

THE WARLORD'S CONCUBINE

BOOK THREE

By

PAUL BLADES

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Dark Visions Publications darkvisionspub@gmail.com

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CHAPTER ONE

A thick, heavy cloud of mist arose from the heated tub in the open air pavilion obscuring the features of its occupants. General Wang Ku, despotic ruler of a fifty mile stretch of the Yangtze River, was soaking up the almost scalding water, luxuriating after three days of fasting and prayer. He was not at his 13th century stone fortress situate in northern Hunan Province. He was at the mountain monastery that he subsidized, some 65 miles away. He had gone there to rejuvenate his soul and to propitiate the gods for their delivery of good fortune to him.

It had been a difficult time prior to his arrival. Through the vagaries of fate, he had almost lost his most prized possession, the English whore he had kidnapped off of the streets of Shanghai.

Although her formal ranking in his seraglio was lowest of the three remaining after he had married one off to his senior commander, Major Won, she was the one who had captured his soul.

It wasn't just her beauty. She was alluringly thin with long, firm thighs and heavy, round breasts. She had hips that were seductively wide, just enough to give her torso a gracious, hourglass form. Her face was more than pleasant. Her lips were plump and when drawn together formed a luscious pout. She had starry eyes that, depending on the light, appeared either light green or a slate blue. Her dark, brown hair, which had been a trifle short when he had enslaved her, had grown to a more luxurious and pleasing length in the year and a half since she had become his whore.

Yes, she was beautiful. But so were his other concubines. Pu Wei, his remaining Chinese concubine, was appropriately dainty and lithe. The Russian whore, the one now temporarily elevated to Whore Number Two by the emancipation of the former Whore Number One, Me Ling, had an innocent, heavenly face, one that invited violation. Her breasts were large and fluffy and her bottom full and round, just made for the whip. Both were younger than his English whore who was now two years short of 30.

No, it was not her beauty that had captivated him. It was something else. She had a deep soul, an inner strength. He had sensed it from the start, when he had first taken her to his bed. Her fiery eyes had conveyed her inner revolt even as she submitted meekly to his

invasion of her three heavenly gates. To his astonishment, she had learned to speak a rudimentary Chinese and even to play the liuqin, a Chinese mandolin, and sing songs made up of ancient Chinese poetry. She held herself nobly at all times, even when confronted by the imminent use of a whip. And when she lolled in post orgasmic bliss, clutching languidly to his own spent form, it was like being in the arms of a goddess.

When he had last seen her, she was standing naked on the execution platform, preparing to meet her ancestors for the crime of being compromised by an invader to the seraglio. Although there was no evidence that she had led on the daring lieutenant from his own army, she had proffered him her sexual services in order, at least at first, to save the life of her maid. Worse, she had enchanted the man who had come to rape her and spent the night boisterously coupling with him. For this sin he had condemned her to lose her head after the lieutenant and the maid, who had fallen asleep on duty and failed to raise the alarm, had first lost theirs. A concubine should always prefer death to betraying her lord. So, whatever her motives, the mere fact that she had not resisted the lieutenant to the death was cause for her to forfeit her life. His heart was wrenched by the sight of her climbing the execution platform. He had grown more than enamored of her, having fallen under the same spell that had bewitched the lieutenant. When she turned towards him, radiant and beautiful despite more than two weeks of abject confinement and torture in his dungeon, he could not bring himself to utter the words to halt her execution. It was only when the ax was raised high and beginning its downward arc that he found the strength to shout out, "Stop!" It had been just in time.

Despite his immersion in the hot, oily water of his bath, he shuddered just to think of it. It had been a close run thing. He had not seen her since that moment, having morosely trudged back into his fortress after giving the command. He had secluded himself in his private salon, numbing himself with scotch whiskey. He believed that he had lost face, shown weakness before the crowd who he had summoned to witness the execution by giving into his sentimentality. Li Pao, his eunuch, had convinced him otherwise. He had termed it a great victory, having shown a human side to his subjects while, at the same time, revealing to all the inestimable beauty of his possession, the English concubine. The gods had been gracious to him, the eunuch told him. He needed to go to the temple he subsidized way up in the mountains to demonstrate his gratitude to them. And so he did.

Three days of fasting and prayer had been almost too much to tolerate. Several times he had been tempted to jump up, call the whole thing off and call for some whores and the setting of a sumptuous feast. But he had overcome his urges and endured the chanting, the incense, the hunger pangs. Now, it was over. He had feasted with his two wives in the monk's main dining hall, but he had been careful not to allow himself to become overcome by food and drink. He couldn't remember the last time that he had gone three days without pussy and he would be damned, if you would pardon the expression, if he would miss out on it tonight.

General Wang was not alone in the elegant bathing pavilion. To his

right, kneeling by the side of the steaming pool, was a beautiful, languid, temple whore. She looked about 24 or 25, had long, silky, black hair, dainty breasts and an enticingly beautiful face. She had soaped his body dutifully while the whore to his left, a smaller, more voluptuous wench, had sucked his cock. She had not brought him to fruition, but had teased him unmercifully and then guided him down back into the soothing water.

A third whore, an older woman, a little over thirty perhaps, naked like the others, was playing a lute and singing soft, mournful songs. Her dark, black hair was piled up on top of her head and held in place by a golden spike. The music soothed him while, at the same time, it deliciously abraded the wounds of his soul. He knew that he could not hope for the melding of hearts with the English concubine that she had achieved with the now deceased, lowly lieutenant.

He had not felt such an ache for a woman since his days as a youth when love seemed the most important thing in the world. He had been a student in the British School in Shanghai, just 19 years old. She was an elegant courtesan, the prize whore of a refined, exclusive house. He had first seen her as she promenaded down Banyon Street in the Inter-national Zone, on her way to one of the fine restaurants there. He had been walking from the school to his uncle's house and had fallen in love with her at once.

For weeks he pined away for her, waiting always on the same street corner for a glimpse. She was always dressed in fine silks, her hair bedecked with flowers, her neck surrounded by jewels, and in the custody of the formidable matrons and bodyguards from her bordello. For him, the poor nephew of a middle class merchant, she was unattainable. That did not stop him from dreaming of possessing her. He had saved up his meager allowance. He found the courage to enter the sumptuous, palatial house where she reigned. He had polished his aged and worn shoes, perfumed himself with cologne stolen from his aunt, borrowed a starched, white shirt and silk suit from a friend. When he entered the establishment, he was so frightened that he almost ran right out. His courage kept him going. He looked around and saw her seated at a small table, kneeling on a pillow, laughing and drinking tea with some of the lesser whores.

He almost froze when she cast her gaze on him. He trembled as he approached. The other women grew silent as they watched him come near. He had bought a bouquet of purple orchids to present to her. As he knelt down next to her and proffered her the flowers, she looked at him, their eyes meeting for the longest time. And then she laughed. She turned to the other women and made a rude, caustic comment, wondering why the school boy was dirtying their floor. All the other women laughed. "Go away, school boy," she said to him, "and come back when you are a man." He ran out, tears streaming down his face.

He did come back, eleven years later. He had just assumed control over his present duchy, having ousted his predecessor in a coup. She was past her prime by then. He purchased her contract from her madam, brought her back to Hunan Province and turned her over to his troops. After a month, when his men were through with her, he had her brought down to his dungeon and strangled while he watched. Since that terrible day in the bordello, he had sworn off love. Now, it was rearing its ugly head once more and the object of his desires

was as unattainable as that courtesan had been so many years ago. Not her body, of course. Her body was his and he had used it innumerable times to his great delight. No, it was her inner self that was beyond his reach. It made his heart ache to think about it. As he listened to the soft songs of the temple whore, he pushed these memories away from him. Love was the last thing he needed. He was here to relax, to celebrate the providence of the gods that enabled him at the last minute to save the English whore. The trials and tribulations of ruling 500 square miles, over 250,000 souls, were far removed for him tonight. His body felt refreshed by the three days of abstemiousness. His vigor was renewed. Tomorrow, he would return to his fortress castle overlooking the Yangtze River. There would be petitions to read, judgments to render, miscreants to punish, loyal followers to reward. There had been recently increasing pressure from the nationalist government in Nanking for him to subject himself to its

rule. The warlord who ruled the southern half of Hunan province, Lu Chen, was a constant irritant, jealous of his access to the broad, fertile waterway and demanding special rights for his goods to pass through the port of Yuenying, which sat at the virtual center of General Wang's small empire.

And there was the English whore to deal with. He would need to impose his mastery of her all over again. She was sure to know that he was bedeviled by his desire for her. He could not allow her to use that knowledge as a weapon against him. She would need to be put in her place.

But that was not what was really bothering him. It was the fact that she allowed the now deceased lieutenant access to her inner self, a place that was barred to him. Every time he thought of fucking her when he returned to his fortress, and he had thought of hardly anything else over the last three days, four if you count the day it took to travel here, he knew that he would never really possess her, that her soul would be shut to him. He was the absolute ruler of a quarter of a million subjects. He held the power of life and death over all of them. They would cower and quake at his presence, make his every wish a command. But her, she would never surrender to him. Wang reached out and picked up the small, ceramic cup of heated rice wine lying next to him and downed its contents. A sudden surge of lust passed through him. What did he care about the soul of one powerless Englishwoman? He owned her body, she was his slave. She would succumb to him or suffer, that was all there was to it. He would take joy in her knowledge that she was his whore, to do with as he pleased, that she would always be a whore and nothing more for as long as she lived. He would whip her and beat her until she cried for mercy. He would invade her body, take his pleasure there. She would never love him, he knew that, but she was his nonetheless. Wang gave out a great groan and stood up, signaling to the temple whores that he was done with his bath and ready for some fucking. The two who had been kneeling next to him leapt to their feet and rushed to dry him off. He climbed the four steps out of the pool and stood at its top, his legs and arms spread while the two delectable women rubbed his body with soft, cotton towels. He was fifty one years old, and, if not at his peak of physical

prowess, damn near to it. He had not allowed himself to grow fat and indolent like so many of the men who had seized empires as a result of the decline of the Manchu Dynasty. He stayed fit and trim. His army was small, a little over 450 men now, he had let it grow in the past year, but it was crack and efficient. He had studied war and tactics. He had four French 75's, machine guns and soon, as soon as it could be delivered, he would even have an armored car with three .30 caliber machine guns. His wealth was astounding, even to him. He had six factories back in Shanghai and was hip deep in the opium trade. He received tribute from every vessel that plied the Yangtze in his domain, he taxed all commodities that flowed through his port, collected taxes from each farmer, tribute from each landlord. He was awash with gold. He had no reason to be glum.

The night air was chilly. Having gotten out of the steaming tub, he could feel the cold breeze that was wafting through the pavilion. It was almost November and soon the freezing winds from the north would sweep his duchy. December through February would bring snow and ice. It was a good time of year. He could hunker down in his fortress and enjoy its delights without worrying whether one of his neighbors had launched an attack against him or that a regiment of nationalist soldiers was marching on his domain.

The temple whores led him into the enclosed portion of the pavilion. It was a large room, 20 by 30 feet with candles glimmering all around. The floor was covered with a soft tatami mat and a wide, plush mattress lay in the middle. One of the whores lit incense and soon a sweet, gentle aroma filled the room.

They laid his naked body down on the bed and two of them lay down next to him, pressing their soft, perfumed flesh against him. The third, the one who had been singing, knelt between his spread legs and brushed her gentle hands along his thighs. She smiled at him, a smile of desire, a promise of exquisite joy. She took hold of his stiffening cock, brushed her painted lips against it and then subsumed it into her mouth.

The warlord groaned with pleasure as he felt the heat of the temple whore's mouth on his cock. Her tongue washed along its surface, her hand gently resting on its stem. Slowly, languidly, she suckled him while the other two, younger whores kissed and stroked him. His mind rolled over into an energized yet blissful state. The gods were good to him. He recited the little prayer of thanks he made on occasions such as this. There was no logical reason why the son of a cobbler should have risen to rule 250,000 souls. It could only be because, for some reason, he was favored by the heavenly powers. As a result, he did everything he could to stay on their good side. He knew, though, that change was the one constant of life and that bad usually followed the good as rain followed sunshine. He prayed that the day when he would have to balance out the ledger would be delayed as long as possible.

The whore between his thighs slid her lips along the length of his stiffened shaft and descended to his large, tender stones. Her soft hand stroked his cock gently while she took his sac into her mouth and probed the vulnerable balls with her tongue. A wave of ecstasy flowed through him. His back arched and he groaned. The whore on his right took possession of his mouth, inhaling his tongue and laying her own against it. The one on his left dragged her lips and tongue

across his chest and played with his nipples while stroking his belly with her soft, nimble hand. Wang rubbed his hands along the backs of the whores nestled into the crux of his arms, luxuriating in their soft skin. When the whore between his thighs took possession of his rampant tool again with her mouth, his brain seemed to short circuit and all

thoughts but that of the wondrous sensations from the bodies that encompassed him fled.

His lust grew higher and higher. The mouth on his cock began to stroke him in earnest. The women to his right and left seemed to accelerate their pleasure bringing activities. His need grew stronger and stronger. He arched his back. His hands took hold of the flowing, soft hair of the women kissing and stroking him, gripping tightly as if he had a need to anchor himself. He felt the surge of his fluids. The mouth on his cock withdrew momentarily, teasing his cock's opening with the tip of its tongue while holding on tightly to his steely rod. His body shuddered and he groaned loudly.

When she engulfed his prick again, he could hold out no longer. It began to jerk and throb. He thrust his hips up towards the mouth that was milking him of his essence. His eyes were tightly shut. Fierce jolts of pleasure shot through him.

Four days of his stored up, manly fluids jetted from his cock. The whore, giving out moans of pleased satisfaction, drank it down. When his orgasm finally waned, his body collapsed into a satisfied, satiated state.

It would not last. After letting him snooze for a while, tender hands brought his cock to attention once more. He had taken the potion the whores had proffered to him at the beginning of their evening together and it was having its effect. He lost himself in a whirl of passion, fucking each one of them in her turn, lapping at their heavenly gates, caressing breasts, thighs, asses. The most memorable moment had been when the older, more experienced whore had straddled him while he lay on his back. She was crouched over him, her legs spread wide, and the only point of contact between them was his tall, thick pole and her luscious, steamy cleft. She raised and lowered herself over him slowly, clenching his tool with her inner muscles. It was exquisite.

Later, as he drifted off to sleep, the whores' bodies pressed against him, just as he was about to descend into oblivion, he thought of his English whore once more. Tomorrow, he would see her again.

CHAPTER TWO

For the first time in almost three weeks, Violet woke up in her bed. She had spent two agonizing weeks in the general's dungeon for her 'crime' and then most of another as the prisoner of the man-woman who had kept her mesmerized and at the peak of sexual passion for three or four or how many days she really didn't know. It took her a moment or two to appreciate where she was.

Her arms and legs were hogtied, as per the usual practice at night for concubines in the seraglio. A small oil lamp flickered on a side table, giving the room an eerie look. She could see one of her

maids, the new one, Wen, sleeping soundly in front of her and behind her she felt the presence of another. Her prior room, before the catastrophic night of coupling with the lieutenant, had been different, the walls being made of translucent rice paper. Her new room was more like a jail. She remembered hearing the chaperone turn the lock on the heavy, wooden door. The walls were plaster and no light penetrated them so she could not sense whether dawn had risen yet.

It was part of the new security arrangements that had been imposed on her by the general's eunuch, Li Pao. No trespasser to the seraglio would be able to gain access to her now. And even if he did, the eunuch had had chains placed on her wrists and ankles and a strap locked around her thighs. Where before, she could be freed by removing the silken ropes that bound her, now you would need the key. Needless to say, none of the maids were provided with it. Violet would have to wait until the eunuch came on the floor before she could rise from her bed or free her limbs.

Her maids had been locked into her room with her. They took shifts watching her all night. It was Ting's turn now, the lanky, No. 2 maid, as Violet thought of her. The young, black haired maid took note that Violet had come to consciousness. She smiled at her mistress. She and Jinjing, the senior, more buxom and sturdy one, had been beside themselves as they watched her being led to the executioner's block a few days ago.

They, along with poor, little Liquan, who had lost her head as a result of the incident, had been Violet's almost constant companions over the year and a half that she had been General Wang's sexual slave. They fed her, dressed her, saw to her personal needs and made sure that she was kept at a high level of sexual excitement by making love to her several times a day. Each morning, and sometimes in the afternoons, the eunuch doled out to the concubines an elixir which produced strong, lustful needs. It was rare, during the course of a day, for more than an hour or two to go by without one or more of the sexual thralls succumbing to desire and seeking solace in the arms of one of her sisters or her maids.

Ting made a motion as if to urge the concubine to go back to sleep. There was no question that she needed it. Her body was exhausted from her ordeals. But Violet was too anxious to return her life to normalcy, or what passed for normalcy. She longed to hold Tatiana, the Russian concubine, in her arms. She had fallen in love with the young, blond, buxom woman.

Although Violet had been doing her best to learn Chinese, Tatiana had never shown interest in knowing more than necessary to obey her master's salacious orders. Early on, though, in her enslavement, Violet had learned that they shared a common language, French. Tatiana had learned it while a student in Moscow and Violet had studied it at Cambridge. Since no one else spoke it, they could converse freely without fear of punishment as they exchanged their innermost feelings and shared their despair at their fates. Violet was also anxious to resume her study of the Chinese mandolin. She had been receiving lessons from Yanyu, one of the chaperones, the only one to show her any real kindness. Qiao, the grey haired, broad shouldered, head chaperone, ran the seraglio like a prison

ship. She had beaten Violet more than once. The first time was when she taught her that she was no longer permitted to touch herself, her pussy, her breasts. Qaio had caught her trying to rub her damaged love lips to assuage the lingering pain after the master had beaten her there. Qaio had revealed the rule to her while delivering a rain of blows from the three foot long whippy stick that was the symbol of her authority.

Her shoulder ached from having to lean on it all night long as the result of her bindings. Her maids did the best that they could in propping her up with pillows so that she could minimize the pressure on it, but she always awoke in the morning with it stiff and sore. They alternated having her sleep on her right and left sides so that she did not develop a chronic pain and always massaged it thoroughly each morning.

When she shifted her weight slightly to change the pressure point, she was reminded immediately of what the man/woman had done to her while she was her prisoner. Her love lips had been pierced in three places on each side and a thin cable run through them, sealing her canal shut. A heavy, metal, 2" by 4", silver metallic lock was attached to the ends of the cable. The lock was embossed with golden ideograms declaring her pussy to be, in rough translation, "Belonging of General Wang." As she moved, the lock shifted, giving her love lips a little tug. Violet shivered as the sensation reverberated through her.

The other thing that the part man, part woman had done to her was to, through the use of a special salve and the skillful, manual manipulation of the nerve endings in her love channel, render her sex hypersensitive to stimulation. The least contact or pressure put on her mons caused a ripple of sensation to flow through her. The old hermaphrodite had also sensitized the tissue inside her rear portal and her nipples.

When Violet moved, the heavy lock swung free, reminding her of her heightened susceptibility to carnal pleasure. She ground her hips in reaction which, in turn, caused the ben wa balls that she now carried in her purse to vibrate, intensifying the lust producing sensations. She bit her lip and glanced back at her maid, Ting. The willowy girl gave her a sympathetic look in return.

It was about an hour later that the door to the bedroom opened. It was the chaperone Yanyu. The eunuch had given her the key to Violet's bindings and the concubine was quickly set free. Yanyu was a pudgy, short woman with salt and pepper hair. Unlike the other chaperones, who took their tones from Qiao's severe demeanor, Yanyu was more on the merry side and friendly to all the concubines and their maids. When she was done unlocking Violet's bindings, she gave her a sympathetic pat on the head. She was clearly pleased to see Violet back in the seraglio.

After her shoulders were rubbed and she had the opportunity to void in the chamber pot, Violet's maids dressed her in a silver and blue, silk kimono that swept down to her feet. Violet cherished the feel of the smooth, cool fabric on her skin. It was the first piece of clothing she had worn since being sent to the dungeon.

Violet's heart palpitated with anticipation as she was led into the common area of the seraglio. It was a spacious, well lit room, appointed with large, soft, fluffy pillows, a thick, soft carpet and

finely carved, gold inlaid, two foot high tables on which the women often played card games or mahjong. The rug was a soft, powder blue and the exterior walls were painted a cream color. The interior walls, except those that bordered areas outside of the seraglio, were made of translucent rice paper and decorated with hand painted, bucolic scenery. There was a large sliding glass door that led to the veranda, and several long, tall windows framed by delicate, lacey drapes.

It was a little after dawn, the usual rising time for the concubines. They had to be up early in case the master was desirous of their services. One of them was always kept in milk and needed to be ready to serve as the warlord's breakfast. The concubines were often up late. They were kept up until well after the master went to bed, one of them accompanying him according to a regular schedule. But the others needed to stay prepared to be called to service him or one of his guests on short notice. There was plenty of time to nap during the day and it was common for the concubines to retire to their chambers for a lustful exercise with a maid or two and then drift off into sleep for an hour or more.

Tatiana and Pu Wei were waiting for Violet as she emerged into the softly lit room. They rushed together, exchanging fierce hugs and exclamations of joy. By all rights, Violet should have been dead. She escaped the axeman's blow by mere milliseconds.

Tears erupted as the women pressed their bodies together. A tight bond had formed between them in the countless hours they had spent together locked away from the world. They shared a common experience of being subject to the warlord's sexual

peccadilloes and often performed with each other for his delight. There was one difference between them, however. Pu Wei, the daughter of a middle class merchant, had been given to the warlord in the expectation that when he tired of her a suitable match would be arranged with a wealthy landlord or merchant anxious to have the honor of marriage to one of the warlord's former concubines. No such future awaited Tatiana or Violet. No respectable Chinese man would want to marry a foreigner. All of General Wang's prior Western sluts had been either sold off to be the concubines of lesser lights, if they were lucky, or sold outright to a brothel owner.

So while Pu Wei awaited with longing for the day she would be liberated and become the mistress of a wealthy household, produce children and enjoy the limited freedoms of a married Chinese woman, Tatiana and Violet dreaded the day that the warlord decided to shed them. They rarely spoke of their fears to each other, superstitiously afraid that the date of their departure would be advanced by discussing it. But it was something always lurking in the background and served to make their lovemaking often desperate and intense.

The seraglio was, in the mornings, kept on a strict schedule. To Violet's surprise, Qiao was not there, but her first assistant, a woman with an equally choleric temperament, was there to greet her. She reminded the concubine of her tendency to harshness by giving her a smack in the ass with her whippy stick and declaring, "Enough! Enough! Time for breakfast!"

The blow smarted and Violet looked back at the thin, grey haired

chaperone angrily. She bit her tongue and quickly let it pass. She didn't want to spoil the morning of her return.

For a moment, Violet stood back to get a good look at her friends. She noticed at once that Pu Wei had been brought into milk by the eunuch. Her breasts were bigger than when she had last seen them and she could see moisture leaking from her nipples through her thin, silken garment. At the time of the invasion of the seraglio, it had been Violet's turn to provide milk for the warlord's breakfast. Once she had been whisked off to the dungeon, Li Pao had the Chinese concubine brought into production through his expert manipulation of her breasts and the aid of a special formula concocted by the general's resident herbalist, an old woman from his native village. The three women held hands as they were led into the dining area. They knelt at the 4' square table in the middle of the small room. Their repast was already spread upon it, glasses of fresh fruit juice, steaming bowls of porridge, tea. There was also, usually, in the seasonable months, a bowl of cut up fruit, apricots, apples, oranges, pears.

When the concubines took their places, one to a side, they all dutifully placed their arms behind their backs where they were joined together by the use of a soft, silken cord. They were not allowed to feed themselves and their wrists were always bound at meal times. It was yet another reminder of the strict controls placed on their lives. It had bothered Violet at first to be treated like an infant at meal times, to be spoon fed by one of her maids, but she soon resigned herself to it as had the other enslaved women. "Oh, Violet," Pu Wei crooned in Chinese, "We're so happy that you are back with us. You don't know how much we cried and cried when they took you away. I thought that I would never see you again." "Me happy too," Violet replied in her pigeon Chinese. She had learned a lot over the last year and a half, but with no one who spoke English, it was difficult to explain what all the words meant or the proper syntax. She did her best.

Pu cast a sidelong look at the chaperone who had struck Violet a few moments before. It would not do for any of the warlord's concubines to be heard voicing a criticism of him. "I'm happy that our master in his wisdom spared you," she continued.

Tatiana had no reason to restrict her sentiments in her speech. She gleaned from what she could gather from Pu's furtive look at the chaperone what she and Violet were talking about. She was chewing a small bite of apple one of her maids had fed her when she spat out in French, "That old bastard, if he had let you die I would have bitten his cock off one night!"

Violet smiled. She was swallowing a large spoonful of the honey and cinnamon laced porridge that her maid, Jinjing, had presented to her. "I'm glad that you didn't have to, my loved one. Later today I'm going to make you come so hard that you will scream."

The Russian whore blushed. Although she had been Wang's plaything for more than three years, she was still quite bashful about sex. She had had a very strict upbringing and had struggled mightily with the strong sexual urges that had come over her as a teenager due to her enlarged clitoris. She hadn't known that it was enlarged until she had become a whore and was exposed to the sexual parts of other women. She just thought that she was a sinful girl. Even now, she

sometimes castigated herself and prayed that God forgive her after an intense bout of pleasure. Somehow, though, her copulations with her older, English lover did not produce the same feelings of guilt. It just felt so good to be in her arms and to partake of her flesh that she couldn't see any wrong in it.

Violet saw the pretty, blond girl's reddening and smiled. She couldn't wait to get her hands on her. Suddenly, she realized that her hips had been rocking ever since she had knelt down. Each gentle thrust produced a satisfying and yet tantalizing

shudder in the hollow, gel filled, metal balls in her love channel. "Is this how it's going to be?" she thought. She brought herself still and jammed her thighs close together. As she did, she realized that neither Tatiana nor Pu Wei were aware of what the man/woman had done to her. A wave of sorrow passed through her as she pictured in her mind the revulsion her lovers would feel when they saw her now grotesque pudenda.

For a moment, she was overwhelmed with hatred towards her owner and master that he would have such a thing done to her. She carried his property between her thighs and no one would use it except on his terms. Every bounce of the heavy lock on her loins, every shudder produced by the weighted, metal spheres lodged in her sweet tunnel would be a reminder that she had lost the right to control that part of her body. She knew that soon she would have to submit to the cruel man once again. And she knew that when he pierced her energized love channel with his thick, hot prick, she would be overwhelmed with exquisite, intense sensations. She would fuck him like a demon.

Tatiana drew her back from her dismal reverie. "My love," she said in French, "I've missed you so much. I want to hold your warm flesh next to mine for the longest time. Will you spend some time with me this morning?"

"Of course, mon petit, of course," Violet replied.

Pu Wei piped up. When the two foreigners spoke their funny language she always felt left out. She used to have Me Ling to talk to, but now she was gone, married off to Major Won. She nodded her head at the concubine who had struck Violet earlier. "Zhu is the new head chaperone," she told Violet.

Violet looked over at the old woman warily. She didn't like the sound of this. Zhu was the least likable and harshest of all the chaperones. She looked back at Pu Wei. "Where Qaio?" she asked. "She is dead," Pu replied. "The man who came killed her. Slit her throat from ear to ear."

She spoke in a low whisper so that Zhu would not hear her. The old lady was chatting amiably with one of the other crones and chewing on betel nuts, a constant habit among the older women.

Violet recalled how she had seen blood on the knife of the young lieutenant when he entered her room. She knew that he had killed someone and so his threat to kill Lijuan was very real to her. It was a gross injustice that the pleasant, sprightly, young woman had died anyway. Violet had surmised that the man had killed one of the chaperones to gain access to her room. She had prayed that it wasn't Yanyu, who had been teaching her the mandolin. She had been relieved to see her this morning. She looked at Zhu intently. The seraglio

would be like a mine field with her in charge. She had a quick temper and had been very liberal with the whippy stick whenever Qaio had left her to supervise the concubines in her temporary absences. It was just another thing to worry about.

"Come on, come on," Jinjing complained to Violet. "More eating and less talking. You can catch up on things later. Look," she said to Pu Wei, "Whore Number Three is as thin as a bamboo stalk." She leaned over and opened the folds of Violet's kimono. The maids never referred to the concubines by name, their former names that is. Officially they had no names, but were known by their ranking in the seraglio hierarchy.

Jinjing patted Violet's naked belly. "She's lost all her roundness. And look at her breast." The maid placed a hand under Violet's left breast and lifted it. "It's shrunk. We need to fatten this whore up so she can be a soft pillow for the master. As she is now, he'll bruise himself on her bones."

The other maids tittered at Jinjing's reference to the primary purpose in life for the three concubines, the satisfaction of the warlord's legendary lusts.

Violet had always been on the thin side, something very fashionable when she was back in England. But here in the Orient a little bulge in the belly was considered an attribute of great beauty.

Jinjing's hand stayed perched under Violet's still quite adequate breast. A look of longing came over the young, hardy woman. She squeezed Violet's breast and took hold of her nipple with her thumb and forefinger, plucking and pinching at it. She leaned over and took it in her mouth, suckling it and running her tongue over the little ridges of her areola. A deep sigh escaped Violet's lips. She closed her eyes, mesmerized by the warm feelings the maid's mouth was bringing her. She yearned to take hold of the girl's head with one of her bound hands and press it into her. And then she realized that she was rocking again. The balls in her cleft knocked against each other subtly, their insides vibrating and communicating these sensations to her pussy's walls.

She opened her eyes and saw that her sister concubines were eying her lustfully. Tatiana's attending maid had slipped her hand inside the young girl's kimono and was caressing her breast. Her plump lips were agape, her chest beginning to labor with deep breaths. Pu Wei was licking her lips. The three concubines had coupled so many times over the last year and a half that being apart for so long had starkly deepened their desires.

Jinjing finally pulled her mouth free of Violet's teat. She left her hand in place for one last squeeze and then picked up the lacquered, wooden spoon and lifted a large portion of the delicious porridge to her mistress's lips. "Eat, Whore Number Three," she said. Violet needed to take a deep breath first. She stilled her unconscious rocking and pressed her thighs together again tightly. She gave Jinjing a dazed look and then subsumed the porridge into her mouth. The bell rang, signaling that it was time to move on to the next regular morning activity. The maids all wiped their charges' faces with soft, linen napkins and loosened their bound wrists. Jinjing made sure that Violet had one last, large spoonful of

porridge first.

This next activity was one that Violet had been ruing ever since she awoke. As they entered the common room, Li Pao, the eunuch, was there. He had a small caldron of hot water next to him together with a wicker basket containing his supplies. This was a morning ritual. Before the start of every day, the eunuch made sure that the general's whores had their pussies shaved clean. He also, when he was finished scraping away the growth from the day before and applying a creamy lotion to the soft skin of their pudenda, brought them to orgasm. It was important that the concubines immerse themselves in sensuality from the very start of the day.

Pu Wei, as the current no. 1 concubine would go first. A large, firm, golden pillow had been placed on the floor for her to lean on and a smaller one readied to slip under her hips to make her love lips more prominently available. Pu gave a somewhat embarrassed glance at her sisters, none of them had ever gotten really used to this ritual, and then shucked off her fine, silken kimono. She laid herself down with her head and shoulders supported by the pillow and scooted her hips up so that the other, small one could be placed underneath her. After a moment's hesitation, she obediently spread her delicate, thin thighs.

Pu was slight. Although 22, she still possessed some of the aura of a much younger girl. Her face was round, her lips small, but plump. She had doe like, big brown eyes and jet black hair that went down to her waist. Her hips were slender and graceful. Her love lips were dainty as were her hands and feet.

One of her maids knelt down next to her upper torso and began to pet her head lovingly. Violet and Tatiana knelt on the other side of her. They would watch the Chinese girl undergo the ritual as she, in her turn, would watch them.

Li Pao was tall and though slender, strong and well muscled. His head was adorned with a silver and blue, round cap that matched the sheath gown that he wore. It was his standard uniform. He was approaching fifty years old, having been introduced into the Emperor's seraglio and lost his testicles when he was just 12. He and two hundred or so of his compatriots were cast adrift in an economy move in the mid 1890's.

He had eventually found a position regulating the whores of a well to do brothel in Shanghai, where General Wang found him. The general won his services in a card game and he had been the ruler of his seraglio for over fifteen years. He was fiercely loyal to the general and had a network of spies throughout the general's duchy reporting to him every development of note. Although Major Won was the titular second in command to the general, Li was the effective one and rarely did the general make a decision without consulting him.

But the management of the general's whores was really where his heart was. He knew how important they were to his master's piece of mind and self image. He punished severely the least transgression and made sure they were kept responsive. He received no lustful or passionate benefit from making the whores come every morning, but he did appreciate the esthetics of their charms and enjoyed watching them in the throes of passion. He liked to remind them that their bodies were not theirs to control and that they all served the cleft between their thighs.

One of the maids scooped out a bowl of hot water from the caldron and presented it to the eunuch. He dipped a soft brush in the water and generated a smooth lather of soap in a little dish. He brushed the soapy screen onto Pu's loins in a businesslike manner and then proceeded to scrape it off with a razor. He used a safety razor that General Wang had brought back with him from Shanghai. The old strap razor had occasionally left behind a nick or scrape with a resultant flow of bright red blood. The safety razor was also easier to use to get at all the nooks and crannies of a female's loins.

He drew the razor slowly and methodically over the recumbent whore's sex. He used his free hand to push the delicate love lips this way and that to make sure that all the fugitive little growths were removed. He drew the razor over her perineum and, spreading her rear cheeks, made sure that the dainty little star there was denuded of growth. It wouldn't do for the master to have his evening spoiled by seeing even a lone follicle of hair on his target when he took his whores that way.

Having shorn the concubine's body, he applied a creamy lotion to her delicate areas. When he examined the concubine's hairless slit, he saw that she was already watering in anticipation of her upcoming orgasm. It was usually so. Pu had been one of the general's whores since she turned 18 and every morning since then the eunuch had gotten her off. It was now an automatic reaction for her to become aroused as soon as he laid his hands on her.

Gently, deliberately, Li caressed and stroked the concubine's lower belly and loins. He spread his attentions to the insides of her soft, graceful, pale thighs. The Chinese whore gave out a little moan as her excitement grew. Li ran his thumb up the divide between her outer labia and her hips began to squirm. When he rubbed the now hardened bud of pleasure at the top, the girl closed her eyes and emitted a deep, almost mournful sigh. He plunged his thumb inside her gleaming gap and she groaned.

Li watched the whore's face intently as he manipulated her pussy to pleasure. Her lips were trembling and her eyes were closed. Her pale face had become flush. One of her maids was stroking her breast and at Li's signal, leaned over and took a nipple in her mouth, sucking on it gently. Pu placed one of her small, doll like hands on the maid's head and began to gently stroke it. Her other hand took hold of her free breast and began to squeeze and caress it. It was one of the few times that the whores were permitted to caress themselves. Since her action helped the eunuch reach his goal of bringing her passions to fruition, he allowed it. The only other time was when they had been commanded to make themselves suitable for penetration by their

lord so they would be good and wet and ready to receive him. Within a short while, the Chinese concubine's breath became labored. Her hips were gyrating. Both Violet and Tatiana were aroused as they watched. Later, they would almost certainly partake of the Chinese girl's flesh themselves or she theirs.

When Violet discovered that she was rocking her hips again, she stopped herself. The spheres in her pussy drove her lusts each time that they moved. Part of her yearned to take possession of her love lips to satisfy her growing passion, but she knew this was

forbidden. She placed her arm over the Russian whore's shoulders and gave her a not entirely sisterly hug.

Pu was groaning and moaning steadily. She had abandoned her breast and was rubbing her small hand over her belly. Her maid took possession of her lips while continuing to stroke her breast and gave her a soulful kiss. It was all Pu Wei needed. Her body shuddered and her thighs shook. She arched her back and drew her arms around her maid, holding on to her for dear life. She gave off repeated, lustful groans. She squealed with delight as her pussy sent her strong, sharp blasts of pleasure.

When her orgasm waned, Pu's body seemed to collapse in on itself. Her maid knelt up, releasing her lips. Li Pao, satisfied at the whore's lustful explosion, ceased his manipulations of her cleft and, after patting her gently on her lower belly, instructed her to rise.

Misty eyed, Pu rose and knelt next to Violet. It was Tatiana's turn. Li Pao quickly had the more plump loins of the Russian whore free of the slightest stubble. Tatiana eyed him warily the whole time, knowing what was coming. It seemed to her the height of sin to allow herself to be used this way every day, but there was nothing short of rebellion that she could do about it. She knew that within moments she would be lost in a haze of passion and it shamed her. When the eunuch placed the razor into the bowl of water and turned back to her, her pussy had already lubricated.

Li Pao enjoyed dealing with the Russian whore the most of all. It was amusing to see how, even after all this time, she was so chagrined by this morning duty. He reached out a finger and rubbed it gently over her oversized love button while capturing her eyes. He saw them glistening with the beginning of tears. When he pressed harder and accelerated his motion, she gasped and her thighs quivered as if she was tempted to try and close them. She knew well, though, that if she did, she would receive a painful lashing. She was biting her lower lip now and her hips had started a slight, seemingly involuntary motion.

The eunuch abandoned the now stiff love bud for the moment and ran his hands down her firm, heavy thighs. "Someday this slut will run to fat," he thought. But for now, and as long as he was in his charge, she would remain tantalizingly trim.

Satisfied at the signs of lust the concubine was exhibiting, Li leaned over, lowered his head and drew his rough tongue the length of her labial divide, working from bottom to top. Tatiana gave out a deep sigh and a soft whine of protest. He looked up at her and smiled and then dipped his head again and seized her love button between his lips and suckled on it gently. The girl groaned deeply and her body shivered.

He worked her slit slowly and expertly. She moaned and her hips twisted as he brought her close to the point of no return again and again, only to relent and let her passions cool. She was squirming frantically and had placed her hands on his head, exerting a mild pressure as if trying to push it off of her loins. He signaled her maid to restrain her and the girl took hold of Tatiana's wrists and brought her arms up over her head. He returned to his task, washing her clit with his broad tongue, then pushing and playing with it with its tip. "Ohhhhhhhh!" she moaned. "Ohhhhhhhh!" Her thighs

started to shake and her heels dug hard into the floor. When he brought the whore over the top, she let out a litany of Russian words and clamped her thighs against the sides of his head. It was all she could do for her maid to hold her down. "Ahhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhh!" she called out. "Ohhhhhhhhhh!" The eunuch resisted the temptation to condemn the panting, delirious young woman to another climb up the mountain. He still had the English whore to deal with. He let the blonde slut recuperate for a minute and then ordered her to rise to make way for Whore Number Three.

Violet had watched her lover and friend endure the eunuch's gemauching of her loins. Part of her had felt sympathy for the blond girl's unhappiness with being so used, but the other part had reveled in her display of untrammelled passion. Before she had been kidnapped and reduced to sexual slavery, Violet had never been aware of any attraction for the favors of the more sublime sex. Because she had shunned relationships with men, there had been rumors about her among the smart set, but they were grounded in pique because of her rejection of the upper class social whirl.

True, Violet had only had one man before becoming a whore, but that was not because she did not enjoy her encounters with him. She had just never met anyone who rang her bell after that youthful escapade. By now though, she had fucked dozens of men, the warlord's guests. The only one she had felt any emotional bond with was the lieutenant who had invaded the seraglio and that was only for one night. She was in love with Tatiana and that made her desire her flesh even more.

When the blond Russian rose from her supine position and resumed her place kneeling next to her, Violet's insides quivered in the realization that she was next. She would be exposing her disfigured sex for her sister-lovers to see. She was shamed by what had been done to her and feared that the other concubines would be repulsed by it.

Li Pao saw the Englishwoman's hesitation and he clapped his hands twice to remind her of her duty. Violet frowned, but reached for the edge of her kimono just the same and slid it off her shoulders. It dropped to the floor as she rose. She stepped forward and lay down in position for the eunuch's ministrations. As she spread her legs, resting her hips on the small pillow, she heard Tatiana and Pu Wei draw in their breath. She looked at them briefly, seeing the horror on their faces. She felt a surge of sorrow and her eyes began to tear. She closed them and awaited the eunuch's attentions.

Li Pao ran his hands over the insides of her thighs taking in the beautiful handiwork of his friend, Xifang. The light gleamed off of the shiny cables that passed through the holes in the slut's labia and glimmered off of the three golden ideograms on the lock. Maybe, he thought, if his master liked it enough when he returned he would have the other whores done up too. There could be no greater reminder that their pussies were the property of their lord.

When he caressed the Englishwoman's loins, dragging his fingers lightly over the bound love lips, the whore shuddered. Xifang was well schooled in the intricacies of pussy, having served as an attendant in the Emperor's seraglio for many years. He had been

emasculated and made to develop the breasts of a female at the age of 18 when he became an apprentice to the existing pussy master, who had learned from his predecessor and he from his. The art of drawing out the sensitivities of a woman's sex had been handed down for generations and refined. Xifang had had three days to work on the English slut's pussy and he had, apparently, done a good job. Li had barely touched the woman's love lips and she had responded wonderfully. This was going to be an education for both he and the concubine.

The eunuch produced the key to the lock that held the cables tight. He pressed it into the keyhole and turned it. The heavy lock slid off of the ends of the cables and he put it aside. He then drew the shiny cable slowly through the first two holes on each side, leaving it threaded through the holes on the bottom. As the cable passed through the holes, he heard the woman's breath being drawn in and felt her thighs twitch.

Next were the three steel balls that resided in her slit. A small string extended from the one on the end and the eunuch was able to pull the balls easily. He did it slowly, keeping his eyes on the face of the slut and watching her receive the messages of pleasure that the balls' abrasion to the walls of her pussy sent her. When he had them removed, he dropped them into a bowl of alcohol. If the slut was to wear them all the time, they needed to be kept scrupulously clean.

Li looked down and perused the concubine's blossomed pussy. While the other sluts' slits had watered easily when he handled them, this pussy was already engorged and ready for love. He ran his thumb up the moist divide and the woman arched her back and sighed. Li chuckled to himself.

Violet was appalled at the sensations that the mere handling of her pussy was producing. She dreaded what would happen when the eunuch began to address her lusts in earnest. She drew her arm across her face and hid her eyes.

She felt agonized as the eunuch applied the soap to her mons and lower belly and began to scrape the razor across them. When he pushed her labia this way and that to better scour her flesh free of growth, she gripped her hands into fists so as to endure the lustful sensations. When she felt him applying the salve that would keep her pudenda soft, she knew that the moment of truth was nigh.

Violet fully expected the eunuch to force her to orgasm either by the use of his hand or his mouth. But Li had other plans. To her surprise, she saw him stand and remove his sheath. He was naked underneath. He squatted down and retrieved something from his wicker basket. When she saw what it was, Violet moaned with unhappiness. It was the shiny, black, wooden cock that had been carved in the image of her master's prick. She was familiar with it. The eunuch had used it to develop her sexuality prior to her being officially inducted into the seraglio. There was one in possession of General Wang's wives that they used on the concubines or their maids. A third one resided in the seraglio and, on occasion, Qaio had ordered it produced so that it could be used on one of her charges.

Violet watched the eunuch strap on the device with trepidation. She knew what it was going to do to her. She looked up at her sister concubines and saw wonderment mixed with awe on their faces. The

eunuch had used the device on them as well, but only in the isolation of his chambers as a check on their responsiveness, never in the seraglio and never as part of the morning ritual. The Englishwoman was already moaning with anticipation of the tremors of delight which would flow through her as the eunuch dropped to his knees and in-sinuated himself between hers. He leaned over, covering her long, graceful body with his and then maneuvered the tip of the device to her gushing slit. Violet shuddered when she felt it brush aside her labial lips. And when it descended slowly down her sheath, she groaned, arched her back and placed her arms around the eunuch, welcoming him.

Li Pao maintained a steady, agonizingly slow stroke in Violet's pussy. He was watching her face intently. Her eyelids were fluttering, her lips were parted, her nostrils flaring. Her hands gripped his arms tightly. She let out a long, anguished sounding groan, "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" and then her hips began to thrust back against his needfully.

The eunuch's use of the replica of his master's cock was not without a reason. The slut needed to be trained to use her new cunt correctly. She would be tempted to try and take control of her coitus with the master and that would not do. No matter how excited she became, it was her master and lord's pleasure that mattered not hers. Hers was just a means to that end.

When Violet's hips began to accelerate their motions, Li ceased his and pulled the cock back until just the head sat within her.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!" the concubine moaned in frustration. She looked up, beseeching him with her eyes to continue. When she had calmed her hips' motions, he eased the cock back into her and resumed his steady, almost languid strokes. The English slut moaned again, her hands still holding onto his arms for dear life.

It took longer this time, but soon she was accelerating her movements, trying to encourage him to fuck her harder, faster. He stopped his motions again. Her body shuddered and tears formed in her eyes. "Oh, pleaseeeeee, master," she moaned in Chinese. She ceased her hips' motion, more quickly this time.

"She's no fool," the eunuch thought. "She knows."

Violet did know. She knew that she was being taught a lesson. No matter how excited she got, she was the slave. She vowed this time to wait, to follow the eunuch's lead no matter how strong her lust became.

This time, when Li Pao resumed his motions inside her fevered pussy, she moaned, she sighed, but she matched her movements to his, allowing him to lead her to bliss.

Slowly, but surely, the grating of the cock along the walls of her crevasse became faster and faster. The hard wood, polished smooth, scraped along her pleasure bud sending a steady, fierce message of pleasure to her brain. She groaned and sighed, she whined and called out. She gripped the eunuch's body as if she was on the edge of a precipice. Her legs circled around his thighs, pulling him into her. And then she came. She shouted, "Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!" as her pussy contracted fiercely again and again. "Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!" she called out. She was delirious with passion. She was thrusting back madly at

the cock that was tormenting her. She buried her face in the eunuch's neck and screamed.

Mercifully, it was over. Li Pao let his motions wind down, letting the whore's pussy send her strong aftershocks of her orgasm. He, of course, had received no physical pleasure from their coupling. But the feeling of mastery he had over her was sublime. It had been a stroke of genius, if he did say so himself, to bring Xifang to the castle. The master was going to be pleased indeed.

When the eunuch rose, Violet lay there, overwhelmed by her orgasm. Her reddened chest was heaving. Her arms lay limp and lifeless next to her body. Her eyes were closed and she was covered with sweat. Li retrieved the ben wa balls from

the bowl, dried them with a clean cloth and reinserted them into the concubine's dilated, oozing canal. She jumped and her thighs shook as they went in. When he began to lace up her pussy, she groaned and her hips shuddered as the cable was pulled through the holes. Li pulled it good and tight, sealing the outer lips firmly against one another and then ran the cable ends through the lock. The next time her pussy was freed it would be by her master in his bed.

CHAPTER THREE

When Violet had recovered from her delirious orgasm, Li Pao assembled all of the concubines for their daily potion of elixir. Violet obediently drank it down even though she detested what it did to her. Not just its lust inspiring qualities. It had an opium base and she rued the fact that she would spend most of the day in a light fog. The only side benefit of having been locked away in the warlord's dungeon was that her mind was able to clarify. Life in the seraglio was one languid day after another. She had fought hard to retain her self image and had never accepted the fact that she was to spend the rest of her life as a whore. Someday, the opportunity for escape would present itself and when it did, she wanted to be able to take advantage of it. After the administration of the potion, it was time for the concubines to have their daily baths. Ordinarily, Pu Wei would be first, as the number one whore, but since she was in milk, it was necessary that she be relieved of her night's production. If the

warlord were home, she would have been brought down to his private dining room and he would have suckled her breasts and given her relief of her swollen breasts. Since he was not, she would be milked while Tatiana took first turn at the baths.

Violet watched as one of Pu Wei's maids lay on the floor underneath her while the Chinese concubine fed her her breast. Pu's eyes rolled back and her mouth gaped as the small, black haired girl emptied her. Violet watched jealously. She had often suckled Tatiana when she had been in milk and missed the closeness and intimacy that accompanied the act. Pu would need to be relieved of her production twice more during the day and she hoped that she would be given permission later to do it for Pu as she had done for her many times. Pu had redonned her silken kimono and held it open to free her breasts. As the girl suckled her, she had her hand inside the maid's loose, light green shirt, on her breast, massaging it. The standard uniform for the maids was a light green blouse with tight, white

pants. They shed them easily when it was time to couple with their mistresses.

The vision of the two women in close embrace was intensely erotic to Violet. Pu had a petit but curvaceous body. Her kimono was wrapped tightly around her gracious hips. The maid's mouth worked fervently as she massaged the delight delivering orb to encourage its flow. The elixir was having its intended effect and Violet found herself rocking her hips once again.

She forced herself to look away. She stood up and walked towards the balcony where she often spent time watching the activities in the distant town below or in the busy Yangtze River. When she opened the glass door that led to it, she received an unhappy surprise. When she had been taken away from the seraglio, the balcony was open so that you could have a glorious panoramic view of the river, the countryside and the town.

During her absence, it had been covered with a heavy, wooden latticework. Her eyes filled with tears. She knew that the modification was a direct result of the invasion of the seraglio. This was where the now deceased lieutenant had gained entry. No one would ever again. The net result was that, although she could lean up against the wooden construct and peer through the lattices, her vision would be telescoped into tiny bits of the outside world.

Violet suppressed a sob. It seemed that she would never stop paying for her crime. Not that she saw it as such. She recalled the night of torrid passion she had spent with the soldier. She still didn't know his name, although she was sure she could get one of the maids to tell her eventually. While down in General Wang's dungeon, she had been ready to accept the consequences of her actions. It would probably be the last time she could experience actual love for the rest of her life. They could take everything away from her, force her to serve in the meanest brothel, but she would always have, as long as she lived, the memory of that night.

She noticed that little Wen, her maid, was standing next to her. Jinjing and Ting were off having their own breakfasts. The diminutive servant looked so much like the unfortunate Luquan that it was uncanny. She knew that Li Pao had selected her to replace her for that very reason. She would always hold Li Pao's memory dear to her. She circled her arm around the child like creature and gave her a hug.

"May I serve you, mistress?" the girl asked timidly.

Wen had been a neophyte at female sexual love until a few days ago. She had received her initiation down in Violet's cell after she had been returned there following her near execution. Violet realized that she was still bashful about it. It was her duty to provide her mistress with physical affection nonetheless. Violet had no need for it now even though the lust driving potion she had consumed was working its effect on her. Soon she would have her bath and she knew that her maids would give her relief then. For now, she wanted only the comfort of her warm body and her growing affection.

"Not now, sweet one," she replied.

She peered out at the glimpse of river she could see through the 6" wide gaps in the wooden latticework. She saw the boats plying its surface. How she longed to be aboard one of them.

Suddenly, she heard her name being called from inside. "Whore Number

Three, come here!" a shrill voice screeched. She knew who it was. It was Zhu, the new head chaperone. Violet knew that this did not bode well.

Obediently, Violet left the balcony and returned inside the seraglio. Zhu was standing in the common room with her whippy stick in hand. She pointed the stick to a spot in front of her and ordered, "Kneel!"

Violet sank slowly to her knees in front of the grey haired, broad shouldered woman, looking up at her warily. The woman stared back at her, her eyes leaking fire.

"You are a slut, Whore Number Three," she announced in her grated voice. "You have escaped the Lord's wrath for your crime, but you will not escape mine. Your lover murdered Qaio, who was my friend. I will never forget that. And I will never let you forget it either. From now on, every morning, after you have taken your potion, you will report directly to me. And every morning I will give you five strokes of my whippy stick on your bare behind to remind you of what a worthless whore you are. And, from now on, you are forbidden to couple with Whore Number Two without my permission. That is your punishment!"

A hole opened up in Violet's stomach. She didn't think she could live without communion with her Russian lover. It was unfair! She didn't invite the soldier in! She didn't know he would murder Qaio! "Please, mistress," she whined, "me love Whore Number Two! Please no stop love!"

Zhu just smiled. She knew what she was doing. She was hurting Violet in the worst way that she could.

"Be quiet and turn around!" Zhu ordered. "Put your forehead on the floor and raise your ass!"

Violet swallowed a sob and meekly shuffled her knees until she was facing away from the cruel chaperone. She leaned over and pressed her head to the soft rug. "I can't live without Tatiana!" she thought miserably. "What will I do?"

"Lift your robe!" Zhu ordered her curtly.

She tugged her kimono until her naked, rear cheeks were displayed.

"It isn't fair!" she moaned inwardly. "It isn't fair!"

She felt the tip of the three foot long bamboo cane tap on her behind as if the harsh chaperone was measuring her blow. She cringed in anticipation. She heard its whistle a millisecond before it struck her. "Whack!" The sound of the blow resounded through the room. The old woman had struck her with all of her might.

"Oooooooooooooooooo!" Violet called out. A line of fire arose on her soft, tender skin. She barely had time to absorb the first stroke of the cane when another one followed it. "Whack!" It landed just below the first.

"Awwwwwwwwwwww!" she screamed. Tears were flowing from her eyes. Her hands were clenched and her body compressed tightly. She knew that bright lines of red would be showing on her pale, tender skin. "Whack!" The third blow fell. And then the fourth. "Whack!" She screeched her pain after each one. The unhappy English whore was blubbering now. From the pain of the bamboo cane and also for her love, Tatiana. "Oh, god!" she exclaimed to herself. "How will I live?"

"Whack!" The fifth and final blow landed. Zhu had saved her strength for the last. It felt like someone had drawn rough, broken glass across the delicate, pale white mounds.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhooooooooouuuuuu!" Violet screamed. "Oh-hhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhh!"

"Stay there until I tell you you can move!" Zhu spat out.

She barely heard her. She was sobbing miserably. She had been beaten regularly when she was a prisoner in the dungeon, but none of those whippings pierced her to her soul like the one she had just been given.

Violet stayed bent over, her face to the floor for over an hour. Tatiana returned from her bath and then it was Pu Wei's turn. She heard Tatiana gasp when she saw her ravaged rear cheeks. Zhu ordered her to stay away and gave her the same instructions she had given Violet.

Violet was highly conscious of all the other women staring at her proffered rear. The lock to her pussy dangled down, tugging at her now enflamed pussy lips. The potion was having its effect despite her cruel ravishing. She started to rock her hips, sending her ben wa balls knocking against each other, making the heavy, metal lock swing back and forth. When she realized what she was doing, she burst into tears again.

Finally, it became her turn for a bath. Grateful to be out of the seraglio, Violet followed the lead of her maids, Ting and Wen, to the door that led to the outer hallway. It was a rule that the concubines could not leave the seraglio proper without bindings on their ankles and Violet shuffled down the corridor until she reached the door to the bathing room. When she went in, it was filled with steam and Jinjing was standing in the middle of the tub, naked and smiling her welcome.

Violet luxuriated in the moist heat, reveled in the feel of her maids' hands on her body as they washed every square inch of her. She played and laughed with her Chinese lovers and guardians, splashing them and dunking them in the pleasant water.

When they tired of their games, her maids led her to the mat next to the tub and caressed and oiled her body. They did her back first and, when they shifted her so that her front was exposed, the sensuousness of the experience became almost too much to bear. The erotic massage ended with little Wen sucking delicately on Violet's exposed and erect button of pleasure, sending her into bone wrenching shudders of delight.

Before they left the bathing room, Jinjing was careful to polish the lock that dangled from her loins.

When she returned to the seraglio, Tatiana and Pu Wei were kneeling down by one of the low tables playing cards. Violet had taught them all gin and she waited until the hand was done to join the game. They played rummy for about an hour. The whole time, Violet cast covetous glances at her lover. She was kneeling across from her, but might as well have been miles away. She also kept stealing looks at Zhu who was playing mahjong with one of the other chaperones. It was second nature to her to make sure she knew where the whippy stick was at all times.

It was during the game that Pu leaned over and whispered to Violet, after making sure that Zhu was not looking.

"The master returns today," she said softly. The concubines were supposed to be kept ignorant of all things outside the seraglio, but people being what they are, they often received gossip about the on goings in the fortress from the maids.

The return of the master meant different things to the three women, especially Violet. Pu had the least to worry about. While the warlord used her well, especially her dainty, rear aperture, something the Pu loathed, she was normally not the general's regular target for abuse. That unfortunate role usually fell to Tatiana. There was something about her abundant, soft flesh, her meaty rear mounds, her heavy, fluffy breasts that brought out the worst in the cruel man.

For Violet, there was the tension of being brought into his presence for the first time since the disaster. Would he beat her, as Zhu had done? Would his treatment of her be coarse and mean? The general had a penchant for rough sex and often brought his whores to tears with his use of them. But the biggest question mark for Violet was whether she could swallow her hatred of the man sufficiently to serve him as he demanded: totally, instantly and without reservation.

Tatiana had just declared gin for the third time in a row when the luncheon bell rang. The three concubines were escorted to the dining room where, their wrists bound behind them loosely by soft, silken cords, they were fed an agreeable lunch of poached fish with dill and lemon. The food made Violet feel sleepy and languid. Her thoughts turned to a possible nap. She knew that if she retired to her room, her maid, the tall, slender Ting was on duty now, would relieve the slow lustful burn she had been resisting all morning. She had almost given up fighting against her hips' constant rocking back and forth. It was addictive, especially in combination with the potion she and the other sex slaves had been administered earlier that day.

Violet's intentions were frustrated when Zhu ordered the women to return to the communal room. She had all the maids and concubines line up kneeling around the room and then instructed Tatiana and Pu Wei to disrobe and assemble themselves in the middle.

The sexual heat in the room was palpable as the two beautiful young women discarded their slinky silk coverings and revealed their gracious forms. Pu's long, black hair cascaded over her slim shoulders while Tatiana's thicker, golden blond hair, woven into a long braid, lay against her backbone. The kneeling women were gazing into each other's eyes, their desire evidenced by their softness. Zhu clapped her hands together sharply and spat out a monosyllabic command which Violet understood to be roughly translated into English as "fuck!"

It was Pu who took the initiative. She leaned over and placed her dainty hands on Tatiana's pale, heavy breasts and stroked them softly. Casting a loving, warm glance at her sister concubine, she delicately pinched the blond whore's thick, fat teats, pulling at them, drawing the soft, fluffy breasts outwards. Tatiana's body shivered and she leaned forwards, resting her palms on Pu Wei's slender, gracious thighs. She rubbed her hands up and down them slowly and then dipped them down so that she could caress the

tender, inner skin and then guide them gently apart. The Chinese girl's thin, bare labial lips were clearly displayed. Tatiana dragged a finger along their length up and down until it was covered with the glistening evidence of her arousal. Pu sighed heavily, lifted her hands until they were astride Tatiana's head. She took hold, pulled Tatiana toward her and married their parted, red painted lips together.

Violet watched as her lover and the Chinese girl exchanged a long, passionate kiss. Her heart ached with desire for the Russian girl. Her pussy burned with lust. She yearned to stroke her imprisoned love lips but knew only too well the punishment for self administered pleasure. She had to suffice with rubbing her hands up and down her thighs, licking her plump, red lips and gently rocking her hips.

The two naked women in the center of the room soon were lying on their sides, their mouths joined hungrily, their hands exploring each other's curvaceous hips and desirable thighs. Pu pushed Tatiana to her back, broke their kiss and took hold of the now stiffened nub of flesh atop her right breast while her left hand caressed and massaged the other. The blond girl gave out a long, lust filled sigh, placed her hand on her lover's head and stroked it softly. Pu shifted her attentions, subsuming now the left teat into her mouth, sucking on it noisily while she administered a gentle massage to the now free breast. Tatiana's eyes closed, her lips parted and she moaned.

Working her way down Tatiana's belly, Pu placed her knees between the Russian girl's thighs and spread them. While Tatiana raised her knees and dug her heels into the soft rug beneath her, Pu stroked the inner portion of her thighs and then placed her lips on the fulcrum of her partner's lusts, dragging her tiny tongue up and down its length and then seizing the plump nubbin atop it.

Tatiana moaned and writhed while Pu Wei suckled at her clit. She took the blond girl to the height of passion several times, only to relent her ministrations, delving her tongue deeply into her crevasse, her dainty hands stroking her thighs. Tatiana had placed both her hands on her lover's head and was grinding her hips against the mouth that was tormenting her. Her chest rose and fell in deep, labored breaths, causing her breasts to shimmer. Her chest had reddened and perspiration glistened all over her pale white body.

All of the women's attention was focused tightly on the coupling concubines, Violet's most of all. She watched as the blond woman dragged her heels back and forth along the rug, rolled her head from side to side, arched her back. She wanted desperately to be the one administering the oral caresses to Tatiana's pungent slit. She balled her hands up into fists in frustration. Her own breath was heavy and laden with need. Ting sidled up next to her and she slipped a hand between the folds of Violet's silk kimono and took hold of a breast, administering to it long, gentle strokes.

Finally, mercifully, Pu Wei, after forcing the Russian to ascend the mountaintop of desire once more, relented her delightful torture. She flicked her tongue against her blood filled, peanut sized pleasure button until Tatiana released a long, loud, almost

anguished moan. When her convulsions began, Pu Wei alternated long,

hard licks of her pointed, pink tongue along the writhing girl's slit and suckling at the point of pleasure.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhh-hhhh!" Tatiana groaned. Her back arched and her thighs shook. She tried to push away the mouth that was tormenting her, but Pu Wei had circled her arms under the moaning young woman's thighs and held her fast. "Ohhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhh!" Tatiana groaned as her pussy's convulsions overwhelmed her.

It was only when Tatiana signaled the winding down of the hard, electric spasms of her cunt that the Chinese girl relented. Her turn now to reciprocate pleasure, Tatiana, after languishing in the after effects of her orgasm, pulled Pu Wei up so that the Chinese girl was on her knees, straddling her body, her full, milk laden breasts poised above her mouth. Tatiana caressed them with her hands, squeezing and massaging them while Pu Wei moaned and her hips shuffled side to side. When tiny drops of her body's nutritious production appeared at the tips of her teats, Tatiana took hold of one of her dainty nipples with her mouth and started to feed. Her jaw worked steadily, drawing the semi-sweet elixir into her mouth. Her hand drifted down Pu Wei's side, delving over her slender hip and then insinuated itself between her outstretched thighs. When Tatiana began to stroke and probe Pu Wei's engorged, hairless love lips, the Chinese whore groaned and drew her head back. Ting's hand had taken a journey of its own. Her delicate, long fingers fluttered across and down Violet's belly and came to rest upon her steel encumbered vulva. Violet shuddered as she felt the fingers play over her tightly joined outer labia. She placed her arm around her maid's slender shoulders and pulled her against her. When Ting's finger began to tickle her love button and then slipped inside the small gap left at the top of her slit, Violet gave out a low, needy groan.

In the meantime, Tatiana, having emptied Pu Wei's right breast, shifted to her left. Her fingers were plunging in and out of Pu Wei's glistening, flowered divide. Pu Wei was issuing long, passionate moans. Her hips thrust back and forth, encouraging Tatiana's fingers on their mission of pleasure. Her body shuddered. Her head arched back, swung side to side, shifting her long, thin, black hair back and forth.

Suddenly she groaned loudly and began to utter short, staccato cries of pleasure. "Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh!" she cried out. Tatiana worked assiduously at her tit, suckling hard at the nipple, her free hand surrounding the plump, milk filled breast. When it was emptied, she took hold of the back of Pu Wei's neck, drew her head down and joined their lips together. As the women exchanged their tongues, Pu Wei's stuttered exclamations of pleasure became muffled and her hips ground hard against the hand that was bringing her such delectable joy.

Zhu allowed the two satisfied women to loll in post orgasmic bliss for several minutes. They kissed and stroked each other languidly, murmuring soft endearments to each other. When she decided that they had had enough, Zhu clapped her hands and ordered them to dress and take up their positions kneeling along the wall.

Violet was filled with trepidation as to what would come next. Part of her yearned for completion as Ting's hand continued to softly

stroke her imprisoned quim. The other part knew full well that the old chaperone would not permit her to experience sexual joy without combining some demeaning aspect with it. As it turned out, she was right.

Issuing a sharp command, Zhu ordered Violet to disrobe and crawl to the center of the room. As she bent over and placed her forehead on the rug as per Zhu's instructions, Violet wondered which of the maids she would be expected to couple with. To her dismay, it was Zhu herself who joined her.

The wizened, old woman stroked her bony hands across Violet's naked back. They sent a shiver down her spine. She felt the withered fingers trace the line between her rear cheeks, pausing slightly at the small, round hole between them and then descend between her thighs and rub across the steel bonds that held her pussy tightly closed. Violet shuddered as tingles of sublime sensation coursed through her. Ting's ministrations had left her on the boil. She gave a little yelp when Zhu's hand captured the heavy, steel lock that descended from her loins and give it a sharp tug.

"You are a slut, Whore Number Three," Zhu told her disdainfully. "If your pussy was not all locked up and you were given the chance, you would open your thighs to any man who desired you. You may have fooled Qiao, but you do not fool me," the old woman taunted her.

"The master should send you down to his whorehouse. That's where you really belong, where fifteen or twenty men would plow your dirty furrow every day. Someday, I'm sure, you will find your way there. I have many friends in town who would be happy to abuse you. It's just a matter of time. You'll see."

Violet cringed as she heard the chaperone's cruel words. She realized that there was much truth to what the old woman was saying. She had become a slut and as sure as God made little green apples, some day the warlord would tire of her and a whorehouse was her most probable next destination. But, despite her unhappiness at the old chaperone's words, the teasing of her bound labial lips continued to drive her lusts. Her body desperately craved completion.

Zhu gave a curt command to one of the maids. She spoke fast and Violet had difficulty translating the words. She knew that the maid had been told to get something, but she did not know what. Her stomach quivered at that thought that the old lady might apply more strokes of the whippy stick to her bare behind.

Her eyes were pointed downwards at the rug and she could not see what was going on behind her. She heard the rustling of the chaperone's gown and what sounded like the tightening of a belt. When she felt the old woman's fingers apply a dollop of greasy lotion to the delicate tissue of her rear aperture, she suddenly realized what she had in store for her. A few seconds later, she felt a hard, cool, round object probe at her anal ring. It was the faux cock, the ebony model of her master's tool.

Fighting back tears of shame, Violet readied herself to receive the wooden wand. She knew that all of the other women were watching and would witness the chaperone's degradation of her. Once in a while, old Qiao had instructed the maids or one of the other concubines to use it. Violet herself had used it a number of times to fuck one of her sister whores senseless. But Qiao had never used it herself,

had, in fact, other than a stroke here or there, never used any of them sexually.

It was one thing to experience being plowed by the faux instrument, even in one's rear passage, when it was administered by another woman who loved and cared for her. It was quite another to have it wielded by someone who held her in contempt.

Zhu had her rough, bony hands on Violet's hips as she slowly pressed the steely wand forward. "Here's the master's cock, you slut," she growled. "I'm going to give it to you every day. You need a daily reminder of your lowly status and who your body is meant to serve. And every night when you go to bed, I'm going to make you wear it so you can always remember who owns your worthless body."

The British concubine did not understand all of the words that the cruel chaperone had uttered, but she had received their import. She suppressed a sob as she felt the wooden rod slowly sink inside her, pushing wide her tender anal ring and sinking into her murky depths. The cock abraded the thin wall between her pussy and her bowel and the steel spheres inside her vibrated, sending a wave of lust to pass through her. "Oh, god," Violet moaned. She wanted desperately to hold back the evidence of her rising desire, the proof of the chaperone's cruel words. But as the old woman began to slowly draw the manmade prong back and forth, scraping it across the sensitized tissue at her bowel's entrance, she moaned.

"Oh, I know you like it whore," the old lady taunted her. "You're a dirty slut who likes her ass filled up with cock. I'm going to make your dreams come true."

Violet was quickly driven into a lust filled trance. The balls of hollow steel in her quim sent exquisite vibrations to her pussy's walls. The scraping of the thick rod across her rearward star enflamed her.

"Oooooooooooooooooo!" she moaned unhappily. She didn't want Tatiana or Pu Wei seeing her this way. She didn't want to render vivid proof of the truth of the old lady's condemnation of her. She could not help herself. The man/woman who had held her prisoner had sensitized this part of her too and her responses to the wooden cock were magnified. Before, she had learned to take pleasure there. But it had never been like this. If she had not been a whorish slut before, she certainly was now.

The faux prick glided in and out of her slowly but steadily. Violet could feel every wrinkle of its surface as it passed back and forth across her anal ring. "Oooooooooooooooooo!" she moaned again.

"Oooooooooooooooooo!" Her hands and teeth were clenched tightly. Her eyes were jammed shut. She tried and tried to fight off the electrifying sensations. Then something slipped inside her and she felt her pussy commence a series of sharp, hard contractions.

"Ohhhhhhhhh! Ohhh-hhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhh!" she exclaimed as she came.

"Oooooouuuuu!" Her insides convulsed as her orgasm rocketed through her. She was thrusting back madly at the pistoning prick.

Zhu was not content with one trip up the mountain. She continued to pound away at Violet's ass, giving emphasis to each thrust of her hips. Violet cried out in agonized joy as her second climax tore through her. "Please stop! Please stop!" Her mind screamed. "Oh, please stop!" she begged inwardly even as her body celebrated the exquisite sensations.

When Zhu finally relented, Violet was panting and moaning. The world around her, which had disappeared in her orgasmic fog, slowly came back to her. She felt the wooden prong slowly withdrawn from her posterior. She had displayed her abject wantonness before all the other women, and it shamed her. She broke down and cried.

Zhu clapped her hands and terminated the show for the day. Pu Wei and Tatiana retired to their rooms with their maids. Violet stayed where she had been left, her forehead pressed against the thick soft rug, not wanting to move. Then she felt a warm body kneel next to her, soft, gentle hands rub along her back and a pleasing, caring voice in her ear. It was Ting.

"Please, mistress," she said, "let's go to your room. Ting will take care of you."

Comforted by the pretty girl's voice, Violet let herself be brought to her feet and escorted to her room. Since it was not night, there would be no need to be locked in, nor for the awful, confining straps and chains that were to be her nightly fate from here on.

Ting led her by the hand. When they entered her 10' by 10' abode, Ting closed the door and escorted Violet to the bed. When her mistress was laying down, she stripped off her clothes and lay down next to her. She held her in her arms.

"Don't worry, mistress," Ting told her, whispering in her ear.

"Mistress Zhu will soon lose her anger at you. You'll see. And you will have Whore Number Two to love again. In the meantime, me, Jinjing and Wen will take care of you. We love you very much."

The soft, caring words of the young maid comforted her. Her body was warm and smooth. Violet circled her arm around her lithe body and drew her tight. "Me love you too," she murmured.

They lay there, intertwined for a long time. Violet faded off to sleep. She awoke when she felt the young woman's long, soft fingers plying over her imprisoned loins. She spread her legs to give her access and leaned her head over to capture her lips.

Tenderly, Ting caressed Violet's love lips until she uttered a low groan of arousal. She slid her finger into the gap at the top of Violet's bound crevasse and stroked the moist, tender inner surface of her canal. Violet shuddered as the finger excited her. When she came, it was a languorous, rolling orgasm that warmed her whole body. Ting broke their kiss, stroked her face and then nestled in her arms. Within a few seconds, they were both back fast asleep.

It was a long, dull journey back to General Wang's fortress from the mountain monastery. The three vehicles and their horseborn guards snaked their way down the narrow, undulating, rough roads. They stopped for a luxurious lunch about half way. Wang was so happy that, after they ate, he had the servants erect his tent and he made love to both of his wives. They were suitably grateful for the attention.

It was just dusk when the caravan finally reached the fortress. Since the journey began, he had thought of practically nothing else than the moment when he would be back in the presence of his favorite whore, the English concubine. But there were things that had to be done, protocol that had to be followed.

When his long, black Oldsmobile pulled into the outer courtyard of

his fortress, there was an honor guard waiting for him. Rows of identically uniformed soldiers, their khakis all cleaned and pressed, snapped to attention as he emerged from the car. His second in command, Major Won, was there as were a suitable number of his lower officers. He knew that the rest were out at their posts, either cruising the Yangtze for vessels trying to avoid paying his tolls, or patrolling the far reaches of his domain, collecting taxes, exhibiting to all concerned his strength and might.

Wang was in his dress uniform, grey with red stripes down his pant legs, bright red epaulettes, his snappy cap with its gold embossed brim. An appropriate smattering of medals bedecked his chest. He drew himself to attention to acknowledge the salute of his troops and then saluted them back. The men pounded their black, hobnailed boots on the cobblestones and swung their rifles down, tapping the stones loudly with their stocks and then swinging them back up to their shoulders.

When he gave Major Won a nod, the officer saluted him again, did an about face and yelled a harsh sounding command to the men. As one, they spread their legs and placed the stocks of their weapons on the ground, assuming the at ease position. Wang proceeded into the fortress.

The guards at the inner gate saluted him with aplomb as did the guards at the actual entrance to the fortress. Major Won and his small army's two captains followed him up the stairs. The guards at the bottom of the stairs stood stiffly and clicked their heels as he passed.

At the top of the stairs, the staff of the living quarters was assembled. He came to attention in front of them and they all bowed. His three concubines, dressed in long, flowing, colorful silken robes were there as well. They were kneeling at the end of the line of servants and they bowed and touched their foreheads to the soft rug.

The general walked down the line of servants slowly, nodding to the cooks, maids and stewards. When he reached his beautifully attired, obeisant, sex slaves, he paused. The three concubines were dressed in different colors, Pu Wei, Whore Number One, in gold and blue, the Russian whore in silver and green and the English slut in red and yellow. He snapped his fingers and they raised their heads from the floor in unison, casting their lovely, painted eyes at their lord and master.

A wave of lust passing through him, General Wang slowly walked past them, giving each a caress of her pale cheek. He stopped momentarily at Whore Number Three. He could see the fear in her face. Her eyes peered back at him, her rebellious nature still evident in her lovely slate green eyes. He was glad to see it. He had been worried that her two weeks in his dungeon plus her near death experience had wrung all of the spirit out of her.

He saw that she was trembling. He sensed that she too was filled with trepidation at the thought of their upcoming confrontation. The difference was that he dared not show his. Pensively, he ran his thumb across her lower, red painted lip, gently pushing her mouth open. He slid his thumb inside her mouth and drew it slowly back and forth. His cock twinged at the thought of replacing it. Obediently whore like, the embonded Englishwoman closed her mouth around his

digit and suckled it softly. Her eyes reflected her mortification at his coarse, public use of her. Later, as soon as he was done with his conference with his officers, he would have her brought to his throne room to pay homage to him and be whipped. He had not forgotten her crime against him despite his raw desire to possess her flesh.

At the very end of the line was his eunuch and major domo, Li Pao. The tall, well built man was dressed in his standard silver and blue sheath, his round cap on his head. He bowed to his master. "Welcome back to your castle, Lord," he intoned. "Your servants await your pleasure."

He nodded slightly back, as was proper. "Thank you, Li," he replied. "It is good to be back."

"I trust my Lord had a satisfactory journey?"

"Very satisfactory," Wang answered. "The gods received my prayers happily. My ancestors were well honored."

"I am pleased, Lord. Your efforts will surely bring us good fortune."

"Did all go well while I was away?"

"Yes, my Lord," Li answered him. "As you can see, your concubines all eagerly await serving you."

"That's good," Wang responded. He looked back down at the three colorful, enticing, kneeling women. "Have Whore Number Three await me in the meeting room. I will deal with her after I speak to my officers."

"Very well, my Lord," Li replied.

Violet heard and understood her master's instructions. A shiver went through her body. The moment of truth she had feared was soon to be at hand. Her heart burned with hatred of the cruel warlord. The taste of his offensive digit was still in her mouth. She rebuked herself for her abject cowardice in meekly accepting it and giving it a dutiful warm, wet welcome. She had seen the lust in the general's eyes and, more than that, a craving to possess her. Tonight, she knew, he would fulfill that craving by plowing her three holes of pleasure, especially the tunnel between her thighs, the one that announced his ownership of it in bright, golden ideograms.

After the general and his officers strode off to their conference, Li Pao gave the concubines the order to rise. The line of servants broke up, each of them scurrying off to their duty posts lest the general or one of his wives, who had followed him up the stairs, found them wanting.

Violet and her sisters shuffled to the stairs that led to the third floor of the fortress and prepared to ascend it. Their ankles were all bound with chains and their wrists had been tied to their waists. Pu Wei led the way up the steps. When it was Violet's turn to follow her, Li Pao reached out and took her by the arm. He ordered one of the stewards to deliver the others to the seraglio and led Violet towards the general's vast meeting room. Two large, wooden, ornately carved doors covered the entrance. Li pulled one of the heavy doors open and drew Violet inside.

The frightened concubine allowed herself to be led to the middle of the room. It was dark inside, the only light that which was admitted

by the open door. One of the stewards had followed them in and, using a long taper, went around the room lighting the kerosene lamps along the walls. Slowly, the room emerged from darkness, revealing the colorful tapestries that surrounded it. The flickering lights glinted off of the dark, marble floor. Once the lanterns were all lit, the steward bowed to the eunuch and the concubine and scurried away.

Li Pao untied the silk ropes that held Violet's wrists fast to her waist. When they were free, he ordered her curtly to strip. Violet untied the belt to her thin, colorful, silk robe and let it fall to the floor around her feet. She stepped out of it cautiously and then, anticipating the eunuch's next command, sank to her knees. She cooperated meekly as he brought her wrists behind her back and tied them off with the same cord that had been around her waist. He then clipped together the leather ankle bracelets that she wore and tied the end of the cord that bound her wrists to them.

The stone floor was cool and hard on her knees. She had slid the brightly brocaded slippers off of her feet after removing her robe so that her only adornment was the thick, black, leather collar she wore around her neck that declared her as the general's whore and the heavy, glittering lock on her loins. Her long, brown hair was tied up in a pony tail and laid still against her back.

"Do not move," the eunuch instructed her. She turned to watch him as he padded from the room.

Butterflies were weaving back and forth in the young woman's stomach. She felt herself starting to sweat with fear. Her mouth was dry and she could feel her heavy breasts shimmering as they recorded her body's tremors. The room was cast in an eerie light, appropriate for the dark drama that was soon to take place. The warlord's empty throne sat high on a platform above her. Looking at it, she could not help but think of the first time she had seen it, the day of her formal enslavement.

The room had been full with the warlord's subjects. She had knelt pretty much in the same place as she was now, dejected and defeated at the news that her abduction had been initiated and facilitated by her erstwhile fiancé, Robert. She remembered how dismally powerless and alone she had felt at that moment, much as she was feeling right now. Her eyes began to fill with tears. She had been a proud Englishwoman at one time. She had had a life of her own, friends, family. How far removed she was from that today. A wave of misery ran through her as she reexperienced the terrible moment when she realized that she would never see England again, that no one would ever save her.

It had been a long while since she had thought about home. She tried not to. It only made the pain of her dismal life more acute. She thought of the beautiful piano she had left behind and the life that she had thought she was going to lead as a married

woman in Shanghai, the children she had hoped to have. She hadn't realized that her hopes for a family were mere gossamer, how cruel the world could really be. Never in her life had she conceived that she would live a life other than as a privileged aristocrat. Never had she dreamed that one day she would be a slave.

Violet's unhappy reminiscences were interrupted by the sound of men entering the throne room. Li Pao was leading two of the stewards who were carrying a large, wooden framework with them. At the eunuch's instructions, they set it down behind the concubine and stepped away. She turned to examine it more closely and when she realized what it was she shivered in fear and emitted a forlorn, barely audible whine.

The frame was about eight feet tall. It consisted of a large beam supported by thick, wooden posts. The posts were set into long, wide, wooden feet to give the framework stability. In the middle of the cross beam was a steel ring, appropriate for affixing a rope. It was a whipping stand. Li Pao knew his master very well. He did not have to tell the eunuch that it was his desire to afflict his wayward English whore with a brutal punishment. To Li, it made eminent sense. Something needed to be done to break the ice between them. Once she was railing and screeching with pain, begging for surcease of her punishment, things would be finally set aright. The whore would know her place and the general's honor would be satisfied.

The butterflies in Violet's stomach turned to lead. A heavy dread filled her. She couldn't bear the thought of being whipped. It would be the second time today. But she knew it had to happen. How else was the cruel general going to reestablish his mastery over her? And how else was she to bring herself to serve him as a slave unless the threat of exquisite pain lurked always in the background?

Her intellect told her that it was best she grant her master and lord the most energetic cooperation in her ravishment. But unless her emotive self took over, unless the terror of his chastisement lurked always in her heart, there would always be that reserve of self respect to hold her back. Yes, she realized, the eunuch was doing her a favor in facilitating her owner's need to punish her. That knowledge, though, did not make the thought of it any easier to bear.

Li Pao observed the whore's trepidation. "Good!" he thought. He placed a blindfold over her eyes. She would await her fate in darkness.

CHAPTER FOUR

While his victim was being readied, the general was enjoying a cigar and brandy with his officers. One of the maids, a new one, he thought, flowed lightly over the floor of his salon delivering the brandy carafe to each of them in turn. When she was done, Wang signaled her to leave the room with a wave of his hand. He made a note to tell his eunuch to make her available to him tomorrow. She had a pleasing figure and a heavenly face.

He wondered offhandedly whether she might fit in well in his luxuriant whorehouse in Yueyang, the large port town several miles away that served his domain. He had a number of first class whores there already, but it was good to change stock every once in a while to keep bringing the customers back. One would have to be replaced, the one who was bringing in the least money. That was okay. It was always good for the sluts to know that if they didn't work hard enough to please his guests they could be sold off down the line where they would have to serve 15 or 20 pig farmers a day. He turned his attention back to his men. "Well?" he asked.

The major reported first.

"Revenues from tolls are up, my general," he began. "You'll be happy to learn that Lieutenant Chong seized another boat of Russian refugees, four men and three women. Their leader is a former count and he swears that his people in Shanghai will ransom him and his family if we permit him to get word to them. I sent a message to your son, Qu, in Shanghai to look into it. I made it clear that we would need at least 15 ounces of gold. We should have more information when the boat returns in two days."

"Excellent!" Wang replied. "What are the women like? I assume that they are all down in the dungeon."

"Yes, my general," Won answered. "The women are the count's wife, his daughter and the governess. The wife is in fine shape for her age. Her papers say that she is 38, but if she's a day younger than 45 I'll eat my boot."

All of the men laughed.

"The daughter is 19 years old. She's as plump as a couch and has a face you could use to scare crows away with. I'd guess she's lost a little weight over the last few days. She might thin out, but she'll never have another face."

The men laughed again. Wang took a long toke of his cigar. The room was becoming cloudy with smoke.

"The governess is another story. She has fine breasts and a nice figure. She's not a beauty, but I wouldn't describe her as plain either. I would guess that she's a poor relation, unable to marry because of a lack of a dowry. She's 31 according to her passport. She has a few more good years in her. I showed her to Fu Ming, the procurer. He's prepared to offer three ounces of gold."

"Good," Wang said. "Make sure that it's clear to the count that any ransom will not include her."

"As you command, my general," Won answered.

"And don't complete the sale until I have had a chance to try her out."

Won nodded in affirmation.

Captain Jong oversaw tax collection. Wang turned his attention to him.

"And...," he asked.

Jong cleared his throat. "Taxes from the port are going well. We broke up an illegal port operation at Xiangkow. Four cargos and boats were seized and the miscreants are in your dungeon now awaiting your sentence. They are the captains and crews and the four merchants. It's getting kind of crowded down there."

This was cause for more merriment.

"Sell the boats and cargos for the best price you can get," Wang instructed him. "The captains will be beheaded tomorrow morning. Give each member of the crews ten lashes. Allow the merchants to buy their way out, three ounces of gold each. Same price as the Russian woman. They're all whores anyway."

Jong continued his report. "The villagers must have known what was going on for some time. My guess was that the village chief was receiving a percentage of each shipment. I had his and his sons' heads put on stakes. The women were sold to Fu Ming after spending a few days in the barracks." Jong paused here.

"And..." Wang insisted.

"Well, the youngest one was kind of pretty. I held her aside. I was hoping that..."

Wang realized that Captain Jong was still without a concubine. He gave it a moment's thought. He had seized four ships and their cargoes. Why not?

"You may have her."

"Thank you, my General," Jong burst out. He had a broad smile on his face.

Last but not least was Captain Huang. The general gave him a look.

"The training of the new recruits is going well," he said. "Their marksmanship is improving. I took them on a thirty mile march a few days ago. We raided the village of Shishou. They had refused to pay their taxes. Our spies told us they had sent a delegation to Nanking to petition the National Government to provide troops to protect them. They won't do that again."

More laughter.

"We caught the delegation as they were on their way back. I had them all bound hand and foot and tossed in the river. I let the men pillage for two days. The taxes were paid."

"Very good! Very good!" Wang complemented him. "The new armored car is due this week. I want you to pick out your best men to man it. When they have been trained, you will take it on a tour along with a platoon of cavalry. I want all the villagers and landlords to see it."

"As you command, General," Huang replied.

The warlord was pleased. Gold was pouring in as usual. It took six gold ounces or their equivalent, a month to pay and equip his small army and two to pay all of the household expenses. There would be a large profit this month. He was due to take his quarterly trip to Shanghai in three weeks. He would bring with him the quarterly profits in gold to place in the British bank there.

Some day this all would come to an end. The handwriting was on the wall. The National Government grew stronger every year. When he retired, he would have a nice nest egg. That and the factories and criminal enterprises his sons ran for him there would provide a good living. But he didn't want that day to come any time soon. Vigilance was the watchword. All his neighbors must always be reminded that he was strong and that it would take the better part of a division to wrest control of his fiefdom away from him. When the time came, he would deal with the Kuomintang. His price for declaring his loyalty would be the governorship of the province. Then the money would really start flowing in. Until then, he needed to make sure that his army was strong and ready to fight to the death.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "winter is coming soon. In two weeks we will have our fall maneuvers. I will prepare a battle plan for defense of our northern approaches. We will leave a screening force to our south. Send the word to the villages to send in the militias in three days. I want them ship shape by the time maneuvers begin. All told, with the conscripts from the villages, we should be able to put 1500 men in the field."

His officers grunted their understanding. It would be the biggest maneuvers yet. He knew that the conscripts would be little better

than cannon fodder when the time came, but they would serve to delay and disrupt any attackers. And it was a good way to pick out any men of military talent. He had added a company to his army this year and wanted to add another in the spring. That meant more expenses and another barracks building. And he needed to make sure that there was a steady supply of gasoline for the armored vehicle, and ammunition. His growing army would need more officers, at least one more captain and two more lieutenants.

The last time he was in Shanghai, Robert, Violet's Robert, who was his partner in the opium trade, had suggested that he obtain an airplane for scouting purposes. That meant an airfield, mechanics and at least one pilot. Last spring, he had concluded plans for the construction of an electric generating plant and that would cost a lot of money too. On the other hand, electricity would mean that factories could be built. And then there would be electric lights, radio and telephones. He could communicate with his sons in Shanghai by wireless. And the factories would mean more whorehouses, dance halls and gambling dens for the workers. But factories meant Communists and other agitators. His secret police force would need to be built up. And he would need a bigger dungeon.

So while everything seemed to be going well, there were still many problems and issues to deal with. He had finished with his officers and now needed to speak to his eunuch. While his officers dealt with taxes, law enforcement, training, Li Pao dealt with all political issues.

He rose from his chair, the signal that the conference was over. "Thank you, gentlemen for all your good work. I have authorized a little party for you at the House of the Golden Swan." That was his first class whorehouse in Yueyang. "I know that you will enjoy yourselves. Captain Huang, I want your plans for the training of the conscripts by tomorrow evening. Captain Jong, you will be supply officer. I want a full report on all the supplies we will need for maneuvers. Major Won, we will meet tomorrow afternoon to discuss battle plans. That is all. Good night."

The men had risen from their seats when the general stood and they now all clicked their heels and saluted him. They downed their brandies and took their unfinished cigars with them.

The general resumed his seat in his padded, leather armchair and took a sip of his brandy. He knew that Li Pao would come in soon. He took the moment to turn his thoughts to his English whore. He reexperienced her soft mouth as it suckled his thumb. It gave him a little shiver of passion. He kept wondering why she enflamed him so. A wave of self doubt passed through him. In a little while, they would have their confrontation. What if she showed him defiance, refused to bow down to him, serve him as an enslaved whore should? What would he do then? He would have to send her back down to the dungeon. Even then, he might not break her. He recalled her regal pose as she went to her prospective death. Now that was a woman! Her personality was strong, self contained. He knew that, ultimately, if she chose to defy him, she would resist him until death. What would he do then?

The door opened and his eunuch entered the room, gliding on his soft slippers. He carried a small sheath of papers.

"Good evening, my Lord," he said deferentially. "May your servant

disturb you to go over some minor matters?"

"Yes, yes, come in," Wang replied. "Sit down."

"Thank you, my Lord," the eunuch answered him.

Gracefully, with an air of his own importance, yet with full recognition of his subservient rank and position, he took a seat in one of the overstuffed, cloth chairs.

"My Lord," he began, "we have received another letter from Nanking. They will be sending a Colonel Feng to visit with us in a few weeks to discuss our allegiance to the central government."

Wang took a deep breath. He knew that this would be coming. Every six or seven months, a representative of the Nanking clique showed up with more demands that he acknowledge their suzerainty. It would not be a direct confrontation, more of an exploration. While the colonel was here, he would be assessing his strength and resolve. And taking the temperature of the local population to determine their loyalty to him.

"I will take the usual measures to ensure that any one who harbors treacherous thoughts will be dealt with swiftly," Li Pao continued.

"Two or three hangings here and there should suffice to keep the populace cowed. In addition, I have spoken with our chief administrator and there will be a small relaxation of tax payments to foster good will. Also, the wells and irrigation systems you ordered built over the summer are nearing completion. I propose a celebration to be attended by the villagers concerned in which they will demonstrate their gratitude to you. New projects for next year will be announced."

"And I assume that Colonel Feng will be invited to witness the celebrations?" Wang asked.

"Of course, my Lord."

"Good. At the same time, I shall distribute the bonuses for the conscripted labor that was building the road to Quong Xiao. Perhaps a ribbon cutting would be in order."

"A good idea, my Lord. The new road should increase the flow of goods to your port. I have ordered the engineer to draw up plans for expansion of the docking facilities."

"Yes, yes," Wang replied. "As long as the new revenue from the additional flow of goods will cover the cost."

"I have already spoken to the banker, Shi Sung. He will loan us the money at the standard rate, payable over four years. The new income should more than cover it."

"Good." Wang took a long pull on his cigar. "Next summer, we will begin work on the road to the copper mines at Pingjang. The mine owners will pay the costs. Now they have to take the ore in wagons over the mountain to Chongyang and then north to Jaiyu. The road will take five days off of the journey. We'll split the savings with them and they will use our barges to transport the ore down river to Nanking and Shanghai."

"Yes, your Lordship," Li Pao replied. "On another note, the merchant, Yao Chen has offered his daughter, Shu, to you as your new concubine to replace Me Ling. She has been schooled in the graces and is very beautiful. She will be nineteen this month. I have invited Yao Chen and his family to a banquet on the night before you leave for your Shanghai trip. He will bring the daughter and you can

have a look at her. I have seen her and I think you will be well satisfied."

Wang's interest piqued. Maybe a new concubine was the answer to his infatuation with the Englishwoman. And while he was in Shanghai, he could look for a replacement for the Russian whore. He smiled inwardly. "And what does Yao Chen want in exchange for his precious gift?" Wang asked.

"Mr. Yao currently holds the salt contract for the western villages. It is due to renew this year. He merely wants to continue business as it has been."

"We will see," Wang answered him. "But make sure that the old thief knows that our percentage of sales remains the same. I don't want any drop in revenues."

"As you command, Lord," Li replied.

"Is that all?" Wang asked, anxious to leave business matters behind. "There is one more thing, Lord. The villages around Anxiang, to the west, have petitioned that you incorporate them into your domain. It seems there is a gang of bandits rampaging through the area and they beseech your protection. The delegations that they sent to Nanking returned empty handed. It means 20 villages, five major estates and another 15,000 souls."

Wang smiled. "I will look into it," he said. "I don't want to put a strain on our military resources. Our patrols could range over those mountains for months without finding the bandits' hideout."

"I know that you are always looking for a source of mounts for your cavalry, Lord. One of the estates raises horses. There is a small militia organized by the villages, about 300 men. They are poorly armed and led. It would be a simple thing to incorporate them into your army. Also, I have a man who is very knowledgeable of the area. He tells me that he could lead you to the bandits' lair."

The general paused. From three hundred poorly trained militia he could probably draw at least 50 or 60 men sturdy enough to be regular soldiers. Their upkeep would be covered by the taxes from the new villages and estates. Then he could add two companies to his army in the spring instead of only one. He would have to give this careful thought.

"Are we done?" he asked the eunuch.

Wang looked back at the devilish contrivance that sealed the English whore's womb. A surge of lust passed through him commingled with satisfaction and approval of what his wily eunuch had wrought. If he had only thought of it, it was exactly what he would have had done.

"And you will find her tunnel of delight immeasurably more responsive, my Lord," Li continued. "My old acquaintance, Xifang, a former trainer of the emperor's concubines, has worked her magic on it. And on her nether portal and her nipples too. They are most sensitive to the slightest touch."

Wang nodded almost absent mindedly. At the mention of the woman's nipples, his eyes returned there.

"Touch her, my Lord, and see for yourself," the eunuch suggested. Slowly, virtually mesmerized, the general reached out his right hand and took hold of his concubine's left nipple. Her body gave off a little tremor as he gently stroked it. When he tugged it, she

exhibited a sharp intake of breath and her upper teeth bit down slightly on her lower lip. He reached out his left hand and captured the nipple on her right breast. He pinched both protuberances and gave them a gentle tug. He saw the whore's body shift and her knees involuntarily spread wider.

Violet cursed herself for her trigger like response to the manipulation of her teats. All day they had brushed against the inside of her silk gown, sending little messages of pleasure to her. She had done her best to ignore it, basically staying still when ever she could. Between the vibrating balls in her uterus and the rubbing of her teats, she had been on a razor's edge of sexual excitement all day. After her abuse by the head chaperone and her nap with Ting, she had spent the afternoon mostly by herself, lolling about with her maids. There had been tea in the late afternoon and she had to sit across the little table where it was served, Tatiana right across from her, their eyes reflecting their mutual dismay at being forbidden to couple. Then, later, the eunuch had come in and told them all to get dressed and make themselves presentable for their master's return.

Her Chinese was not so good and she was missing much of what was being said between the eunuch and the warlord, but she gathered, both from what she could understand and from the warlord's obviously surprised reaction to finding her pussy so grotesquely bound, that she had been wrong to believe he had ordered the disfigurement of her loins. It had apparently been the eunuch's idea all along. It was another example of the man's virtually supreme power. She cursed him silently for what he had done to her.

Wang was anxious to get a better look at the woman's locked up sex. "Bring her to her feet," he ordered.

Li bowed slightly in obedience to his lord's command and then bent over and released the connection between Violet's bound hands and her confined ankles. He released her ankles from their bindings and ordered her, "Get Up! Up!" He took Violet by the arm and assisted her as she struggled to obey. When she was in a standing position, he ordered her, "Spread legs!"

Violet complied immediately. She was already due for a beating, she did not want to do anything to exacerbate it. Besides, she was too frightened to do anything but obey.

The general took hold of the heavy lock that dangled from her loins. He gave it a gentle tug, to assure himself that her pussy was locked up tight. He lifted it with one hand and then ran the fingers of the other over the captured labial lips, causing a tremor of desire to pass through his concubine. He smiled. Later, he would have the pleasure of unbinding the whore's cunt and plunging himself inside. His cock was hardening at the thought of the delights it would bring him. Every night he used her pussy, each time he unraveled the slender, steel cable that bound it, would be as if he was violating her again for the first time, removing a hymen like barrier to her inner chamber. He imagined himself displaying her pussy to his guests, demonstrating to them his mastery over the whore and his revenge for her betrayal of him.

General Wang gave a nod of approval to his eunuch and turned away from his concubine. He stepped up the three levels of platforms that led to his throne. He sat down and signaled to Li Pao that the

punishment should commence.

Violet listened to the heavy boots as they moved away from her. She knew that when they stopped it would be time for her torture to begin. When she could hear them no more, an icy shiver ran through her body. She felt the eunuch's hands as they untied her wrists. Her body trembled as he brought them around to her front and refastened them. There was a moment's pause and then she felt her wrists being raised above her. Her hands came into contact with the top of the whipping post. She clasped it in desperation. Her knees went weak. When she felt her ankles being tied together to prevent her from attempting to dodge the blows, her stomach tightened.

She had been whipped by the eunuch before. She knew that he would put on a good show for his master. He would show her no mercy. She heard an involuntary whine escape her lips. She closed them, determined to fight off as long as she could her screams of pain, her supplications that her torments cease.

Even as she was vowing not to cry out, she felt a thick wad of leather press against her lips. The eunuch's strong hand circled under her chin and pressed on her cheeks, forcing her lips ajar. The wad of leather was pressed into her mouth, pushing her tongue downwards, bumping up against the entrance to her throat. A wave of misery passed through her as she realized that now, even if she wanted to, she would be unable to plead for mercy, to beg relief from the pain. She moaned as she felt the gag

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belted tight behind her head.

Wang looked down at the gagged and blindfolded concubine. The flickering light from the kerosene lanterns made shadows dance over her body. It was enticingly alluring. He had thought about administering the blows himself, but had decided to have the eunuch do it so that there would be no distractions to his enjoyment of the woman's suffering.

Li Pao had given much thought about how to make this a singularly special occasion for both his master and the whore. He had brought with him one of the old lady's ointments. He opened the jar and began to administer it onto the girl's body with a brush. He covered her breasts, her belly and her thighs, back and front. He covered her back and her rear cheeks. When he was done, he put the jar aside. It would take a minute or so for the ointment to take effect. He would know that it was working when the slut began to moan with pain.

As the ointment was being applied, Violet wondered with unhappiness what devilish new torture the eunuch had devised for her. Wherever the ointment touched, her skin began to tingle almost immediately. By the time he finished massaging it into her naked buttocks, her breasts, where he had applied the ointment first, had begun to burn. She bit down hard on the foul, dehumanizing gag in her mouth and whined. "Oh, god, please no!" she thought. "Don't let it be that!" God was not listening. The burning sensation began to deepen on her breasts even as it began to spread all over her body. She tugged at the bindings that imprisoned her wrists, anxious to rub away the terrible burning sensations. Her whining grew louder and she began a little dance of pain. It was like the eunuch had lit a fire all over her body. "Oh, god! Please make it stop! Pleeeeeeeease!" she screamed inwardly.

Li Pao watched the girl's signs of suffering with approval. When he heard her emit a long, mournful moan followed by a deep, soul wrenching sob, he knew she was ready.

He looked up at his master for permission to begin. He had selected a thin leather whip, the kind that would sting horribly all on its own. When its effects were combined with the rawness of the whore's skin, each lash would seem like a knife being dragged across her. The general gave him a nod and settled back in his chair, his hands gripping firmly the armrests on either side of him. Li reared the whip back and then brought it forward, laying the first kiss of leather across the front of the concubine's graceful, pale thighs. "Eeeeeeeeeiiiiioooooooooouuuuu!" the poor woman screamed. Despite her gag, her voice echoed off the stone walls of the throne room. A

bright, fiery line of red rose immediately on her damaged skin. Her body jerked and swayed. When the second blow fell across her taut, desirable belly, she screamed again. "Eeeeeeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiioooo-oooouuuuu!" Her voice was high and shrill. Li Pao reared his arm back for the third blow.

Violet's mind was short circuited by the intense, acute messages of pain her body was sending her. She had suffered the whip many times as the general's whore, at his hands, at the hands of his eunuch and at the hands of the demons who lurked down in his cruel dungeon. She had never experienced anything like this. The pain from the first blow seemed to intensify even after the whip had long left her body. It was still burning brightly, sending harsh signals of agony throughout her when the second blow stuck. She screamed as loud as she could, held nothing back.

The third blow fell across her heavy, soft breasts. It was like a dragon's fiery tongue had licked across them. Her whole body tensed, jumped, and she let out a scream even louder and more forlorn as the last. "Eeeeeeeeeeeeeiiiiouuuuuuuu!"

Li Pao walked calmly behind the moaning, struggling woman. He waited a moment to let the pain of the first three blows to settle in. There was no rush. He wanted to prolong his master's enjoyment and prolong the girl's agonies. Only this way would the universe be set aright.

The cruel eunuch laid blows across the English whore's back, her buttocks and the backs of her thighs, all in succession, leaving enough time in between for the pain to grow and spread. The anguished woman howled and moaned. Her knees had given way and she dangled from her raised wrists, her body twisting and turning. He came back to her front and laid three more blows to her belly, breasts and thighs. At each contact between raw flesh and the supple, leather whip, the poor concubine emitted a loud screech. After the third set of three blows from his whip, the eunuch paused. He circled the woman, tapping her here and there with the end of the whip, making her unsure as to where the next one would fall. At each flick of the whip's tip, her body jumped and she issued a tearful moan.

Violet was in hell. She felt as if she had been placed in the middle of a bonfire, like a heretic in days of old. She started calling out in her mind, "Please stop! Please stop! Please stop!" The she realized that she was actually saying the words. No, not saying, yelling, screeching the words, even though the sound that emerged from her gagged mouth held no relationship to actual language. "Plllleeeeeeease! Plllleeeee-eease! Plllleeeeeeease!" she screamed. Now that her pleas for mercy had begun, a floodgate had been opened. She sensed the eunuch walking around her and, as each part of her body was exposed, she cringed in anticipation of another agonizing blow.

Suddenly, she heard the 'zip' of the whip cutting through the air. She did not even have enough time to take in her breath in preparation for the slashing pain when it struck her across her already burning breasts. "Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!

Plllleeeeeeease! I beg you! Pllllllll-eeeeeease! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Plllleeeeeeease!"

Her muffled shouts had no effect on the eunuch other than to satisfy him that he was producing the desired results. He could barely distinguish the muffled, unfamiliar English words the woman was crying out, but he was sure of their meaning. He struck her across her tender, front thighs once more, resulting in another round of screams and pleas.

General Wang was watching, mesmerized by the exhibition of cruelty and suffering. His cock had grown as stiff as an iron rod and his hands gripped the armrests tightly. He could see the latticework of bright red lines that were beginning to spread all over the woman's body. He sensed that his eunuch had passed the point of punishment and had crossed the line into mere torture. Although he, himself, might have stopped at this point, he did nothing to discourage the eunuch from continuing his abuse of the concubine's flesh.

When he had delivered the twenty fifth blow of the whip, the eunuch stopped. The woman was sobbing piteously, her head hung low, sagging in her bonds. He gave her a minute to enjoy the fierce, burning residuals of the lash. He looked up at his master and could see that the warlord was beside himself with passion and lust. All that was needed now was an appropriate finale to the events. He drew himself near his sobbing victim and poked her with the end of the whip.

"Stand up!" he yelled at her. "Stand up!"

Violet heard the order, but could not bring herself to comply. She was overwhelmed with pain and misery. Her day had been a prolonged exercise in ever progressing unhappiness. Is this what her life portended from now on? Would she never live down the supposed sin that she had committed? Was there no way to expiate her guilt in the eyes of her cruel, vindictive owner? Was there really any reason to go on living?

Suddenly, she felt the whip burn into her rear buttocks once again. She screeched in pain.

The eunuch yelled at her again. "Stand up! Stand up!"

This time, despite her agony, Violet struggled back to her feet. She was sobbing like a child. She felt the eunuch's hands releasing the bindings to her blindfold. When her sight was restored, she saw her malicious master peering down upon her from his throne. She saw in his eyes his satisfaction with her suffering and knew at once that what she had endured was merely a sample of the agonizing pain that he was capable of administering to her if he chose.

She had had enough. She would do anything to bring her torture to a halt. The eunuch released her gag from behind her head and slid the long, thick, leather wad from her mouth. Her whines and moans, which had been muffled by the device now flowed freely from her lips and echoed off the stone walls. She tried to stop, knowing that the eunuch would not tolerate it for long. When she heard the tell-tale 'zip' sound of the whip in motion, she knew she had crossed the line. It struck across the small of her back and her screech of pain that resulted was deafening.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhouuuuuuuuu! Ahhhhhhhhhhoouuuuu-uuuu!" she yelled.

"Be quiet! Be quiet!" yelled the eunuch.

Violet did her best to comply. She jammed her lips together and tried to hold her breath. A loud whine of unhappiness emerged nonetheless. The whip spoke again and came lashing across the backs of her thighs. "Aiiiiieeeeeeeee! Ohhhhhhhhhh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" she called

out.

"Silence!" yelled the eunuch. "Be quiet! Be quiet!"

Again, Violet tried to achieve quietus. After a moment or two, she was able to reign in her dismal expressions of sorrow. She had closed her eyes when she was struck and opened them again to look upon her lord and master, the only one who could bring an end to her suffering.

"Whore Number Three," the eunuch yelled at her, "do you beg forgiveness from your master for your sin against him?"

"Yes! Yes! I do! I do!" she blurted out immediately and without reservation. She knew that she hadn't sinned, at least in her mind, but she also knew that her lord's forgiveness was the only road to safety.

"Beg forgiveness from your lord, slut!" the eunuch yelled at her. Her face awash with tears, the fires still burning all over her body, she looked at her master with supplicative eyes and called out to him, "I beg master forgive! Please forgive! I beg forgive!" In her desperation and pain, she was finding it hard to think in Chinese and form the proper words and syntax. She prayed she had got it right.

The warlord's face was impassive. For a moment, she thought that he would withhold the forgiveness she so desperately needed.

"Pleeeeeease! Forgive I! Forgive Whore Number Three! Pleeeeee, master! Pleeeeee!"

She knew she was out of control. She knew that she would shortly go insane if the man did not deign to grace her with his mercy. She knew that if the beating resumed, something would break inside her and she would never be the same again.

In her misery, it oddly occurred to her that the last time she had actually spoken to the warlord, other than desperate pleas to cease any one of his many particular torments of her, was in this very room. Then, she had mouthed out words of defiance. How far she had come in the past year and a half! Now, she would no more think of defying him than she would biting off her own tongue. Little did she realize then what cruelties he was capable of and what subservience to him would really mean.

She stared hopefully at her master. The room was as silent as death. The lights from the lanterns flickered eerily throughout the room. Even the eunuch held his breath. He knew too that the slut had reached her terminus of tolerance for pain. Any more and her spirit would be broken for all time. That would frustrate the whole purpose of saving her. She needed to be obedient, yes, but he didn't want that spark of humanity that shined so brightly within her to go out. He was gambling that the warlord would feel the same.

The general stared back at his whore. He knew it was a moment of great significance. If he said no, the eunuch would resume beating her. After that, there would be no reason to stop until she was left a mere hulk of her former self. She might as well be strangled and have done with it. But even if he gave an indication of forgiveness to her, while she would live, she would always be estranged from him. His heart would continue to ache with need for her. It was as if she were standing on the scaffold all over again and he had the power to halt her execution. He felt like he was teetering on the

brink of an abyss.

Seeing that his master needed to be pushed to a decision. The eunuch stepped back and raised the whip in his hand. He knew that he was tempting fate, that if the warlord did not stop him, all was lost. When the whip reached its apogee, he glanced up at his master. Just as he was about to bring the whip forward, the general raised his hand.

"Enough," was all he said.

Violet received her lord's munificence with joy. "Oh, thank you! Thank you, Lord! Thank you!" she shouted, tears streaming down her face. Her body still burned, but she knew that her beating was at an end. "Oh, thank you, Lord!" she called out to him again.

The eunuch knew that it was time to act. He pressed the whip under the concubine's chin and lifted her head up. "Do you beg to serve your lord?" he asked her loudly.

"Oh, yes! Yes! Whore Number Three begs to serve Lord! Please, Lord, let Whore Number Three serve! Please!" Violet pleaded. She would do whatever he wanted, anything to avoid more pain. She recognized his might and power and her lowliness. She was a smudge on the floor compare to him. She was ashamed of her piteous degradation, ashamed that mere physical pain could drive her to give up all self respect, all self worth. She knew that she had embonded herself to the cruel warlord deeper than she had had ever been. A depraved connection now joined them. He owned her totally. She would obey his every command as if it were the word of God. Only time would tell whether she would be able to preserve any part of her humanity.

General Wang listened to the whore's violent pleas. The words beguiled him and yet he detected that same splinter of reservation that had barred him from entry to her inner domains. When she was spared her tribulation, alone, safe within the seraglio, she would rue her abject declamations; her heart would still be barred to him. Was it enough? Should he make her suffer more? His eyed flitted over her naked, marred body. If he went any further, he might have to kill her. Either that, or she would emerge only as a hulk of a person, an empty pod. No, he had gotten the most out of her he would get this way. He would have to try another.

The general raised his hand in signal to his eunuch to spare the creature more abuse. He would grant her supplication to serve him. Suddenly, as if a switch had been turned on, his body began to yearn for her. He craved contact with her flesh, to have her on her knees before him, her mouth surrounding his stiff wand.

Li Pao was pleased at his master's decision and noted immediately the wave of passion that had passed through his lord. All was going well.

He turned to the English slut. "Your lord has granted your wish. Crawl to him now and proffer him your lips. Pay tribute to him with your mouth."

Violet greeted the news that her torture was at an end with joy. When the eunuch released her hands from the whipping stand, her knees gave way and she fell to the floor. She took a moment to gather her strength. She looked up and saw the warlord's cruel face enwrapped in lust for her. At that moment, she began to wonder, who is the victor here and who is the vanquished? The man had a fire in him that only she could quench.

She felt a surge of energy pass through her. It was, essentially, a stand-off. She could not tolerate the pain and cruelty he was capable of inflicting on her; he could not live with the thought of her rejection of him. A whole, new relationship had sprung up between them. And all she needed to do to seal it was to crawl to him on her knees, as she had done once before in this very room, and perform an act she had done for him, it seemed, a thousand times.

She felt a nudge from the eunuch's whippy stick and looked up at him. She saw in the eunuch's eyes his complicity in this new bargain between her and her lord. He was a cunning fox. Passionless, he was a master of passion, all knowing of the deepest needs of the human soul. He had given to her the opportunity to see what she meant to the cruel warlord and to profit from that. He had opened the door to allow her to set herself free of all reservations of who she was and what she had become. He had allowed her to find victory in defeat. As she began to crawl towards her master, her lord, Violet realized that she was leaving behind all that she had ever been. All the niceties and sophistication of her former life were now abandoned. She had truly become the warlord's concubine.

Later, she recalled what happened as if she had been in a dream. She crawled up the steps to the warlord's throne as if she were floating on air. She was approaching him in the most abject way, on her hands and knees, but she felt as if she were at the front of a regal procession, a queen about to bestow her grace upon a lowly subject. When she reached the warlord's feet, she rose up on her knees and placed her hands on his thighs. She arched her back, presenting the twin objects of his lust to him in all their glory, sanctified by the ribbons of cruel wounds the eunuch had placed there. "See?" she seemed to say to him. "See what I have suffered for you? I will be your slave if you treat me like your queen. My body is yours to dispose of as you wish, to grant to whomever you command. But you must treasure me like your most precious jewel."

Wang was paralyzed. He saw that his whore had been transformed into something so much more, a creature ethereal. The deep, complex soul he had always detected in her had blossomed. He was no longer her lord in any real sense, she was his. She had emerged from her travails like a butterfly from a cocoon. She was, despite the angry wounds which covered her body, as beautiful as the most delicate orchid. And she was his. He knew that, just as one cannot capture a song, or a sunrise, or the delicate aroma from a flower, he would never capture her soul. But she was his nonetheless. All that part of her that was earthly was his to enjoy and possess, like a rose one could hold in one's hand.

Violet saw the recognition in her master's face of her transformation. She smiled at him, as a goddess might smile on a mortal. Seeing his immobility, she leaned forward and proceeded to unbuckle his belt. She could see his hardness projecting from his loins. One by one, she freed the buttons of his fly. She spread the fabric aside delicately, as if she were about to cradle a child in her hands. She took hold of his stiffened meat and drew it out. It pointed upwards in offering to her. She gave the warlord an impassioned glance, bent over, and subsumed it into her mouth.

Wang's body was overwhelmed with pleasure as her warm lips

encompassed him. He drew in his breath and closed his eyes. He was lost in a world of pleasure. Her mouth worked its way down his rigid shaft, her lips pursed firmly against it, her tongue swirling around it. She coaxed his tender sac out from his pants and cupped it gently with her hand, massaging it, letting her hand's warmth suffuse it. Her other hand gripped the base of his shaft, keeping it steady for her oral ministrations.

Violet, once she had encircled the warlord's cock with her lips, found herself vaulted into a higher plane of existence. She reveled in the heat and strength that she found there. It was as if her mouth had been designed for just this act and the presence of her lord's manhood within her was the fulfillment of all her dreams. The salty taste, the aroma of his loins made her drunk with passion. As she passed the thick tube over her lips again and again, her mind reeled with joy. It was a tribute to what the warlord had let her become: the idealization of his dreams. He had crossed the line between lust and passion and so would she.

He would always remain to her the man who had stolen her life and liberty away, and she would hate him for that. But somehow he had become more, a symbol of love, if not love itself. As she stroked his raging prick with her lips, she recalled the moments that her brave lieutenant had spent there. She blessed the warlord for letting her return to those brief, treasured hours. It was as if the nameless man had entered the body of her master and become him. As long as she had possession of the warlord within her, he would be there too. A wave of lust passed through her. She pressed her thighs together, trying to assuage the desire that had erupted in her loins. She rocked her hips back and forth, letting the steel balls within her womb send her intense messages of lust. She knew she dared not stroke her captured love lips, that was for her lord and those he empowered to possess them. She moaned in her need.

The general, from somewhere beyond his consciousness, heard the soft, feminine moan of passion emitted by his concubine and matched it with a deep, guttural one of his own. He placed his hand upon her head lightly, and began to stroke her, needing to convey to her in some way his recognition of her gift to him. When she nibbled at the tip of his cock, her tongue playing over the tiny entrance, his back arched and his hips thrust forward. When she slid her lips up and down the sides, lapping at it with her tongue, he groaned. All the pain, the anxiety, the angst he had felt at their separation, at the thought of losing her, of the fear that she was lost to him were being washed away. It seemed as if his entire life had been a prelude to this moment.

Three times the energized concubine brought him to the edge of completion. When he neared the edge, she released his cock from her mouth and held onto the staff gently until his lusts receded. She took his scrotal sac in her mouth, loving it with her

tongue as her hand delicately stroked his shaft. When she took his prick back inside her, she slid her lips all down its length until its head was lodged deep inside. His free hand gripped the armrest of his chair tightly. The hand on her head began to shake and tremble. He felt his lusts beginning to overflow. She passed her

tight lips once, twice, three times the whole length of his rampant tool, fluttering its head with her tongue each time that she emerged for air.

Finally, he could withstand it no more. The dam broke. He felt the release of his anticipatory fluids and then his cock began to throb and spasm. "Ahhhhhhhhhh! Ahhhhh-hhhhhhh!" he groaned as he felt himself spurting from his prick. "Ahhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhhhhh!" he groaned again.

The spasming of her lord's prick and the delivery to her, in short, intense bursts, of his fluids sent Violet into delirium. To her it was a holy moment, the sealing of her bargain with her lord. She suckled intensely at it while driving her lips up and down its throbbing surface as fast as she could. Her hand gripped his sac and coaxed it to deliver more and more of his precious essence. She moaned with lust and her pussy contracted again and again in rhythm with the man's ejaculations.

Slowly, their mutual outbursts of passion subsided. The world around them stopped spinning and returned to its normal, pedestrian state. The prick that had driven both of their lusts softened as the blood ebbed from it. Violet waited until it had become flaccid and had leaked out all of her lord's essence before releasing it. Her body echoed the reverberations of her womb's delight.

The general's hand slipped from his concubine's adoring head. She had raised herself up on her knees again and was staring up at him, frankly, expectantly. Her hand still surrounded his shrunken meat. He strained for the proper words to say to her. He knew that once he did, the spell would be broken.

And so, it was the concubine who spoke first. Bending her head down in a bow, she said, "Whore Number Three thank Lord for privilege pleasure him. Pledge to serve Lord with all heart, body and soul." He felt as if his heart would burst if he said a single word. He motioned her away with his hand. Slowly, she crept backwards down the steps until she reached the bottom. She looked up at the beaming eunuch for permission to rise and dress. He nodded and, taking hold of her discarded robe, she rose to her feet. She quickly donned her garment and bowed to her lord once more. The eunuch fastened her hands behind her with the silken cord she had come in with, applied the chains to her ankles and, after bowing to his master, led her from the room.

CHAPTER FIVE

The general was sitting at the dinner table in his private dining room. He had never been so perplexed. His two wives were chattering on noisily about their trip to the monastery, a visit they were planning to the home of a nearby merchant, their admiration of some dresses they had seen in the new Vogue Magazine delivered by his steamship along with the other mail while they were away. They had been after the general to sponsor a Western style Grand Ball in the spring for many years and, as a reward for their attendance on his pilgrimage, he had finally agreed.

It was not the Grand Ball that he was thinking of. As he toyed with his meal, he could not get the image of the English concubine out of his mind. His confrontation with her had not turned out exactly as

he had planned. Not that he could argue with the result. She had been well disciplined and had performed proper obeisance to his cock afterwards. But, her pledge, in her pigeon Chinese, to serve him with her whole heart, body and soul came as quite a surprise. A welcome one, beyond his wildest expectations. The question was why did her attitude change and how would it effect his dealings with her henceforth.

He had instructed Li Pao to have her in his bed when he retired. His cock stirred even now as he imagined her bound body waiting expectantly for him. His heart quickened and his palms grew sweaty when he pictured himself stroking her soft, pale, white skin, spreading her delicious, inviting thighs and liberating her moist and expectant tunnel from its confines.

His reverie was interrupted by his wife number one, Li Hua.

"Noble husband, you have not been listening to me," she said petulantly.

"What?" he replied dizzily

"The orchestra!" she said insistently. "We must have a Western orchestra!"

"Oh, yes, of course," he answered.

"And a dancing instructor," Wife Number Two, Yu Jie, added. "We must bring back a dancing instructor from Shanghai on our next trip."

At this, the truce between the two competitive wives was shattered.

"And who says that you will be going to Shanghai this time!" Li Hua spat out. "It's my turn!"

"I don't care what you think!" Yu returned. "You're a peasant! You don't know anything about style or Western music! The success of our ball depends on selecting the best orchestra, the best chefs, the best wines! You know nothing of these things!"

"And you do?" Li shot back. "Your father was a pig farmer! You grew up in a tiny hut! You don't know anything about such things!"

"And your mother was a whore!" Yu screamed.

"You can both go," Wang said quietly. His mind was really somewhere else. He just wanted the two women to stop yelling.

The women erupted into shouts of glee. They fell into each other's arms and hugged.

"Oh, thank you, noble husband!" Li said.

"Yes, thank you, husband!" Yu added excitedly.

The two women fell back to discussing the arrangements for the ball. Wang returned to his reminiscences about his recent experience with the English whore. Did she really mean what she said? Or was it just something to assuage his anger? What would she be like when he fucked her tonight? She had always been passionate, the old wench's formulas made sure of that. She was skilled. His whip had insured she develop those talents. But she had always been distant, remote, like a part of her was not there. Not in any way that he could specifically think of, she was attentive to his needs and commands and when she came, she came like a tiger. It was just that there had always been a barrier between them.

With his other concubines, he didn't care. They were there to pleasure his prick. Frankly, the more he humiliated and shamed them, the better. Little Pu hated it when he used her rear portal, something he made sure he did every time her turn came to serve him. And the Russian whore, he loved to watch her face fill with

anguished shame when he used his hand to manipulate her pussy into back breaking orgasms. Her beauty bud was so sensitive, he could keep her on edge for hours just by placing

his finger on it. And when he whipped her, well, none of his whores had ever given him such pleasure.

With the English whore, it had been different. Yes, he enjoyed the piquancy of her shame at being made into a lustful whore. It was just that he always felt afterwards that she had something more to give him hidden below the surface that he would never attain. Was tonight the night he would finally obtain her full and complete surrender?

The steward came to the table with a steaming, white, porcelain kettle and proffered him more tea. The general waved him away. How unsettled everything had become. When the English whore had arrived, all the stars in heaven had seemed to be aligned properly. Now there was increased pressure from the Nanking government, rebellion in several of the villages under his domain. Taxes were up, but harvests were down. The recent events involving the English slut had shocked him. Never before had there been such a direct challenge to his rule and power than that made by the young lieutenant when he had climbed the walls of the fortress and gained access to his seraglio.

He had thought it over very carefully and had decided not to punish the lieutenant's family. Usually, in such cases, he would wipe out the whole clan. The men would be beheaded, the women sold into slavery. Maybe he was getting soft in his later years. If so, it would not be long before someone, perhaps even one of his officers, Major Won, for example, decided to plot against him in a bid to assume power. He would have to be careful.

It was too early to think of bed. He could go to his library and console himself with poetry. He might pull out the letters that the English concubine had written to Robert, her fiancé, before she came to China. Robert had given them to him so that he could enjoy the irony of her dashed hopes for a better life so much more. But they had had a different effect on him. They had revealed to him the beauty of the woman's soul, her earnestness, her perception.

No, he would not do that. He was too much in her thrall already.

He could go to his billiard room and smoke a cigar while he practiced his bunker shots. No, that would give him too much time to think and he had done enough thinking already. Too much.

Then he decided. His officers were celebrating, even as he sat there, in his whorehouse, The House of the Golden Swan. He would go and join them. He had not been there in a while. He had not fucked the French whore who he had kidnapped and made its madam for a long time. She could probably use a good whipping. And then he would fuck her ass in front of his men. She needed to be reminded that she was his slave too. There had been stories that reached him of her getting too big for her britches, as the English saying went. She needed to be taken down a peg or two.

When he got up to leave the table, Li Hua asked him, "Husband, are you going down to The House of the Golden Swan?"

He turned and looked at her. She must have been reading his mind! Normally, it would be an affront for one of his wives to have him

account for his intentions. This time, probably because he was so surprised by the question, he nodded, weakly.
"Please tell the French whore to come and see us tomorrow," Li said.
"We want to talk to her about the ball. I'm sure she will have many good suggestions."

While General Wang was eating his dinner, Violet was upstairs with her maids. They had been waiting for her breathlessly, knowing that she was almost certainly undergoing a thrashing at the order of the master. Li Pao had had them wait for her in the bathing room. When she was brought in, the young women were appalled at the marks that had been administered to her.
"Oh, mistress," Jinjing lamented, "how could he do this to you? Come and bathe and then we will put some lotion on you."
So Violet engaged in her second bath of the day. It was not unusual in and of itself. On the nights that they were called to the warlord's service, each concubine was refreshed with an evening bath before being brought to his room. This way the sweat and grime from that day's couplings in the seraglio would be off them and they would be powdered and perfumed for his delight. Her wounds stung as she lowered herself into the steaming water. Ting and Wen delicately sponged her abused body. When they were done, they brought her to the mat on the side of the large pool like tub and laid her down on her belly. Jinjing applied a soothing lotion to the long, angry red lines. It was another of the old lady's concoctions, designed to ease the pain from scoured skin, but also to promote healing and eliminate any possible scarring. Violet moaned with a mixture of pleasure and pain as the broad shouldered maid delicately and carefully smeared the paste along each long, red line.

When they were done with her back, the maids rolled Violet over and Jinjing treated all the injuries to her breasts belly and thighs. It was the lovely, slender Ting who this time suckled Violet's love bud, which peaked out above her imprisoned outer labia, until she groaned with lust. Little Wen applied her child like kisses to her breasts while Jinjing held Violet's head in the crook of her arm and took possession of her lips. Violet's back arched and her legs drew back when her pussy's convulsions began.
They let her sleep for a while and then, after she awoke, trimmed and decorated her so that she would appear beauteous for the master. When she had been fully painted and combed, they led her to the little room that adjoined the bathing room and fed her her dinner. It was not a somber occasion. The distress the maids felt when they first saw her was altered by Violet's cheerful mood. Hands bound behind her with a white, silken cord, she laughed and joked with them. When the meal was done, they dressed her back in her robe and signaled to the eunuch that she was ready.
Li Pao appeared a short while later and, after securing her ankles with an 18" long chain, guided her to the quarters of the general's potion maker, Ying Tai, for her inspection. The old, grey haired lady smiled when she saw the steel that encased the concubine's love

lips. She stroked it several times, sending vibrations of excitement through Violet's body. Li Pao handed her the key and after opening the heavy lock, the old woman drew the steel cord through the first two openings on each side of Violet's crevasse and then slid out the three hollow balls that had been tormenting the concubine throughout the day. Placing them aside, she stroked the pussy's lips and the little bud atop them until it was moist and distended. She then intruded her fingers inside as far as they could go to measure the whore's fecundity.

Violet's knees weakened when the old woman caressed her bare love mound. When her fingers entered her, a wave of lust passed through her body. The eunuch had to take hold of her arms from behind to prevent her from falling to the floor.

Finally, the old woman withdrew her hand from Violet's purse. She had a wide, red toothed grin on her face. "Okay for fucking," she told the eunuch in her rough, low pitched voice.

"Good," Li Pao thought as he watched the old lady reinstall Violet's hardware. If Violet had been fecund, her pussy would have been painted red and the warlord would be forewarned not to discharge himself there. As it was, he could spill his seed inside the whore with impunity.

Before they left the old lady's quarters, Violet was made to imbibe a cup of the old lady's lust driving potion. The woman, Ying Tai, had conferred extensively with Xifang, the hermaphrodite who had pierced Violet's loins and had treated with her pussy. They had compared notes. Ying Tai had been anxious to see for herself the other woman's handiwork. It had pleased her. Also, Xifang did her the favor of suggesting some improvements to her love potion, making it stronger and longer lasting. She had left behind a large jar of the ointment she had used to enliven the nerve endings of the concubine's love channel and before she reinstalled the ben wa balls, Ying Tai had coated them heavily with it.

Violet felt her lusts building as the eunuch escorted her, a chain leading from his hand to the ring in her black, leather collar, to the warlord's bedroom. The fluid filled balls within her tunnel vibrated at every motion. The lock on her pussy swung back and forth at each step, striking her bound love lips, generating intense messages of pleasure. By the time that they reached the door which opened into the private bedroom wing of the fortress, Violet was moaning with suppressed lust. The sentry opened the door for them and the eunuch led her to the door to the warlord's chambers.

Once inside, Li Pao brought her directly to the warlord's large, comfortable bed. He drew back the bed's coverings, exposing the smooth, clean, green satin sheets and ordered the concubine to strip. When she had discarded her silken robe and sandals, he motioned for her to climb up on the bed. He made her lie down on her belly and took the end of the silken cord around her wrists and tied off her ankles with it. He placed a black blindfold over her eyes and then guided her to her side facing the door. He stepped back. This was the view that his master would have of her when he entered the room. Although it did not stir up any lust in him, he had never experienced such feelings, he was pleased by the aesthetics of the scene. The pale green sheets accented the whore's pale white skin. The red stripes that covered her body, the product of her earlier

torment, stood out nicely. Her breasts, heavy and full, the nipples painted a dark red, beckoned. A matching red adorned her plump lips. Her graceful thighs, forced together by the tie to her ankles allowed a glimpse of her bound pussy. The lock that carried the ideograms denoting the organ as a belonging of the master was clearly visible as it dangled from the ends of the shiny steel cable.

Violet heard, through her lust filled fog, the door to the bedroom close, signaling the exit of the eunuch. Her mind was spinning and she was happy that she was at rest so that the forces that were driving her passions higher and higher with every step could come to rest. Her pussy burned with need. She moaned and squirmed in her bindings.

She had no idea how long she would have to wait. She had lain in wait for her master many times over the last year and a half, on average, every fourth day, over 100 times in all. There was nothing for her to do but let the feelings of lust suffuse through her.

The old lady's potion had an opium base and Violet was finding it harder to conger any clear thoughts. She brought her mind back to her earlier confrontation with the warlord and she remembered the pledge she had issued to him. Lying there, besotted by passion, her mind whirling, it seemed as if it had taken place a hundred years ago. She knew that she would respond to the warlord's hands, lips and cock passionately. The old lady had seen to that. But could she fulfill her pledge to serve him with her whole heart, body and soul? She hated the man with a vengeance for all he had done to her, all that he had stolen from her. Could she wash that from her mind? She knew that her beating and its emotional aftermath had produced the formula for overcoming her reserve in pleasuring the man, but, in her fog, it seemed to be eluding her grasp.

She shifted her hips and the balls inside her vibrating, needy tunnel shook. She moaned as its effect wafted through her. "Now, what was I thinking about?" she asked herself.

The general stepped slowly but determinedly up the staircase that led from the second floor of his fortress to the third. He kept going over in his mind the delightful time he had just had in his whorehouse with his officers. They had been surprised to see him and toasted him excitedly. The whores that had been assigned to them, naked and subservient, bowed their heads at his entry.

The party was in one of the large rooms on the ground floor of the converted residence. The men had been free to select any of the beautiful whores that they wanted. They had appropriately selected the three sisters who used to call the building their home. They were the daughters of his former counselor, Zhou Xiaojian, whom Wang had caught plotting against him. His three beautiful daughters and his attractive wife had been enslaved and forced to serve in their former home as whores. The mother had since then been sold on. After the thrill of seeing the woman shamed in her own household had worn off, it was decided that she was just a little too old for a first class whore. But the daughters were not and they continued to serve. They all knew that if they faltered in their duties, they would suffer the madam's whip down in the basement. And there were other, more subtle ways to make them suffer too.

Their names were Jingfei, Shu and Jia. Jia was the youngest. She was a special case. She had tried to escape with her boyfriend shortly after she had been condemned to whoredom. She had been caught and her boyfriend murdered in the attempt. Since then, she had been confined to her bed with a chain that led from a ring in her pussy lip. Today she had been allowed out of her room for this special occasion. Her chain was padlocked to a ring in the side of the two foot high dining table. She cast a hate filled look at the warlord when he entered. He regularly tormented her.

Like all of the general's whores, she carried tattooed on her belly and on the small of her back in blue ideograms the denotation of her as "General Wang's Whore". This way, whether she was used from the front or the back, as her customer slid his cock into her, he would be apprised as to whose property he was fucking and who he should thank for the pleasure that the orifice gave to him.

Estelle, the French whore who ran the place, was surprised when the general had ordered her to accompany him to the party room. She hesitated, her face recording her shock when he told her to strip in front of his men. Estelle had reserved herself to the high paying clients and never engaged in orgies. That was for the regular working girls. She had even reserved to herself the right to refuse to serve any of the rich merchants she found distasteful, like that fat Wa Ju, who ran a stockyard on the outskirts of town. He smelled like pig shit. When the general fastened her wrists together with a leather cord and tied it off to a rafter, she realized that word of her rejection of the wealthy pig slaughterer had gotten back to him. As he climbed the stairs, Wang recalled with delight her shrill screams as he beat her with a long, thin whip. She had pleaded and begged to be spared, as she always did, even though it had been a while since he had really whipped her. When he was done, he had her suck the cocks of his three officers and then bow and scrape to him, declaring her thanks for the correction he had given her. As an afterthought, he told her to report to his wives tomorrow to discuss the spring ball.

As he reached the head of the stairs, he received a salute from the smartly dressed sentry on duty there. He returned it laconically and then made a right turn towards the bedroom wing. Another guard stood at that door and, after saluting him, opened the door and let him pass.

To the right in the long hallway was the suite belonging to his wives. He wondered what they were up to. Already this ball thing had seemed to get out of hand. An orchestra, a dancing instructor and now they wanted the madam of his prized, first class whore house to come to the fortress and consult with them. It was really outside the bounds of propriety for a Chinese woman to be seen consorting with a whore. That is, a real one that works for wages or is held in bondage for public use. His concubines were really not whores in the strictest sense, but he always thought of and used them as if they were.

Which brought his mind to the English whore. He paused at the entry to his bedroom. She was, he knew, lying on his bed on the other side, naked and bound, awaiting his pleasure. He had held back from fucking the French whore because he wanted to marshal his forces for his engagement with the English one. He could take one of the old

lady's potions, the one containing a tincture of rhinoceros horn. But, although that often allowed him to climax up to five times in a night, it made his head

swirl with passion and he wanted a clear mind to deal with the Englishwoman, his Whore Number Three.

As he paused outside his doorway, he recalled the day he had enslaved her and the last time he had used her real name. What was it? Oh, yes, Harris, Violet Harris. It had almost skipped right by him. Of course he had read it on her letters to Robert, her fiancé, which he had given him. That was probably why he remembered it at all. He tried to think of the Russian whore's name. She was now known, albeit temporarily, as Whore Number Two, but for the life of him he could not recall what her original name had been. And the other one, the Chinese whore, his Whore Number One. Yes, he remembered her name clearly since he still had dealings with her father. He was a rice factor, buying up the rice grown in Wang's many villages and selling it downstream in Shanghai or Nanking. He had been allotted the northern tier of villages.

It wouldn't do for any one merchant to monopolize the supply of rice. Any such merchant would be wealthier and, perhaps, more powerful than him. No, with Li Pao's guidance he had divided it up into eight territories. Pu. That was her name. Pu Wei. She had been around longer even than the Russian. Maybe it was time to clean house. The banker who was going to underwrite the construction of the new docks could probably use a new concubine or wife. He could get a break on the interest rates.

Suddenly, Wang realized that he was hesitating to enter his own bedroom. There was nothing to be afraid of. The old woman would have made sure that the whore was properly lustful for him and, if she was not, there was always the whip to encourage her to better efforts. She was a slave, someone who could be bought and sold, disposed of in any way that he liked. It was silly of him to be so wary of her.

He took a deep breath and pushed the door open. The English whore came immediately into view. Her head had perked up at the sound of the door opening. She waved it slightly, her blindfolded eyes preventing her from seeing who had entered. But who else would it be? No, she knew he was here. There could be no false moves now. In no way could he communicate to her his nervousness at approaching her. He felt like a youngster on his wedding night.

The general closed the door softly behind him. He strode over to the bed and stopped to admire her. She was a beauty. Although not young and fresh as his other concubines, she had mature, enticing curves to her hips and shoulders. Her breasts were heavy and still quite firm.

His eyes were drawn to the shiny rectangle of steel that descended from her loins. He saw his name there and the confirmation of his ownership. It thrilled him to see it. He owned many cunts, that was true. Even the maids were essentially bound to him personally and he fucked them and dealt with them as if they were literally slaves. He had seven whorehouses, three in the local town and four more spread out over his dukedom. And, for all practical purposes, he could have he pussy of any female anywhere who resided in or passed through his

little kingdom. No one could stop him or call him to task for it. Even now, the Russian governess was waiting down in his dungeon for him to despoil.

But of all the cunts under his sway, only one was so treasured and valuable to be kept under lock and key.

He disrobed quickly. When he was naked, he went to a credenza on the side of the room and poured himself a snifter of brandy. He had drunk little at the House of the Golden Swan. He wanted a clear head. Now, though, he felt he needed something to alleviate his tension and to give him more time to savor the beauty of his possession before initiating his use of it. The brandy was tart and sharp. He took a second gulp and, within moments, a wave of relief passed through him. He wandered over to the bed and sat down on its edge. The whore's delightful body was within his arm's reach and he took his hand and ran it down the length of her thigh. She jumped when he touched her, but the long slide of his hot hand seemed to still her. He heard her moan.

Violet had sprung to alertness when the door opened. She sensed the warlord casting his hungry eyes on her recumbent, naked form. A shiver went through her. Not a shiver of fear, or of repulsion, but a presage to the virtually intolerable delights her body would soon be giving her. She pressed her knees together and drew in her breath.

When the warlord's hand settled on her naked thigh, it was as if it was electrified. It felt like a spark had jumped from it to her skin. But when it ran its course towards her tightly joined knees, she exhaled the deep breath she had been holding in and the warmth of its surface soothed her.

Wang drank back the rest of his brandy and put the glass down on the side table. His cock was already rigid. He crept up the bed and pushed the harlot to her back to get a full view of her breasts and belly. He reached out his hands and seized her beckoning mounds, encompassing them with his long, thick fingers, reveling in their spongy firmness, the softness of their surface, their malleability. The English whore moaned at the contact and her body seemed to dissolve into receptiveness. He bent over and kissed one and then the other nipple, suckling on them briefly, brining them to immediate hardness.

He ran his hands down her belly. Her stomach tremored as he passed his hand over it. He leaned over and placed his lips on the smooth, soft surface, kissing it, tasting it with his tongue. Her knees were still together and he placed his hands on the tops of her thighs, insinuated his fingers between them and pulled them part. Her ankles had been tied crossed and so he was able to spread the knees widely. There, before him was the object of his quest. The room's soft light glittered off of the silvery lock

and the steel cords.

He took pleasure in observing all of the details of her captured love lips. The flesh along her closed cleft was jammed up against itself. The holes through which the cable passed hugged it closely. Whoever did this was an artisan, he thought. The holes on each side were exactly even opposite to each other, no bigger than necessary to allow the cable to pass through. They had been placed just close

enough to the edge so that the joinder of the two external labia was a straight, thin line.

The delicate aroma of the woman's perspiration mingled with the odor of her perfume and wafted up to him. He took a deep breath. It was exhilarating. With his left hand, he dragged his fingers along the middle of the stitched seam. The woman groaned, she spread her knees wider. Her hips began to rock. He knew what was inside her tunnel, the liquid filled, hollow balls, balls whose vibrations would constantly arouse her and yet never bring her to completion.

There was a small gap at the top of the pressed together flesh, exposing her point of pleasure and creating just enough space for a finger or tongue to be insinuated inside. Wang lowered his head. He pressed his hot tongue upon the little nub of flesh, pushing it this way and that. He circled around it, made his tongue wide and flat and lapped at it. He thrust his tongue into the hot hole beneath it and explored to its length.

Violet's body became electrified with lust. The touch of her master's tongue on her clit sent her into delirium. It went on and on as he played with it. When his tongue entered her, she felt a pleasure giving warmth go through her. She strained at her bound wrists beneath her, strained to release her bound ankles so that she could draw the warlord deeper and closer to her, to meld their skins. She groaned in part frustration, part elation at the pleasure her body was sending her.

The general felt his lusts burning bright. He wanted to possess the body that was spread supine before him. He wanted to dwell in her hot, moist crevasse. But he held himself back. He wanted to spend a long time scouring the walls of the Englishwoman's pussy with his prick. He was too much on edge to do that now. He would have to find a release first and then, when he could control his passions more, occupy longer that portion of her body which he claimed as exclusively his.

He quickly released her ankles from each other and the connection to her bound wrists. Her mouth was open, her lips wet. Her tongue washed across it in anticipation.

Taking hold of her hips, he moved her to her belly. He pulled back on them until she was kneeling, her knees spread wide, her forehead on the bed. He ran his hands over her long, straight back, over her squirming hands, over her soft, plump rear globes. Kneeling between her legs, he separated her rear cheeks with his hands and directed the tip of his long, thick, sleek cock to the tiny, brown hole already flexing in anticipation.

Violet's maids had greased this entrance well, anticipating their lord's possible use of it. Her experience did the rest as she relaxed the muscles that governed it so that her master might have a smooth passage. Her pussy burned with desire and her wrists writhed in their bindings on her back. When she felt the rock hard phallus breach her entry and begin to slide across the delicate ring of flesh, she groaned and her hands tightened into little fists. When he began to saw himself back and forth along her rear passage, her mind flooded with lust.

The balls of steel in her as yet disregarded pussy jostled back and forth as her body was impacted by the warlord's mighty thrusts. She felt her need rising higher and higher. The warlord's hands gripped

tightly to her hips and his thighs collided with her rear cheeks at the terminus of each forward thrust. Her desire built to a crescendo and then exploded. Her pussy throbbed hard, again and again, as she came. She howled, "Ooooooooooooooooouuuuuuuu! Ooooooooooooooooou-uuu! Ooooooooooooooooouuuuuu!" as the pleasure rushed through her.

Her master's need was building too. He was overcome with feverish lust. He growled and grunted, ramming himself deeply into her rear hole. When she came, it triggered his own release. His cum jetted down his prick as his cock spasmed and throbbed. "Ahhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhhh!" he called out.

He kept pumping until every drop of his seminal fluids had drained from his cock. Then he collapsed his body over her as he waited for his heart to stop beating wildly. He could feel the concubine's body rise and fall as she sought to catch up her breath. Her hands, sweaty and bound, jammed into his belly.

When he had recovered, and his now flaccid cock had slipped from the concubine's rear, he got up from the bed. He poured himself another snifter of brandy and, after taking a long swallow, went to his private bathroom and washed himself off. When he returned, the concubine was still kneeling on his bed, her bound hands behind her. He stepped to the rear of the bed to take in a rear view of her while sipping his brandy. Her knees were spread and he could see her bound pussy peaking out underneath her. His free hand fondled his cock, measuring how long it would take him to arouse it for another bout with her, this time taking possession of the orifice that so demonstrably belonged to him. It did not take long. The sight of her and the prospect of plowing her delightful crevasse reinvigorated him.

He shot back the rest of the brandy, relishing the little bite it gave back to him, and put down the glass. He stepped to where the concubine knelt and untied her hands. He wanted to order her to turn lie on her back, but, to his surprise, he was so nervous that he was afraid the order would catch in his throat. He cleared it with a low pitched growl and spoke as deeply as his voice would allow. "On your back, whore."

She moved as soon as he spoke, turning herself gracefully and then, after extending her legs, sank to her back on the bed. She shifted her knees open in anticipation of his command. He could see where her fluids had escaped from the bottom of her

bound loins and covered her perineum. Her mouth was open and she licked her plump lips. Her chest was still flush from their earlier bout, her nipples stiff.

His cock had grown to hardness. The key to her velvet passage was lying on the table next to the bed. He picked it up and then crawled up onto the plush mattress, positioning himself between her widespread thighs. His hands were sweaty and they trembled slightly as he fit the key to the lock and turned it. He slid the lock off of the slender, gleaming cables and put it aside. The release of the tension from the lock caused the cables to loosen slightly and he could see the glimmer of her arousal between the slightly parted lips. Slowly, he pulled the cable through the tight fitting holes until the top two holes on each side were empty. He left it snaked through the last two so that the ends now lay on the bed between her

thighs.

Violet squirmed as she felt the bindings to her canal loosen and thread themselves through the holes in her outer love lips. As they moved through, they caused a vibration to course through her sex. Her hands were beside her and as the sensations of the retreating cable passed through her, she spread her hands widely and her back arched. She felt her lord take possession of the string on the outermost of the steel balls within her and gently tug on it until the three balls began to move along her moist, vibrating channel. The sensation of them passing from her caused her to gasp. She burned with need from a combination of the old lady's potion and the seemingly now permanent hyper-sensitivity of her pussy's inner flesh. She spread her knees wider, taking in a deep breath. Her pussy seemed empty now that the balls of steel had been removed and she felt as if it was gaping between her thighs, hungry for the presence of her master's cock. She knew that he was moments away from possessing her. She dreaded the scrape of his thick meat along her tingling pussy's walls, knowing full well that it would drive her into a state of delirium. She felt the mattress shift as he crept closer to him. The head of his cock nudged against her inner flesh. She clasped her hands into little fists and she bit her lip to suppress her groan of passion.

The general's eyes were pinned to the tip of his cock as he advanced it slowly into position to pierce the swollen flesh between his whore's thighs. He watched it as he eased it forward, disappearing inside of her. Her inner flesh was hot and a wave of lust passed through him as he felt the moist walls of her channel encompass him. When his rampant cock was halfway inside, he shifted his gaze to his sex slave's face. As he moved his hips forward, delving his manhood slowly inside her to its hilt, her blindfolded face contorted and she released a long, deep moan.

Slowly, he commenced his motions. Violet arched her neck back and her hands seized his arms tightly. She shifted her hips at him each time he pressed forward and her cunt seemed to tighten each time he drew his thick prick back.

Wang was holding his torso up away from his slut's body so that he could watch her face as he fucked her. Her lips pursed and then her mouth opened, releasing another moan of ecstasy. He began to quicken his thrusts, his need growing. His mind had become fevered. To be sunk within the concubine's crevasse was the height of bliss.

To think that he had almost brought about this heavenly creature's death, he told himself. What a waste that would have been. What a crime it would have been to deny himself the supreme pleasure of possessing her, of watching her in the throes of passion, to hear her moans and sighs of lust. He felt her feet move up the outsides of his legs. Her arms spread around his back. She was drawing him into her. He could not resist. He placed his forearms down on the mattress on either side of her and pressed his chest against her heavy breasts.

As her lusts grew higher and higher, Violet felt herself being drawn into a trance. Suddenly, it was as if her lord and master had been transformed. It was not him plunging his hot cock back and forth along her enflamed canal. It was her lover, the interloper, the handsome, loving, brave lieutenant. That was the formula she had

been unable to recall as she had laid on the warlord's bed, her mind swirling from arousal and the effects of the old witch's potion. He was not the man who had so cruelly abducted and enslaved her. He was her lover, the only true lover she was likely to ever have.

Suddenly, the need to conjoin with her lover overwhelmed her. She flung her arms around him and drew him close to her, as if trying to meld their two bodies into one. She rocked her hips, squeezed her inner muscles, clasped his legs tightly with her own. When she heard him groaning with pleasure, her sex exploded into a series of hard pulses. "Ohhhhhhhhh, yes! Yes! Yes!" she called out in English. And then reverting to Chinese, her lover's tongue, she called out, "Fuck me! Fuck me hard! Fuck me!" Her hands fled from her lover's back and sought out his face. She took it between them and pressed their lips together, thrusting her tongue inside his mouth, flailing it widely against his own. As her pussy began to spasm and throb once more, she moaned loudly and thrust her hips back at him hard again and again.

Wang was overwhelmed by the concubine's passion. They had never fucked like this before. She had been passionate, yes, but her passion now seemed to have gone off the scale. He was fucking her, but she was fucking him too, fucking him as if she was consumed with desire.

He tried to hold himself back, wanting the woman's passions to continue on and on, but the fever pitch of their coupling dissolved all of his control. When he felt her pussy's walls contracting again and again around his cock for the second time, the dam broke and his cock began to pump madly within her. He pressed his tongue into her mouth, took hold of her face. His hips collided with hers as if in fury. He groaned as his body and brain celebrated this victory. It was what he had dreamed of

ever since he had left on his trip to the monastery more than a week ago. It was what his heart desired above all things.

He wanted his orgasm to go on forever, but it could not. His spasms gradually slowed and then stopped. His heart was beating wildly. His chest was heaving with the demand for air. He spread her thighs

widely with his own and, as he kissed her as deeply as he had ever kissed a woman, he gave her several hard thrusts with his still rigid prick. And then he collapsed on top of her.

Violet's head swam with ecstasy. Her pussy still vibrated with joy. It was like that special night all over again. When their mouths broke, she ran her hand over his head gently, murmuring, "I love. I love."

At first, the warlord reveled in her declarations. He saw open that door to her inner being that had always been barred to him. And then, suddenly, it shut. His mind came awake. It was not him that she was declaring her love for! It was the invader, the criminal, the man who had purloined her pussy from him. He had learned of their magical night together from the whore's maid before he had her executed. It was him she was making love to, not her master, her owner, her lord! He looked down at her blindfolded face and, for a moment, the urge to grab

hold of her delicate, snow white throat and strangle her filled him. He had gone from the heights of joy to the depths of despair. And then, he thought better. He knew that she would never love him. She would never give access to her soul to her enslaver, her tormentor. But he had had possession of it tonight. So what if it was in the guise of her deceased lover? He could not gainsay the otherworldly delights she had given him. If the price of her love was to take upon himself the persona of another, it was worth it. No one would know but him and her. And if she wanted to visit her lover again, receive his embrace, she would never speak of it. The lovers lay entwined for a long time. He could feel her heart beating against his chest. Her fingers drifted across his flesh languidly. He caressed her face one more time and kissed her, drawing her breath from her mouth. When he felt his detumesced prick slide from her sex, her rose from her arms. She lay there limply while he reinserted the ben wa balls into her distended, slippery channel, moaning when they entered her. She held her breath while he sewed her entrance back up. He found the discarded lock and, after drawing the cables taut, slid them into it, pushing the lock as high as it would go. He gave it a little tug to make sure that it was secure and she gave out a slight gasp. He stared down at the symbol of his ownership. The dead lieutenant may own her heart, but he owned her pussy, and all the rest of her too. He rose from the bed and rang for his eunuch. While he waited for him to arrive, he took hold of her arms and turned her to her belly. He grabbed her wrists and tied them tightly behind her with the silken cord. He pulled her to her feet. She swayed and he had to hold her to prevent her from falling. He took hold of her hair at the back of her head and kissed her once more, thrusting his hot tongue deeply inside her mouth. His soul hungered for her. But he would not fuck her again tonight. His body was energized and he needed an outlet for his passion, a body to whip! When the eunuch entered, he commanded him, "Take her back to the seraglio," he said, "and bring me the Russian whore!"

CHAPTER SIX

Paul and Martha Johnson met at bible college in Gaithersburg, Tennessee in the spring of 1897. Paul was a junior and Martha was a sophomore. They fell in love almost immediately. To them, it seemed as if no two people had ever been in love as much as they were. It was a whirlwind, if chaste, romance. They both dreamed of performing missionary service in China, converting the heathen, yellow people to godliness. When Paul was ordained, he and Martha married and were sent to a small town outside of Frankfort, Kentucky so that Paul could garnish some experience before being sent overseas. The apprenticeship had gone well. It was in his fifth year as a minister that the bishop called him in and advised him that his application to become a missionary had been granted. He and Martha first needed to undergo some training in first aid, hygiene, some simple medical procedures and other skills that would help with the missionary work.

So, in the summer of 1904, Paul and Martha set sail from San Francisco to Shanghai. They were to take over a mission already established in a little village west of Peking. It was a wonderful,

romantic trip, during which their prayers to conceive a child were finally heard. Nine months later, in the small village of Zuoyun, 150 miles west of Peking, God granted them a tiny baby girl. It was spring, and flowers were blooming everywhere. So they called the baby girl Iris.

As the years went by, Paul's skill as a savior of souls grew. Martha taught in the mission's school and Iris grew from a tiny sprout to a young woman. As a child she had her wild side, racing through the countryside with her Chinese friends, coming home all covered with mud and with skinned knees. Once she reached maturity she became a valued asset in the mission, assisting her mother with the orphanage and the infirmary.

Iris had grown into an attractive, willowy, young woman. She had delicate hips, long legs and a pretty face that looked like heaven when she smiled. Like her mother, she had wispy, blond hair that she wore long, to her waist. To her family's chaste chagrin, her young breasts had grown into grapefruit sized mounds.

Martha and Paul did their best to educate Iris about her native country, but there was no substitute for having lived there. When Iris turned 18, they spoke to Iris about going to America to further her education. Iris would have nothing to do

with it. She loved China and told her parents she never wanted to leave. Every few months, the discussion renewed itself. Paul and Martha were adamant; Iris was immovable.

Finally, shortly after her 20th birthday, Iris's resistance collapsed. Paul and Martha had observed her becoming closer and closer to the number one son of the village chief, who was studying under Paul to become a minister. His name was Ho Keung. He was twenty five years old, strong, well built and doted on Iris. Iris liked him too, but it had been carefully explained to her by her parents that there was to be no mixing of the races. They were, naturally alarmed. It would be highly improper for Iris to marry a native. It was something that would have terrible ramifications for Paul with the bishop. He might even get recalled. Paul called Iris into his study one afternoon and laid down the law. Iris was, at first, intransigent. But, in spite of her wildness as a youth, she had been raised a good Christian and knew that her duty was to honor and obey her parents. Ho was sad but accepting when he and Rev. Johnson had their little talk.

As a result, Paul wrote to the bishop to obtain his blessing and the funds for Iris's travel and tuition. Permission was readily granted and so, by the beginning of November, 1923, preparations had been made for Iris to travel to the United States. She would live with Paul's mother for a while to acclimate her to American life and then begin attendance at the college in the fall of 1924. One of Paul and Martha's hopes was that Iris would, like her mother had, fall in love with a young man studying to become a man of God.

Paul and Martha knew that travel in China was hazardous. The best thing would have been for them to accompany their only child on her trip to Shanghai to catch the boat to America, but the affairs of the mission would not permit such a long absence for either of them. Civil war was endemic in China and twice Paul had to stand up to troops of this warlord or that to prevent them from looting the

mission. And there were so many parentless children as a result of the fighting and pillaging that the orphanage was overflowing. Martha had become the defacto doctor for the overcrowded village. The Johnsons' turned to the village chieftain for help. He suggested that his number one son, Ho, be given the responsibility of escorting Iris to Shanghai. He spoke English, had traveled to Peking once and was a devout Christian. Despite their reservations, Paul and Martha agreed. Ho would escort young Iris first to the district capital, Datong, by oxcart, from Datong to Peking by motor car and then to Shanghai by train. The trip would take over a week. Ho was given adequate funds to pay for lodging and the costs for the train and boat fares. A letter of transit was issued by the local warlord in case they were confronted by any roadblocks and Ho was issued a Colt .45 revolver in case they were accosted by bandits.

It was a tearful departure. Martha and Iris both cried. Paul was stoic, but after the wagon pulled beyond the horizon, he went into his private study, broke down and sobbed.

Once the sadness of parting with her parents had passed, Iris quickly got into the spirit of the trip. She had never been more than five miles from Zuoyun and she was eager to see all the sights. They stayed at inns located along the ancient road and she was thrilled to be treated as minor royalty. Iris spoke Chinese like a native and the inn keepers were always quite pleased to see a foreigner who knew their language. It was somewhat scandalous for Iris not to be traveling with a chaperone, but Ho was such an earnest, forthright fellow that any reservations about letting them stay under the same roof were usually brushed aside.

The sights and sounds of Peking were a wonder to the young girl. She had, of course, known about the large city, but had been unprepared for its reality. There seemed to be untold thousands and thousands of people scurrying along the crowded streets. They took a carriage around the Imperial City and both Iris and Ho were overwhelmed by its beauty and grandeur. They stayed at a real hotel. Iris understood and granted her consent when Ho said that he wanted to see a little bit of the night life. In the morning, he seemed especially happy and at lunch that day, before they boarded the train for Shanghai, he celebrated by allowing Iris to have a small glass of rice wine.

Iris was aghast when she saw the train. She knew what trains were from her father's books, but to see one in real life was stupefying. Large clouds of steam bellowed from its undersides. It was massive and strong. She jumped when she heard its mighty whistle announcing its imminent departure. Ho had reserved seats in a compartment in second class.

They were joined by someone Ho said he had met last night who was also traveling to the coastal city. Ho introduced him as Mr. Yu. He bowed and made friendly conversation all during the two day trip. He was an older man, in his middle forties. He

dressed like a Westerner in an impeccably tailored suit. His face was friendly and open and he had a hearty laugh. They played checkers. Iris read to him and Ho from Emily Brontë. Yu told them funny stories about his native village. He said that he was a merchant and was traveling to Shanghai to see about some

merchandise. He gave Ho the name of a moderately priced, clean hotel in the city they should stay at and gave them instructions on how to purchase the boat ticket to America.

By the time, two days later, the train pulled into the station in Shanghai, they were all good friends. The platform was crowded and Iris was a little overwhelmed by the confusion. She was dressed in a calf length, yellow dress and her blond hair was pulled behind her head and confined by a powder blue bow. She watched as Ho supervised the unloading of her luggage and then walked with him as a porter wheeled it to where they could catch a taxi to the hotel. Yu insisted that he knew of the best taxi to take so they would not be gouged and they waited for a dark, four door Ford coupe to pull up. Iris was a little confused because the car had no meter like the other taxis, but what did she know? She was from Zuoyun.

As the porter loaded her luggage in the trunk, Yu opened the rear door. Iris made a motion to get in. She was surprised to see a man already sitting there. When she turned to ask Yu what she should do, the man in the car took hold of her arm and dragged her in. A man who had been standing by the taxi stand got in after her. Yu slammed the door shut and the car whisked away.

After they watched the car disappear, Yu made a small bow to Ho and handed him an envelope with five hundred American dollars in it. Ho bowed deeply back.

The general's long, black limousine edged its way down the narrow Shanghai street. The car belonged to his son, Qu. Wang had, this morning, gone over the books with Qu and his other son, Liang, concerning their municipal enterprises. The factories were producing profits at a fabulous rate. Liang, the more bookish of his two sons, was in charge of these 'legitimate' operations. He was also the one with the political connections and a relationship with the secret police. Such connections were necessary to keep subversives at bay. Qu ran the more shadowy part of their business, loansharking, the gambling clubs, six whorehouses and the local drug operation. He had ties to the several triads who basically ran the Chinese portions of the city and was on good terms with them all. He often served as a middleman between them since, as a neutral outsider, he could be trusted.

Wang knew that his sons resented his interference in their respective spheres, but he kept them both on a short leash. No major decisions were made without his input. The bank accounts and legal title to all the legitimate property was in his name. And even Qu had to admit that it was his father's power and influence that kept their comparatively small scale illegal operations from being taken over by any one of the numerous gangs.

Once the business part of his trip was over, Wang was anxious to get on with the satisfaction of his pleasures. He had had a late afternoon dalliance with one of the city's most elegant and sought after courtesans. Afterwards, he had dinner at one of the fine European hotels. Following dinner, he gambled at some of the city's notorious establishments, all owned by cronies of his. Now, a little after midnight, he was on his way to take care of a matter that had been preying on his mind.

Even this late at night, the streets of the downtown district of Shanghai were teeming with humanity. Gamblers, drunks, touts, drug

addicts, whores, pickpockets, thieves, all filled the brick lined streets. The city was known by various appellations, Sin City, The Whore of Asia, things like that. And it was certainly true. Among the Chinese it was often referred to as "The Emperor's Ugly Daughter." She might be ugly, but she was a prize to anyone who could win her.

After about 45 minutes, the car pulled in front of a gaily lit, three story, pagoda style house in the Qua Luong District. The district was notorious for its houses of delight catering to wealthy Chinese. Few Westerners ever came here. The houses were run by the various triads. One of Wang's whorehouses was just down the block. The door to the limo was opened by a rough looking character dressed in silken finery. He welcomed the general to the House of the Crescent Moon. Wang was not wearing his general's uniform. He rarely donned it while in Shanghai. He had adorned himself in the Western style, a well tailored, black, silk suit, his school tie and shiny, black dress shoes. He was not out of place as he strolled into the establishment.

The front door opened into an elegant bar. A good number of slinky, attractive, young, Chinese women, wearing low cut dresses with slits up the sides, sat around the bar or at the small cocktail tables that surrounded it. Some of them were drinking and talking to well dressed men. Others were alone and clearly looking for company. The bar manager came up to the general immediately.

"Good evening, General Wang," he said, bowing slightly. He was a tall, slender man, dressed in a very well tailored tuxedo. His face was handsome, but carried a hint of cruelty in it. "Mr. Fat is expecting you. Let me escort you to the back room."

Wang nodded in return and followed the man through a door to the side of the bar. They traveled down a long hallway with several doors on each side. A woman's laughter emerged from one of them and, further on, a man's deep, angry voice and a

woman's squeal of pain. At the end of the hall was another door. The bar manager produced a key and opened it. It led to a large, well decorated room with an elegant, hand carved table in the middle. It was about two feet high and was surrounded by large blue and green, silk pillows. There were several colorful, finely etched, ancient, Chinese prints on the walls depicting vast mountains, stormy seas, a beautiful lake. Hand painted vases sat on waist high tables along the walls, filled with fresh, gay flowers. The walls were covered with blue and gold wallpaper. Over the table hung a large chandelier. Softly lit sconces were distributed along the walls. The lighting was low and welcoming.

An attractive Chinese girl wearing a short, red banner dress covered with yellow flowers knelt near the table and bowed to the general as he entered. Her black hair was short and straight, in a modern style. She was thin and tall. She wore dark red lipstick accentuating her pale face. Around her neck and wrists were slender, black leather bands with delicate golden rings embedded in them. She motioned Wang to take a seat at the table and asked him what he would like to drink. Wang ordered a 24 year old scotch by name and the woman nodded. As she rose to leave, Wang noted her gracious

thighs and long legs.

She returned with a silver tray on which sat a silver bowl filled with ice, a short, wide glass made from crystal and a bottle of the scotch that the general had ordered. She knelt down next to him. After proffering him some ice, which Wang declined, she opened the bottle and poured him two inches of the golden hued liquor. Wang nodded in thanks and took a sip. It was smooth and smoky, with just a little bite. He smiled at the girl.

A moment later, a door on the other side of the room opened. A short, rotund man dressed in a green and silver, silk sheath and matching slippers walked into the room. He had a thin, black moustache that drooped over each side of his mouth. His face was plump and round. His hair was black and cut short. There was a wide, almost fatuous grin on his face. His features were not slovenly, but they bespoke lassitude and venality.

The man shuffled quickly over to the table and gave General Wang a bow.

"It's nice to see you again, General," he said solicitously. He turned his head towards the girl. His expression changed to one of impatience and cruelty. "Bring me some tea," he spat out.

The girl, a shudder passing through her, nodded and retreated from the room.

The man knelt down across from Wang. His name was Fat Liang. He ran this house on behalf of the Greens, a local, powerful triad. While the Greens ran a number of whore-houses throughout the Chinese district, and one elegant one featuring both Chinese and European girls inside the International Settlement, this was their flagship brothel. It also acted as a kind of central clearing house for women sold into prostitution by their families or abducted for that purpose. They were broken and trained and then shipped out to one of the other houses. The most beautiful were kept or sold off as concubines.

"I assume from your presence that you got my message," Fat said, smiling.

"Of course," Wang replied. "I'm happy that you contacted me. An opportunity like this does not come by often."

"No, it doesn't'." Fat replied. "And I couldn't think of anyone else better suited to take advantage of it."

Wang nodded and took another sip of his scotch. His palms were sweaty. He didn't want Fat to detect his anxiousness. It would make it difficult to bargain with him.

"How is business?" Wang inquired.

"Very good," Fat answered. "But you must know that, being in the same business. I must say that the girls that your son, Qu, sent me last week were magnificent."

Wang nodded. He often sent here girls from the local orphanage he sponsored once they turned eighteen. Some he kept for his own houses. And there were girls taken in lieu of taxes or debts back in Hunan, daughters of criminals and rebels, and girls kidnapped from villages by bandits or by pirates from boats traveling the Yangtze. It was a common practice for procurers to pose as lovers to innocent young girls, talk them into eloping only to sell them into prostitution. One of his army's functions was to raid villages that had not declared their loyalty to him and were unprotected by the

National Government or another warlord. Shanghai's appetite for fresh, young whores was insatiable.

The girl returned with a small, steaming, china teapot and an elegant, hand painted cup and saucer. Fat paused while the girl poured out a cup for him. He then waved her away. She retreated to a small, dark alcove and knelt there submissively. The general and the whoremaster chatted amiably for a while. They discussed politics, the rice harvest, their sons and family, mutual acquaintances. After Wang had poured his second glass of scotch, they got down to the matter at hand.

"Are you ready to see her," Fat inquired.

"Yes, at your convenience," Wang replied.

Fat clapped his hands and the girl scurried over to him. "Tell Chu to bring the girl in right away," he instructed her. He turned back to the general. "You will see. She's one in a million. Of course there is no way she could be kept here in Shanghai. That's why I thought of you. If you're not interested, there are others who would take her, but I thought of you first."

"That's very kind of you," Wang returned. His stomach turned a little bit at the idea of other buyers. From the description he had received, the girl was priceless.

A short while later, the girl in the red dress returned. Following her was a man dressed in a Western shirt and pants. He was pushing a cart with a large wooden box on it. The box was made of very fine wood and had been stained and polished a dark, shiny brown. He brought the cart next to the table and stood back from it.

Fat smiled at him and then turned to the warlord. "In a moment, you will see a thing of exquisite beauty. She's the best I think that I've ever had come through here, and that says a lot. She's completely untouched except for some simple obedience training. We never whip them at this stage. It's for her new owner to introduce her to the whip. But we have other techniques that are just as effective, as I'm sure you are aware, having used them yourself." Wang realized that Fat was purposely delaying showing him the girl to build up the tension and the price. He affected nonchalance.

"I'm happy to take a look at her," he said, "but I'm not really in the market right now."

"I understand, General," Fat replied. "I think, though, that once you see her and feel her delicate flesh, you will not be able to resist her."

A muffled whine was coming from the box. Wang looked at it and then took a deep drink of scotch, finishing off his glass. "If you insist," he told the rotund procurer.

Fat signaled his man and he stepped back to the cart. With several fluid motions, he swept away the front, sides and top of the crate. Wang took a deep breath.

The naked body of the American girl was salaciously displayed. She had been forced into a crouch. Behind her a pole ascended. At its top was a horizontal steel bar with three rings attached to it. One had captured the young woman's throat making it impossible for her to lower herself. Her wrists were imprisoned in the other two. Her ankles were tied off to posts on either side of her, spreading her knees widely. Her whole body quivered from the effort to maintain

her posture so that she would not choke. A thick wad of leather filled her mouth.

Wang couldn't help but gasp. Here was truly a beauty. The chandelier above the table shone a direct light on the girl. She had long, blond, wispy hair that descended her back to her hips. Her eyes were a light blue, like the sky on a summer's day. They were round, perhaps a bit large for her face, probably due to the girl's obvious distress, and were set apart nicely. They flitted back and forth between him and Fat in a lively, anxious manner. Her nose was small, but not too small, a perfect fixture in the middle of her face. Her lips were plump and wide, dark red. He could see that it was their natural shade from the absence of any artificial lip coloring. The chin was round and graceful. Her neck was long and sinewy.

His eyes descended from her face to take in her large, plump breasts. They trembled slightly as the girl shivered in fear. The areola were pinkish and smooth, the size of silver dollars. Her fat nipples were stiffened. The breasts themselves were taut and sat high on her chest. They sloped slightly upwards at their ends.

Her torso was lean, and her hips were modest. There was, nonetheless, a nice hourglass figure to her. Her thighs were slender and without a hint of fat. They were tense and vibrated a bit from her enforced posture. Her feet were small and delicately boned. Her skin seemed translucent it was so pale.

And then there were the delicate love lips. They were surrounded by a light screen of blond hair, like gently blowing yellow grass in a field. They were slightly ajar from her positioning. Her inner lips just peaked out of them.

The warlord tried to hide his excitement. He brought his gaze back up the girl's body, scanning for defects. There was a small mole just below her right breast. But that was all. Even her hands were perfect, with long, slender fingers, just perfect for surrounding a thick, hard cock.

Fat waited until Wang had had a long, hard look at the girl before speaking.

"Her parents are missionaries in a village outside Peking," he stated. "She speaks fluent Chinese. She was 20 years old at her last birthday a few months ago. As I said, she's completely untouched. We've had her for about three weeks and she's learned to obey orders very nicely. And she's easily aroused."

The cart on which the girl crouched was just at the height of the table and had been pushed next to it to Fat's left and the general's right. Her body was within easy reach. Fat slipped his hand between her thighs and began to stroke her soft, plump love lips. The girl squirmed in her bindings and gave out an unhappy, muffled squeal.

Fat was an expert when it came to pussies. His thick, short fingers were nimble and he plied the girl's enticing slice, tickling the bud at its apex, sliding down the pussy's sides, over the insides of her pale thighs and back again. Within short order, the love lips had parted and filled with blood. The girl's squeal became long and more pronounced. When he was able to press the tips of his fingers inside the girl to his first knuckle, he withdrew them. They were covered with the girl's moisture. He drew his fingers to his nose and sniffed them. Looking at the general, he said, "Heavenly."

Wang could see the glistening between the girl's outer labia. Her

chest had become pinkish and her breasts harder. Her thighs trembled. She was clearly aroused.

"Go ahead," Fat said. "Touch her yourself. Feel her breasts."

Wang poured himself another scotch and took a sip. He put down his glass and ran his hand down her soft, pale thigh. It was warm and smooth. He delved his fingers along her splayed open crevasse and then inside her until he felt the tell tale barrier. Satisfied at her virginity, he moved his hand over her belly and up to her breasts. The girl was desperate now and she tugged and shook at her bindings. Wang paid her distress no mind. He captured one firm, soft breast and then the other, caressing and massaging them. He pinched the fat nipples, slowly tightening his grasp until the girl's squealing got louder.

Perspiration had erupted all along the girl's delicious body. Her face was streamed with tears. She had heard and understood every word that the men had said. She looked at the fierce, hard face of the warlord. He looked cruel. She didn't want to be owned by him. She didn't want to be owned by anyone. She wanted to go home, to Zuoyun.

It had been a horrible three weeks. She had been kept naked, mostly locked in a small cage. When she cried and begged to be released, they brought her out of her cage and forced her head repeatedly into a bucket of foul water until she almost drowned. She remained quiet after that.

They had brought her out of her cage for exercise, mostly incessant, repeated walks around the circumference of the large, empty room where they kept her cage in the basement of the building and to order her to assume different obscene postures. When she had refused, initially, they had strung her arms up over her head until she was standing on her tip toes and then left her there for hours. The pain had been excruciating. Afterwards, she did as she was told. When she was not being exercised, displayed or fed from a little bowl on the floor, they kept her in complete darkness. Once every few hours they let her go to the bathroom in a chamber pot, washed her body from a pail of soapy water, rinsed her with a hose and then gave her something to drink.

She had cried and cried and cried, praying to God to deliver her from her captors. She couldn't understand why Ho would do such a terrible thing to her. She hardly believed it was really happening. It seemed like a horrible dream. But now, as she felt the strange man's hands wander her body, looked at his hard, cruel face, she knew that it was real. She was going to be this man's slave.

"Not bad," said Wang. "All in all a very nice girl, if I was looking for one."

"More than nice," Fat countered. "Let me show you her ass." He motioned to the other man to turn the cart around. He spun the cart and withdrew the panel that had been set into the cart behind her. Her back was long and graceful. You could really see the lines of her torso going down to her hips from this view. Her ass was plump and firm, shaped like a little valentine. He stretched his hand out and felt its soft firmness. Wang had to admit the girl was all that Fat was saying. He decided that he had to have her.

"Oh, I don't think that she worth more than three ounces of gold,"

Wang said, starting the bargaining.

"You think so?" Fat replied. "I'd say she's worth at least fifty."

"Maybe if you were in the market and had your head in your ass,"

Wang shot back. "I wouldn't pay 50 ounces of gold for a woman unless she was made of gold herself," he stated. "Maybe she's worth five."

The bargaining went on for a good hour. The girl was spun around several more times. Her flesh was handled, squeezed, pinched and stroked. Fat even had her come once. It looked to Wang as if she were about to break out of her bonds, she got so excited. He had Fat pull the leather ball out of her mouth so he could get a better look at her face. Her lips trembled nicely. You could see that she was dying to beg and plead for her freedom. She looked at Fat fearfully. He had obviously played a big role in her obedience training. It was nothing compared to what Li Pao would devise for her, Wang was sure of that.

She squealed once more when the leather gag was pushed back between her lips.

When the price was down to 25 gold ounces, Wang knew that Fat would not go much lower. He knew that if he set her up in his best whorehouse in Shanghai, she would earn that back in a few months. But she wouldn't be earning on her back in Shanghai, she would be situate in his seraglio awaiting his pleasure. It was a lot to spend on a whore for your personal use. But she was very beautiful. Maybe she could help him get over his obsession with the English whore. He teetered back and forth. His last offer had been 17 gold ounces. Fat looked at him knowingly. The warlord was on the hook. All he had to do was wait. He knew a little about the man and how he had gone crazy over the English whore he had kidnapped. He had held back the best bargaining chip for last. "Did I tell you her name is Iris?" the procurer asked him.

Wang looked at fat in astonishment. Could it be true? The English whore's name was Violet. He would have two delicate flowers in his seraglio dedicated to serving his passions and lusts. And this one was a virgin too. His would be the only cock she

had ever known. "Damn!" he thought. If only the whoremaster would go a little lower. He looked at him. "Twenty four ounces and not a gram more," he said finally.

"Done!" replied Fat. He had made a quite tidy profit. Four gold ounces to the man, Mr. Yu, who had brought her in. Ten as taxes to the triad. That left ten ounces in profit for him. A good day's work.

The girl let out an eerie howl. She shook her body violently. She peed. The men both looked at her for a moment and then broke out into raucous laughter. After they had settled down, Fat asked Wang, "So when do you want her delivered?"

Li Pao placed the note from his master in his sleeve. It had come via the riverboat from Shanghai, taken four days to reach him. The general wasn't due back for another two weeks. All arrangements needed to be ready on his return. It wouldn't be a problem.

The next morning, about ten o'clock, Li was sitting in the general's salon on the second floor of the fortress. Sitting with him was Shi Sung, the banker who would be underwriting the construction of the new docks. Shi was a corpulent man, in his early sixties. His fat

jowls bulged up from his tight collar. His grey beard descended down his chest into a point which rested on his broad belly. His thighs were too thick for him ever to bring his two knees together. His hands looked like large muffins from which thick, stubby protuberances had emerged.

He was leaning with one hand on a polished mahogany cane with a bull's head on the top. A large bowl of jellied candies sat atop the small table next to him and all during their conference he had been scooping up great handfuls and cramming them into his mouth. His girth and size, he was over six feet tall, made the chair he was sitting in look like it had come from a doll house.

Standing to the right of the two seated men was the warlord's concubine, Pu Wei. She had tears in her eyes. Her wrists were behind her lovely neck, affixed to the ring in the back of her collar, and her silk gown was in a pile next to her feet. She could still feel the greasy hands of the banker from his pawing of her body. He had subsumed her modest breasts and squeezed them tightly. He had run his hands up and down her thighs and then stroked her hairless slit until she had watered and moaned. He had made her turn around while he seized her rear cheeks with both of his hands. But it was when the eunuch had told her to crawl between his fat thighs and suck his cock that she had been most distressed. He had pulled his expansive, dark blue sheath up to his waist, exposing his flabby, pasty thighs and she had taken his flaccid meat in her mouth. It had taken her about ten minutes to get him hard and another ten to get him to jet his salty cream into her mouth. Standing now in front of him, she could still taste the foul remnants.

"I must say that she is pretty," Shi said. His voice was high pitched, higher than even Li Pao's, and he was a eunuch. It had a grating quality. His mouth was still full of candies and a few fragments escaped over his flabby lips.

"It is not many who have the honor of wedding one of the general's concubines," Li returned.

"Oh, that's true," Shi answered.

"And I can promise you that you will have many nights of delight. She is a skilled lover," Li said.

"And what were the terms again?" Shi asked.

"Four years, 2%. A total cost of \$25,000 silver dollars."

The banker squinted his eyes. "And will the general pledge the income from the docks as security for the loan?"

"Of course," Li Pao answered him. "We expect traffic to increase by one third due to the new road. Revenues will increase by \$15,000 silver dollars per year at least. The general's troops will suppress any attempt at smuggling. Just three weeks ago three boat captains were beheaded for this crime."

Shi cast his saggy eyes back upon the luscious flesh of the beautiful concubine. "Come here, woman," he told her.

A deep pit opening in her belly, Pu edged herself closer to the repulsive banker. "Please say no! Please say no!" she thought frantically.

Putting aside his cane, he grabbed her by her hips and sat her on his expansive lap. He played with her breasts a bit and then dipped his head and sucked virtually her whole left breast into his mouth. He slavered on it noisily. Pu winced as she felt his lips form a

seal and her nipple tugged deeply into his mouth. She was still in milk and she cringed as she felt her flow begin.

"Mmmmmmmmm!" the fat banker moaned. He released the breast with a loud smack of his lips after emptying it.

"2 ½% over three years," he stated firmly.

"Very well," the eunuch answered him. "The wedding will be in three weeks, after General Wang has returned."

Shi took a hold of Pu's right nipple with his thumb and forefinger and pinched it tightly, making the girl moan. "I can't wait," he said. He bent his head to her right breast and began to empty that one as well.

Two days later, in the early afternoon, Li was back in the general's salon. With him this day was the salt merchant, Yao Chen. Standing between the seated men was his daughter, Shu. She was crying steadily. She had bright green eyes and a pixie like face. Her black hair was tied in a ponytail behind her back reaching almost to her waist. She had been delightfully made up, bright red lipstick, pale, powdered face, black, plucked, arched eyebrows, blue shaded eyes. Her finger and toe nails had been polished to match her lips. She was wearing a flowing, pastel green gown to match her eyes. It was covered with delicate, blue flowers.

Yao was a diminutive man, short and thin, virtually scrawny. His clean shaven face was bony and gaunt. When he smiled, his face crinkled, showing not his age, he was only 42, but his miserliness. He had two bright gold teeth. He was wearing a threadbare, Western style suit. The pants legs were too short, riding up high on his shins. He sat on the edge of his chair as if he was getting ready to run out of the room. His eyes had a decayed look, dead behind his smiling façade.

"Of course, it is a hard thing to give up a favorite daughter," Yao wheezed. "She is the light of my life. Her mother will be very sorry to see her go."

"Is that so?" Li answered. He was sipping herbal tea from a tiny porcelain cup. A small sliver of lemon was floating in it. Yao had drunk his up in one gulp.

"Certainly a four year contract is not too much to ask," he asserted.

"The contract is for three years," Li replied sternly. "And at the same rates."

"But the expense of shipping salt has increased by 10%," the spindly merchant offered. "And there is much smuggling. That means a loss of revenue."

"There will be no more smuggling. We hanged the last smuggler yesterday."

"But who's to say that there will not be more?" Yao rejoined.

"If there is more smuggling, there will be more hangings. The contract is for three years at current rates. I might add that this month's payment has not yet been made. If it is not paid in ten days there will be interest at 40%," Li told him. Ire had crept into his voice.

"Of course, of course," Yao said, nodding his head.

"Tell the girl to strip," Li said. "I must examine her."

Yao turned to his sobbing daughter. "Please do as Li Pao asks,

daughter," he said, treacle in his voice.

Shu let out a heartfelt sob. Her tiny hands were clasped tightly in front of her. She looked at her father dolefully. "Please, Papa," she said, her voice small and frightened.

"Don't keep Mr. Li waiting," Yao told her. "He's a very important, very busy man. He doesn't have time for sniveling little girls."

Yao turned to the eunuch. "She believes that she's in love with one of the local boys, a farmer's son. I told her that only foolish girls fall in love with farmers. Becoming a concubine to General Wang is a great honor. She will see that when she is in the general's seraglio."

He turned back to his daughter. "Strip!" he yelled. "Now! Or I will beat you!"

Her lips trembling, her tears flowing, her face contorted into a mask of anguish, the slender girl moved her shaking hands to the belt of her gown. She fumbled with it for a few seconds and then pulled the knot loose. She gave her father a last forlorn look, pulled the sides of the gown apart and let it slide off of her shoulders.

Li looked upon her nakedness with approval. Her breasts were plump and firm. Her belly was slightly rotund, as appropriate, and her thighs were slender and graceful. A small forest of black, curly hair covered her mons. "Turn around," he ordered her sternly. She shuffled her feet until her back was to the men. Her black ponytail descended down the middle of her back. Her hips were narrow and her rear compact. When she had turned back to her front, Li ordered her to come over to him.

Sobbing, the girl inched forward until she was within the eunuch's grasp. He took her by the hips and pulled her closer. He weighed her breasts in his hands and then ran them down over her belly. He looked over her body carefully, seeking out any scars of other deformity. Sometimes they covered blemishes with makeup or powder. He looked closely up and down each leg and then had her turn her back to him once again. He felt the skin of her back all the way to her shoulders and then down the backs of her thighs. Taking hold of her hips, he spun her until she was facing him again. "Spread your legs," the eunuch commanded her.

Sniffling, her eyes jammed shut to blot out her shame, Shu moved her graceful legs apart. One hand on her hip, Li placed his other over her vulva and caressed it. He slid his finger back and forth over the split between her outer lips until he drew out her moisture. He gathered some on his finger and then moved upwards until he found her little bud. Circling it with his finger, he spread her seepage all around it. He gently rubbed his finger back and forth over it until he felt it stiffen.

Shu was holding her hands up so as to avoid any contact with the man so coolly appraising her intimacies. Her body trembled. When she heard the order to sit on his lap, she moaned with unhappiness.

Li pinched her tiny nipples and then massaged each breast carefully. He slipped his left hand under her left thigh and raised it, forcing the girl to lean back. With his right hand, he spread her right leg wide. The girl's hips curved up towards him exposing her pussy in all its glory. Keeping her legs separated, he bent his head down to

take a closer look. He had examined hundreds of pussies in his day. This one was pleasing but unremarkable. Keeping her right thigh spread with his elbow, he traced the gap between her outer lips again with his finger, probing it gently until it was able to slip inside. He found what he was looking for, her barrier intact. Yao looked at his daughter's glistening divide. When she was growing up, he had detected immediately her prospective beauty. He had adjudged that her pussy would be worth its weight in gold some day and his surmise was proving correct. He smiled at the eunuch. "See," he said. "A virgin. Unspoiled."

Li grunted in return. He began to massage the girl's sex in earnest. He pressed down lightly on her clit and rubbed it, he slid his hand over her distending love lips, he probed inside as far as his hand would go.

While he manipulated her cunt, his eyes were glued to the girl's face. He watched patiently until he could see the signs of her arousal, her softening eyes, her lips filling with blood, her breath deepening. Shamed at her growing lust, the girl went to cover her face with her hands.

"Hands behind head!" Li spat out crisply. When the girl hesitated, he took hold of her nubbin of pleasure and pinched it hard. "Hands behind head!" he ordered again.

The girl moaned from the pain and quickly obeyed.

Li continued with his assault. He leaned over and suckled briefly on her nipples, causing the girl to moan. She was giving in to her passion. Her body softened and she began to breathe heavily. Involuntarily, her hips began to writhe.

Li

watched as she bit her lip, trying to avoid the inevitable. Her face was flush. Small beads of perspiration were forming on her brow. Her chest was reddening.

Li was stroking her clit now fervently, dipping down from time to time to gather more of her moisture from her slit to lubricate her passion button. She moaned and her thighs began to quiver. "Please..." she moaned. She gave her father a look of misery and then jammed her eyes closed once more. Her hips began to buck. "Ohhhhhhhhh," she moaned softly. "Ohhhhhhhhh."

Shu was overwhelmed with unwanted lust. She had no idea that her 'treasure' between her thighs, as her father often referred to it, could bring her so much pleasure. Her parents had been very strict and she had always feared exploring the possibilities of her sex. Her body was hot, her heart pounding. She felt the rise of a crescendo of passion as he tried to fight it off. It was sinful, her mother had always told her so. And to be so brazenly displayed and used before her own father was too humiliating and shameful to bear. But her pussy's demands would not go unsatisfied. She felt a rise in her heat and then her pussy's walls began violent, pleasure giving contractions. She moaned again, louder this time and she began to grind her sex against the hand that was tormenting it. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" she called out as the throbs in her cunt intensified. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" she cried.

When he was satisfied that the little whore had completed her spasms of pleasure, Li slowly wound down his manipulation of her sex. As she recovered from her climax, he rubbed the inside of her thighs,

her belly, her breasts. She had responded well. Once she had tasted the old lady's passion potion, she would not be able to control herself. The warlord would be pleased.

Releasing the girl's still trembling thighs, Li pushed her off of his lap. She swayed on her feet. He quickly turned her hips and ordered her to bend over. She was panting and shaking and he had to give the order again, this time emphasizing it by giving her a sharp slap on her rear cheeks.

"Oh!" she exclaimed and leaned over quickly. Li spread her rear cheeks and examined her dainty, brown tinted star. There were no cracks or other evidence of prior use. He gave her rear another harsh slap. "Go stand over there!" he ordered her. Shu

moved quickly in obedience. "Kneel down and put your hands behind your back!" Li commanded. Trembling and mortified by her display of wantonness, she complied. Her tears were starting again. Li ignored them.

He turned to Yao. "She is acceptable," he said. "You will leave her here with me. The general will sign the contract when he returns."

"Of course," Yao answered. He had a satisfied smile on his face. He was not finished bargaining.

"You see, a very lustful girl. She will serve the general well," he said. "By the way," he added, "I have heard that the general will be asserting suzerainty over the villages around Anxiang. You know that that area borders my territories."

Li was dismayed but not surprised that word of this had leaked out. Even as they spoke, Captain Huang was leading a force to assume control of the area. Li knew what was coming. No way was he going to throw in the right to supply that region with salt as part of the deal.

"That may be so," Li answered him. "We have not decided who will get that franchise," he told the greedy merchant.

"Did you know that Shu has a younger sister?" Yao asked.

Li in fact knew this. His information was always complete. But he had never seen her.

"She turned 18 yesterday. She is even prettier than Shu," Yao proffered.

"Sisters?" Li thought. He looked the merchant in the eye. There was a pause. Then he spoke. "Bring her here tomorrow," he said.

Ever since her session with the obese banker, Pu had been morose and depressed. She spent much of her time crying. When she had become the general's concubine, she had been dismayed, but the promise of someday becoming the wife of a wealthy merchant or landowner had helped her accommodate herself to the warlord's often scurrilous demands. She had fucked his friends and guests, including the Europeans, who smelled like dead meat. She had withstood the beatings, the humiliations, the isolation and boredom of the seraglio, all in the expectation of a wondrous life to come. Now she was being sold to that fat glutton of a banker to be his wife. And not his first wife or his second wife either. He already had two wives. She would be Wife Number Three, the lowest in status.

Her flesh had crawled when he stroked and caressed her. His cock had been like a slimy slug in her mouth. But the worst of all was when he had suckled at her breasts, drawing out her milk. She knew that

the man would almost certainly keep her lactating for as long as he could. She would be subject to the disdain and mockery of all. It was one thing to serve the general in the secluded atmosphere of the fortress. Even his guests. But quite another to be the milk cow of the household and to have to go out in public with wet stains on her bodice all of the time.

Violet had tried to comfort her. Holding her in her arms while she sobbed, she had told her that such an old, fat man could not live long. In a few years, she would be free of him. It showed how little the English whore knew about Chinese life. Once the old man died, his number one wife would be in charge. If she hadn't produced a son, or even if she had, she would probably be sold to a brothel. She would spend the rest of her life as a whore!

The eunuch had instructed Zhu, the cruel head chaperone, to keep a close eye on the woman. Although there was not a moment she spent alone, due to her ever present maids, there was always the possibility that she might try to harm herself. It had been known to happen. And so, in addition to her maids, Zhu was always hovering near her, or, if not her, one of the other chaperones.

It had been a week since she had, essentially, been sold to the obscene looking man. She was kneeling in the middle of the common area of the seraglio and Violet was holding her in her arms. "Please no cry," Violet told her in her halting Chinese. They were both naked. The warmth of each other's bodies was sending messages of lust to the two women. Zhu had instituted a new rule that the concubines should be naked all of the time except when they were called to duty elsewhere in the fortress. And she had upped the daily dose of the old woman's elixir. The result was that the three whores spent their days in a kind of fiery lassitude. Their loins trilled with need even as their minds floated in a constant fog. Pu's imminent departure had cast a pall over the seraglio. Tatiana had been beside herself. It was a stark reminder of her own precarious position. It had been her turn to be placed in milk by the eunuch, but he had started Violet on the road to lactation instead. What did that mean? Violet had tried to tell her not to worry about it, but that's all she could do.

Violet was finding it hard to resist fondling Pu's bulging breasts. It was a little after lunch and time for her to be relieved of her product. Violet placed her hand around one of her breasts and gave it a little squeeze. A few drops of watery white liquid

dripped from her teat. Violet looked over at Zhu who was exchanging gossip with one of the other chaperones. Seeing her distracted, she leaned over and placed her mouth on Pu's breast. The girl stiffened and sighed and placed her arms around Violet's shoulders. Within a few seconds, her life giving fluid was released and flowing into Violet's hungry mouth.

Violet reveled in the semi sweet taste of the liquid. Her pussy warmed at the contact between their bodies. She started a gentle motion of her hips, rocking her ben wa balls back and forth. Her hand found its way to the crux of the Chinese girl's thighs. Her slit was already juiced and dilated.

She kept the young girl on the precipice of completion while she milked her breasts. Pu was moaning and sighing, clutching to Violet

desperately. When the right breast was empty, Violet shifted to the other. She drank at it until the milk's flow began to taper off and then, stroking Pu's hairless slit wildly, drove her lover over the edge. Pu moaned and cried out as her pussy throbbed and spasmed. Her hips jerked back and forth. She clutched Violet even more tightly, digging her fingernails into her skin.

The two women were still locked in an embrace when the door to the seraglio opened. It was Li Pao. All the women in the room quickly came to attention.

"Whore Number Two!" Li barked. "Stand up!"

The blond Russian rose to her feet immediately. "Turn around!" Li ordered. When she had done so, he fastened her hands behind her back with a silken cord.

He turned and looked at Violet. "Stand up, Whore Number Three!" he commanded. Violet stood obediently and her hands were tied behind her as well. They both knew that the warlord was away and so the immediate conclusion was that two of his bigwig friends had shown up at the fortress and expected to be entertained. By now, it didn't matter to Violet who fucked her and how often. But it had been getting close to the time for her music lesson with Yanyu. The guests might keep her the whole day, even into the night, or even longer. There was no way she could complain.

Li affixed 18" long chains to the ankles of the two whores and leashes to their collars and then led them from the room. They were brought to the outer door and after the eunuch knocked and was recognized through the little window by the guard, the door was opened and he led them to the stairs.

On the second floor, they headed to the wing containing the guest bedrooms. As she shuffled along, Violet felt somewhat chagrined as she thought of how casually she and the other concubines were used. There was no pretense of civility or social interaction. They were, in fact, treated worse than whores.

Li led them to one of the smaller bedrooms. He unlocked the door and brought them in. To Violet's surprise, there was no one in the room. Their hands were untied and the chains removed. A maid brought in a pot of tea and two small, blue and white porcelain cups and set them down on the bedside table. The two concubines stared at the eunuch, dumbfounded.

"You have one hour," he said to them sharply. He and the maid left, locking the door behind them.

For a moment, neither of the women moved. It was unprecedented. Not only were they alone in a room with each other, but the eunuch had left their hands free so that could drink tea together. The last time Violet had been able to serve herself was during her celebration with her maids when she was spared beheading. That had been down in her cell in the dungeon. For Tatiana, it had been even longer, over three years.

Once the shock of the eunuch's departure dissipated, the two women began to laugh and threw themselves into each other's arms. They had longed for each other's flesh for weeks, ever since Violet had been returned to the seraglio. Their laughter quickly turned to passion. They clung to each other desperately and flung each other on the bed. Feverishly, they kissed. Violet slipped her tongue into the Russian whore's mouth, feeding on the heat and fervent movements of

hers. They laid on their sides, their breasts and bellies married to each other's.

Tatiana, who was younger and stronger, pushed her English lover to her back and climbed on top. She grasped Violet's face in her hands and plunged her tongue deep in her mouth. Violet moaned and squirmed under her, welcoming the enthralling contact between their skin.

Tatiana slipped her legs inside Violet's thighs and pressed her loins hard against hers. Violet felt an electric charge run through her as her bound love lips vibrated with lust.

After a minute of passionate kissing and hoarse whispers of "Je t'aime!, Je t'aime!", Tatiana broke their embrace and began to slide down her lover's torso. She caressed and kissed her breasts fervently, sucking hard on each nipple until Violet screeched with lust. She slipped down lower, her lips dragging across Violet's taut belly, her tongue tasting her flesh.

Violet knew at once what the Russian girl had on her mind. She wasn't about to sail alone. She turned her body, grasped Tatiana's arm and pulled her towards her. Lying down again, she pulled Tatiana's thighs over her torso, placed her arms around her lower back and buried her mouth in her quim.

Tatiana moaned with pleasure. Her lover's locked pudenda were right below her as their bellies met in juxtaposition. She could not wash her face between her lover's lower lips, as Violet was doing, but she could seize her button of lust between her lips and then slide her tongue into the gap above her bindings. She did so at once.

It was a close call as to which of the two women were driven to a greater extreme of passion. Violet licked and suckled at Tatiana's oversized clit, driving the young woman mad. Tatiana dipped her tongue into Violet's supersensitive quim, played the bindings on her love lips like strings on a harp and mouthed her passion button as if it were about to squirt ambrosia. Violet's violent rocking of her hips caused the hollow, liquid filled balls in her crevasse to jumble back and forth against one another, driving her lusts.

It was Tatiana who came first. She screamed and moaned as her body shook. She wrapped her arms around Violet's thighs from underneath and smothered her cries of joy in her puss. Violet came next. Her toes curled, her hips bucked, she sucked hard on Tatiana's clit bringing the young Russian whore into crisis all over again. Like a chain reaction, Tatiana's endeavors to bury her tongue as deeply as she could in Violet's hole accelerated, sending the Englishwoman into a another paroxysm of pleasure.

It was not long before the sensitized sexes of the two women could stand no more. They withdrew their mouths from each other's pussies and lay panting, their hearts racing, their minds filled with joy. They caressed each other's flesh gently, communicating their love and need for each other. Suddenly, Violet sat up. "Tea!" she shouted.

They scurried to the side of the bed where the teapot sat and Violet quickly poured two cups. It was the heavy, fragrant black tea that she loved so much. She giggled and clinked her tiny teacup against her lover's and toasted her. They both downed the contents of their cups as if they were chugging down shots of whiskey. Violet quickly poured two more cups and the women leaned back against the

headboard, thigh to thigh, sipping it at their leisure. Violet had placed her free arm over Tatiana's shoulders and was hugging her torso close to her. "I've been dying to bury my face in your pussy for weeks, my pet," she said in French. Tatiana smiled and leaned over and kissed her English lover. "Me too," she replied. "I've missed you so much, I can't tell you." There was silence as they let their gratified emotions run through them. After a while, Violet spoke again. "Why do you think the eunuch did this?" she asked. Tatiana was taking a sip of her tea and paused to answer. "I don't know. I hadn't thought of it. Why look a gift horse in the mouth?" "But it's never happened before," Violet continued. "It goes against everything. I think that he's up to something." Tatiana gave a shiver. "But what could it be?" "I don't know," Violet answered. "The only thing that occurs to me is that he learned that Zhu had forbidden us to make love with each other and he wanted to circumvent her without directly challenging her." "But she is subservient to him. He could just order her to change the rule," Tatiana pointed out. "That's true," Violet responded. "But by doing it this way he can have the best of both worlds. He can give us the opportunity to make love together and yet, when we go back to the seraglio, the rule will still be in force. Maybe the master has told him that he wants to see us make love to each other and he wants us to stay in practice while at the same time he wants us to be boiling with desire for each other when the master returns." They both paused to consider this. Tatiana finished her tea and put her cup aside. She took Violet's empty cup and placed that on the bedside table as well. "Let's not waste time talking," she said, smiling. "I want to kiss you." Their lips melted against each other's again. This time, their explosive passion had passed and the kiss was a long, luxurious exchange of love. Violet placed her hands on the blond girl's breasts and squeezed them gently. She tickled her nipples with her thumbs and then tweaked them just enough for the sensation to cause Tatiana to shudder. Violet broke their kiss. "Wait," she said. She got up from the bed and opened the bottom drawer to the bedside table on her side. She removed a long, thick wooden, highly polished prong which was attached to a belt. "I want to fuck you," she said. All of the guest bedrooms were supplied with certain facilitators of lust. More than once a guest had ordered one of the maids to fuck her in his presence using the dildo found in the drawer of a side table. There were hoods and chains and a short tasseled whip in there as well. Violet quickly belted the apparatus to her waist. She pulled Tatiana down so that she was lying on the bed.

Before penetrating her, Violet spent a long time kissing and preparing Tatiana's flesh. She kissed her nipples, massaged her breasts, dragged her tongue over her belly and thighs. She stroked

the girl's enlarged love button until she moaned with lust. Satisfied at her arousal, Violet placed herself between her lover's knees and edged herself forward. She stroked her hand over the Russian's belly and thighs one more time and then ran the head of the wooden instrument along her glistening, engorged love lips. When she rubbed it against her clit, Tatiana grabbed her arms and moaned. She drew the phallus down a few inches and slid it in.

Tatiana's back arched and she groaned with pleasure as the instrument scoured her inner walls. Keeping her focus on her lover's face, Violet drew it back and forth slowly reveling in the girl's display of lust. As Tatiana squirmed and writhed beneath her, she steadily built up the pace until the girl's feet were sliding up and down the bed on each side of her and her hips were bucking back fiercely. "Ohhhhhhhhhh!" Tatiana moaned. "Ohhhhhhhhhh!" She reached for Violet's shoulders and pulled her down so that their breasts and lips could meet. She sucked hungrily on Violet's tongue, her arms wound around her as her passion grew higher and higher.

Violet's passions were on the rise as well. The steel balls in her pussy were colliding back and forth as she thrust her hips up and down. The base of the dildo rested on her pussy, massaging her bound but ultra sensitive love lips.

When Tatiana's crisis began, causing her body to shake and writhe beneath her, Violet's pussy was in heat. As Tatiana gripped her body fiercely, she felt herself building to climax. She pressed her lips down hard on her lover's. Suddenly, her lusts overboiled. She pumped her lover's pussy furiously as the waves of pleasure shot through her. Tatiana was on her second climax and she screamed her ecstasy into her mouth.

When their pussies came to rest, aftershocks of their orgasms flowing through them, Violet collapsed atop her lover. She was out of breath and could feel Tatiana's heart beating against her chest. After a while, she rolled to her side, pulling her lover with her, the faux cock still lodged in her quim.

"Oh, Violet," Tatiana moaned. "I love you so much! I couldn't live without you!" she declared. "When they take me away, you must promise that you'll never forget me and that you'll pray for me every day! Please promise! Please!"

"I'll never forget you, little one," Violet returned, tears in her eyes. "I'll pray for you every day. I promise. And I hope that you will pray for me."

"How long do you think we have, Violet?" Tatiana asked, her voice breaking.

"

"I don't know, my pet. As long as God gives us.

Tatiana hugged the Englishwoman tightly. When they broke apart, Violet asked her, "Is it an hour yet?"

"I don't know," Tatiana answered.

"There's something I have to do," Violet said, breaking their embrace. She sat up and put her back to the headboard and spread her legs. After removing the apparatus from her waist, she took hold of the heavy lock that adorned her loins, weighing it, feeling it. It was the first time she had touched it. She ran her hand over the cables that imprisoned her canal. "You don't know how much I've wanted to do this," she said. "Imagine having this done to you and

not being able to touch it, to examine it." She looked down at her sex as she handled the lock. 'General's Wang's property.' That's what it says," she muttered. "What a terrible thing it is to be owned."

Tatiana turned towards her, rubbing her thigh. She placed her lips on it and kissed it.

The two women held each other and kissed and caressed for a long time. They made each other come with their hands as they lay facing one another, their upper legs raised. Afterwards, they just lay there, their bodies intertwined.

They had both been napping lightly when they heard the key in the lock. Both women looked at the door with sorrow that their hour had ended.

Li Pao glided through the door. "Whore Number Three, stand up!" he ordered briskly. Violet climbed off of the bed and rose to her feet. The eunuch motioned for her to turn around. She automatically placed her hands behind her back. Li tied them off tightly with the silken cord. He had left the travel chains in the room earlier and he picked one set off of the floor and bound her ankles together.

"Whore Number Two, stand up!" he spat at the Russian. Tatiana rose from the bed and presented her back to him, her wrists crossed behind her. "Sit on the bed!" he instructed her forcefully. He fixed a chain to her ankles. "You wait here," he told her.

He attached a lead to Violet's collar and pulled her toward the door. Violet looked back at her lover. "Why is she staying?" she asked herself, panicked. "What is happening?"

As Li Pao led her back to the seraglio, Violet felt a wave of dread go through her. "Oh, my god!" she thought. "Please don't let it be true!"

When she arrived at the inner portion of the seraglio, in the common room, Li released her bindings. Her lips were trembling and she was shaking. "Please, master..." she started to say.

"Silence!" Li Pao boomed. Without another word, he left. Violet fell to her knees and started to cry.

Downstairs, Tatiana waited patiently for the eunuch to come back to get her. Her stomach fluttered as she tried to imagine why she had been left in the room alone.

After about fifteen minutes, the door opened. She looked up, expecting to see the eunuch. Instead, she watched as two men, dressed in rough, workmen's clothes, came into the room. One of them was carrying a black leather hood and a gag.

"Noooooooooooo!" Tatiana exclaimed. "Noooooooooooo! Please, nooooooooooooo!"

The men were on her in an instant. She squirmed and struggled to prevent them from gagging her. One of the men laid himself on top of her to keep her still while the other, lying next to her on the bed, took hold of her cheeks and squeezed them harshly. Tatiana clenched her teeth together as hard as she could. The man's hand was strong, but he could not force her jaws apart. He looked at his companion. The other man shifted himself, keeping his leg over the girl's, keeping them still, and gave her a hard jab in her belly. Tatiana

gasped and her mouth flew open. The gag was slipped easily in. Once the gag had been belted behind her head, the men brought the sobbing woman to her feet. The hood went on easily. The men each took an arm and dragged her to the door and into the hallway. Within a few seconds, they were carrying her down the stairs.

Li Pao watched the concubine being taken away. It was too bad, but it had to be sooner or later. The master had a new, American whore he was bringing back with him on the riverboat. The Russian whore's time was done. Fu Ming, the procurer, had paid ten gold ounces for her. It was a fair deal. The Russian whore had a number of good years still ahead of her. He knew of the rule Zhu had implemented about contact between the English and Russian whores. He didn't agree with it, but he was not about to interfere with the running of the seraglio. He also was not impervious to human emotion. He let them have their final hour alone. That was the least he could do for the English whore. She would always have the memory of that time.

Outside, in the inner courtyard of the fortress, the hooded, naked and bound concubine was dragged across the cobblestones to an awaiting car. She was pushed inside. The door slammed shut and it drove away.

CHAPTER SEVEN

As the music surged, the couples swirled across the floor, a colorful, graceful, rhythmic unity. General Wang sat at the head table amazed that it had all come together so well. It was the night of the Grand Spring Ball.

His wives had been working on it all winter. He had brought up from Shanghai a dancing instructor as had been requested, purchased 100 cases of champagne, authorized the production of 25 hand sewn silk and lace tablecloths, 300 matching napkins, purchased 300 sets of silver tableware, knives, butter and steak, 3 knives, 3 teaspoons, 3 forks and one soup spoon per setting, 25 silver creamers and sugar bowls, 25 large silver serving trays, 300 sets of tableware, dinner plates, bread plates, salad plates, soup bowl and dessert plates. He imported 300 crystal champagne, water, cocktail and highball glasses, (extra in case of breakage), 10 cases of 24 year old scotch and premium gin, 25 cases of Bordeaux, 25 cases of Reisling, and varying amounts of port, brandy and sherry.

There was a 20 piece orchestra, 30 waiters, 10 captains and a maitre d'. The chef and his 15 assistants had been brought up from one of the best hotels in Shanghai. A vast pavilion was constructed in the gardens of the fortress. Huge bouquets of

flowers had been brought up from the south. And on and on and on. The pièce de résistance, however was when, during an appropriate ceremony, the general had flipped the switch that turned on the electric lights. The coal powered generator had been installed over the winter and electric lines strung the 5 miles from the electric plant to the fortress. The crowd erupted in a frenzy of celebration. The twentieth century had come to Hunan Province.

The French whore had been invaluable in putting it all together. In fact, she made a small fortune for herself. She had written letters

to some of the best dress shops in Shanghai, the general would not let her go there in person, not wanting to risk losing the madam of his premier whorehouse, and obtained samples of the most recent designs. She had put together a small sewing factory and produced, amazingly, 150 different ball gowns. Some of the differences in the designs were modest, a bit more lace here, a deeper cut there, and a wide array of colors was provided. This entailed, under the supervision of the eunuch, the dying of the silk by the new textile mill (which would now be able to put on a night shift thanks to electricity). The rest of the designs were purchased directly from shops in Shanghai and Nanking. A tailor had been imported who brought with him 200 tuxedos of varying shapes and sizes. Amazingly, he was able to alter and shape enough to supply the male invitees. One problem that had not been adequately thought out was the fact that many of the male invitees had more than one wife. Thus, there ended up being more women than men at the affair. The men were kept very busy dancing, including the general.

Culling the invitation list was a horror show. It was made clear, though, to all concerned, that no invitations, or hardly any, would be issued to any couple who did not learn to dance. The general knew how to waltz and foxtrot from his schooldays in Shanghai. But even he took a refresher. The lessons were given in the second floor meeting room in the fortress.

The eunuch had suggested, and the general agreed, to invite a representative from the Nanking and British governments. Colonel Feng, who had visited in the fall and witnessed the military maneuvers that Wang put on, maneuvers that went very well, represented the Kuomintang. The British Consul sent General Witherington, a veteran of the Great War, who had sailed upstream in a British gunboat. Wang had made sure that the boat was appropriately saluted by the French 75's he had installed at a strategic bend in the river in case the British ever got it into their heads to try and challenge his power. Tomorrow, he intended to take the British general and the captain of the gunboat on a tour of the artillery emplacements so they could see for themselves the virtually impregnable positions he had selected and witness examples of his gunners' accuracy and efficiency.

There was one problem. The British general had brought with him a note from the British Consul inquiring about the presence of a certain Violet Harris at the fortress. It seems rumors had reached Shanghai. While Wang did not fear the British gunboats, the British government could make things quite sticky for him in Shanghai if they wanted to. At first, Wang had been furious that his wives' insistence on a Grand Ball had brought this new problem. But after talking it over with Li Pao, he was sure that there was an appropriate remedy.

The first installment had occurred last night when General Witherington had been entertained at the House of the Golden Swan. Since he had no escort (he had left his wife behind in Shanghai), he was spending this evening dancing with the French whore, who had sported with him last night and would do so again this evening once the festivities were over.

While the general would not be a problem, that was not the case for his aide, Colonel Parker. He was all business. There had been a

parade of the warlord's forces earlier in the day, the five companies of khaki clad infantry, ten companies of militia dressed in bluish grey, a battalion of cavalry, seven of them towing the general's new German made light machine guns, and, last but not least, the armored car. Parker seemed especially observant. He did notice that only the regular infantry was carrying the efficient and accurate Model 98 Mausers, the rest toting ancient British Lee-Enfields. What the colonel did not know was that three out of every four rifles carried by the militia were just painted wooden models. Parker had asked Li Pao, acting more or less as the warlord's foreign minister, three times when there would be an answer to the note. Finally, Li Pao told him that there would be an audience with General Wang at 11 A.M. the morning after the ball to discuss it. As Wang sat, trying to catch his breath from the last wild waltz he had danced, he looked up to the third floor of the fortress. If you looked closely, you could see the faces of the concubines and their maids peering out between the latticework, trying to take in what they could of the festivities. You couldn't recognize any of them, only parts of their faces could be seen.

His thoughts turned to the English whore. He had made special provision so that she and the American one would not try and communicate with anyone to plea for their freedom. Their hands were bound behind their backs and they were wearing gags. He did not want to lock them up in their rooms. It humored him for them to know that they were so close to agents of their redemption and yet unable to make their presence known. Also, he wanted them to see for themselves his refinement and his power. And last, but not least, he wanted them to be able to experience the grand festivities, although from afar, as a break from their regular routine in the seraglio.

Shuffling the cards in the seraglio had turned out to be a great idea. Within three weeks he had despoiled three virgins.

The first had been the American. He had Fat hold onto her until he was ready to return to Hunan Province. She had been delivered on board his riverboat in a small crate and stored down below decks until they had cleared Nanking.

It had been his intent to preserve her virginity until they reached the fortress. But once he had her brought up to his quarters and strung up, her hands bound to a beam across the overhead, he knew that he would possess her that very same night.

Like all of them, she sobbed and cried and begged to be spared the lash. He had used the seven strapped flogger. He didn't want to mark her up. It produced a dark shade of red, abused skin wherever it landed. She was indeed a treasure. When he prepared himself to deliver the first blow across her beauteous, plump bosom, she begged futilely in very good Chinese, "Please, sir! Please, sir! Please don't whip me! Please!" Her sky blue eyes were wide with terror and tears were already flowing from them in a stream. The whip left seven trails of deep, dark red across her breasts. She danced and screamed in agony.

As he continued to lay the blows across her milky thighs, her flat, taut belly and her breasts, she begged, she pleaded, she whined, she cried. But mostly she screamed as the flat leather cords marred her skin. And then he did her back, her delectable hind quarters, the

backs of her thighs. He had to move her long, waist length hair out of the way first, placing the thin, wispy strands over her shoulders. At the end, she had ceased her screaming and was reduced to one, long, continuous, heartfelt moan which rose in a crescendo each time the cords of the whip met her flesh.

When he was finished, he let her hang there for a half hour or so, hooded and gagged, while he sat in a chair silently drinking brandy and admiring her now red tinged flesh. It was then that he had made the decision to fuck her. Her body had remained in motion the whole time, squirming, pulling at her bonds, dancing from foot to foot. Her wounded breasts swayed and jumped deliciously. Her muffled sobs and moans were like an accelerant to the fires of his lust. His cock was hard and needy.

He approached her, taking hold of her fat nipples and twisting them severely. "Can you hear me whore?" he asked her. They were the first words he had spoken to her.

Her body stiffened and she released a screech of unhappiness as she received the pain from her teats. She made a noise from behind her gag which Wang had accepted as an affirmative answer.

"Tonight you are going to surrender to me that prize between your thighs. You will be obedient or I will string you up here again and whip you with a cane. Do you understand?"

She issued a long, drawn out moan of supplication. He twisted her nipples harder. "Do you understand?" he repeated, his voice growing louder and angrier.

"Mmmmmmpf! Mmmmmmpf!" she responded des-perately.

When he removed her hood, her eyes peered at him like a wary animal. He removed her gag and her lips trembled. She fell to the floor when he released her hands from the overhead beam. He had taken the cane out of the closet where he kept his implements of pain and restraint and he tapped it on her thigh.

"Get up!" he said. She cringed when she saw what he was carrying.

"Please don't hurt me any more," she pleaded. "I'll do what you say! Please!"

After he tied her hands to the headboard, he spent half an hour exploring her soft, pale flesh, drinking at the heavenly divide between her thighs, suckling at her young breasts, devouring her skin. She groaned when he pierced her.

Over the next three days, he fucked her several times every day, although he took care not to discharge himself within her. The last thing he wanted was to get her with child. Instead, when he was ready to explode, he withdrew and placed his fat cock between her breasts, pressing them together to form a warm, soft envelope, and dumped himself there. He taught her how to suck a cock. On the morning he took her rear entrance for the first time, he gave her a taste of the cane beforehand to insure her cooperation.

He also spent time familiarizing her with her own lust and capacity for pleasure. He toyed with her plush canal, petted it, licked it, pressed his fingers deep inside her. When she came, her whole body vibrated and shook. By the time they reached the fortress, she had learned to accept his thick prick in her body and to respond to his fucking with passion. She had also learned to call him 'master'.

When they arrived back in Hunan, she was sent directly to the dungeon. It was true that she had received some lessons in

discipline on their voyage, but Li Pao's methods were much more exquisite and thorough.

He was happy to learn that the two daughters of Yao Chen, Shu and her younger sister, Hu, had done their duty in the dungeon and were ready to be incorporated into his seraglio. He had received from Li Pao his assessment of the two girls' personalities. Shu was shy and reserved, ashamed of her body's sexual functions. Wang knew that he would take great pleasure in her humiliation every time he fucked her. Her sister, though, was another story. When she had been presented by her

father for the eunuch's consideration, she had brazenly displayed herself. She had more than willingly subjected herself to his examination, reveled in his handling, bellowed her delight when he made her come. The eunuch had immediately accepted her.

He had used them for the first time together. Hu's name meant 'tiger' and she proved worthy of her name. She didn't shed a tear when he beat her. It only seemed to make her more voracious. And when he told her to kiss her sister's quim, she did it with genuine enthusiasm, making the unhappy girl come twice. Since then, he often had Hu fuck her sister with the carving of his prick while he watched and even had her beat her once or twice.

The night before Pu's wedding, he had spent several hours with her, as was his habit, fucking her every hole. He spent most of the time plowing her rear entrance, something which he knew revolted her. She came in a torrent nonetheless due to the old lady's potion. She was so unhappy about her prospective husband that Li Pao had to dope her before the wedding so that she would go through with it. Wang had visited the home of the banker, Shi Sung, several times since then and Shi always let him fuck her. He used, of course, her small brown star.

Just then, his number two wife came up to him. "Husband," she said plaintively, "you must dance with me." He nodded, thinking idly about which of his four concubines he would fuck later tonight, and rose from his seat.

The warlord's concubines, their maids and chaperones were crammed up against the latticework that covered their third floor balcony, trying to take in as much of the festivities below in the garden as they could. Shu and Hu were unfamiliar with Western music and customs and were fascinated by the goings on. Iris, although she had read about such things in books, particularly in Jane Austin, had never witnessed an actual ball before. Although they were some distance from the proceedings, the colorful gowns of the Chinese ladies could be clearly discerned and the music was loud enough so that it permeated the seraglio.

Violet, of course, was well familiar with both the music and the trappings of a formal ball. The war, World War One that is, had made such customs quaint in England, but prior to 1914, she had participated in the high society social whirl. She had turned 16 in 1911, and her father, her mother was no longer alive at that point, had sponsored the obligatory coming out ball for her.

What was of particular note to her were the two men she saw dressed as British Army officers. One she knew was a general from the red stripe down his pants. The other officer, younger and more business

like, she thought was perhaps a major or a colonel. Her heart ached to be so close to possible agents of her redemption and yet so far away. She yearned to call out to them, "I'm here! "I'm Violet Harris! Help me! Help!" But the eunuch had insisted that she and Iris be gagged and bound during the entire evening.

She was standing with her naked breasts pressed up against the latticework. During the cold winter months, Zhu had relented from her policy that the concubines must remain naked at all times while in the seraglio, but as soon as the weather broke, she had reinstituted the rule. She had relented too in some aspects of her abuse; she no longer fucked her every day with the scale model of the warlord's prick. But Violet still suffered, every morning, from five solid whacks from the whippy stick on her bare bottom. The blows rarely left marks, but each morning Violet was reduced to tears and forced to spend an hour or so, while waiting for her bath, kneeling with her forehead touching the floor exhibiting to the other females her reddened haunches.

That is not to say that the cruel grey haired chaperone had relented entirely in her campaign to humiliate and shame her. She still used the faux prick from time to time, and also often had her kneel on all fours while she caressed and stroked her body, plunging her finger in the small gap atop her bound love lips, playing with her love button until she came, all the while denigrating and taunting her verbally. On the mornings after she had been selected to service the warlord for the night, she was particularly caustic.

Violet tried to block it all out as best she could, but day after day after day of abuse was starting to take its toll.

The changeover in the seraglio had been hard on her. On the day that Tatiana was taken from her, she knelt by the inner seraglio door all afternoon and into the evening until she was ordered off to bed by the head chaperone. She cried and cried, but refused to give up hope that she was wrong. The next morning she ran out into the seraglio commons as soon as her door was unlocked in the vain and desperate hope that the Russian girl had been brought back during the night. It wasn't until after she had had her morning fuck from the eunuch, he used the copy of the master's prick on her every morning now, and she been issued her daily dose of lust producing elixir, that morning he forced her to drink two, that the eunuch confirmed Violet's worst fears. He didn't say specifically what had transpired, but Violet understood clearly that the beautiful Russian girl would never return when he told her, "You are now Whore Number Two."

His words launched her into a paroxysm of woe. She moaned and cried, curling herself into a little ball. Li Pao had anticipated such a reaction. He had come prepared. He ordered Violet's maids to tie her hands behind her back and he forced between her lips one of the opium laden leather balls he used when he wanted the concubines extra woozy and slothful. She spent the whole day like that, the ball being changed every few hours. Her maids stoked and restoked her lusts almost continuously, bringing her to repeated, body wrenching orgasms. Pu Wei, her remaining sister, held her and comforted her a long time. She let her suckle at her breasts three times during the day while stroking her to completion.

The next morning there was no need for special remedies. Li Pao saw from her stony mien that she had passed from remorse into acceptance.

It was not long after that that Pu Wei had her own reason to mourn. She had told Violet about the grossly obese man she was to be wed to. Violet tried her best to comfort her, but the twenty two year old Chinese girl was inconsolable.

Two days before the wedding, Violet and Pu were brought down to the master's reception room on the second floor, bedecked in their finery, balls of drug laced leather in their mouths, hands bound before them, their ankles chained, to watch as the General inducted his two new Chinese concubines. They stripped before the excited crowd and then paid obeisance to him with their mouths, much as Violet had done so long ago. The next morning they were introduced into the seraglio, which would be their home and prison for as long as the warlord desired them. The older one cried even while Violet caressed her and made her climax before the assembled crowd of maids and chaperones, at Zhu's instruction, as was the custom. The younger one, Hu, wrestled Pu Wei to the floor and devoured her.

Then, two days later, Pu Wei was gone. Violet was too sad to cry. She was among strangers once again. Her maids tried to comfort her, but, although Violet treasured their company, she did not have the same bond with them she had with her sister concubines. They all understood what the others were going through, what it was like to be the warlord's sexual slave, to be dispensed to his cronies like abject whores.

A week later, it was the young, blond American girl's turn to be inducted into the seraglio. Violet, behind her druggy haze, kneeling in the reception room, on display as one of the warlord's whores, watched the beautiful, trembling, sobbing young girl crawl up the steps toward the general's throne and take his manhood into her mouth. Her beautiful body bore the evidence of her sojourn in the dungeon, long, red stripes adorning her. The crowd peered at her lustfully, many of them no doubt wondering how long it would be before the warlord made her available to his guests and whether they would be one of the chosen few.

It was a frightened, traumatized girl who was presented to them in the morning, having spent the much of the night in the warlord's bed. Again, it was Violet who was chosen to welcome her after Zhu had callously inspected her lithe form, pried open her hairless quim, squeezed and pinched her breasts, laughing and joking with her sycophants.

They knelt before each other, naked, staring into each other's eyes for a while before they commenced their lustful exhibition. Violet knew that the young girl had already had her introduction into Sapphic love under the supervision of the eunuch and that she had been taught the price of disobedience. She took in the girl's soft, heavy breasts, her long, wispy, waist length, blond hair, her innocent, well proportioned face, her graceful thighs.

She wore, as did all of General Wang's whores, a black leather collar with the gold embossed ideograms denoting her as one of his concubines. It contrasted sharply with her pale, white skin. The general was a lucky man to have captured such beauty, she thought.

She cursed his callousness and cruelty and her heart went out to his slender, beautiful victim. She had a good idea what the young girl had gone through in her training, knew what she was experiencing now as she knelt obediently in place before her.

Violet, as the more experienced, older whore, made the first move. She raised her hand and caressed the tear stained cheek of the unhappy girl. She gave her a soft, welcoming smile. "Do not be afraid," she said to her in Chinese. Her voice was warm and comforting. Violet had no idea if the girl spoke Chinese or not or what her nationality was. She was clearly European, but other than that, she knew nothing about her. When the warlord had ordered her to suck his cock in front of the appreciative crowd, he had hurled his order at her in Chinese, but Violet assumed that the eunuch had taught her the meaning of that rudimentary order while he was training her to be the general's new slut.

Violet could see that her words had calmed the girl somewhat; she had nodded back to her, as if in understanding. Slowly, her hand pressed tenderly against the girl's pale, soft cheek, Violet moved her head forward until their lips were inches away. She slid her hand to the back of the girl's head and gently brought her face closer. When their lips touched, Violet drew in the girl's sweet breath. Her body shuddered in lust. Gingerly, she urged her tongue across the girl's plump lips and delved it inside her mouth.

Violet felt a wave of desire float through her as her tongue danced with the blond haired girl's. After a few moments, the girl moaned as her lusts were aroused. Violet took her hands and placed them around the girl's swaying, shimmering breasts and pressed against them, massaging them lovingly. The girl took in a deep breath and moaned again.

When Violet took hold of her turgid nipples, pinching and stroking them, the girl's hands, which had hung listlessly at her sides, moved up along Violet's thighs, up her rounded belly and took hold of her milk filled breasts. Violet sighed with pleasure as she felt the girl's long, delicate fingers stroke her hard, round beauties. Her passion enflamed, she drew her arms around the girl's shoulders and pressed their bodies together, probing deeply into her mouth with her tongue.

From that moment, it was as if there was no one else in the room. The two women embraced lustfully, their hands on journeys of frantic, impassioned discovery. Violet, being taller and heavier than the American, pushed her body to the floor and pressed herself on top. As their breasts mashed together, Violet continued to explore the girl's hot mouth with her tongue. She seized her face, reveling in her pure tasting, hot breath.

After feeding at her lips, Violet broke their embrace and slid herself down the young girl's long, slinky body. She kissed and suckled her breasts, tickling the nipples with rapid, repeated flicks of her tongue and then dragged it across her flat belly. When she reached her denuded loins, she pushed the girl's slender thighs apart and delved her mouth onto her plush, leaking quim.

Iris quaked and shuddered, moaned and sighed as Violet supped at her gate of passion. She placed her hands on her lover's head and grabbed fistfuls of her hair as the vibrant tongue excited her. When

her crisis came, she dragged her bare heels across the soft, carpeted floor back and forth rapidly, her whole body overwhelmed with pleasure.

Violet brought her to the pinnacle of passion three times. The American girl cried out, "Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh!" as her pussy throbbed and contracted.

Once Violet finally abated her oral delivery of ecstasy to the young girl, she slid her body back up her torso until their lips matched once more. The girl threw her arms around her, tears flowing from her pale blue eyes. She hugged her tightly as they kissed.

Violet broke their kiss and slid off of the girl's body. She lay by her side, stroking her face. "Pleasure me," she said softly.

Iris's eyes went wide and her nostrils flared. She turned to her side, facing Violet and gently placed her hands on the older woman's breasts, gazing into her eyes as if seeking approval. Violet smiled and nodded to her. The young girl hesitatingly lowered her face until it was even with Violet's hard, milk filled breasts and then kissed both of her teats lightly. Then, as if she had summoned courage from within, she subsumed one of Violet's thick, plump nipples into her mouth and began to suckle.

When Violet's milk began to flow, Iris moaned and her body shuddered. Her hand drifted over Violet's hip and down her thigh. Violet knew that later that morning she would have to feed her master, so she did not let the girl linger long at her breasts. She pulled her face up to hers and gave her a deep, open mouthed kiss while urging her hand to her loins.

The American girl's hand recoiled when she laid it across Violet's bound labial lips. She sat up and drew in her breath as she peered down, horrified, at what had been done to the older woman. Violet took hold of the girl's finger and placed it on her pleasure button. She sighed as the young girl obediently began to stroke it. The young girl looked around the crowded room at the unfamiliar, mesmerized, peering, female faces. Zhu slapped her whippy stick down on the floor several times, calling out to her, "Get on with it! Suck her pussy or I'll beat you!"

Gathering her courage, she lowered her head to Violet's loins and placed her trembling lips on the crux of her slit. She edged her tongue from her mouth and laid it across the stiffened nubbin. Violet moaned her encouragement to the girl, spreading her legs and caressing her blond head.

The more impassioned Violet became, the more enthusiastic became the girl's efforts. She slid her tongue through the gap between her bound labial lips and wriggled it against the tender skin at its roof. She sucked on her clit, teasing it with her tongue. She wrapped her long, delicate arms around Violet's thighs, holding the bucking and writhing woman in place. When Violet's orgasm began, she gave out a long, low moan, "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh!" and she pressed the blond head hard down against her loins, mashing the young girl's lips against her quim. She arched her back and rocked her hips, the steel balls inside her reverberating and accentuating her pleasure. When she had recovered from her delight, Violet brought the girl's face back up to hers and kissed her lightly on the lips. The girl's eyes were filled with tears. "Please no cry," Violet said. "You very pretty. I and you good friends will be."

The girl smiled.

They did not have long to linger in each other's arms. The eunuch appeared to bring Violet down to the warlord's private dining room so that she could nurse him. When she returned an hour or so later, Iris and Shu were in the middle of the room, coupling, their faces buried in each other's pussies at the head chaperone's command. When they were done, the young girl dragged herself off to a corner of the common room and sulked. Shortly afterwards, the eunuch reappeared to escort her to the warlord's presence. When she returned an hour later, her thighs wet with the general's spume, she collapsed onto the floor and issued heart rendering sobs.

Violet and Iris quickly became good friends. The older concubine had assumed the role of an elder sister to all of the new concubines. She comforted them when they had been beaten, sported with them and fed them from her breasts when passion overtook them. She learned that Iris spoke English but had been commanded to speak only Chinese. When Violet asked her her nationality, she could not understand the Chinese word for "American". When Iris whistled a couple of bars from "Yankee Doodle Dandy", she got it.

It took the blond American many weeks to get over her moroseness at having been enslaved. The warlord used her often, virtually daily, during that time, beating her more than once. She eventually became accepting of her new role in life, assisted by the daily dose of the old witch's potion, which made her mind languid and her lusts boil. Violet taught them all gin rummy, as she had done with their predecessors, and the seraglio settled into its routines. She was returned to her original ranking as "Whore Number Four", Shu and Hu being denominated whores one and two respectively, and the beautiful Iris number three.

During the winter, which was usually slow, the general's whores were kept quite busy. There were daily dance lessons in the general's reception room and often, while the women went off afterwards to visit with his wives, the men were allowed to sport with his concubines in the private bedrooms on the second floor. It was almost as bad as if they had been working in a whorehouse, having to service, on occasion, several men a day. While Violet compliantly made her lips and her rear entrance available to them, General Wang kept her pussy reserved for him. The men would ogle at her bound loins and play with the heavy, steel lock that marked her crevasse as her master's property. They would slip their finger into the gap at the top, making Violet groan with passion, but they were not allowed any further inside.

Violet spent time with the warlord every day. She was kept in milk all winter and fed him every morning, topping the encounter off by suckling his cock in turn. He often had her brought to his library and kneel by his side, her hands bound behind her, while he read from the many books of poetry, history, philosophy and literature. Some of them were in English and Violet burned with the desire of reading them. But she was not there for that purpose. When the general's eyes tired, or he wanted a break, he would use her mouth or push her over a divan and plow her rear aperture while she moaned and groaned with pleasure.

He never unleashed her quim during the day, only at night in the

confines of his bedroom. There, he would transport them both into rapturous realms, each to his own. Although she sometimes rued her sessions of bliss, each time he sank his cock into her vibrating, hot chasm, her mind spun off into space as he became the young lieutenant who had loved her.

The women in the seraglio peering out at the festivities below perked up as the orchestra played a flare and the crowd of partygoers came to attention. The electric lights were turned off and a large frosted cake was rolled out. It was covered with burning candles. General Wang, with the assistance of his wives, blew them all out. The crowd gave a great cheer. The lights were turned back on and Violet watched as the warlord made a long slice in the cake with his sword.

It was the general's birthday. He was 52. It was two years ago to the day that Violet had met him in the Blue Cantina Casino in Shanghai. It was two years since she had been a free woman, two years that she had been his sexual slave. A feeling of despair passed through her. Her knees weakened and her belly turned sour. She walked away from the latticed porch and knelt down in a remote corner of the seraglio common room. Tears were flowing down her face.

There were times, and this was one of them, when Violet felt that she could no longer go on. The realization of what she had become and the even more dismal future that eventually awaited her overwhelmed her with sadness. Both Ting and Wen, her maids, were on duty tonight and they came and knelt down next to her. They hugged her and caressed her, kissing her face, her neck, her shoulders. Iris came over and laid her head in her lap. They stayed there for the rest of the night, huddled together. They parted only to eat some of the birthday cake that Li Pao had sent up.

Just as the gong was sounded, signaling the concubines to bed, Li Pao entered the seraglio. The general had chosen his American whore, Iris, for the night.

In the morning, Violet rushed out of her room as soon as she was allowed to make sure that the fragile, young blond girl had not suffered too much at the warlord's hands. He must have been in a good mood because of his birthday and the success of his party because Iris did not report any unusual abuse. They hugged each other and sat down to breakfast.

About 10 o'clock, after all the morning routines were finished, Li Pao came up to the seraglio and ordered Violet to her feet. He fastened her hands behind her back, her ankles together with a short chain, and, once outside the door to the seraglio proper, escorted her down the hall to one of the small rooms. Violet was surprised and somewhat disturbed by being brought there. She had assumed that the warlord had commanded her presence in his library or his salon for some sexual release. Being in the little room down the hall from the door to the inner seraglio always meant something unusual, and normally something bad, was about to happen. Ever since Pu Wei had left, Violet had been concerned that she would soon be the next to go. Maybe it would happen today, she thought miserably as the eunuch ordered her to her knees.

He left her there for about a half hour. She dared not move from the place where he had put her. Her stomach quailed and she broke out

into a mild sweat from fear. Life in the seraglio was no piece of cake, but to be cast into the great unknown, to be sold off to a brothel or to some other even more cruel master, would make things much worse.

ever spent with her father. A gift to herself. And now, it would be the uniform of her shame, a reminder of the thousands of surrenders she had given, the ease with which her virtue had slipped away. How many men had there been? There was no way for her to count them. Sometimes she was blindfolded and so she didn't know if the same men had ever used her again. Just last week there had been the fat banker, Pu Wei's husband. She had knelt before him, proffered him her open lips and subsumed his wrinkly, detumesced cock into her mouth. It had taken a good hour almost to get him off. Her jaw was tired and aching when he dribbled his few spurts of cum onto her tongue.

She looked at the eunuch before donning her brightly flowered, yellow and purple blouse. She had only worn it once, the day of her kidnapping. She had purchased it at a store in the hotel back in Shanghai. How silly it seemed to her now the whole idea of fashion and dressing up. She had worn nothing but the silk kimonos she was supplied with in the seraglio since her enslavement. And lately, since Zhu had assumed command of the seraglio, she hardly ever wore anything at all.

The English soldiers would be horrified to see an Englishwoman of her class without a proper brassiere, she thought. Her breasts were heavy with milk and her nipples leaked constantly. There was no sense arguing with the eunuch. What difference did it make anyhow how much she debased herself before the soldiers. She wouldn't be going with them. Her only regret was that they would undoubtedly transmit their observations of her to her aunt and uncle back in England and they would be ashamed for her.

Once the flowery blouse was buttoned, the eunuch ordered her to turn around. He fastened her wrists behind her back with a silken cord. He had her lift her feet as he applied her pretty white sandals. After chaining her ankles together, he picked up her small, white pocketbook and ordered her to follow him.

It was difficult walking on the high heels. It had been so long since she had worn regular shoes. She had been issued several pairs of brocade covered slippers and was used to shuffling along on them. With the sandals, it was important that she lift her feet so that the heel and sole struck the ground at almost the same time. The chain between her ankles made that very cumbersome. Although she almost fell twice, she was able to creep along, obsequiously following the hard, cruel eunuch.

The bouncing and swaying of the heavy lock that imprisoned her loins, the shifting of the balls wedged into her pussy, were a potent reminder, despite her Western garb, of her lowly status as the general's concubine.

Once outside of the seraglio, she stepped carefully down the wide, red carpeted stairs to the second floor. When they reached the general's reception room, a servant opened the door for them and Li Pao guided her to the platform on which sat the general's throne. A chair had been set up one level below him

and to his right. He had not yet arrived.

Li Pao released her wrists and ordered her to take a seat in the chair on the second level of the platform. Automatically, as she went to sit, she pressed the back portion of her skirt against her thighs so that she would sit on it neatly. She found it odd that she had not forgotten that automatic gesture. When she was seated, the eunuch handed her the pocketbook. He ordered the servants to bring chairs for the British officers and then left the room.

Violet felt it odd to be left to her own devices in the throne room. She had been in it several times to attend ceremonies. And once to be whipped. It was difficult to resist the urge to dash down the platform and flee. But then her ankles were still bound, weren't they. She wouldn't even get as far as the door.

As she watched the servants place two ornately carved, padded chairs in front of the platform, she thought about how different she must look since the last time she had worn these clothes. Her hair, when she was kidnapped, was a little longer than shoulder length. Now it was down almost to her waist. She was plumper too. Her friends had always mocked her for her thinness. Now her waist bulged slightly and her face had filled out some. She had had to draw in her breath to fasten the buttons of her skirt.

After a while, Violet found herself tapping the toe of her white sandal on the green rug of the platform. She was also rocking her hips, a now incessant habit, causing the little balls inside her pussy to collide and send her light tremors of pleasure. She stilled herself. It was bad enough that the men would carry back to England the word of her bad character, but to have them see her as nothing more than a whorish slut was impossible to bear. To occupy her time, she opened her purse to see if her things were all still in it. Sure enough, there was her passport, a compact, a brush and a comb. She always kept a small bottle of perfume in it and that was there too. What surprised her was a little porcelain doll, with a white face, painted lips and eyes and long, black hair. It was dressed in a gold, silk sheath dress and was wearing tiny little gold slippers. The doll was no more than eight inches tall. It was a pretty thing, a child's toy. Then she remembered. When she was in the park with Robert, just before she was kidnapped, Robert had left her, saying that he was going to buy her a souvenir. He must have bought the doll and placed it in her purse after she dropped it. He needed to buy the doll, even though he knew she would never get it, as a cover for his story that she had been kidnapped by gangsters while he had stepped away. And now here it was. She felt tears forming in her eyes.

Her soulful, sad reverie was interrupted by the return of the eunuch. He was leading a pair of servants. One was carrying a tray containing a steaming tea pot, a small pitcher of milk, a sugar bowl, a plate of lemons and a jar of honey. The other servant's tray was loaded with the general's best china tea cups. As the servant put the tray with the tea cups down on a stand, Violet thought to herself how unhappy the general would be if he dropped it.

Another servant came in and whispered something to Li Pao. He whispered something back at him and then came up to Violet and released the chain that confined her ankles. At the same moment, the

warlord entered the room through his private door.

He was wearing his dress uniform. Eying her warily, he said nothing to her as he mounted the platform and took his place. When he was seated, he nodded to his eunuch who then clapped his hands and shouted out a command to the servants. They scurried to take their places along the walls while one dashed out of the room. Li Pao took a place standing over the right shoulder of the warlord. He gave Violet a stern look and tapped his whippy stick against his thigh. At that moment, the door opened and two British officers were escorted in.

Their heels clicked noisily on the marble floor as they approached the platform. They were both spic and span, their uniforms freshly pressed, the creases in their pants sharp as blades. General Witherington was a little over 6' tall. His chest was broad and the right side covered with decorations. He had a bushy, white moustache matching his silvery hair. He was obviously losing the battle of middle age as he had a substantial paunch.

Colonel Parker was a fine physical specimen. He was not as tall as the general, and not as broad shouldered. But his chest looked muscular and his stomach was taut. He was clean shaven with light brown hair cut trimly. He also carried decorations on his chest, although he was overshadowed in this respect both by General Witherington and the warlord. He held himself stiffly, but there was a warmth to his face and his blue eyes sparkled. When they reached the bottom of the platform, both men came to attention, the colonel just a little bit more than the general and offered the warlord salutes. General Wang stood and returned the salutes. All of the men took their seats.

It was the colonel who spoke first. His voice was clipped and sharp, his tone official.

"As you know, General Wang, we are most interested in the welfare of Miss Harris. Reports have come to the British Consulate in Shanghai that she is being held here against her will. Her fiancé reported her kidnapped two years ago. His Majesty's government would find it very serious if it discovered that a British subject was held prisoner by you."

General Wang lifted his hand as if to silence him.

"Colonel Parker, please. You are being quite rude. You have not been introduced properly and are speaking about Miss Harris as if she were not here right in front of you."

The Britisher was slightly taken aback. Wang was, of course, right. It was a serious faux pas.

Wang turned to Violet. "My dear," he said to her politely, "may I introduce to you General Witherington and Colonel Parker of the British Army."

Violet's eyes shifted quickly from the general to his eunuch and then to the British officers and back again. She found her foot tapping the floor and was about to begin her rocking motions. She stopped herself. In ordinary, civilized conversation, this was the point when she should respond. Every part of her being wanted to shout out to the men for their assistance, for her freedom. Her throat clogged as she was about to speak and she had to clear it. Her voice emerged cracked and nervous.

"Good morning to you, gentlemen," she managed to say. "I am pleased to meet you." It was the first English she had spoken in two years. The men nodded to her and mumbled their greetings back. Parker resumed his offensive. "Well, General Wang, what of it? Is Miss Harris free to leave with us today to return to Shanghai or not?"

"I was not aware that Miss Harris had a desire to return to Shanghai," he answered. His voice was soft yet sure. He turned to Violet. "What of it, my dear?" he asked her. "Do you want to go back to Shanghai?"

Her heart was pounding. Blood was rushing through her brain. She could feel her body trembling. She was on the verge of tears. She needed to gather herself. If she made a mistake, it could mean the lives of her and the child-like Iris. She wanted desperately to rock her hips. It took all of her courage to speak.

"Gentlemen," she said softly, looking at the Britishers, "would you like some tea?"

"Splendid idea," boomed General Witherington. "Parker," he added addressing his junior officer, "you're acting like a hound on a leash. I'll take things from here."

Parker shot back a look of anger. His lips were clasped tightly together. It was a serious rebuke. He had no choice but to take it. Violet turned to the two male servants standing close by and spoke to them in Chinese. "Bring me tea and tea cups," she ordered them. The servants were startled that the concubine should be giving them an order. They looked at Li Pao who nodded.

The two servants mounted the platform holding their trays before them. When they were in front of her, Violet lifted the teapot and picked up a teacup and saucer with her other hand. She poured the tea into the cup and then, lifting her face, asked graciously, "General, do you prefer cream, honey or lemon?"

The general cleared his throat. "Cream, if you please, Miss Harris, with two lumps of sugar."

Violet put the teapot down and scooped up two cubes of sugar from the sugar bowl, dropping them in the tea. She then lifted the creamer from the tray and poured cream into it. She placed the cup down on the tray. "Colonel?" she asked pleasantly.

The colonel took lemon. When she was done preparing the officers' cups, one of the servants brought them down to the men on the tray. After they took possession of their refreshment, he returned the tray to Violet.

"General Wang likes honey in his tea, don't you dear?" she said, looking at the warlord.

Wang was astounded at how easily his concubine had slipped back into the role of an elegant Englishwoman. He had thought she would remain reserved and demure as befitted her status. He was actually at a loss for words when she spoke to him so familiarly. And how did she know how he took his tea?

Not waiting for a response, Violet fixed his tea and motioned the servant to bring it to him. When the servant returned, she poured herself a cup.

Violet's innards roiled as she assumed the role of gracious hostess. Her hand shook slightly when she had poured the tea, something that

she hoped the soldiers wouldn't notice. When she had finished pouring her own, she looked up and realized that the colonel had spotted her nervousness. She knew though, that he was not the one that mattered. General Witherington was completely oblivious. "I like both honey and lemon in my tea," she said lightly as she squeezed a wedge of lemon over her cup. She took a spoon full of honey and, placing the spoon in the cup, twirled it around until it had dissolved. She picked up the saucer and, lifting the fine porcelain cup to her lips took a sip. After she swallowed, she took a deep breath.

"And where do you call home, Colonel Parker," she asked.

"Sussex, miss," he replied stiffly. "Though I haven't been there since before the war."

"Oh, that's a shame," Violet responded. "Do you miss it?"

"Not that I notice, miss," Parker replied.

"Didn't you at least get leave after the armistice?" she asked.

"No," he replied. "I was wounded in 1917. A shell fragment. It wasn't enough to send me home, but the doctors said I shouldn't go back in the line. I was sent here, to Shanghai. The officer whose place I took was sent to France. He was killed in the last big push."

"I'm so sorry to hear that," Violet said. "I imagine you take some responsibility for his death. After all..."

"Quite, miss. Quite," the colonel interrupted. "But we're not here to talk about me, Miss Harris. We were talking about you. Your fiancé, Richard Preston, Lord Preston now, reported that you'd been kidnapped. No one has heard from you in two years. When we received reports..."

General Witherington gave out a loud 'hrrrrrrrrrum-mmmmpf!'

"That's enough, Parker," he said stiffly, "I'll take it from here." He turned to Violet. Before he could speak, Violet interjected, "Oh, yes. I guess I caused quite a scandal. I'm very sorry for that, but you see, it was all done to prevent an even greater one."

Violet's voice trembled slightly as she unraveled her lie. "I met the general the night before when I was out with Robert. I'm afraid that I fell under his spell right off. And, to my surprise, he felt that way about me too. He called at my hotel later that night after Robert brought me back. We talked and talked for hours. I was literally bowled off of my feet." She cast what she hoped would be perceived as a loving look at her master and then back at the Englishmen.

"When General Wang proposed that I should return with him to Hunan," she continued, "I agreed immediately. I didn't want to throw Robert over. I knew that he would not be able to live it down. There was so much riding on our marriage for him, his father, his title. Then the general suggested that we stage a kidnapping. It was somewhat daring, but, you see, it fit the bill. No one could blame Robert for his fiancé being kidnapped, could they? And I understand that, later, he made a very good match. I sailed off to Hunan on a wonderfully romantic little junk and General Wang met me there a few days later. We've been together ever since."

Violet brought her teacup to her lips and took a long drink. Her stomach had turned sour at the thought of Robert, the man who had betrayed her. She realized that in saving her own and Iris's lives,

she was letting Robert off the hook. Even if she

escaped, she would never be able to bring him to justice.

As she brought down her cup, she saw that the colonel wasn't having any of it. The general, however, had bought it hook, line and sinker.

"Well," he harrumphed, "that explains everything. It was rather unconventional of you, I must say, but, I guess that's it all worked out for the better."

Violet just smiled. She could see that Parker was chafing at the bit. There was nothing he could do.

General Witherington poured the remnants of his tea down his throat.

"I thank you, General Wang, and you, Miss Harris, for your hospitality. Colonel Parker and I have a boat to catch, so, if you'll forgive us, we will be on our way."

General Wang stood from his chair. It had all happened so fast, he was flabbergasted. The British officers placed their empty tea cups on the tray held out by the servant. Violet's heart skipped a beat as she realized that her best hope of ever being saved was about to walk out the door. Every bit of her wanted to stand up and flee with them. She was still holding her tea cup and it started to rattle in its saucer as her hand began to shake.

"Goodby, Miss Harris," the general said, bowing his head stiffly. He turned to the warlord. "Thank you for this opportunity to clear everything up, General Wang," he said. When the warlord nodded his head, the general clicked his heels, saluted and turned to leave. Parker was standing there, staring at Violet. He knew that it was all a pack of lies. He had told the general that they should meet with the woman away from the fortress where she would be free of the warlord's threats. His heart went out to her. He felt sad and powerless. He realized that she was now condemned to be the warlord's slave for as long as he wanted her. And then...and then...he didn't want to think about what would happen to her then.

Sadly, he gave the poor woman a bow. He turned to the Chinese general, clicked his heels and saluted. The two men walked briskly from the room.

When the door slammed behind them, Violet felt a violent wave of nausea flow through her. The tea cup fell from her hand to the floor, smashing into bits. She broke out into deep, body wracking, mournful sobs.

Outside, Colonel Parker was trying to talk some sense into his superior officer as they rode in the back seat of the car that would take them to the docks.

"Don't you see, General," he said, "she was forced to say those things. General Wang would have had her beaten, or worse, if she had said anything else. Didn't you see her hand shaking? Didn't you hear the tremor in her voice? The whole story's hogwash!"

"Oh, I don't know," the general replied. "She seemed all right to me. I don't think that General Wang is the type of fellow to kidnap a white woman. He went to the British school in Shanghai, you know."

"General," Parker continued, "General Wang is the worst sort of river pirate there is. He deals in opium. He kidnaps travelers on the river. A few years ago he had 200 men executed after a rebellion against him. He sold their families into slavery."

"Well, I can't say that I blame him, Parker," Witherington replied. "I'd have done the same. They're all communists, aren't they?"

"No, General, they're not. But that's besides the point. What about her pocketbook?"

General Witherington turned towards his underling. "Her pocketbook?" he asked incredulously. "What in blazes does the woman's pocketbook have to do with anything? I say, Parker, have you gone off your nut?"

"The pocketbook was left behind when she was kidnapped," Parker explained desperately. "It was given back to her fiancé, Lord Preston. And yet she had it on her lap the whole time we were talking to her. How did she get it? Lord Preston must have given it to Wang! He has to have known she was here all along. And yet he never said anything about it to anyone!"

"Oh, Miss Harris explained that very completely as far as I'm concerned," Witherington said disdainfully. "She didn't want to cause a scandal. Do you think that Lord Preston did? Once she was gone, she must have gotten in contact with him somehow, sent a note of apology, something of that sort. And he, in exchange, returned her pocketbook."

"But, General..." Parker insisted.

General Witherington interrupted him. "Listen, Parker," Witherington said forcefully, "the woman's a tart. She's living here in sin for heaven's sake. I heard quite a number of stories about what those women get up to in the general's seraglio. It would curl your hair. And she's fucking a Chinaman. Not the done thing at all. No, the woman's made her bed and she'll have to lie in it. She would be a social outcast anyway if she should ever return. No decent person would ever want to be seen with her. The less said about her the better. I know her uncle, Lord Harris. Do you think that I'm going to tell him that his niece has become a whore to a Chinaman? No, my report will say that the rumors were ill founded. The woman referred to in the rumors was not Miss Harris after all. Best for all around."

Parker sank back in his seat. He was beaten.

As the warlord's limousine pulled up to the docks, the French whore was waiting for them. She was dressed in a fashionable, low cut dress of blue and green and holding a parasol over her head.

"Tell the captain to be ready to sail in three hours. I have a luncheon engagement," the general told him. Parker got out and the smiling French whore got in. He watched the limousine drive off into the town.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The warlord watched the Englishwoman sob inconsolably. It had been an amazing performance. She was constantly revealing to him new depths of her character. Without prompting, she had come up with a tale so plausible that no one could ever dispute that she was a denizen of his seraglio of her own, free will.

Tears were cascading down her face. He felt a pang of sorrow for her. If there only was some way to make her happy to be his slave. On the other hand, the opportunity to observe human emotion so raw and heartfelt was enthralling. Life was made up of both happiness

and sorrow and there was beauty in both.

He felt the stirrings of his lust for her. He had only seen her once in Western clothing, the night that they had met. By the time he saw her on the day of her kidnapping, she had already been stripped and bound in the hold of the junk, ready to make her laborious journey as a strictly confined and disciplined prisoner. He couldn't help but think of the naked flesh beneath her refined outer garb, her imprisoned loins, her milk filled breasts. He loved the way that her white, high heeled sandals made her feet curve so deliciously. And her stockinged legs! It reminded him of his excursions to the whorehouses of Shanghai. Maybe he would have her dress in her native clothes more often. Robert had sent him her trunk after she had been kidnapped. It was sitting in a storage room on the first floor of the fortress.

Violet had begun to recover from her emotional breakdown. Her sobs had become lower and longer in between. He watched as she opened her purse and removed a small, cotton handkerchief and wiped her eyes with it. Her makeup was streaked down from her eyes over her cheeks and she tried to rub it off.

Wang was still holding his tea cup in his hand. He signaled one of the servants to come and take it away from him and stood. He was overwhelmed with lust. "Stand up!" he yelled at her. She turned to him, her face disconsolate. "Stand up!" he yelled at her again. Her eyes went from him to the eunuch standing behind him. She rose slowly to her feet. Her heavy breasts swayed beneath her colorful blouse. Little wet stains sat over her nipples.

"Come here!" he commanded. She placed the small, white pocketbook on the chair and stepped up to him slowly. He took her by the arm and forced her to bend over his throne, her face pressed down on its seat. He stepped behind her, kicked her feet apart and flipped up the back of her skirt, revealing her bare, pale rear globes. From this position, he could see the lock that carried his label of ownership on it dangling from her love lips and the glint of the shiny steel cables that captured her womb. And then there was the dainty, brown star in which he had found amusement so many times. He heard the eunuch clap his hands and order the servants from the room. Their feet made little tippy taps as they scurried away. When he heard the door to the room open and shut, he ran his hands over the woman's soft, proffered posterior, feeling its warmth and smoothness. The straps from her garter belt bisected each of her hindquarters, stretched to their limit. The pale flesh of her upper thighs gave way to the tawny, silky elegance of her stockings. He slid his hands over their surface, reveling in the pleasant, tactile sensation. What a treasure she was! And now no one could ever challenge his right to possess her.

Violet was deeply shamed to be so exposed while dressed in her European finery. She knew that she had condemned herself to her life as a whore forever. Her heart was heavy and she was struggling not to break out into sobs again. The hands of her master and overlord repulsed her as they explored her exposed flesh. And yet, her loins tingled expectantly as she waited to be impaled on his long, thick cock.

Till now, she had been able to separate the civilized, European part of her life from her life as a whore. Now, she knew that she never

could again. She had seen the disdain with which the British general had viewed her, although he tried to hide it

behind his patina of civility. Too easily had he accepted her, really, absurd tale of love at first sight. The colonel was another story. He had known all along that it was a lie and she had seen, once his officiousness had passed, the pity he held for her plight. If only she had been brave enough to challenge the warlord, been ready to accept whatever fate he and his cruel eunuch would impose on her as a result of her rebellion! Maybe the officers would have insisted on taking her away right there and then! Maybe she would have been saved! There was one thing she did know, though. At least the men would not have brought back with them to Shanghai, and the British world, the tale of her voluntary pollution and descent into whoredom.

Violet trembled as she felt the warlord ease apart her pale rear cheeks, the better to expose her rear portal to his use. She felt the head of his cock probe against it and then slowly edge its way forward. The ring of flesh around her dainty hole tingled as his cock abraded it. She loosened herself obediently and defensively. He was going to penetrate her no matter what and it was better that she cooperate than experience the pain of his forced entry. She had been well trained long ago and since she wore the replica of his cock inside her anal passage every night when she slept, at the insistence of the cruel, head chaperone, there was no necessity for lubrication back there. Her rear passage was well used to expanding to match the girth of the warlord's tool.

Wang's eyes had closed to mere slits as the warmth of the English woman's bowels surrounded his cock. The circle of her anus was tight around it. He was elated at how easily the British soldiers had been defeated. He hated the British with all his heart, notwithstanding his education in their school in Shanghai. Their international settlement was like a cock plunged into the belly of the Middle Kingdom, just as his cock was buried in the bowels of its former subject. It was sweet revenge. He knew that they really hadn't been fooled by the concubine's story. The general had been primed to accept it though once the French whore had poisoned his mind. And the British colonel, Wang would relish for a long time the expression of powerlessness visible on his face as his superior condemned the woman to life long servility. She was his now, beyond all earthly power to redeem her.

He sawed himself back and forth along the tight, rear passage. The whore gave out little squeals as he rammed his cock home as deep as it would go. His lust was upon him and he rogered her vigorously in and out, his pace increasing steadily as his passions rose.

Violet's lust were rising too. The hollow balls lodged in her pussy's cavern rolled and rocked against each other, sending tremors of pleasure to her brain. She cursed herself even as the steely cock pushed her closer and closer to an explosive rapture. Her hands were clasped into tiny, rigorous fists, her face was jammed down against the padding of the warlord's throne. Her breasts swayed back and forth as the general pounded away at her rear. She tried to hold back the convulsion of her steamed canal, but it was no use. Her wild, exciting climax broke through her last line of defense and

sent waves of exquisite pleasure throughout her body. "Ohhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhh!" she called out. She arched her back and thrust back at the cock that was impaling her. "Ohhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhh!" she yelled.

The evidence of his whore's overpouring of lust sparked Wang's cock into deep, mighty convulsions of its own. He groaned loudly as it spurted his essence deep inside her. His hands gripped her hips fiercely, his thrusts became more and more emphatic. He head leaned back and his whole body trembled. "Arrrrrrrgh!," he groaned. "Arrrrrrrgh! Arrrrrrrgh! Arrrrrrrgh!"

When his forces were fully expended, he continued to rock his still stiff cock back and forth along the tight ring of flesh, absorbing the delightful trilling of his pleasure. When his cock softened, he slipped it from her, caressing her rear cheeks in appreciation of the Englishwoman's desirable form. He had things he needed to do this afternoon: a meeting with his officers, judgment to render on a commercial dispute, arrangements that had to be made for his quarterly trip to Shanghai. He was leaving in the morning. Tonight he would fuck her again, and the American whore too.

Reinserting his flaccid cock into his pants, he quickly buttoned up his fly. He stepped away from the softly sobbing whore, turned and strode quickly away.

Li Pao looked down at the disconsolate woman. He had admired her performance before the British officers. He had always known her to be of strong, resourceful character. Her heart was large and he knew that she would do nothing to endanger the American slut. He stepped around to the front of the general's throne and tapped her firmly on her rear cheeks with his whippy stick. "Up!" he barked out at her. It took her a moment and another, more forceful rap from the whippy stick for her to move. The same movement that brought her to her feet caused her skirt to fall back into place, covering her indecency once more. She looked at him forlornly. "Strip!" he commanded her.

Slowly, as if in a daze, she sloughed off the raiment of her prior life. When she was naked, he ordered her to turn around so he could bind her wrists behind her. She looked over to the chair where she had been sitting. Her pocketbook lay on the floor. It had been open when she dropped it and its contents had spilled out.

"Please, master," she eked out. He didn't know what she wanted, but he decided to indulge her for the moment. He gestured his permission with a wave of his hand. She scurried over to the pocketbook and took hold of the cheap, gaudy Chinese doll that had fallen out.

"Please, master, me keep?" she asked, her voice wavering.

The eunuch nodded. Why not? She had earned it. And if she wanted to keep a token of her enslavement, her betrayal, so much the better. He ordered her to turn around and fastened her wrists behind her, the little doll clasped in her hand. He fastened

the chain to her ankles and then took her by the arm, assisting her down the steps to the platform. At the bottom, he clipped a leash to the ring in her collar and escorted her from the room.

Violet said nothing to Iris or the other concubines about what had happened in her meeting with the British officers. None of the maids had been present and she assumed, and hoped, that the servants had

been sworn to secrecy. She dreaded Iris discovering that she had had a chance at redemption, for herself as well as Iris, and had thrown it away. When they returned to the seraglio, Li Pao gave her another dose of the lust producing potion and she spent the rest of the day either fucking or thinking about fucking.

That night, she surrendered her pussy once more to her master, thrilling at his use of it, dreaming, as always, of her young lieutenant. Afterwards, she pleased the American girl for his amusement before he pleased himself between the young girl's thighs. In the morning, the four concubines underwent the ritual beating they received each time the warlord traveled away from his fortress. From the balcony of the seraglio she was watching his riverboat slip around the bend in the river that would take it from her sight when the eunuch came in and commanded her attention. He ordered her to dress and then escorted her from the seraglio proper and out into the public area of the fortress.

She was shuffling behind him, her ankles bound, when they arrived at the general's private salon. Violet assumed that one of the general's cronies was in the room and that she had been brought down to service him. When the door to the room opened and she was escorted inside, her eyes widened with wonder. It was a sight not to be believed. Standing in a corner of the room, black as night, shiny, its graceful lines beckoning her, was a baby grand piano. Violet drew a deep breath. The one thing she missed above all others since being enslaved was her piano. It had served as the center of her life for many years. And now here was one right in front of her. She realized that it must be the one that was brought up from Shanghai for the Grand Ball. Was it for her? Would she be allowed to play it? It was too good to be true!

She looked at the eunuch hopefully. There was the faint trace of a smile on his face, the most emotion he had ever shown her. He corrected himself immediately.

"The master has ordered that you play the piano for him. You will practice here two hours per day until he returns," he told her. Two hours a day! It was wonderful! Two hours of bliss every day for almost a month! She realized at once that somehow, probably through Richard, the warlord had learned that she knew how to play the piano. Did he know what a wonderful gift he was giving her? She doubted it. She didn't believe that the man had one ounce of consideration for anyone else in the world besides himself. It suited him, that's all. She would play for his guests so that he could show them how sophisticated he was.

But that didn't matter. She would play for the devil himself. Her bound hands strained behind her back. It had been more than two years since she had played. She knew some pieces by heart, some nocturnes, some Chopin, that Liszt piece she always loved. But the rest? Aside from several dozen songs that had been popular in her day, she only knew bits and snatches of them. She would need sheet music. She hoped that the pianist who had played at the ball had left some behind.

"Turn around!" Li Pao ordered in his shrill, high voice. Violet turned, anxious that he untie her wrists. When he had loosened them, he removed the chain from between her ankles. She looked up at him imploringly. He nodded.

Violet dashed over to the shiny, black piano. She slid herself onto the bench before it. Looking down, she took a deep breath. Her hands were poised over the keys. They shook with anticipation. And then she pressed them down, drawing a melodious, glorious chord from the heavenly instrument. She just let it linger in the room. When it died out, she struck another. And then another. Her hands found the proper keys easily, as if she had just left off playing yesterday. She paused again. Did she dare? Would she remember it? She counted to three and then dipped her hands into the long sea of black and white keys. The music flowed like a fabulous, enchanting river. It was her favorite, *Liebestraum* No. 3, by Listz, *The Lover's Dream*. She closed her eyes as her hands recalled every note, every pause, every chord. Her mind was far, far away from the salon in which she sat, far from her prison for the last two years, far from Hunan, far from China. She was in her childhood home. She was fourteen and playing for her father, proud of her achievement. She had learned the whole thing by heart. Light poured into their beautiful music room, bright yellow, red and blue flowers bedecked it. Everything had seemed possible then. Her father had not yet begun the slide into depravity which would cost him his fortune. The war was years away. She had wonderful, delightful friends. And she had her piano, the centerpiece to her life. Li Pao listened to the lively, flowing sounds appreciatively. There had been a concubine in the Emperor's seraglio who had played such tunes. Still on the cusp of adulthood, he had often sat and listened to the beautiful woman play. It was the only

thing he could tolerate of Western culture, the wonderful sounds that could be urged out of a piano.

Last night, the warlord, before he repaired to his room for a round of fucking, had asked him casually whether he knew of anything that could be done for the English whore to please her. Li had been waiting for this opportunity for many months. He had read the English whore's letters to her fiancé, Robert, written during their long distance courtship. He knew of her love affair with the piano. He had already made arrangements to buy it from the musician who had had it shipped up with him on the riverboat for the general's ball. When he had suggested that the warlord buy it for her, it was already sitting in a storeroom on the first floor of the fortress. The general agreed at once.

There was a knock on the door and the eunuch opened it. It was one of the chaperones, Yanyu, who had been teaching Violet the *linquan*, the Chinese mandolin. She smiled broadly when she heard the magical, flowing music. "You will stay with her," Li Pao instructed. It would not do to leave one of the general's concubines alone, even if she was engrossed in the piano. He would not stay. His presence would only detract from her enjoyment of the reward she so justly deserved. There would be other times he would listen to her, when she played for the master or his guests.

Li Pao slipped from the room unnoticed by the joyous whore. When she came to the conclusion of the piece, she finished with a flourish and looked about the room, beaming. She saw Yanyu. She got up and rushed to her, needing to share her exultation with someone. The two women hugged each other fiercely. Remembering that she had yet to

examine the storage area under the piano bench, Violet dashed back to the instrument. She flipped open the lid of the stool. It was loaded with music sheets. She cried out for joy.

It was the fourth day of the warlord's spring journey to Shanghai. It had been a pleasant trip. The weather had been balmy, a cool breeze flowing over the Yangtze every day. And, at night, a blanket of fiery stars had covered the nighttime sky, diminished only slightly by a small sliver of moon. Yesterday, at Nanking, the riverboat had unloaded Colonel Feng, the Kuomintang representative who had attended the general's ball. Now, at 9 o'clock the following morning, Shanghai was a mere four hours away.

Navigation on the last, most eastern leg of the Yangtze was simple compared to the stretch between the general's fortress and Nanking. There, the river was constantly shifting its banks due to the usual springtime torrential rains. There were sandbars and rocks to avoid. At some points, the boat had to pick its way through the river's winding track. From Nanking to Shanghai, however, the river grew broader and deeper with every mile and the course was clear sailing. Feng had been an amiable companion. General Wang was bringing with him to Shanghai a new crop of youthful, virginal, whores to be. There were fifteen in all, daughters of farmers who had fallen behind in their taxes, a few who had been picked up on raids, a few who had been sold into slavery to pay for food for the rest of their families. Some kidnapped by bandits. Two girls had been removed from a junk that had tried to run the general's river blockade to avoid paying the toll. Four other women from the boat, serviceable, but somewhat longer in the tooth, had been sold off to Fu Ming, the local procurer. The rest of the passengers and the crew were languishing in his fortress's dungeon. Those not ransomed by the end of the month would be beheaded.

Wang and Feng had enjoyed themselves sampling the comely, young girls. He had allowed Feng to deflower only two, but there were other ways to enjoy their flesh, and Wang and Feng had made the most of them.

He had just finished enjoying the rear passage one of the prettier ones and she was still lying on his bed, moaning and sobbing. Her expressions of dismay didn't bother him. In fact, he quite enjoyed them. It wasn't so much the thrill of destroying innocence, although that played a large part in it, it was more the exquisite experience of being in the presence of pure emotion. Life was a constant battle against the blandness of the everyday, where routine and practicality, like devilish carpenters, planed away all feeling. He had deflowered her yesterday, to much the same results. She had fought and bit him twice, an experience he relished. He had rewarded her with ten strokes of the cane. Her liveliness had decided him that she would be his bedmate in reserve, so to speak, during his stay in Shanghai. Of course, one of the reasons for traveling to the sinful city was to sample the local product and in the end he might not have much time for her. There would be nights though when he would return to the mansion he maintained in the Chinese district with his passions not yet drained. She would be waiting in a little cage by his bed just for such an eventuality.

Wang stood and stretched, reveling in the lingering sensation of sexual release. He was about to ring the steward to come and return

the wench to the cells below deck when he had a moment's pause. There was something that was bothering him. He wasn't sure what it was, but his inner danger bell was buzzing disturbingly. He just couldn't figure out why.

He tried to think if there was anything he had left undone before he left Hunan. He had given instructions to his officers, as usual, and, as usual, he had spent a few hours with Li Pao discussing issues that might come up while he was gone. The concubines had all been properly chastised as a reminder to obey his will while he was gone and, as usual while he was away, security around the fortress had been tightened. It could hardly be a financial issue. He was traveling to Shanghai with two hundred ounces of gold to deposit in his bank. They were in a safe located below decks that was constantly guarded by four of his soldiers.

It was something that had happened the day before and had been nagging at him ever since. Wang tried to trace the feeling backwards to its beginning. The day had started out auspiciously with a fine al fresco breakfast on the upper deck and a more than satisfactory oral servicing by one of the new sluts. Afterwards he had chatted amiably with the Kuomintang representative. Feng was especially solicitous of Wang's hospitality over the course of his stay in Hunan which had included free reign in his fashionable whorehouse. Late that afternoon, when the boat docked in Nanking, he had escorted the colonel to the gangway and seen him off. Now that he thought of it, there had been something peculiar about Feng's smile. They had been discussing Wang's plans while he was in Shanghai and Feng asked him for the second time that morning how long he would be staying. The Kuomintang colonel had trod down the gangway with an odd spring to his step, as if he had performed some great accomplishment.

Suddenly, a terrible thought came into the general's mind. Feng had been remarkably mum about the National Government's desire for him to incorporate his dukedom into their domain. In fact, he had not mentioned it once. The last time he had visited, in the fall, it was all he could talk about. Was the Kuomintang planning something? It would be the perfect time to launch an attack. His troops would be essentially leaderless.

Wang had his own spies in Nanking. But spies, whose loyalties usually went to the highest bidder, could be bought or otherwise neutralized. And anyway, if the Kuomintang Army was on the march, it might take a full day for the news to reach him in Shanghai. And then it would take five days to steam upriver. It took at least four days for his forces to fully mobilize. Militias needed to be called out, troops out patrolling the countryside needed to be called in and reformed. Supplies for an extended campaign had to be arranged. It was a seven days march from the Kuomintang army's forward positions to Hunan. If they started a few days ago, they would be already there when he returned.

Wang had always relied heavily on his intuition. It had brought him a long way, from cobbler's son to ruler of a lush domain. He knew that he was right. The Kuomintang was on the attack and he was heading in the wrong direction!

Wang dressed hurriedly. Leaving the moaning whore in his bed, he

rushed to the boat's bridge to speak to the captain. His mind was revving at a hundred miles an hour. There was only one way he could possibly return to Hunan in time.

At his instructions, the captain ordered the riverboat to pick up steam to maximum speed. It would shorten their arrival by an hour. By the time the riverboat pulled up to the dock in Shanghai, Wang was nearly out of his mind. He berated himself for his foolishness in absenting himself from his kingdom at such a crucial time. He was the first to run down the gangway and made immediately for the harbormaster's office. There, he telephoned Robert. Robert had almost at stake as he did. While the Kuomintang would not cut off the lucrative opium trade, they would certainly deal Robert out. Luckily, Lord Preston was in his office. He and Wang had a brief, tense conversation. Robert understood what had to be done and told Wang that he would immediately begin making arrangements. Wang dashed from the harbormaster's office, flagged down the first taxi that he saw and hopped in. "Qingpu Airfield!" he told the driver. "And hurry!"

He arrived at the makeshift airfield about twenty minutes later. He had the taxi drive right out onto the field where three native men were pushing a beat up looking, two seater biplane, onto the grassy area that served as a runway. It was a surplus Bristol F-2 fighter converted to civilian use. Frantically, Wang looked around for the pilot.

A thin, harried looking man came running out of a large canvas tent that served as both hanger and office for the airfield. The principal use of the plane was to run mail between Shanghai and Hong Kong. From there, through many legs that were strung between the various posts of the British Empire, a letter could reach England in six days, a miracle of the modern age.

The man was out of breath when he reached Wang.

"General Wang?" the man asked, extending his hand. Wang took it and nodded. "My name's Curtis. Reginald Curtis. I'm the manager of this airfield."

"Where is the pilot," Wang asked nervously.

"My men are looking for him right now," the man explained. He was wearing a threadbare, bluish grey pinstripe suit that looked like he had slept in it. "Our next flight scheduled isn't until the morning."

Wang understood immediately. Curtis's men were probably trolling the bars and whorehouses of Shanghai looking for the man. Wang hoped that the man had regular habits and visited the same pleasure institutions on a regular basis. Even if they found him, however, he might be irretrievably drunk and unable to fly. That would mean not leaving until morning, more than a fifteen hour delay. If the Kuomintang had begun its march on the day he left Hunan, they would be almost there by now.

"Luckily, I was in my hotel when Lord Preston called," Curtis told him. "In another fifteen minutes I would have been unreachable."

Wang understood this to mean that the man would have been out pleasuring his senses.

"Please wait in the tent," Curtis offered. "There's hot tea and some sandwiches. "

Wang shook him off. There was no way he could sit calmly by drinking tea and eating sandwiches right now. He could use a stiff drink though.

Curtis must have read his mind. "I have a bottle of brandy too if you would like a snort."

Wang nodded, his eyes on the road that led from the city to the airfield. Nothing so far.

Curtis yelled an order to one of the Chinese laborers and he dashed off to the tent. He came back a moment later with a nondescript bottle of amber liquid and a tin cup. Curtis took it from him and poured a generous amount into the battered cup. He handed it to Wang somewhat sheepishly.

"I, I'm sorry for the cup," he sad. "If I had known you were coming...."

Wang waved his concern away and took the cup in his hand. He tossed back the raw, fiery liquid. It warmed him immediately and took the edge off of his anxiety. He knew that his fortunes were in the hands of fate.

Twenty minutes later, a dark blue sedan came barreling up the road from Shanghai. The Chinese driver pulled the car up onto the grass, jumped out and then pulled open the driver's side rear door. "Wake up! Wake up!" he shouted. "Wake up!" Wang rushed over. A red headed man, about 35 years old, was sitting slouched in the back of the car. His eyes were closed and his jaw was slack. He was wearing a stained white shirt, black dress pants and a wrinkled, old tie. His face was covered by a heavy, reddish beard. The driver was now shaking him violently. "Wake up! Wake up!" he shouted again.

Wang's heart fell. It was apparent that the man was drunk. How he would ever be able to fly him to Hunan was beyond him. He looked up at the sun. It was almost one o'clock. If they didn't leave soon it would be too dark to land when they reached the fortress.

Curtis, the airfield manager was looking over the general's shoulder. He turned to the three Chinese workers who had run out the airplane and ordered them to drag the pilot from the car. As they were hauling him out and placing him on the ground, Curtis kept on mumbling to Wang, "He'll be all right. He'll be all right. We've just got to wake him, that's all."

Curtis gave another order to his men and one of them ran over to the large tent that served as the hanger. He came back with a dented bucket full of water. He paused as if unsure of what to do with it.

"Throw it on him!" Curtis barked in Chinese. "Come on! Do it!"

The Chinese man shook his head and proffered the bucket to Curtis. The man sighed and took it from him.

The pilot was lying flat on his back, snoring away. Curtis emptied the bucket right on his face.

"Arrrrrrrrrrrrruggggggggh!" the pilot shouted. He sputtered and choked and tried to wipe the water off. "What the bloody hell!" he screamed in a deep Scottish brogue. "Who did that?" His face was wrenched in anger. Curtis stepped back.

"You've got to fly to Hunan, Willie. The general needs to get back there right away."

"I don't give a damn about any bloody generals!" Willie snorted.

"I've had enough generals for a lifetime!" He looked at the car which was still parked on the grass about fifteen feet away from

him. "I'm going back to Shanghai!" he announced. "Call me tomorrow!" He attempted to rise to his feet but slipped and fell down again. He was more successful on his second attempt.

"But Willie," Curtis protested. "The general is going to pay \$1,000. You know we need the money. If we don't make the payments for the fuel and the plane, we'll be out of business and then what will you do? Please don't go back to the city. It's a six hour flight. You'll be back tomorrow."

"\$1,000?" Willie asked. He looked up at the sky. "I don't think there's enough light. How about first thing tomorrow?" he asked. He looked up and down at the warlord. He was dressed in a Western suit.

"You don't look like a general," Willie stated flatly.

"I'll double the price if we can leave in ten minutes," Wang told him. "And tonight you can stay at my whorehouse in Yungling, free of charge."

"Your whorehouse?" Willie asked, his interest sparked.

"The extra \$1,000 can go directly to you, Willie," Curtis added.

"It's all yours."

Willie paused for a moment. "Okay," he said. "But I have to take a piss first."

Twenty minutes later they were high up in the air, about 2500 hundred feet, and tracing the path of the wide Yangtze river below them. Wang had climbed into the rear seat of the biplane nervously. He had never flown before and didn't for the life of him understand what made the damn things stay up. His stomach had turned over rapidly, again and again, like the rotor to an engine, as the plane taxied forward, slowly at first, and the faster and faster. When he felt the wheels lift up off of the ground he had nearly thrown up. The pilot had explained to him that they would follow the course of the Yangtze for about a hundred miles, but then veer off in a southwest direction. He showed Wang on the map that flying directly to Hunan without obeying each and every twist of the river was much more efficient.

It was amazing to Wang how fast the ground passed by beneath them and how small everything was. When he looked to either side of him, he saw miles and miles and miles of China, stretching out as far as he could see. He was awed by the vision.

They were heading almost directly into the sun. It was almost 2 p.m. and there would be only another 5 hours or so of light. The pilot had explained that they would get the benefit of heading west so that the sun would last much longer than it would if they had been standing still. Nonetheless, it was going to be a close run thing. The plane could make about a hundred miles an hour, more with a good tail wind. It was about five hundred and fifty miles to Hunan as the bird flies. They would get there just about dark.

Fuel would be a problem too. The Bristol had a range of about 350 miles. That was when the engine was in peak operating condition and under ideal flying conditions. Because the plane was being used for civilian use, and places where the Bristol could land and refuel were few and far between, they had mounted an extra gas tank on the rear of the plane. It only held another 50 gallons of fuel. That extended their range by about another 150 miles. It was going to be a close run thing.

Four hours later, the sun was beginning to dip below the curved surface of the earth. The sky had exploded into a beautiful array of reds, yellows and oranges. They had climbed gradually to 10,000 feet to rise above the low lying air currents. The auxiliary tank was already in use, Wang having to turn the valve at Willie's instruction while the engine went 'chuk, chuk, chuk, chuk,' to the general's great dismay. The air was cold at 10,000 feet and Wang was glad that Curtis, the airfield manager, had had an extra, long, leather coat and flying cap for him. They had eaten all the sandwiches and all the water was gone.

He had gotten over most of his fright by now, although he was very apprehensive about the upcoming landing. He hoped the pilot had a good idea of when they would run out of fuel so that could land somewhere first rather than fall from the sky like a rock. What kept coming back into his mind was the amazing prospect that he could be in Shanghai and in Hunan both on the same day. Ironically, while his view from 10,000 feet impressed on him the sheer size of his homeland, the fact that he could transverse so much of its distance in a few hours made it much, much smaller. He decided that if he survived the flight and was able to beat back the Kuomintang forces, he would get his own plane and his own air force.

He had asked the pilot to make a small detour, despite their lack of any spare fuel, to fly over the route that the Kuomintang force were likely to take. Sure enough, he had espied a column of infantry on the march, what seemed to be a reinforced regiment, perhaps as big as a brigade. About 1500 men in all. There was also a battalion of cavalry leading it. He was both gratified and disturbed by what he saw. He was gratified that his intuition had proven right. It would have been embarrassing to have scrambled back to Hunan like a frightened puppy for nothing. He was disturbed because the invading army was at least a day ahead of where he had hoped they would be. It would be nip and tuck for him to get his forces ready in time. He was glad that they had had the full maneuvers in the fall. He had confidence in the men he had selected as officers and in the training of his cadre of regular soldiers. There were only 400 of them and 150 cavalrymen. The militia were of doubtful efficacy in a real fight. They were good for guarding roads, decoys and cannon fodder. On the other hand, the Kuomintang regulars were crack troops. They had seen very heavy fighting over the last few years. They had up to date equipment purchased through their British allies. He had seen several 6 pounder field cannons in their train. What they did not have though, although they undoubtedly thought they did, was the advantage of surprise. If only he could get to Hunan in time, the initiative could be his.

It was past dusk when the plane rejoined the Yangtze river. The early evening sky was clear. Willie had lowered their altitude both so that they could get a handle on where they were, but also in case they ran out of fuel so that he might manage a powerless landing.

It was almost pitch dark when he spotted the lights of Yeuyang, the port that served his fortress. The engine kept making little coughs as if it were being starved of fuel. It was impossible to see the field on which he had hoped they could land, a few miles from his fortress. Willie looked back at him and shrugged his shoulders.

"Can you swim!" he shouted over the engine's clatter.

"What!" Wang yelled back.

"I said, 'Can you swim?' old boy!"

"Swim?"

"Yes, swim! If we run out of fuel I'm going to have to put us down in the river."

Wang knew how to swim, but the Yangtze was swift and treacherous up here close to the mountains from whence it came. He gave a sickly nod to the pilot.

They circled the fortress twice. Wang could see his soldiers down in the courtyard looking up and pointing. Some were running around as if they had seen a demon in the sky. While the fortress was well lit with the new electric lights, they made seeing the areas around it just that much more difficult.

They were circling above Yeuyang when Wang spotted a car traveling on its way out of the port. It was headed to the fortress. His guess was that it was probably Major Won taking advantage of his absence to go whoring.

He tapped Willie on the shoulder and pointed out the car. He made a sign with his hand, holding it flat and pushing it forward. Willie smiled understandingly. He banked the plane and made a small circle so that he was coming in behind the tail lights of the car. He was about half a mile behind it. The plane dropped lower and lower. The engine coughed and died. They were on pure glide now.

They came closer and closer to the car and were losing altitude fast. The headlights of the car illuminated the road in front of it. They couldn't afford to land behind the car since they were traveling faster. They had to land in front. Willie was struggling with the dead stick to keep them going straight. Wang was holding on for dear life.

The plane passed over the car seemingly with only feet to spare. The car slammed on its brakes and swerved crazily off into a ditch. It was pitch black below them. They could only hope that they were still in line with the road.

When the tires hit the ground the first time and the plane bounced back into the air, Wang thought that he was going to shit his pants. It bounced a second and then a third time, each time the bounces getting smaller. Somewhere up ahead, Wang knew, the road made a sharp turn to the right. The wheels were down now, but the plane was still moving forwards swiftly. Wang made a prayer to his ancestors. Dimly ahead, Wang could make out the turn in the road. There was no way they were going to be able to stop in time. There was a loud crash as the plane went off into the field, vaulting a ditch. The wheels stuttered and bounced over the uneven ground. It was going slower and slower, slowed by the soft earth. Suddenly, the plane made a loud crashing noise and came to a halt. The back end of the plane swung up precariously. Wang held onto the sides of his seat as if for his dear life. The fuselage was stood almost perpendicular to the ground. If it fell over, the plane would crash down right on top of them.

For a single, eternal moment, the plane tilted forwards, hovering at the brink of disaster. And then, the gods intervened. The tail of the plane fell backwards and the rear wheel dropped into the rain softened earth.

Both Willie and the general sat there in silence. The engine was dead and the only sound was the peeping of the frogs in the field. Suddenly, Willie let out a ferocious whoop. "Weeeeeeeeeooooooooouuu!" he shouted. He started to laugh uncontrollably. "We did it! We fucking did it! I'll be damned!"

Wang was at first startled by the man's outburst, but then he started laughing too. The fates had played a big joke on him. The universe was a wry, ironic place full of demons and ghosts. Sometimes they were beneficent. Sometimes they were harsh and punishing. And sometimes they were impish and full of tricks. This was a moment he would remember the rest of his life.

The two men were still laughing when some of Wang's soldiers came running down from the fortress, their rifles at the ready.

Here was another opportunity for the fates to play a whimsical hand. After all the danger they had been through and survived, he would be shot by his own men thinking that a huge dragon had come to earth.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot! It's me! General Wang!" he called out.

The man who came up first to the plane was Lieutenant Woo. He had his pistol drawn from his holster. His eyes were wide with fright and wonderment. Could it be true! Or was a demon trying to fool him? His hand held the pistol out before him unsteadily.

The general was still sitting in his seat to the rear of the plane. He knew that if he tried to get out and the lieutenant didn't recognize him, he would shoot.

"It is I, Wang Ku, your general," the warlord called out to him.

"This is an airplane."

Four days later, General Wang was sitting on his brilliant, white charger, looking out at the field below. It was just past dawn. He was atop a small rise at the head of the pass that was the most direct route to his fiefdom. He could see, through his binoculars, spread out ahead of him, about a mile away, the Kuomintang forces. Down below, at the entranceway to the pass, was arrayed a line of his khaki clad soldiers behind improvised positions. He could see that the Kuomintang forces were breaking camp and readying themselves for battle. Their 6 pounders were lined up, seven of them, within striking distance of his front line. They would open up within the hour.

On the night of his dramatic landing, Wang had immediately called a meeting of his commanders. Major Won was shaken up but not hurt by his car accident and most apologetic about destroying the front end of Wang's car. Riders were sent out at once to the villages to gather up the militia. There were several companies of his regulars who were out on missions which had to be recalled.

The next three days were a mad race to gather and prepare his troops for the upcoming battle. Supplies had to be gathered, plans distributed. Although they were well trained, Wang's men had never been in a real battle. Rousting villagers and chasing down bandits was as much experience as they had. No one could tell for sure how they would behave under fire. Would they crack or stand fast? Would their officers prove their mettle? Would his plan work?

Wang pulled the binoculars from his eyes and spat out an order. The men around him scurried off to their posts. He gave the reins to his

horse a tug and rode away.

The bombardment started about an hour later. The shells tore holes in the defensive line guarding the pass. After fifteen minutes of heavy, accurate shelling, the Kuomintang regulars started their advance. They came in three spread out columns of 500 men each. Wang's men, shaken by the bombardment, held their fire. The lead elements of the enemy columns halted about 300 yards from the warlord's line and spread out into attack formation.

Then, from behind them, came the thundering hooves of the Kuomintang cavalry. They streamed past the advanced infantry and headed pell mell for the khaki clad men defending the pass. A smattering of fire poured out from Wang's lines. As the horsemen got closer and closer, sabers raised up over their heads, a few men from Wang's lines bolted to the rear. And then a few more. And then more. By the time that the horsemen reached the defensive position, the line had dissolved and the men were in full, panicked retreat.

The advancing cavalymen rode them down like dogs. Men on foot were scurrying here and there for their lives. Blood splashed onto the earth wherever the cavalymen rode. It was a total rout.

The Kuomintang general watched with glee from his horse behind the infantry. The colonel who commanded the infantry was next to him.

"See, I told you," the general said. "Wang's army is a rabble. Look at them run!"

"Yes, General," the colonel replied. "But there were only two hundred or so of his men there. His army still has sting left."

"Nonsense!" the general countered. "The road is open. Order your men to reform into columns and advance into the pass."

"But General..." the colonel protested.

"You have your orders, Colonel," the general replied. "By tonight I want to be getting my cock sucked by one of General Wang's concubines."

The Kuomintang infantry formed back into columns and began their advance through the pass. It took about an hour for them to form up completely and commence their march. The cavalry had poured on ahead of them, rushing through the narrow confines of the pass, eager to be the first to pillage the villages beyond.

Major Won sat behind a large outcropping of rock and waited.

The Kuomintang column headed up the pass. When the lead columns were deep into it, the captain at its head called a halt. Something was wrong, he could just sense it. He stood in the stirrups of his horse and looked around. He saw nothing. His men were bunched close together on foot behind him.

From behind his rock, Major Won aimed his Mauser at the Kuomintang captain. Taking a deep breath, slowly moving his finger back until he felt the trigger tighten, he made sure that the man was in his sites. He counted to three and fired.

The captain's torso gave a lurch backwards as the bullet struck him in the middle of his chest. His feet caught in the stirrups of his horse or he would have been flung off. The horse reared and then began to gallop away. The foot soldiers were stunned

as they watched him slip from his saddle and fall from the horse. There was a moment of stupefied silence. And then the rest of the guns opened up.

It was like shooting fish in a barrel. All down the line, virtually down to the beginning of the pass, Wang's regulars, clad in the grayish blue of the militia, poured fire down on the mass of men below them. Machine guns opened fire. The Kuomintang soldiers, realizing that they were in a trap, started scurrying every which way. Some of the officers tried to gather them men into firing positions, but the fact that they had to stand still to do it just made it all the more easy to mow them down.

The Kuomintang cavalry heard the firing behind them. From the sound, it seemed like large forces were engaged. They reversed direction and headed back into the pass. Wang's men were waiting for them too, and within a few short minutes, riderless horses were scrambling away.

Down on the plain, the Kuomintang general was perplexed. Two of his battalions of infantry were already in the pass. The third one was getting ready to advance. It was clear that there had been an ambush. Was it a delaying force or Wang's main body? He took out his binoculars and tried to peer into the pass. He could see men running as fast as their feet could carry them, tossing their rifles aside, headed back out. He was about to order the remaining battalion to advance when he heard a rumbling coming towards him off to his right. Suddenly, from a gully, he saw an armored car swing right and head directly for his last column of infantry. Then, from his left, he saw a mass of cavalymen spring from what seemed like nowhere. At its front was a white stallion and a large man with a red stripe down his pants leg waving a sword overhead.

Chaos erupted immediately. The third battalion broke and started to flee. It was too late. The machine gun from the armored car cut them down in swaths. The cavalry got amongst them and the slaughter began.

It was all over in about twenty minutes. Small groups of Kuomintang soldiers, their hands over their heads, were being assembled. Dead soldiers lay everywhere. An enterprising squad of Wang's cavalymen had captured the general, who surrendered meekly. The infantry colonel lay in the dust.

It was a clean sweep. All of the Kuomintang baggage train was captured intact, including the seven 6 pounders. Of the 1500 men who had marched forward that day, 200 were left and huddled in the middle of the battlefield. None of the Kuomintang cavalymen survived.

Wang looked over the bloody field. His legs and the sides of his horse were smeared in red. His ruse had worked.

The day before, he had had two companies of his militia swap uniforms with his regular soldiers. Although it appeared to the Kuomintang general that he had routed the cream of Wang's army, he had merely slaughtered a few hundred untrained villagers. Many of them had not even been carrying rifles, merely wooden models. He had parked the armored car hidden away two days ago. His cavalry, using a trail that led around the mountain had outflanked the enemy on its left. Once the militiamen fled, he knew that the Kuomintang general would order a general advance. His regulars, hidden in the rocks above the pass on either side, were ordered to hold their fire until they heard Major Won's shot. When the signal was given, they opened a murderous crossfire.

He calculated the booty of war he had captured: 1500 rifles of the best English model, ten heavy machine guns which the Kuomintang had never even had the opportunity to deploy. There were the 6 pounders and all of their ammunition. Best of all was what they had found in the general's train: \$50,000 in American currency and his quite beautiful, young mistress.

The surviving officers had been grouped together. There were only a handful of them and the general. Wang moved his steed over to where they sat in the mud dejectedly. He paused and his blood smeared steed pawed at the earth. He told the Kuomintang general to stand up.

"You and your men are free to go," he said. "When you arrive back in Nanking, tell your masters that it is Wang who rules in Hunan!" He pulled the head of his horse to his right and galloped away.

The seraglio had been ablaze with rumors for days. First there was the story that the warlord had returned to the fortress by airplane! All of the maids had run outside the next morning to see it after it had been towed into the fortress courtyard. Violet, who had seen many airplanes during the war, was the one who really understood what it meant. Shanghai was only a plane flight away.

The furor about the extraordinary arrival of the general had not had a chance to die down when the rumors started to circulate that he was at war. The concubines had all expected that the warlord's use of them would resume on his return, but they saw neither hide nor hair of him for days. Violet watched from the seraglio balcony as the troops assembled in the courtyard below and marched off. The story she got from the maids was that the government in Nanking was on the attack and that the

general was fighting for his existence.

As the days went by, she wondered what it might mean for her. If the general was defeated, would she become someone else's property? If the attackers were indeed from Nanking, wouldn't they be duty bound to liberate her and Iris. Before coming to China she had read up on the National Government, Sun Yat Sen and the Kuomintang. It was her impression that they stood for the unification and modernization of China. Surely they would abhor slavery.

On the other hand, if they didn't liberate her, she would be sold off to some brothel or other or perhaps claimed by the victorious general as a spoil of war. She knew what her treatment was like at General Wang's hands. Was it a choice between the devil and the deep blue sea?

After giving it very careful thought, she decided that she would pray that Wang be defeated. There would be at least a chance at freedom. One thing that she knew for sure. If Wang won she would remain a whore and a slave for many, many years to come.

Once the soldiers left, except for some militia guarding the fortress, there was no news from the front for 48 hours. The concubines were locked down in the seraglio and not even permitted outside for baths. The eunuch was too busy to give them their morning sexual workouts. The concubines were ordered to be clothed at all times and all of their dresses and kimonos had been packed up. It looked like that if there were a retreat and Wang had to flee, he intended to take his concubines with him. Violet prayed

that he would be killed instead.

On the fourth morning, Jinjing, one of Violet's maids, had come in saying that there was going to be a big battle that day. The eunuch came in later and ordered that the concubines' hands be bound behind their backs and he forced opium filled balls of leather into their mouths so that they would remain docile and cooperative.

Violet spent the day in a foggy haze. Every few hours the balls were replaced and she would be sent off to the ether once again. She had just started to regain her senses, about five o'clock. Her maid, Ting, had been kneeling next to her, her arm draped over her shoulder, her other hand strumming the steel cables that imprisoned her loins, bringing her to a mild, sexual burn. She heard a commotion outside of the door to the inner seraglio. She looked up and it burst open.

Wang was exuberant with victory. A madness had developed inside him that he knew could only be quelled one way.

When he left the Kuomintang officers to begin their long trek back to Nanking, he drove his horse through the pass that had been the scene of so much death that day. He galloped all the way to the fortress, some 25 miles, changing horses three times. When he entered the courtyard, his soldiers there did not know whether he was fleeing after a defeat or rushing home to declare a victory.

Wang did not stop to inform them.

He dashed up the two flights of stairs to the door which led to the outer seraglio. The guard looked at him foolishly. He was covered with blood. He had not realized it, but a bullet had creased his forehead and the blood had run all down his face, to his neck and soaked his battle jacket.

"Open it, you fool!" Wang roared.

His hand shaking, the young militia guard tried three times to put the key in the lock. Finally, Wang grabbed it out of his hand and, shoving the trembling youth aside, opened it himself.

He strode quickly down the hall to the door that guarded the inner seraglio. He still had the soldier's keys in his hands. In his haste, he had trouble picking out the right one. When the third key failed to open it, he slammed his fist on the wall and roared. He took a deep breath, put the fourth key in the lock and the door sprang open.

She was there, right in front of him, when he staggered into the room. The women gave out shrieks and frightened wails at the sight of him. As he stepped towards the English whore, the others hustled to get out of his way.

"Stand up!" he ordered her, his voice booming through the room.

"Stand up! Stand up!"

Violet was frozen in place. For the first time, the man had appeared to her in the guise she mostly thought of him: a bloody, mad monster. She was sure that, his battle lost, he had come to slay her rather than lose her to another. She started to cry.

Wang went to reach down for her arm and Ting threw herself at him.

"No! No! No!" she yelled. "Don't hurt her! Don't hurt her!"

Wang brushed her aside with a wave of his mighty right arm. He reached down and grabbed his English concubine, hauling her to her

feet. She struggled and began to sob. Ignoring her distress, he dragged her to her room, threw her in and slammed the door shut behind him.

The woman stared at him for a moment. There was fear in her eyes, but fire too. He held her gaze for a long time. His chest was heaving, his heart pounding. All at once, he sprang into action. He quickly tore off his clothes, casting them about the small room. He grabbed the concubine and threw her on the bed. Reaching into the pocket of his pants, he pulled out the small key that fit the heavy, silver colored lock on her loins. It was on a chain that led to his belt. He pulled it off the chain and, thrusting himself between Violet's legs, pulled up her silk kimono and took the lock in his right hand. Trembling, he slid the key into the lock and pulled the cable ends free.

At first, Violet thought that he was about to strangle her in her room. Then, when she saw the energy in his eyes, she knew. It had been a victory. There would be no liberation. Her life as a slave, a whore, would continue. And he was there, not to harm her, but to celebrate his victory.

She groaned when he threw her down on the bed. When he thrust himself between her thighs she thought of resisting him. But what purpose would that serve? If he was victorious, she was defeated, vanquished. And the vanquished must succumb to the vanquisher. She was nothing more than another spoil of war.

Slowly, carefully, Wang drew the steel cables free from her loins. Then, tenderly, he eased out the three linked, hollow balls that filled her crevasse. His cock was rampant.

Blood had seeped under his tunic and covered his chest. It was on his hands, on his face, his thighs. Violet saw the wound on his forehead. If the bullet had been an inch or so over, he would have been killed. For a moment, for the first time, Violet got a glimpse of the man's humanity. He was made of flesh and bone like all the rest. He felt pain, worried, had emotions. Was one of them love? Was it the thought that defeat would mean losing her that drove him to victory? Was it joy that she would remain his that drove him now? Suddenly, she was filled with lust for him. Her hands were still bound behind her back and she twisted her torso so he could free them. She felt his hands fumbling at her wrists, and then they were free. She grabbed him by the shoulders and drew him towards her. Taking his cock in her hand, she guided it to her moist sheath and he plunged it in.

They fucked like demons. Wang thrust his hips down against hers fiercely as she thrust madly upwards. Their mouths found each other's and their tongues wrapped together and began a frantic dance. They grunted and moaned as they fucked. Their hands desperately sought out the other's flesh.

It didn't take long for them to reach apotheosis. Wang yelled and shouted as his cock exploded inside of her. Violet, her pussy electrified with sensation, screamed as her orgasm struck. She clutched him desperately as his powerful thrusts overwhelmed her. His thick, steely cock rasped along the pleasure centers of her pulsing divide.

When their orgasms waned, they did not stop. Wang was still hard. His thrusts slowed and he began long, pleasure giving strokes to her

flooded canal. Violet squeezed her inner muscles to welcome each traverse of his manhood. They kissed again, gently now, soothingly, as if their souls had come up to meet.

Their coupling went on and on. Their bodies were now both smeared with the blood of the battlefield. Violet's pussy spasmed, slow, rolling quakes that made her mind fog. And then she orgasmed again. And again.

Wang's strokes were coming faster now, harder. He groaned and panted. He had felt the woman's pussy as it contracted against him. It fueled his lusts. He felt his forces building. He wanted this joyous, soul melding moment to last forever. Something had happened between them. He did not know what it was or whether it would survive that very instant. But it had been there. She had been there. She had opened her soul to him for the very first time. Him! Not the usurper! Him!

His fires ran hotter and hotter. He was seized with a mad lust. He buried his cock inside his lover's gate as far as it would go. He felt her body tense and her cunt begin a series of hard, passion induced grasps of his cock. Her hands clutched at him desperately. She gave out a long, loud, deep, impassioned moan. His cock exploded. He screamed, "Arrrrrrgh! Arrrrrrrrgh! Arrrrrrrrrrgh!" as he came.

End of Book Three