock. His inexperience showed, and Jill lowered a hand to help him out, grasping him firmly and guiding him inside.

The second bodyguard fucked Jill hard, using short, brutal strokes that filled her every time. Closing her legs across his back, Jill reached up and brought his face down to hers, losing herself in a hard, crushing kiss. The two relative strangers moved as one on the cold kitchen floor, and Jill had a fleeting thought of the two surveillance technicians getting an eyeful of her performance upstairs. What the hell, she thought. If they ask nice, maybe I'll let them fuck me, too.

Jill's mind, in the middle of the frenzy of sexual activity, diverged into two wholly conscious halves. The one half concentrated on the pleasure she was giving and receiving, reveled in the feel of the hard, fat cock squishing around inside her cum-filled hole. The other side quietly debated the entire issue of Jill's sexuality. She knew that she liked sex, and under certain circumstances, loved it. Jill knew that she was a very sexual person, that she liked the give and take and the physicality of the sexual acts. She liked the fact that certain things were considered dirty or nasty or just wrong, and she loved the fact that she liked to do those things for that specific reason: Because they were dirty or wrong. She had been brought up to believe that nothing two people did to each other that felt good could be all wrong.

She remembered back to the gangbangs she'd eagerly participated in while undergoing NSA training. A small portion of her mind knew, instinctively, that she had been molded, shaped to be the way she was, that she had been taught this so that she would have no difficulty submitting to the

various and assorted sexual appetites of her future targets. It was said that the most powerful men, accustomed to having any woman they wanted, had lost the taste for the thrill of the chase, and thus had to resort to more exotic sexual practices to get their jollies; Jill was specially trained, hand-picked, to get close to these men and be able to stand whatever they wanted to do to her, to eagerly participate if the scenario so required.

Jill wondered if she, too, would eventually fall to that sexual cynicism. Would she ever be bored with this, with the joy of being filled with a man? Would she have to revert to deviant sexual practices to get her fulfillment and satisfaction?

All those thoughts were blown out of Jill's mind as the third man to fuck her started to cum. The feel of his goo impacting against her walls sent Jill over the edge with him, and the duo shook and screamed on the floor.

Slowly, the man rolled off of her, and Jill stood on shaky legs. Her purse was on the counter, three steps away. She made it in the blink of an eye. She thrust her hand inside and found the secret compartment that held the vial.

Nothing.

It was gone.

"Looking for this, I suppose?" Jill spun, naked, the combined semen of three men slowly leaking from between her legs, to find the first bodyguard, standing in the door, holding the vial in one hand and a silenced Browning Hi-Power 9mm pistol.

"I'm not sure this is a good idea," Jill said, hoping that the technicians upstairs would know what the fuck was going on. Jill and the bodyguard stood, studying each other silently for a full thirty seconds.

And then all hell broke loose.
