



OO and the soil princess

*The battle for control of the
world's most valuable resource*

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00 is sent to oversee the capture of a master criminal mind, a beautiful Euro-Asian girl only to find a devious trap. She enlists him to fight for control of the world most valuable resource by becoming a Roshi or Buddhist teacher. So here we have a 00 story so expect a lot of sex, violence, imagination, exaggeration and 00 toys. May be just fiction but the underlying technology behind the story is simply spot on. So grab hold of your arm chair and of we go. Warning; - Contents contain sex and violence and may offend wowsers.

Chapter 1 James meets Ono

James felt his TSP (Total Security Phone) vibrate against his leg. Pressing decode he read his instruction from P. It read

'Protect the merchandise - goons 19.35'

The goons were P's name for the SAS; she didn't have much time for them, effective but brutal and not subtle. He knew the merchandise was Ono hated but respected by law enforcement agencies throughout the world.

James took the elevator to the top floor, climbed up a vertical ladder to the roof, clipped his abseiling jacket to the safety hook and leapt. He free fell for just one floor, applied the break just in time so his feet were just level with the balcony of the twentieth floor.

Quietly he lowered himself over the balcony, slipped out his gemmy kit and was about to set to work on the door when instinct made him try the door. It was not locked; he silently entered the room expecting to meet the bruisers that would be guarding her. Nobody - just Ono lying on the bed wearing what the Chinese girls call aizi or short nightgown. Custom tailored from red shot satin it was embroidered around her breasts and barely reached to the top of her legs.

It was fastened using toggles and tape and in the subtle tradition of China was just a little too tight around her breasts giving a glimpse of the flesh behind. Chinese culture disapproves of blatant exposure of sexuality as in the West, just a discreet flash of breast or calf to create interest without revealing anything.

She was just marginally taller than the normally short girls of Guangzhou but was dominantly Chinese. It was clear that she had the protruding nipples of Chinese girls but her breasts were larger but taught and firm so they strained on the red satin and toggles to leave a subtle gap revealing the flesh of the cleavage.

There was something wrong. When he first received the call he had pressed the 'I' button for the background file. Real name Chan Xiǎo qiáo. Chan the family name Xiao qiao meaning little bridge, following the Chinese tradition of naming people after an event early in their life. She was literally born destitute under a small bridge in poverty.

Her Chinese mother was a cleaner at the Casino in Macau, now dead, her father unknown, James guessed a Portuguese business man who had hit the jackpot one night and blew it on the services of a night companion, in this case Ono's mother who he found stripping out of her work uniform ready to go home.

Her mother died when she was eight but Ono seemed to have a special knack at the Casino and made money from tips from the wealthy gamblers she gave good advice on how to play their hand. She developed quite a reputation and was well sought after. She accumulated enough money to go to Cambridge where she was the first woman to gain a triple first in mathematics, computer science and psychology.

She joined Pan Am as a trainee in their logistics department where she made quite a reputation. She was soon poached by a consulting company specialising in logistics. She seemed to have some magic skill in coming up with simple but incredibly effective solutions.

Her nick name came from one of her rivals - a Tim Colesworh - a public school type whose major feature was his total lack of modesty. He had talent and his schemes were typically effective but complex. The Chairman would often bring Tim's schemes to Chan to review and she would come up with some ingenious scheme which was simple but deviously effective. When Tim heard that she had been given the job of reviewing his work he would lose his cool and run around shouting Oh No Oh No which lead to her nickname.

She soon gathered such a reputation she was approached by the US military where she worked for two years. No one knows what happened there but she left in mysterious circumstance and set herself up in the criminal world as a master planner. She never got involved in the acts of crime, just delivered the plan to the mobsters who would pay her handsomely, some upfront followed by usually large commission on completion. She was now a very wealthy woman.

James instructions were brief but clear in the code of the secret service. He was not to interfere, the goons would let of their stun grenades as they entered the building, they would 'manage' any opposition as they went to the 20th floor, smash the door down and have her handcuffed and in a restraining bag within 28 seconds of entering the room. Never subtle but totally disciplined and effective. The restraining bag would be hooked to the cable of the helicopter which by then would be outside the window and she would be away to the security SAS headquarters waiting for 'P' attention.

So James wondered why he was even assigned to this and what was 'P' actually expecting him to do. He was known for his insubordination, was there some hidden silent action that she was expecting from him?

There was something wrong and he had no time to think. He pulled out his binding cord, now standard 00 issue, flipped a clove hitch over one wrist pulled her hand behind her back, the cord around her front under her breast, back under her other arm and another clove hitch to the still free arm which he now held behind her back.

Despite what the films show it is quite difficult to restrain a struggling person using conventional methods, both wrist have to be held while they are bound. This new method developed by 'N' meant that only one wrist had to be held as a time, the wrists were never tied together but pulled under the arm pits. The remainder of the cord now attached do the wrists were pulled back under the arm pits to give double security and further tied in front. It was impossible to reach the knot or even touch the cord so even with a knife it was impossible to cut the cord.

She was now awake but it was too late for her to resist, James just made one indulgence to her femininity and instead of using a reef knot used a bow, it made no difference she was totally secure but the bow under her breasts was certainly attractive.

Her eyes had the blackness of Chinese eyes but were big and round and very widely set, marginally spoiling an otherwise picture perfect face but adding a new dimension of attractiveness.

"Hello James" she said "I have been expecting you". But James was in no mood to chat, he pulled her outside to the balcony and with her facing him wrapped the abseiling strapping around both of them. It was barely long enough so he had to pull very tight pressing their

bodies together. He leapt over the balcony and free fell for seventeen floors, by which time they were travelling at over 200 kph. He pulled on the breaking cord and could smell the friction heat but it just stopped them a meter above the ground.

He unclipped and carried her bodily over to the Harley which he had parked below. He lent backwards so she was lifted up and mounted the bike facing backwards. She obligingly put her legs around his waist and clamped them in place behind his back.

He glanced at his watch, 45 seconds before the stun grenades went off, then he could start the Harley under cover of the noise without attracting attention. He waited for the 45 seconds, nothing. The SAS were always strict on time. Another ten seconds and it was time to hit the starter button. Sitting on a Harley with a bound and beautiful scantily clad Asian girl firmly attached by abseiling straps is not exactly inconspicuous in a busy Chinese road.

Still no stun grenades, everything looked normal apart from James and his cargo, so he gunned the throttle heading for the port and the pier. The speed boat was moored 50 metres from the end of the pier; he knew that to reach the boat he had to be doing 120 kph when they left the end of the pier. As soon as they were airborne he pulled the cord to release the micro wing. Among 00's this was a much despised invention by 'N', it was too small to provide adequate lift, it just gave minimal ability to steer towards a safe landing place. But it had already saved lives.

The pull from the wing lifted them from the Harley which crashed into the water. Poor 'N' he would rebuild every part of the Harley and replace all the sophisticated electronics which made it such a special bike.

They flew through the air towards the boat, they were moving too fast to attempt to land on the boat that would have meant serious injury. So he aimed for just behind the stern post. He shouted to Ono "big breath" just before they hit the water. He swam for the surface, grabbed the rails and using every bit of strength and a bit more pulled both bodies up onto the deck.

He unclipped the abseiling straps, lowering the bound Ono onto a seat, and started the engine. This was no time for hanging around, for nosey onlookers or whoever was behind his unease. Thirty minutes at full throttle and they are out of sight of land, not another boat in site, at least in the darkness. Feeling relatively safe he could now focus on working out what was really going on.

The role reversal

He set the auto pilot for Xi Ugi Island, deserted and remote it had caves fully provisioned for such eventualities. He now had time to look at Ono. She smiled at him and she was absolutely beautiful. A little taller than many southern Chinese, she was just a little fuller but still slim, obviously fit but certainly not a muscle woman. He stared into her hypnotic eyes. They were so big and never blinked or hardly moved. She stared at him and he felt like he was a computer being hacked by some super hacker, getting right inside his mind and transferring all the contents from his mind to hers. It was one of the most unnerving sensations he had ever felt.

He remained locked in her stare for what seemed like hours but was probably seconds, then he was able to break from her stare and look at the rest of her body. With her wrists still firmly held behind her back her breasts were pushed forward, pulling at the satin. Few men in this situation would have been able to stop themselves putting out their hand to touch these

magnificent breasts, full and round with protruding nipples. But James was a professional and on a job, so he resisted.

They must have sat there, pounding through the waves towards their destination for ten minutes when she put her head back raising her chin into the air. Her breasts were already pushed out by the cord as far as they could go but a line was formed from her chin down to her cleavage. She pulled her head upright, smiled at him then put her head back again. Two hours to target James thought as he reached forward to touch her breasts.

The effect was electric and his hands went into automatic - unclipping the toggles which held her shorty. Two hours is a long time he thought as he lent forward to run his tongue over one erect nipple. It tasted slightly acid but the smell of her body was divine. When his lips touched the other erect nipple he felt something bad was seriously happening to his body. His muscles did not seem to be working properly. Then it clicked hydro-bexodreniline, a nerve relaxant that left consciousness, maybe a little drowsiness but with complete paralysis.

She had obviously painted her nipples with a concentrated solution, she smiled at him and said in a quite matter of fact way "James, you better untie me; we don't want to be both speeding around this empty ocean without someone to control the boat. You have less than thirty seconds." He wanted to think about this but he knew there was no time; he pulled out the bow which he had fortunately tied and just managed to get the clove hitch of one arm before total paralysis set in.

James was not immediately concerned, the drug lasted thirty minutes at the maximum and he was fit and strong and she was just a slip of a girl.

But that comfort did not last long. She undid and took off his shirt, took the cordage and bound his hands in just the way he had tied her. She was a fast learner. But he had tied her gently, making escape impossible but with little discomfort. She seemed to enjoy tying him to the maximum of her strength.

She then stripped him until he was totally naked. She found some rope in a locker and folded his legs into a yoga position, then bound the ankles together. He admitted she had done an excellent job of restraining him and that when the drug wore off he would be totally immobilised.

She examined his body in the greatest detail, feeling every inch of his skin, clearly looking for some honing device that may be embedded. In different circumstances this would have been a pleasant experience but not in a speeding boat with one of the world's leading alleged criminals.

When she had finished with his body she started on his clothes, finding all the special equipment supplied by 'N'. She seemed to know what every item was for. When the detailed examination was over she simply threw all his clothes overboard, no way was she going to risk some undiscovered homing device.

She went to the auto pilot and changed the course, he had no idea where to. She sat down beside him and said, "Don't worry, I am not going to kill you, if I had wanted to do that you would already be dead. I need you for a most important project, perhaps one of the most important on the earth."

He tried to speak but the drug was only just beginning to wear off and only a garbled mumble came out. Again that long stare as she tried to work out what was going on in his mind.

"I see" she said "you were wondering about the message from 'P' and where the SAS got to." Well don't worry - I sent you that message." He thought this through, the encryption system was based on a 48 byte system which was undecipherable.

"You are wondering about your 48 Byte undecipherable system?" she said with uncanny accuracy. "Well the Russians have a 128 Byte system which I cracked in two days – yours was child play. You see I am a computer expert and a psychologist. Of course it is impossible by normal means but I examine the system and get into the mind of the person who wrote the code working out every step he would take. Easy when you know how".

He looked into those black staring eyes, realising they were absorbing every detail, every move, every twitch slowly building up a picture of what was happening inside his head. He had no doubt she had cracked the code - but why? Why did she want him prisoner?

He tried to ask why and a better grunt came out but still not intelligible to a normal person. But she knew. "Don't worry, you will soon find out, look here they come". He tried to look in the direction of her gaze, but could only get half way round, but he certainly heard the buzz of a small plane.

It was just a small sea plane which taxied over to the boat. Two men, dressed in monk's robes, boarded the boat and lifted him into the plane. She followed, and as the plane taxied away she tossed a small item onto the boat. The pilot opened the throttle to take off and they were barely airborne when the boat exploded and sank without trace. He had no idea where they were going but he knew there was no way he could be traced.

After a four hour flight they landed in the upper waters of a small river in a mountainous region. James guessed from the flight direction that it was Yunnan province in China but it appeared totally deserted, unusual for China. By now he had fully recovered but was still tightly bound in the Yoga position, he was feeling more than a bit cramped.

Two monks came out in a small boat to ferry them to the shore. They placed him in a sitting position on the beach. James decided it was time start asking questions. "Up deep into those mountains" she said before James had said a word. "But you are going to have to walk, so we are going to make a few modifications to your method of restraint".

One of the monks handed her a small package and she took out a device, it had two small cylinders held together with a metal strap and with a locking device. She pushed him flat to the ground, he tried to resist but with his legs in the Yoga position he did not have the balance, but to make sure she sat on his chest.

He could not see but he felt her attach the device and could sense the small cylinders lying alongside each side of his testicles. He heard the click of a lock and she stood up, untied his legs, pulled him up and untied his arms.

He was free, or so he thought. "Now listen very carefully" attached to your scrotum is a 40,000 volt Taser. If I just touch this (she indicated a button on the wrist watch she had just put on) you will roll in agony. If I hold it down your manhood will be fried. If you move more than 50 meters away from me the signal will drop and you will automatically be tasered. And there is more - if you are planning any escape your body emits an enzyme, called the fear enzyme, it is what enables dogs to smell fear on a frightened animal. The taser is automatically activated by this enzyme. Do you believe me or do I need to demonstrate?"

He understood completely and had no intention of having his manhood fried. He was beginning to understand why this lady had the reputation as the master planner. He knew it and she knew it.

They gave him a monk's tunic, he dressed and the journey started. The monks carried knapsacks with what looked like several days' supply; it looked like a long haul. There were no roads, just a single file track; the climb into the mountains was very steep. Foot was the only way.

It took three days for them to arrive at a monastery with its small surrounding village. They just slept on the ground but each night James made sure he slept close to Ono. He had thought that the taser was just another of her bluffs but he had no intention of putting it to the test. She seemed quite happy to be close and rolled over and put her arm around him and slept like a child.

Xi Jong village

They dropped down from a ridge into the valley below where the village lay. Although they were at a significant elevation, naturally as they were on the Eastern edge of the Tibetan plateau, the vegetation was rich and lush. The locals were obviously expecting the party as they all were waiting either side of the track, many playing instruments - a one string violin or a flute made from bamboo. Others just sang and waved red flags.

It was clear the village had their own dialect that Ono could not speak. A middle aged lady came out and Ono said "This is your translator. She speaks no English or Mandarin but she communicates by mime, you will manage fine. Just call her Dong."

They entered what appeared to be a communal bathhouse. They seemed to have no sense of embarrassment. Dong took of James tunic and saw the device attached. She immediately threw herself onto the floor, clutching her legs and rolling around as though in agony. No doubt what that meant. Who needs to talk when you can mine like that?

She bought out a pale of very hot water, dipped in what looked like a native luffa and scrubbed him hard. The water was so hot and she scrubbed so hard it was just about bearable pain. A young girl bought another bucket of water which she poured over James. It was icy cold and the contrast was so great he could not stop himself shivering.

The young girl returned with another bucket, this time pleasantly warm and Dong dipped in towels and patted him all over. This was certainly pleasant but not as pleasant as when she dried him with soft towels which she used in a full body deep massage. He mused that he may be a prisoner but this was the best any prisoner has been treated.

Ono came from the other end of the bath house where she had received similar treatment but this time from two young men, again she looked agreeably pleased with the outcome. Ono asked him how old he thought Dong was. Now guessing age in China is a long established ritual with very clear rules. With ladies you always had to guess slightly younger but not too young as this would not seem genuine. With the old and the young you had to guess older, children always wanted to appear older while in China the old were always held in respect so guessing older was a compliment on their wisdom.

Ono indicated to Dong that James was about to guess her age using a simple mime of first pretending to be a baby, then fit and strong and finally with a stoop to indicate age. Dong obviously loved this game and without hesitation dropped of her tunic, she was naked with no vestige of underwear.

She danced in a very sensual twisting motion, then a couple of handstand finishing in a hand walk across the bath house. She then took James's hand pressing it into her buttocks and

breast so he could feel she was decidedly firm. James had originally thought 40 to forty five but now revise downward to the mid-thirties. He went for thirty eight as he thought that by the dance she may be proud of looking younger than her actual years.

He indicated with his hands three full hands then one with eight fingers. Dong and Ono cuddled each other in a friendly mirth. Ono then said in English that she was actually seventy eight and only last year she had given birth to a baby boy the year before. The two ladies could see James did not believe her so Ono opened her mouth and offered her teeth for inspection, just like in buying a horse. Like most Chinese her teeth were perfect and beautifully white. Dong then opened her mouth for inspection, again a beautiful set of molars but obviously worn down confirming her true age.

Games and restoration over they moved onto what was obviously a communal eating house for the entire village. Everything, the building and furniture was made from some heavy dark timber roughly hewn into fitting pieces which were assembled like some three dimensional jig saw.

A large communal pot of boiling water was in the centre of the hut. The whole village lined up and each person picked up what was essentially a bamboo sieve with a long handle from the first table. As guests they were first in the line but James followed Dong and Ono. At the next table they loaded their baskets with finely cut pieces of raw meat, and at the next they topped up with a variety of vegetables. Dong and Ono then lowered their bamboo sieves into the boiling water, James followed suit. The food was so finely cut that they only waited a couple of minutes for cooking then sat on stools to eat.

James though he was a connoisseur of Chinese food but this simple meal had a taste and texture he had never experienced before, it was simply sensational, but looking at the locals it was obvious that they just looked on this as a perfectly normal meal.

They finished with a rice wine; very strong, at first James tried to sip but it was so concentrated it virtually scolded the inside of his mouth. Looking around he understood that the trick was to down it in one go - then rinse the mouth with the ubiquitous green tea.

Ono, Dong and James then made their way to what was obviously the guest quarters. They were all to sleep on one large bed, little more than a base of straw covered with a fine bamboo mesh. James was used to sleeping on this common bamboo style bed and after three days of marching up the Himalayan foothills he was ready for sleep. He was lying on his side between Dong and Ono, when Ono got up handed something small to Dong and disappeared into the darkness.

Dong lying beside him started to massage him, starting around the temples then down the neck and onto his chest. She then got up and straddled him, she felt her fumble a bit behind her back then he felt the taser being lifted off and he was inside her. The thought of being seduced by a seventy eight year old lady had never occurred to him but judging from her sexual energy he would have revised his guess down to the mid-twenties, her youthful enthusiasm was astonishing. His mind after the long march, the food, the wine and the sex was working a bit slow and he had just realised this was his chance to escape. But Dong was ahead of him, he felt her slide of him and then he heard the click and realised that the taser was now back on.

He cursed himself for his slowness wondering if it would really be a good idea to put in his report to 'P' that he had the chance to escape but was seduced by a seventy eight year old lady. This was a secret he had to keep. He felt better as he watched Dong in the half light. She had adopted the traditional Buddha pose, kneeling in front of him, with her hands

pressed together as in prayer, her head bowed forward thanking her Lord and no doubt him for the pleasure she had just received.

He knew nothing more until the morning when he awoke with Dong and Ono bodies snuggled against him. As he lifted his head he saw Dong and Ono exchanging smirks. His job was surely not a 9 to 5 desk job.

Breakfast was porridge; it did not look inspiring but had a delicious nutty flavour. He had just finished and swilled it down with more green tea when he realised everyone was waiting for him to go off on some trip. He had never quite acclimatised himself to the speed at which the Chinese eat their food.

The fields

James walked along arm in arm with Ono on one side and Dong on the other. James always appreciated the Chinese natural display of tactile affection. They were followed by a group of monks; one was carrying the portable fire pan which rural Chinese used to make a hot meal when they are in the fields or travelling.

Everyone was wearing the same saffron monk's tunic, a very simple garment just with a simple hole for the head and arms and a ties down the sides. At first sight it looks totally sexless completely hiding any form of the figure inside but the cloth was a very finely woven satin, as Ono walked James could not help notice that her nipples would momentarily push against the cloth in a most sexy way - a perfect example of the Chinese art of hinting without exposing.

They walked up a steep slope for may be half an hour when they were confronted by a deep valley, deep, mysterious and simply beautiful.

One of the monks draped a blanket over rock and James sat down with Ono and Dong by his side. The rock was hard but supported their backs. James was aware how the Chinese preferred hard surfaces to sleep or sit on and would be perfectly comfortable.

Ono said "well this is where the lesson starts, James tell me what you see".

He described how the valley was circled by mountains, how a track was rising along one face of the valley side until it disappeared into the snow line. He did not mention that this could be a possible escape route for him at some opportunity. He described the workers in their saffron robes picking some product; he thought tea from the plants, the river tumbling over the rocks before disappearing over an escarpment.

You are not looking she said, and gave the taser controller she had been carrying in her hand a swift touch, just the slightest jab. Even though instantaneous James had never felt such pain, he felt his body lurch upwards and his groin seemed to be on fire. He could feel his whole bod twitching uncontrollably. It took some two minutes for the pain to subside to a barely tolerable level and at least five minutes before he was breathing normally again.

Ono looked totally startled and immediately started to apologise and to try and comfort him by putting her arms around him and stroking his face with her lips. "I am sorry' she said, "I have never used this before. You can buy them on the net from www.cockshock.com but they only work at 20 volts. Older ladies buy them in quantities to stimulate their husband or lover if they cannot get an erection. I had one of my electronic wizzies raise the voltage to 40,000, may be that was too high."

Dong was far more animated she was laughing and cheering and obviously enjoying the scene.

Ono looked into his face with those big black starey eyes of hers. "You are thinking about your childhood, it would help if you told me about it".

"How did you know I was thinking about my childhood" demanded James. He thought he was never afraid of anything or anybody. He had to deal with drug barons in Mexico, human slavery merchants from Uzbekistan, the cruellest of the cruel from the Kremlin without a twinge of fear. Yet he was beginning to develop a fear of this slight woman. It wasn't her ingenious plans that enabled her to trick and captured him, that was awesome but it was the way that she seemed able to look right into him and know what was happening in his mind.

He never talked about his childhood to anyone, but with Ono he felt she already knew and it just may be useful to talk with her like he had never talked before.

"My father was a military man; he was killed in action when I was eight. I was sent to an old style military boarding school."

Ono took over the dialogue "and you were beaten, but that was not the problem, you are tough and could stand the beatings, it was what it was teaching you. The whole class had to watch the beating, there was a monitor whose job was to look at the rest of the class and see if anyone looked away. While you were being beaten one of your friends could not stand the sight of you being beaten and had to look away, it was too emotionally distressing for him. But the monitor saw him look away and reported him. Your beating stopped and he took your place.

It was a savage beating and you had to watch. At first you felt his pain, but you remembered your pain and gradually you stopped having empathy for him and just felt glad it was no longer you being beaten.

That was the way the system worked, in the days of Empire you could not have leaders going out to the remote corners of the world feeling sorry for the people they ruled over, they had to be depersonalised that was what the beatings were about. To make you feel glad it was not you and destroys your conscience. Now they call it de-sensitising"

James was stunned. How did you know he asked Ono? She responded.

"Because I am me and that is what I do". That was not enough for James so she continued.

"Look at Dong" she said.

Dong has obviously understood everything. She mimicked being beaten with just a twitch of her finger. There was a faint glance away, then a gradual change in her face clearly indicating at first empathy which was gradually replaced by relief.

"It is not some magic trick" Ono continued. "I look into your face. At first you are a man, then there is just the slightest movement of your head - you are looking upwards like a child has to. Then the slightest flinch as you think about the cane hitting your backside. The message is clear but people do not look, they just listen to the words which are filtered to what you want people to know, but your face and actions, although so slight tell what is really in your mind."

"Now you do it to me, there must be something you want to know about me".

In this she was right. He knew Ono's history from the file, she had spent two years in the US intelligence service, but there was no record of what she did and why she left. It was just a total blank in the records. Of course this is what is to be expected the US intelligence is not in the habit of publishing its activities to the rest of the world. But this would rarely have stopped 'P' who spent as much resources spying on her so called allies as her enemies.

But James was a learner in these nonverbal skills of interrogation. He asked Ono what happened to her when she was in the US intelligence. Ono started to talk without hesitation or thought, just a random flow of thoughts that she had been storing for a long time.

"I know in your records I have been assessed as one of the world's arch villains. But it is not true, I know I have instigated some terrible things but terrible things have been done to me. You know I was born poor but I survived by my wits and achieved a certain sense of respectability and success before I was recruited into the secret service. I knew they wanted my skills and I thought I was entering an honourable service. But like you I had to be desensitised. But I could never accept what they were doing.

I was in charge of prisoner interrogation, particularly women from the Middle East. Men are not tough enough to properly interrogate women. Some men are sadistic but that only makes the female prisoners clam up. I adopted an outwardly softer approach, a 'mummy good' if you like, and I learned a lot about their lives. Some prisoners were intrinsically evil, other traumatised but others had lost sons or husbands in the terrorism and were bent on revenge but they were not intrinsically bad people.

But I gradually realised that I was not working for the State for the good of the people. We were being manipulated by powerful vested interest particularly from the oil and mining industries, multi-national companies beyond the law. In China our political system is often seen as corrupt and denying human rights, but the US is no better, the political system is dependent on the so called donations, but actually bribes, from these super wealthy individuals and organisations.

It was BP that really made me turn. The other oil companies were manipulative but there was at least some honesty about the system as they never went to any lengths to cover up their involvement. But BP was promoting themselves as the ultra-green honourable company while carrying out some of the most anti-social acts. I was working with the Saudis and was offered \$12 million under the counter to engineer a mishap for BP. That was when I first thought about leaving the service and pursuing a life of planning and manipulation.

The Gulf oil spill was my first achievement."

James was shocked and could not stop himself interrupting, he had no idea (or had any intelligence organisation) the Ono was responsible for what was thought to be an unfortunate accident. "You caused the Gulf spill" he asked in amazement.

Ono justified herself "look I never do anything myself, that is all done by other people and often the victims themselves, look at all my work with Merrill Lynch and the drones killing what is purported to be innocent civilians but were actually US informants. I just hack into their system and generated what appears to be a genuine message and they just damage themselves.

With BP I know their psychology of profit before safety; I simply sent a message that senior directors were looking to shut down the rig as it was taking too long to get working. They just went into panic mode and we all know the results. They damaged themselves; I just create the opportunity for them to demonstrate their incompetence.

I was a valuable source of information for their drone attacks, sometimes I would tell them there would be civilians at the site but they pretended not to hear, more often the civilians had sympathy for the terrorist and they took a deliberate decision to wipe them out, they were totally de-sensitised - the enemy were the enemy to be killed - they never thought of them as human being who simply despised the dishonesty of modern day politics in the US.

I never took any action to hurt people, I just organised the circumstance where the system would fail.

Look did I did capture you? Did I ask you to lick my nipples? no I was tied up and helpless, you were responsible for your capture, I just engineered the circumstances that led to your capture.”

James felt anger growing up inside him. He was cross with himself for letting himself to be so easily captured and even crosser with Ono for her devious manipulation. She just got inside people brains and let their weaknesses destroy them. He was used to the defined rules of goodies and baddies and was at sea in this psychological war fare.

He momentarily lost his cool and lunged at her to grab the taser controller, but she was too quick and threw the controller to Dong who caught it and stepped out of harm's way. Dong was grinning all over her face and it was clear that James was about to receive a mega shock, not just the impact that Ono had delivered before.

But Ono waved her figure in the universal language of no and told James that Dong, like all Chinese peasant woman had been subject to abuse and humiliation from her own men folk and foreigners which had left an imprint of hate among Chinese woman. She is longing to see you rolling on the ground in agony, despite last night efforts. I will leave the controller with her.

She had the up on you last night. I watched, she was on top and full of energy doing all the work, at the end she was still so full of energy that she had the last laugh on you forcing you to a climax while you were still puffing and panting from your mediocre effort.

This insult to his manhood was too much for James and made a cat like spring for Dong. But Dong, even without language understood that Ono was taunting him and wanted to establish who was really in charge. As James leapt Dong pressed the controller for what in actuality was two seconds but for James was a life time. His eyes filled with red and before he even hit the ground he had passed out.

It took some ten minutes for him to come around only to find himself firmly bound as he had taught Ono, his ankles were also bound in the Budda position but apart from his helplessness he was comfortably propped up with his back against the rock. He was sure that Dong had tied him, despite her age Dong was the stronger of the two and the ropes were much tighter than necessary for restraint and were biting into his skin. Dong was grinning from ear to ear, no lack of communication here but Ono was still her cool, calm and calculating self.

“Now James” she mock scolded him “that was really very silly and unnecessary. We haven't bought you here to hurt you or punish you - we want you to help us but first you need to cooperate with us, let us get back to our lesson, have another look and tell us what you really see. Don't think like a prisoner like you did last time and look for escape routes, look and think about the message which is clearly in front of you.”

He looked hard this time, looking for the obvious that he could not see. He saw the Chinese workforce busy in the field, he thought he heard some singing but they were working in harmony like a choreographed stage show. James had always admired the way Chinese would automatically form into some syncopated routine in any communal activity.

Dong was standing too close to him for comfort eagerly fondling the controller button. Even James professional coolness was departing from him.

"I see people working in the field, gathering some form of crop" he said.

"That's getting better" said Ono, "and do you recognise the second lady from the front, that Dongs mum, behind her is Dongs elder sister."

"Why are they working so hard, particularly for older people" he asked.

"That getting better" said Ono. Actually they don't think they are working hard, for them this is a nice relaxing job'.

"They must be on drugs" said James. "No" said Ono, "but they will look forward to their bowl of rice wine and food when they finish; they will then be ready for the dance and exercise session."

"They must be some super race" said James.

"Well at least your beginning to explore options, that's progress" she said, "but what are they picking".

"I would guess tea or some sort of fruit"

"Good but what are the plants growing in?"

This had James stumped, what a silly question, unable to think of an answer he just said "soil."

"At last" Ono said "and what is the most valuable commodity in the world?"

"Oil" said James hopefully, but when he saw Dong advancing with her finger on the button he realised he had the answer wrong.

"Coal, iron ore, uranium, titanium, gold" he started to rattle off all the minerals he could think of but suddenly said in desperation as he saw Dong's finger twitching "soil".

"Progress" said Ono "now we are going to untie you and take a closer look at this soil. Then we will ask you if you will join us in our mission. If you are genuine in your agreement I can take that laser off you and we can make love." He noticed the 'we can make love' rather than you can make love to me and anticipated it really meant 'I will make long and passionate love to you'.

That was the carrot, the taser was the stick, but perhaps when he heard the full story he may not need carrots or sticks, but with Dong hovering around he really wanted that taser off.

As they walked toward the field Ono explained, "All the major minerals are dominated by multi-national companies, they have budgets far bigger than most of the countries in which they mine and using tax loopholes have very little need to consider the needs of the host

country in which they are operating. Even in the US they had unrivalled influence over the democratically elected Government, who depend on their donations to get re-elected.

But no - soil is the most valuable commodity in the world, but price depends on the combination of a resources intrinsic value and its scarcity. While soil has the highest values it has been so abundant that no one thinks about its price. But now this is changing, the increasing use of soil damaging chemicals, the practise of intensive agriculture and the wind and water erosion are now making soil a scarce resource.

In the short term this may not appear to be a problem, it is easy enough to add extra fertilisers to increase production so there does not appear to be a problem worthy of the attention of the giant multi-nationals."

By now they had reached the workers in the field, all engaged in the rhythmic toiling at which the Chinese excel.

"Look at these workers - what do you notice?" despite the lack of language Dong clearly understood that Ono was asking a question and this may be another chance to play with the Taser button. James had no intention of giving her any opportunity.

"They all look so fit and healthy, they have strong shoulders, they are lean and muscular and obviously very healthy," he answered and Ono nodded her agreement and added that many of the workers were in their seventies or eighties and a couple of ladies were in the nineties and had no difficulty in keeping up with the rhythm of the other workers.

"You see it is very easy to get the basic energy into food by using chemical fertilisers, but to maintain stamina the body needs a variety of minerals and trace elements which can only come from the soil. But the economists who measure agricultural results just focus on the tonnage and do not have any way of accounting for the trace ingredients.

Look at these rocks, this is a young landscape so the rocks themselves are full of minerals and the trace elements needed for health, but the plant cannot access all these minerals. Now look closely at the rocks,"

They walked over to one of the many rocky outcrops. Someone with great care had planted a ring of shrubs around every rock, James did not know what the plant was, it grew to about shoulder height and had an abundance of broad waxy leaves. Ono went over to one of the workers and came back with a small trowel and scraped a small but deep hole at the edge of one plant. James looked into the hole and saw a mass of fine white hairs around the roots - it looked a bit like candy floss. She pointed with the trowel to a mushroom like growth in a crevice in the nearby rock.

She lifted the Monks tunic over Dong's head showing the firm breasts, the tight buttocks, the flat stomach and the muscles in her body which made her look like a thirty five year old instead of her actual seventy eight years.

"How much would you pay to have a body like this when you get to seventy eight" she asked. James was about to make a quip about that he was very happy to have that body last night and he had not even turned forty but thought better of it as Dong may not like his little joke.

He understood the point very well, people all over the world would pay a small fortune to have a healthy body like Dong's and delay the aging process. He was looking at unimaginable wealth and he was standing right beside one of the world's most infamous criminals whose schemes had already brought her wealth beyond conception. So what were

here plans to capture this wealth and where did he fit into this plan, why was he being held captive? There were many questions in his mind.

He started, "OK I get your point but Yunnan is a special situation, known throughout the world for its gentle climate and rich soil, it's virtually inaccessible and it would be impossible to ship any volume of produce outside to the wide world beyond."

Ono went over to a much larger tree and reaching up pulled a branch down and plucked of a pod. She split this open to show it was packed with seeds. "How many seeds in this one pod" she asked. There were too many to count so he counted the first ten and estimate that was about a twentieth of the total length of the pod, "around 200" he replied.

"Not bad" she said "a typical pod hold between two and three hundred seeds."

"And how many pods on a tree". That was a bit more difficult, he could see no quick way of estimating so he just guessed forty or fifty.

"Not so good" she looked at him a bit disappointed, "in a good season one tree will produce some five or six hundred pods, you just have to look for them and you seem pre-occupied with other matters" she rebuked him with a sly look at Dong and her twitchy fingers.

"Now how many trees do you see here?" That was easy, "there are twelve trees around this one rock, he said"

"But how many rock outcrops are there" she continued with the interrogation.

James looked around, the valley itself was only about half a kilometre wide but it stretched way into the distance until it disappeared around a bend in the river. The maths was too difficult so he just said "thousands."

"About one hundred thousand in this valley alone and how many valleys are there like this?"

"Ok there is a shit load of seeds, he was getting fed up with the maths, but Ono was obviously enjoying the calculations"

"Multi trillions" she let him off the hook "and every year there is a new crop.

James got the point but there was still other things bothering him.

"That's all very well but this is a geologically speaking a young region with a rich supply of virgin rocks, most of the agricultural regions have very old soils which have been worked for centuries so much of the mineral content has already been extracted.

"That's true" she said "and even if there are the minerals the roots of the crop cannot extract them, they must be dissolved first and that is what the fungi does. The tip of every one of those little fibres exudes and enzyme which dissolves the minerals which it gives to the plant which is then incorporates into the plant itself, into every leaf and every twig.

But I am not going to dig a hole forty metres deep just to show you but these trees have roots that can grow up to forty metres into the soil. Agricultural crops only have shallow roots, wheat is one of deeper rooted but that is nothing compared with this plant.

Think of the trillions of tonnes of minerals lying deep in the soil just waiting to be extracted by this plant and used to make bodies like this.

Ono had forgotten she was holding Dong's tunic above her head, but she gently fondled one of Dong's breasts just to make the point. Then to James's disappointment she let the tunic fall. He was both enjoying the view and while the tunic was over Dong's head he felt safe from the twitchy finger.

They went closer to watch the workers and see exactly what they were doing. In the lower part of the valley they had removed a little of the top soil and were laying down the thicker trunks from the plants, then covering this with the smaller branches and twigs and covering with leaves. They were then covering this with a thin film of top soil to make a small ridge. Onto this they were laying a powder from a bucket.

Ono picked up a handful, they could easily see the seeds, she pointed out the powder which she explained was from the fungi which would grow into the plant but Ono had to show him some minute eggs, these are from a special worm which will bore deep into the ground. They distribute the mix right throughout the soil and make an intricate underground maze of tunnels which hold large amounts of water.

Finally they covered the ridge with a thin layer of soil.

Further up the sides of the valley they were carrying out a similar process but this time digging a much deeper trench, which they filled in the same way as the valley floor, the difference was they were left with a small ditch with the excess soil making a small ridge on the downhill side. This system was clearly designed to catch any rainfall and increase the moisture level on the drier slopes where water would otherwise drain away to flood the valley floor.

People in the West are always looking for some simple magic solution, the Chinese are used to working together as a team and understand how nature works, there is no one magic solution to making healthy soil, the plants provide the energy, the microbes break down the soft tissues making nutrients available for the worms, the worms spread the fungi throughout the field. The moisture is like the life blood that gives the system life. The farmers know that they must increase the water on the valley sides, that is why they make the trenches to catch the water when it rains, and if it gets too dry they will divert the river from upstream to add extra water. In the valley it can get too wet and too much water is as bad as too little so the farmers raise the plants above the valley floor.

The farmers have been caring for the soil for four thousand years; you cannot do that without developing a deep insight into how every part of nature works in harmony with the other parts.

We don't eat the plants, these are soil plants, we use them to improve the quality of the soil so our food plants grew better.

I have had scientist examine this process. They tell me that in the soil are minute traces of elements which are essential for health, some we consider to be poisons, like selenium but that in minute quantities is essential for DNA to replicate. The plants concentrate the selenium up to ten times and when we eat the plants we concentrate them a further ten times. The concentration is critical - too much of elements like selenium are poisonous, too little and the DNA does not replicate accurately."

Ono signalled to the small group of monks who had been following them at a discrete distance. She pointed her finger into her mouth, time for lunch. The monks collect what looked like lentils from the fields, mixed with some herbs which were growing around the rocks. When the water was boiling they dropped this mix into the bubbling water and waited

for no more than two minutes. They served this onto some broad leaves and handed them each chop sticks.

As expected the Chinese finished way ahead of James, they lay on the ground with a rock for a pillow and went to sleep, the tradition in much of China.

Ono slept facing the same way as James snuggling her back into his stomach in a rather foetal position, he felt Dong pushing her breasts and stomach into his back - all very relaxing and with little fear that Dong may play games.

As he dropped off to sleep he pondered the enormity of what Ono was showing him, on a global basis they could regenerate the world's soil, and hence food supply, giving people a longer and more healthy life and avoiding many of the diseases like cancer and diabetes that endanger modern civilisation.

The scale would dwarf the industries, like oil and mining that we think of as leading the world. Ono thought on a big scale but how would she implement such a plan and what was James' role. He felt Dong just playing gently with his ear, a particularly sensual form of Chinese massage. This made it difficult for him to think and he quickly dropped into a deep sleep. Whatever Ono's future plans for him was, this moment was very pleasant. Time to relax!

Ono bears her soul

When he woke Dong was massaging Ono's head, neck and back, Ono looked as though she was in a hypnotic trance.

James was reluctant to break the trance but nevertheless asked "So why did you leave a well-paid job working for the US Government and take to a life of crime?"

"I have told you, I am not a criminal" she was obviously very cross and James took an anxious look at Dong. Dong smiles and without a word passing her lips the message was clear - Ono is my sister so don't push your luck". Sister in the Chinese meaning as part of my family. She mimed what was clearly a kid's see-saw meaning - 'you nice to my family then I nice to you - you hurt my family then I hurt you.'

I found I was not working for the US Government but big business. We would have debriefing sessions in which some Senator would be present, clearly not representing his electorate but some powerful lobby group which got him elected.

"But your country is notorious for its corruption, what about Bo Xilai of Chongqing, virtually every province has its hard core of corruption. The world is not a perfect place."

Ono looked very sad but replied "yes I know my country has lots of problems - like the US the rich are getting too rich while a large proportion of the population is living in poverty without adequate food, housing or health services. Yes we have crooks in the Governments at all levels but particularly at the local level, but at least we condemn this and are trying to stamp it out, but you in the developed countries laud your corporate crooks who do far more harm to the society than common criminals. You worship these corporate gangsters and reward them with civil honours and low taxes."

"Yes" agreed James, sometimes I am ashamed to be a member of the human race, but that is life; we just have to get on with it. But you have known this for a long time, well before you joined the secret service. So what tipped the balance?"

“They wanted to send me on a desensitising course, they were complaining I had too much sympathy for the rebels and what not doing my job properly - I needed toughening up”

“Well what bought that on” James continued his interrogation.

“Africa and coffee” She came back. “You know in agriculture the US is one of the most self-sufficient nations, but there are some crops we cannot grow in the sufficient volume. Coffee is one of those, so the coffee barons have been going to great lengths buying up huge areas of Africa so they have an assured supply of coffee beans.

They bribed the local Government, very easy to do in Africa, took over farmland from the villages and fenced the land off. This was nothing to do with the Government, just big business at work. Normally a bribed local Government will use force to protect a lucrative overseas investment and they are well armed, the coffee barons import arms from places like Uzbekistan, then ship them to places like Iran who then ship them to Africa as gifts from Iran, it is a very cosy arrangement in which all the players win.

But then the coffee barons got greedy, they set up subsidiaries in places like the Cayman Islands and, on paper at least shipped the coffee to the Caymans at low prices - then nominally shipped the coffee to the US at a much higher price making huge tax free profits. Of course the boats never unloaded their cargo in the Caymans they just entered the port, handed their import export documents and left.

But the local African Governments weren't too keen on this, the often lavish style of the officials comes from this overseas tax revenue, and believe it or not some of this money actually goes into financing public services like hospitals and schools, now the Governments, living in their state funded walled mansions, but they knew that these services kept the population placid and docile so they could enjoy their affluent lifestyle in peace.

But when the small farmers were thrown off their land to make way for the coffee barons there was major social unrest. This would not normally be a problem, the Government would send in its well-armed troops and a rabble of farmers is no match for a modern military.

But the Government were not too pleased with the coffee barons and so did nothing, hoping the trouble would blow over. But there was one farmer, a middle aged woman whose real name was Martha Igabo, but everyone called Martha Martha because her mother's name was Martha who organised the local farmers into a fighting group. They organised night time raids on the local police station and stole rifles, pistols and ammunition then went on a rage against the overseas coffee plantation.

Now normally the US service would just ignore this but it just so happened that a group of American tourists were visiting the plantation as guests of the coffee barons, they were all terrified, they were robbed and two ladies refused to hand over their jewellery and were stripped searched. As luck would have it one of these was a Senator's mistress.

So he made it very clear to the secret service that they had better do something to protect US citizens travelling abroad. With true American military efficiency they sent out a clandestine group, which captured Martha Martha and whipped her over the border to a 'friendly' country. I was sent out to interrogate her.

My briefing notes led me to believe she would be some form of ultra-fanatic but I was in for a surprise. I was used to US interrogation rooms, horrible concrete cells with just a table, and two chairs bolted to the floor and with shackles ready for 'difficult clients' and thought there could be nothing worse. That is until I went to Africa.

I was met at the airport by a big black man in dirty and aged army fatigues. He said nothing but in a surly manner indicated a beat up old jeep. This was obviously not a proper Government operation, more likely some private operation the department had selected because they took the money and did not ask questions.

It took about 45 minutes on rough tracks to reach an old colonial house, no doubt grand in its day but not looking decidedly derelict. We did not go into the house but to the back where he removed a pile of hay to reveal a trap door, which he lifted. It looked like an old well - dark, slimy and smelly. He picked up a ladder which was leaning against the wall, lowered it down, handed me what I recognised as a genuine US military survival pack and actually looking new against the surrounding decay, obviously just supplied by the department. He indicated I should decent the ladder.

Not feeling too happy about descending into the hades but nevertheless I climbed down the ladder, it was dark but when the trap door slammed shut it was pitch black. I shouted to the man to open the trap door but he grumped - back in two hours.

I began to be really scared, locked in this hell hole with what could be a dangerous terrorist with no protection and no escape.

I fumbled with the survival pack knowing there would be a torch in a sleeve on the lid, relieved when I found it I shone around the dungeon. Martha was lying on the floor, just where she had fallen from being pushed from the trap door, no ladder for Martha. Her hands were cuffed behind her back and her legs were chained. I rolled her over and she whimpered with pain from injuries from the fall.

The hand cuffs were the el-cheapo type you can buy from any disposal or adult store, unlike proper police hand cuffs which when double locked are really difficult to remove this type is very easy to pick with a bit of wire.

I pulled out my hair pin, bent the end over and within less than thirty seconds her hands were free. I then paid attention to the leg chains, nothing sophisticated her either - just chain with a couple of bolts locking it around her ankles. But the bolts had been tightened with a spanner and there was no way I could unscrew them, amazing how the simplest device can be the most effective.

With her hand free she was now rubbing her thigh. I rolled her onto her side, pulled up her dress to examine. The bruising from the fall was terrible but there appeared to be nothing broken.

Despite her weight - she was a big woman; I dragged her to the corner so she was supported on either side by the walls. She started to cry and I put my arms around her to comfort her, but it had little effect. She pointed to her mouth and I realised she could not speak, her throat was parched. I removed the top from the water container in the survival pack, she drank it all.

She held up three fingers, saying 'three days and three nights I have been here, no food no water, no sanitation, no nothing this is terrible'.

I searched the survival kit, ripped the lid of the baked bean tin, opened a packet of biscuits and offered it to her. Within a minute it had all been devoured.

'More' she said. I repeated and this time it may have actually taken the full minute to disappear.

'Now talk to me'

I was decidedly against dumping anybody in a black hole with no food or water for three days with absolutely no human contact, but one thing is for sure - it makes them want to talk - and talk and talk. I got full story. Here English was broken and she spoke with a strong accent but the meaning was beyond doubt.

"My mother was a coffee grower selling beans to the company man who came every season. We made a little money and when mum died I take over the farm. It was very hard work for little money.

Then one day a man and a lady come to our village, they say they are from Afronet - an NGO which connects remote villages to the internet, they were looking for volunteers. I put my name forward and they soon came with a computer, all in its own case. They gave me a solar panel to charge the battery but I could use it any time. They put a big dish on the roof of my hut and the lady stayed with me for two weeks to teach me how to use the computer and use google. I loved it and every night I would spent on the computer. I could connect to the world.

I googled coffee and learned all about the best way to grow and read about experiments they are making to get more beans. I decided to experiment myself and it took several years and soon I was the best coffee grower in the village. People came from all over to see how I could grow so much; I had my picture in the paper. I earned a lot of money (for a peasant coffee grower) but I had eight children to support. I decided I had enough money to send my oldest son over the big sea to study to be a doctor at the big school. It cost a lot of money but I managed. We were all very happy. My son would send me messages on the computer telling me how he was doing at school. He told me about a girl he meet and wanted to marry. We were all very happy and had a big party.

Then the Government man came and threw of off our land so we cannot farm. They stole everything I had learned about growing coffee so now they were making a lot of money and we had no job or money. Everyone in the village was very sad and cross, but the Government men came with soldiers and army people so we could do nothing, just slowly starve.

I could not send money to my son for his studies, but his girlfriend dad helped him so he could become a doctor.

Then I looked on the web to find other people who had their land taken away and were cross. Soon we find people on the web who said they could help us, they would teach us to make bombs to blow up the coffee trucks. I though this very bad but everyone in the village said that I must do it; I was the only person who knew the computer so I must do it.

I said that I would not do it but I would tell the village people what I learned on the web. Some young people get together to form a little army to fight the bad people who stole our farms. At first it was no good, the Governments sent their army people and there were too many of them for us to fight, and they had guns on trucks so they could easily drive in and kill us. I think the coffee people give the Government lots of money and arms so there was nothing we could do, just live another day and hope to die quickly.

But then people tell me that the coffee people stop to pay the Government money, so the army go away and never come back.

So now our young people get courage and attack the coffee people. But it all went very wrong and got out of control, they start to capture people and hold them as hostage.

Then the coffee people get army people from America, so there are big battles, one night I was sleeping in my hut and the coffee army people come and take me away in a helicopter. I don't know where we go but we land and they just drop me down this hole. I have big pain and cannot get my hand out and just stay here. I think they wait until I die then bury me, no body know anything. Then you come. You bad lady or good lady, you work for coffee people and come to kill me?"

She starts to cry again saying "I will never see my son again, maybe they have baby so she grandmother but never see baby."

I tell her that I am not from the coffee people but work for the American Government. But I know that's I lie, I work for the Senator who had his bimbo duffed up.

It was a lot longer than two hours but eventually the surly guard came back and lowered the ladder for me to get out, leaving Martha behind crying. When I got back to the US I wrote my report, just the bare facts of what I had learned.

But I was a spy and had my sources of information, it was reported officially the Martha had died, she had escaped but caught some mysterious illness, they did everything they could for her in the hospital but she got weaker every day until her heart gave out. I knew she had been given hexo-brutane, impossible to trace in the body but deadly.

It does not kill directly but destroys the immune system so the victim dies of some local disease so there is no reason to suspect foul play.

I was horrified at such injustice and argued with my boss. He was a hard man. My boss said I needed to attend a de-sensitising camp. The one advantage of being on the inside is you know their tactics and sources on the other side. I had a false passport made, and slipped back to Macau undetected and started what you call my life of crime."

"I soon amassed a lot of money, but I never used it, I never bought a car just used a taxi when needed. I had everything anyone could want but could not get Martha out of my head. I studied on the web; I read a novel about climate change wars as people began to go hungry and began to fear that thousands of Martha's would die. An old Aunt, not a real Aunt you understand but one of my mum's old workmates invited me to stay for a holiday with her in Yunnan. I wanted to go trekking and hired a guide, he took me up into the Mountains and that is where I met Dong.

These people have lived this way for thousands of years and I could see that rather than destroying their soil as we do with modern agriculture that they were actually making soil, not just any old soil but soil with what is almost magical properties.

It did not take me long to work out that I was looking at what is without doubt the most valuable resource on the planet. It is too late to stop the mega corporations and the mining giants exploiting the conventional resources like oil, coal and iron but I had to find a way of stopping this secret of super soil falling into their hands. I had a little time because they would not be aware of what was happening in this mountain valley, and even if they knew they would probably not understand what they were looking at.

Farmers produce the world's food supply food but they also have the capacity to remove billions of tonnes of carbon dioxide from the air which could delay catastrophic climate change for half a century allowing time for alternative sources of energy to be developed. But farmers are universally exploited. They are totally disorganised collection of small

businesses that are being exploited by trading companies and supermarket chains that hold almost total power over the farmers.”

“OK” interrupted James, “I understand all this but what has it got to do with me, why have you bought me all this way?”

The Roshi Buddha

“Well” Ono continued “you are at the centre of my solution. I want you to become a Roshi Buddha”

“A what” James faced her - perplexed and a little worried. The thought of becoming any sort of peace loving Buddha was in direct contrast with his violent life style, the 00 classification was not a token honour, his license to kill was regularly used in his ongoing battle.

“Let me explain, it is not a one line answer” she took up the challenge of explaining a complex issue. “I came across these peace loving people by accident, I could see how they lived a long, healthy and disease free life. I quickly saw this came from the way they managed their soil, creating what I believe is the best soil in the entire world. There methods are a valuable secret with unbounded potential. I simply did not want this secret falling into the hands of the robber companies who have exploited the other natural resources. I could do nothing to stop them exploiting the resources and minerals where they had established there power, but here was a green field - literally - where maybe I could even out the odds.

But this was a challenge far greater than anything I had tried before. To create the situation where BP blows up its own oil rig or to get the US to direct its drones at its allies it one thing, to stop the worlds cartel getting their hand on the most valuable resource on earth is on a different scale.

At first I thought some of my contacts running drugs may be able to help, but when I talked to them I saw that this would simply be handing power from the legal but dishonourable multi nationals to a bunch of multinational criminals. So I had to think deeper and understand the problem better.

It is an odd situation, the millions of farmers around the world would welcome the ability to improve their soils, it would improve their productivity and make them better able to resist the extreme weather that comes with climate change. At the other end the billions of consumers who buy food would be ecstatic - who wouldn't like to enjoy tasty food, be free of the modern scourges of diabetes and cancer, and be enjoying an active sex live into the seventies and beyond. Try and stop them.

But in between the multitude of farmers and consumers lie a handful of multi-national companies whose focus is short term profit - regardless.

The men who run the multinational companies are not necessarily evil men (like the drug barons) but they are trapped. They have to do whatever it takes to satisfy the investors who are largely pension fund managers, who in turn are controlled by their investors. It is a viscous pack of cards with no one really being in control. If the bosses of the multi nationals do not do whatever it takes to maximise the returns they are simply replaced by the next tier of managers below. It is a dog eat dog world in which the poor and weak come of worst.

So what could I do against all these mega powerful organisations? There had to be an even more powerful organisation that could overpower these organisations. It should be the Governments but they are dependent on these multi-nationals to stay in power.

The only answer I could come up with was a Church, but which Church? It could not be the Christian Church, their image has been irrevocably damaged by the abuse of minors, the Muslim Church has an image of aggression and terrorism, may be wrongly but the image is what matters - not the reality. In any case the Christians and Muslims have been fighting each other for centuries so it would be impossible to get them to cooperate or to pick one over the other. Also they are both hierarchical organisations.

But the Buddha's are different, they are respected worldwide for adhering to their principles of non-violence and also they are a non-hierarchical organisation, in theory at least. Some Buddhist monks are solitary worshipping their faith in their own way and even in a large Monastery there is no formal hierarchy although there is an unwritten practise of seniority.

They also have a very pragmatic attitude to life and although they practise poverty they have no objections to trade. Because there is no formal hierarchy anyone can set up a Buddhist branch and do what they believe is right.

So my plan is to set up a Buddhist clan whose role is to help and train the farmers to regenerate their soils and to trade the revitalised food to the world."

She paused for James to absorb her plan. It did not take long.

"You cannot just go and set up a new religious organisation to become the world's dominant food trading organisation, the whole idea is ridiculous. Just take this stupid taser off me and I will be on my way - you're just some kind of nutter." James fumed at her.

Dong interrupted, pointing at herself and Ono with a thumbs down, then drawing a big circle in the air, followed by the hands together Buddhist symbol of recognition. James was not quite sure what it meant but Ono explained.

"Dong says you are right, we cannot do it ourselves, but you are the most famous person in the world, whatever country you go to they know the most famous one. If you join us everyone will follow.

If you become our Roshi Buddha we will be successful, Buddhism does not have the same status symbols as other religions but they have great respect for a Roshi - which means teacher - so if you become the soil teacher people all over the world will follow us and we will succeed.

Any way time to be getting back."

They walked back to the village, Ono explained that the Monks who were following them were not regular Monks, some were ex-criminals, others were doctors or scientists disillusioned with the world, but rather than just give up they had all decided to join the cause.

After the evening meal, which was of course simple but delicious they retired to the sleeping hut. Ono pulled off James robes and indicated that he should lie down on the bamboo sleeping matting. She slipped out of her robe and straddled him. She put her hands behind her back and he felt the click as the key released the taser. James was not going to be caught out again but Ono handed the taser to Dong who quietly disappeared, no need to make a fuss thought James as Ono slid onto him and engaged in a slow but rhythmic swinging of her hips.

"You are free to go or free to join us and become our Roshi" she said simply but I think you are going to join us. The rhythm increased in both intensity and speed. James laid back and

relaxed - that is as far as it is possible to lay back and relax when a beautiful girl is seducing you. James inspected every part of her rhythmically arching body and thought she might just be right - but now was the time to enjoy the moment.

She looked into his face with that intense stare of hers, she knew she had won; James gave the smallest of smiles just to say he knew she knew. So tomorrow the action would start.