

A Knack to Know a Knave

**The Sex Fantasies of a
Dirty Old Man**

by

Will Coxon MA

CONTENTS

Title Page of the Sex Novel	-	Page 3
Chapter 1	Chloe	- Page 4
Chapter 2	Sam	- Page 23
Chapter 3	Jacky	- Page 39
Chapter 4	Grace	- Page 48
Chapter 5	Long Tall Sally	- Page 52
Chapter 6	Slack Alice	- Page 70
Chapter 7	Lorna Doom	- Page 78
Chapter 8	Joe	- Page 86
Chapter 9	Ross	- Page 92
Chapter 10	Lorna Dune	- Page 108
Chapter 11	Valerie	- Page 114
Epilogue	-	Page 123
The Manuscript 'Civilization'	-	Page 126

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by

Will Tremblerod

A Knack To Know A Knave

An unusual title with its reference to Titus Andronicus — Shakespeare’s revenge tragedy — which this novel is definitely not, or is it. It is, however, a title that is accurate and in particular in regard to the *supposed* author; a Knave if there ever was one.

Chapter 1

Chloe

5’ 7” tall, weighing in at 9 stone, small conical rubbery breasts set high, just a small womanly paunch, equal length of legs and torso, muscular thighs with full mandolin bum that sticks out to a remarkable degree, round head, short dirty blond hair sort of spiky on top, ordinary face but with a smile that shows too much gum to project great beauty but not unattractive in spite of plain features and nondescript brown eyes.

The two boys sitting behind me on the forecourt of The Seven Sisters Hotel were discussing Chloe as she walked, more bounced by on the other side of the street.

Boy 1: “You could always try Chloe if you’re that desperate. She’ll shag anything, even you.”

Boy 2: “Am I really that desperate?”

Boy 1: The great thing about Chloe is she doesn’t expect anything. You don’t even have to kiss her if you don’t want to. Just ask her if she wants to go for a walk by the river. And if she’s in the mood, which she usually is, you’ll get laid without having to engage in the usual bullshit.”

Boy 2: “But I don’t really fancy her.”

Boy 1: “Look, beggars can’t be choosers. You’re ugly, poor and have a hygiene problem.”

Boy 2: “Fuck off you wanker.”

They both laugh.

The boys had given me everything I needed to know. I’d spotted that full mandolin bum some weeks before and now I knew the relevant details about the person attached to those wonderfully shaped globes of delight.

She worked in the bakers just up the street and it was to there I now made my way. Looking through the window between the various cakes I could see down the full length of the counter. Waiting until the shop was empty I entered and leaned on the glass display. Digging in to my pocket I produced my card, which read: Will Tremblerod, Writer. It had my address and telephone number and nothing else printed on it. I passed it to her when she came to serve me.

“Give me a ring if you’re willing to sell me your sexual favours. £1000 for a 12 hour secession.”

I left her looking at my card.

I had just got back to my 4 x 4 when she bounced up to me.

“Did you say a £1000?”

“Indeed I did.” I said with enthusiasm.

She could hardly contain herself, “Really?”

“Why don’t you come out to my place this evening and we can discuss it.” I handed her a £20 note, “Get a taxi. Any time after 7.”

And with that I was gone.

LATER

I greeted her with a kiss on the cheek as she got out of the taxi.

Once inside I took her straight to the Play Room.

I had spent a lot of time and money in kitting out the Play Room with, what I called ‘the instruments of pleasure’. There was a rack of canes of varying thicknesses. Another rack of leather belts of various widths, lengths and thicknesses and atop this a special holder for the tickler - a short fine stranded whip. There was my charging unit for the 3 rotating-head vibrators I possessed. A selection of nipple rings on a ‘Christmas tree’ where also hung various clips and adjustable fine leather strings with small metal clip attachments. These all stood on a half-moon table against the wall between two windows on the opposite site to the door.

To get to it we had to pass the padded bench which was adjustable for height and length.

Chloe ran her hand along the leather padding but then was distracted by the ‘wardrobe’. This area was to the left of the door as you entered and comprised of a theatrical make-up mirror with lights around the frame, make-up of professional quality and the applicators, an entire rack of erotic and exotic underwear including a French maid’s outfit, a nurse’s uniform, a nun’s habit and various leather and plastic jump suits and other clothes of various kinds with straps and buckles with and for restraints. Beneath this 3-meter rail was a line of red high heel shoes going from a 3 up to a 10 and next to them various high heel boots in both plastic and leather and all in black.

Chloe couldn’t restrain herself and abandoned my direction to the half-moon table sitting herself down on the stool in front of the theatrical mirror and examining the fine collection of lipsticks on display. I leaned over her and switched on the lights.

“Go on, try one on, I can see you’re just itching to.”

“Shall I?”

“Of course.”

“But what colour?”

“That’s your choice.”

“But I never know what color suits me.”

“Then try a scarlet red. It usually works for blonds.”

After spending a good few minutes in application, “What do you think?”

“It’s not quite right, but not far off.”

Obviously near enough for Chloe because she abandoned the theatrical mirror and moved over to the clothes. Flicking through and trying some against her body she giggled with delight at some of the erotic underwear.

“See anything you fancy?”

“I’d have to try them on.”

“Don’t worry, you’ll get plenty of time to do that. But right now, I need to discuss with you the ‘procedure’”.

This stopped Chloe in her tracks and she turned towards me, “What procedure?”

“*The* procedure that must be followed if you are to attain multiple orgasms.”

“What? You’re going to give me multiple orgasms.”

“You have to understand Chloe what really turns me on is when a woman gets turned on. When a woman has multiple orgasms it’s a real turn on for me. So, I’ve spent a lot of time and effort on finding how to induce these in women and the result is the ‘procedure’. This ‘procedure’ is based on the fact that women don’t have a prostate gland which pumps blood to the male sex organ. Women simply don’t have this. So, I had to find a way to get blood to the female sex organ. The clitoris is much bigger than you would imagine. The magic button is just one end of a tubular web of nerves that are wrapped around the vagina, around the cervix and ends in another magic button beyond the vagina and near the anal U-bend. And that is why women can have fantastic orgasms during anal sex. And this is also why it is so important to have a means of pumping blood to the entire female genitalia. Six strokes of the cane to the buttocks and six straps of the leather belt to the inside of the legs is all it takes to get the blood rushing to the stressed areas on the bottom and the inside of the legs. This blood rushing from the torso and the legs has to pass through the female genitalia with the consequent arousal of the entire clitoris which then allows the full potential of the female sex to be revealed. And how do you think this manifests itself?” Chloe obviously didn’t know. “In the form of multiple orgasms. Follow the ‘procedure’ and with the addition of squeezing the breasts and nipping the nipples, multiple orgasms follow like night follows day. You will be amazed.”

A curious smile played around Chloe's silent mouth.

"The whole of female sexuality turns out to be purely mechanical. As you will find out if you accept my generous offer."

"Can we do this right now?"

"Don't you have to make arrangements?"

"Mum doesn't worry if I don't come home because I often stay out. She knows I'm off shagging somewhere. Mum's really good like that - I think she was a bit of a nymphomaniac herself when she was young. What she worries about is drugs, not weed, she likes a smoke herself, heroin and crack mainly. But I don't have any interest. Once you've seen what it does to people it puts you off for life." A memory clouds her speech and the words trail off in sadness.

"OK then. Get your kit off and bend over the bar. Ah, but first, put on the heels. Sorry, I've got a bit of a shoe fetish. And besides, high heels do wonderful things for a woman's legs as well as give the extra height so I can fuck you from behind while you're standing up."

Chloe pulled of what few clothes she was wearing and put on the heels, "What should I wear?" She said while looking at the clothes rack.

"We won't worry about those just yet. Let's do it with you naked to start with. Now what size cane should we try first? How about a number 5. Mid-range is always a good place to start. Although a number 3 is more stingy, it can also leave weals. Let's try the 5 first. Now bend over the bar resting your belly-button in the middle. And put your hands on the bar either side. That's excellent. Now spread your legs out to the bar's uprights. Yes, the full width looks just about perfect. Is that comfortable for you?"

"I feel like I'm leaning too far Forward."

"Then keeping your feet in the same place push your bum back. That's it."

I dropped down and spread those magnificent cheeks.

"Are you looking at my pussy?" she said with just a little excitement, then looked over her shoulder to see what I was up to.

"And what a magnificent pussy you have too." I said while flexing the cane.

With precision and force I started at the top and moved with each stroke down to the back of the legs. Chloe giving little cries with each stroke.

"See, that wasn't so bad. Now the leather belt."

I chose a 2 inch with maximum flexibility. It was 18 inches long with a 6-inch wooden handle that the leather was attached to making the whole device just over 24 inches.

"Now this will sting, so brace yourself."

I didn't hang about but strapped her with 3 strokes to the inside of her left leg and quickly transferred to her right leg giving 3 more strokes with a back-hand motion.

"Fucking hell, you weren't kidding when you said it would hurt."

"Yes, but it's all over and you have to admit in very little time."

Chloe stood up and rubbed those magnificent cheeks a mixture of pain and curiosity passing across her face. While she stood rubbing her buttocks those conical breasts stood out like 'cream horns'. I grabbed one in each hand and squeezed with some force then grabbing the base of each nipple I give them a severe nip, enough to make Chloe cry out.

"Ow, that really hurt."

"Don't be such a wimp. Now, you should be primed and ready. Bend over the bar again and let's see if it has had the desired effect. Stick your bum out some more so your cheeks make a big spread. Excellent."

There before me was her magic button: a pale 1 cm lump just beneath the skin.

After dipping 2 fingers in a jar of lubricant I placed 2 fingers on the treasured object and found it is as hard as a pebble.

"Did you know that the only way to tell if a woman is sexually aroused is if this end of the clitoris (Author's Note, AN, which we will refer to in future as the clit) is as hard as stone. And look what we have here."

I rubbed gently with long strokes dipping my fingers into the entrance to her vagina. Chloe was silent but her body was responding with little jerks. Reaching under the bar I took her left breast in my left hand and gently squeezed until my fingers slide onto her nipple. Then in unison I squeezed the nipple while rubbing her clit with increasing speed and strength. Dipping my fingers further into her vagina with each stroke Chloe couldn't control the orgasm that now sprung forth.

"Stop, stop." She came like an express train and just as quickly stopped just like an express train running into the buffers.

I stopped and let her recover while I took my clothes off in double quick time.

I spread her cheeks then with real force plunged my cock deep into her vagina and grabbing her arms above the elbows I thrust my cock onto her cervix while pulling her onto me by means of her arms. It only took few strokes before I could hear cuming. But this was a different kind of orgasm; one that makes her cry out. I stop for a couple of seconds and then thrust once more with force; she cums again, then again and again and again.

"Please Will I can't take anymore."

I whip my cock out, "Then you'll have to let me unload in your mouth."

I was around the bar like a 2-year old rounding the bend at the St. Ledgers and had the head of my cock in her mouth with her right hand wanking me off with vigor. Chloe's vast experience in this technique quickly brought me off. She let my cum fall onto the floor.

"Come and join me on the bed."

The bed was to the right of the door behind the padded table (more on this later) and further down the wall.

Chloe collapsed by my side resting her head on the inside of my shoulder while my hand came around and rested on her waist. I can't resist and kiss her on the forehead.

"So, what do you think so far."

"Are you really going to pay me £1000?"

"That's our agreement."

Chloe giggled in that attractive way she has, "So can we do it again."

"Do what exactly?"

"Another night."

"Of course, next month."

"Why not next week?"

"Variety, my dear Chloe, variety. Actually, that brings me onto an important subject. I still need a selection of girls for my pleasure. So, if you've got any girlfriends that might be interested in a monthly secession let me know. In fact, I'll give you a finders' fee for every girl you bring me. Of course, they have to meet my rather eccentric tastes in women. But I will pay you £200 for every successful find. Do you know any girls that might be interested?"

"Yeah, I can think of a couple. Let me get back to you."

"Then there is the matter of the contract you will have to sign."

"Ok."

"Excellent." I paused then cocked my head as if listening to something. "I might have guessed."

"What?"

"Can't you hear it?"

"What?"

“It’s that pussy of yours, Its swearing at me. I did suspect it was a naughty pussy when I first gazed upon its magnificence. It was the way it winked at me. Still I know the answer.”

I swung my body over hers and grabbed her left leg with my right hand bending her knee back until my left hand could grab a hold of it. I then took my right leg and spread out her right leg with it. Because my left arm was around her neck and holding onto her left leg, Chloe’s head was forced foreword so she then had a good view of her pussy, spread out like it was.

“You’re a very naughty pussy,” I said in mock seriousness “but I know what naughty pussies need.” And with that I give her pussy a smack with my right hand then vigorously rubbed her clit and follow that with another smack. Several smacks and rubs later and she’s cuming like a boiling kettle with the distinct squeal of a suicidal squirrel.

“Oh my God, that was Amazon.”

“Now there you have it. You see I have long suspected that naught pussies are attention seekers. And once your pussy has my attention, all I’ve got to do is give it what it wants - a good smack. Problem solved. And just look what it has done for my cock.”

Ramrod, it was pointing up the line of my body, “Quickly Chloe get between my legs and blow me off.”

She was nothing but obliging and had my cock sticking strait in the air with a good 1/3 of it in her mouth. She wanked me off with the vigor of a vicar who has been at the communion wine.

“Do you know how to take me deep throat? It’s really easy. All you have to do is stick your tongue out as far as it can go. No, you’ll have to do it further than that. Go on, stick it right out. That’s it.”

Her head bobbed up and down until I’m fucking her face or at least her face was fucking my cock. What a find she was - better than Dr. Livingstone in the jungles of the night.

Blown away I was spent. Chloe let my cum dribble out of her mouth then came and joined me face to face.

“Better we take a break and come back afresh. How about something to eat? Chinese do you?”

“Are you going to start cooking?”

“Nooo. I’ve trained the local Chinese to prepare the food that I like and how I like it.”

I leaned across to a small table where a phone sat waiting. A quick word with Jimi Cheng and the order would be about an hour.

“Come on. Let’s get some coffee and watch a bit of TV.”

I threw Chloe a knee length silk dressing gown and put one on myself, a matching pair in Kingfisher blue with a golden dragon motive, then we retired to the living room.

My home is a small 2 stories 19th century manor house of 17 rooms all higgledy-piggledy with dog-legs and oblique angles giving the rooms unique atmospheres. Apparently, the house was designed and built from the inside out by an eccentric English ex-pat returning home from India with his ill-gotten gains made from dealing in horticultural products for country gardens all over Europe and also for the pharmaceutical industry with their desired interest in pain and its relief; opium. Well that's the nicest way I can put it. And is probably the reason the house is so bizarre.

The living room was dominated by a red leather suit of furniture 2, 3 seat sofas separated by a low full-length coffee table with a further sofa at one end and a 60" TV at the other end hanging from the ceiling. 6 windows of varying size and shape light the room in what was at that moment the gathering twilight.

Chloe took up a position on the right-hand sofa facing the TV. I throw her the remote, "See if you can find some football." I went off to brew the coffee in the stainless steel and marble kitchen. Filling up a tray with plates and utensils and condiments for dinner while the coffee brewed.

On my return with the tray I found the TV on but without Chloe playing the audience. She was standing in front of a life size replica of Rembrandt's masterpiece 'The Night Watch' — one of my favorites. [Plate 1]

"Is this an original?"

"Hardly. But it still cost a fortune. I had to get permission from the museum to have it laser copied by a very expensive piece of kit. And the permission wasn't exactly cheap either. Still, it was worth it. I find things to admire in the detail all the time. But the overall image never fails to inspire a sense of awe. He was the greatest there has ever been. If you think that's good wait until you see his self-portraits. As a complete collection they'd make up the greatest work of art ever produced. You'll find life sized copies all over the house. But I haven't got them all yet, still trying. Come and get your coffee."

With the coffee in our hands we returned to the 'Night Watch'.

"Stand here on this very spot."

She stood where I pointed.

"From this perspective it actually looks like the viewer is part of the scene presented. Put your hands up alongside of your eyes to shield out the rest of the room and you will see what I'm talking about."

"Oh yeah. That's brilliant. It's like I'm looking on from further down the street."

"Exactly. Rembrandt was a multi-dimensional genius and this is just another example of that genius fully realized. However, there's many a mystery caught up in this painting. You have to understand there's been more bullshit printed about it than any other with the possible exception of the 'Mona Lisa'."

"What's happening? Are they preparing for war?"

“This is the ‘Civic Guard’ that protected the city at night and here we see them being in the state of preparation with the Captain — that’s him on the left — telling his Lieutenant to get the men ready to march out. This would appear to be happening just outside of their headquarters on the steps leading down into the city.” I pointed these things out to Chloe as they came up, “Rembrandt has made a construction of what would have been going on inside the ‘Civic Guard House’ but here he portrays it happening on the steps outside so he can include everything of this preparation in 3-D. Pretty clever don’t you think. He even shows the sequence of actions of firing a gun going on just behind the two main figures. On the left the man is loading a gun and just behind the Captain and Lieutenant a man is discharging the gun and on the right a man is blowing the burnt powder from the flintlock’s pan. This is a pictorial device which would never have happened in real life but works here because it delivers engaging information. The rest of the men behind can be seen shouldering their weapons as one man raises their ‘standard’.”

“Who is this woman?”

“Ah, well, you have got to one of the main points of contention in this painting. The amount of bullshit that has been written about this woman is unbelievable. And yet it is obvious once you realize that this woman is a midget.”

“A midget?” Chloe laughs with abandon.

“A midget is a person who is exactly like a normal human being but simply reduced in size. All the proportions are the same. It’s just that they’ve been reduced in size, which is different from that of a dwarf. Dwarfs have their limbs shortened but the thickness of their limbs and their torso remain the same as in a normal human being. There is in fact a dwarf in the painting down here.” I pointed to the figure on the far-left bottom, “Most art critics and historian say that this is a boy but a close examination of a sketch, still in the hands of the Captain’s family, reveals it is not a boy at all but is in fact a dwarf. No doubt Rembrandt put him in to make people realize that the woman is not a dwarf but is in fact a midget.”

The idea of a midget had really got to Chloe as she gave vent to more merriment, “What’s that she’s carrying? Is it a chicken?”

“Not only a chicken but a drinking horn and of course a large purse full of money. These denote that this woman is not just a midget but is also a ‘camp follower’. These women sold articles to the soldiers and of course sold their sexual favors as well. She was obviously doing very well by the size of her purse.”

“You’re just making all of this up.”

“I know.” I chuckled, “But this is why art appreciation is such fun. Anyone can do it. Including you. But I’m almost certainly right because I see it from the perspective of sex. Art historians and art critics are sexless academics and therefore don’t have a chance of seeing what’s really portrayed here. This ‘camp follower’ has done so well because she is a midget. Now I’ve never had a midget but I have had a couple of small women. One with a child’s body the other with a woman’s body but less than 5 feet. They were both above the age of consent and both very erotic. If they are erotic to me I have no doubt this midget would have been erotic to the ‘Night Watch’. So, my interpretation is almost certainly correct. And just look at the way that Rembrandt has pointed her out with that shaft of light.

He's making her as important as the Captain and the Lieutenant. Which of course she would be. An army marches on its stomach and sleeps on its slappers. So it has always been until more recent times. And come to think about it, you would have made a great 'camp follower'."

"Fuck off."

I looked at Chloe's grinning face with that cheeky sense of fun that reminded me of another face, one painted by Rembrandt."

"Come through here."

I took her through to a room I called 'the snug'.

Above the small fireplace there hung a portrait of Rembrandt's wife Saskia van Uylenburgh and one of my favorite portraits by the master. [Plate 2]

"This is Rembrandt's wife Saskia. Wasn't she a little minx? Doesn't she remind you of anyone?"

"Shut up."

"You of all people should know that look. That expression. It's the expression that so beguiled Rembrandt. You can bet your life that it was Saskia that seduced him and here in this portrait you can see just how she did it. But this reveals something else about Rembrandt's genius. As a portrait painter he had the ability to reveal the person's inner core, what in the west we would call the soul and what the Chinese called the 'Inner Truth'. This ability marks him out as the greatest portrait painter of all time. And if that wasn't enough by itself he then did something that removed him from the reach of anyone else. He produced at least 64 self-portraits over his entire life that reveals his 'Inner Truth' at every stage in his personal evolution. These self-portraits" here I swept my arm around the room, a room full of his self-portraits "are the single greatest work of art ever produced by anyone. No one will ever be able to match this achievement. He set the bar so high it is simply out of reach for the rest of mortal artists."

Chloe stepped around the room examining the self-portraits until she came to one that was opposite the one of Saskia above the fire place. 'The Prodigal Son in the Inn' a self-portrait with Saskia sitting on his lap. [Plate 3] Rembrandt as the Prodigal Son and Saskia as a serving wench. I let her silently read the plaque.

"Here, in this portrait, he captures the love they shared with each other. A portrait of the Inner Truth of love. Quite wonderful."

"It makes you feel that love."

"Indeed. And now you will know what to look for in your own love life."

"Love life? That's a joke."

"Don't worry, it'll happen sooner or later. And probably when you least expect it."

“Is this your favorite.”

“No. Let me show you my favorite self-portrait.”

I took Chloe by the hand and took her through to my library-come-study. A room with floor to ceiling book shelves and packed out with books on every subject. In the middle of the room is a large writers desk with an iMac as its center-piece. The writers chair has its back to the window; too many distractions outside of that window. Opposite the window in a gap in the book shelves is the self-portrait.

This is the famous self portrait of Rembrandt as the ‘so called’ ‘Laughing Philosopher’.
[Plate 4]

“Here we see in Rembrandt’s last self-portrait. His genius for portraying the ‘Inner Truth’ of the man, is self-evident. With his old body giving out to the degree that his hold on life was paper thin and yet his expression is of joyous acceptance. It is a statement that reminds me of Wittgenstein’s famous last words, “Tell them all, I have had a wonderful life.”

And for me that is exactly what this painting is telling everyone. He had as much tragedy as success — he lost his wife, his mistress, his two daughters and just the year before, in 1668, his son Titus and still the joyous acceptance shines through. Wonderful, absolutely wonderful.”

I watched Chloe as she absorbed what I was saying while gazing on the last and best of Rembrandt’s self-portraits. Was that a moistened eye I could detect. Or was the moistened eye in the eye of the beholder, namely myself.

“Come on, let’s watch some football.”

“Yeah, ok.”

I went into the kitchen to fetch the plates and cutlery while Chloe returned to the sofa. When I returned I was greeted by, “Sorry, it’s all I could find. Some Seri A game, Napoli versus somebody or other.”

“That’ll do. How are you with football?”

“I love it. I play for the Dramness Dames. Naff name but we’re pretty good. You should come and see us sometime.”

“Oh, I will. I will, I will, I will. All those lovely bodies running around with little coverage. A dirty old man’s wet dream.”

“Is that all you ever think about?”

“Of course not. But part of my brain is permanently switched on to the female form. I think of it as multi-tasking with curves. Did you see that interview with Stef Haughton?”

“The England Captain.”

“That’s the one. Well, after the interview she was walking away from the camera but the cameraman kept the focus squarely on Stef’s beautiful bum. Up and down, up and down, up and down they went in perfect symmetry. Each buttock taking its turn to rise and fall. Some have called it the female wiggle. She wasn’t putting it on it was totally natural. I bet you’ve got a pretty good wiggle. Go on get up and walk across the room.”

Chloe doesn’t need asking twice lifting up her silk dressing gown she saunters across the room with her buttocks rising and falling in the most delectable way.

“Magnificent. You weren’t doing it on purpose?”

“No, quite natural.”

“I think you’d better bring them across here so I can get to grips with those protrusions of pleasure.”

“In other words, you want to have a grope.”

“That’ll be the ticket.”

As Chloe walks back, “Is that part of the contract?”

“If it wasn’t before, it certainly is now.”

She walked across lifted up her dressing gown and stuck her bum out. She really does have the most magnificent buttocks. Eat your heart out Stef Haughton.

I was just getting to grips with those icons of female sexuality when the doorbell interrupts.

“Shit, that’ll be the Chinese. Food stops play.”

“Hi Susan” I said to the small Chinese woman holding a ‘cooler’, “Come on in.”

The front door has a porch attached and an inside door.

“Just go through while I get you some money. A footballing friend of mine is through there go and keep her entertained.”

Susan walked through to where Chloe was lounging on the sofa.

“You one of Wiwwium’s girlfriends?”

“I suppose I am. Did you know he was a dirty old man?”

“Like all men. He no worse than rest. An at least he honest.”

“True.”

I arrived back and handed Susan her money and her cooler, “I’m glad you both appreciate my outlook on life.”

“I didn’t say that Wiwwium. What you need is a wife.”

“That is definitely what I don’t need. I’d end up like you and Jimmy. Fighting all the time.”

“Is normal. Sign of happy marriage.”

I turned to Chloe, “I was down at the ‘Good Will’ and the takeaway was packed out. There was no one on the counter and the most unholy row was going on in the kitchen. So I just had to go and see what was happening. Susan and Jimmy were going at it like a couple of old boxers with everyone else in the kitchen joining in. I had to shout to make myself heard and all I was doing was letting them know they had a full house waiting to be served. Susan through me out and came out after me. She smiled at the customers with charm and then started shouting at me. ‘You have to shout Wiwwium or they can’t hear you’. Everybody there gathered broke out in uproarious laughter.” Smiling sweetly at Chloe, “This is happy marriage Chinese style and all served with prawn crackers.”

“Get a wife!” she shouts and with that she’s gone, slamming the doors as she goes.

“Let’s bring the cartons in and put the rest away. I always order twice as much and keep the rest in the freezer. They close on Tuesdays and so I have to be prepared.”

What a meal we had with twice fried pork, spare ribs, prawns in hot chili sauce and vegetables prepared in numerous ways.

Stuffed and mounted we collapsed back on our respected sofas.

“It’s important to know about creative genius. Rembrandt set the bar incredibly high and all his paintings I surround myself with are there to remind me just how important. Creative genius should be just as important to you as a footballer. Messi and Ronaldo and now de Breiner are all creative geniuses and that’s just the men’s game.” A thought struck me and I brought my full attention to bear on the following statement, “Genius, creative genius that is, isn’t a gift from the God’s. All human beings have pretty much the same physiology. In my MS ‘Civilization’ I call this ‘Our Common Humanity’ and devoted an entire Appendix to it. One of these aspects of ‘Our Common Humanity’ is creative intelligence; all human beings possess creative intelligence so it really is up to the individual how to use it. And you should use it in your football. Just look at England’s woman’s team where we have a set of women who all have creative genius to varying degrees and that’s because they have all used their creative intelligence to the degree that they have attained genius status. Guess who my favorite is?”

“Steff.”

“No.”

“Lucy Bronze.”

“No.”

“Don’t tell me Jill Scott”

“No. Greenwood.”

“Oh, I see, of course, she can put the ball on a pin head.”

“Exactly. That’s why they get her to take so many of the corners. Where do you play?”

“Right side midfield.”

“Do you play 4,3,3?”

“Mostly.”

“So you could do with emulating Greenwood.”

“I suppose.”

“Have a word with your center forward. It will be good practice for her as well. Get her to stand anywhere in the 18-yard box then practice dropping the ball onto her head.”

“We don’t exactly get on. I shagged her boyfriend.”

We both laughed, then in time honored fashion after a big meal we both promptly fell asleep.

4 in the morning and I wake to the clink of coffee cups. Chloe being impatient for another session had made the coffee and as much noise as she thought necessary to wake me up.

“Can we try the rotating head vibrators?” She asked.

“Ah, yes. The greatest invention since the fork-lift truck. Well at least that’s what my friend Lucy said after she was introduced to them in California.”

“They’re a Californian invention?”

“Trust those pleasure-seeking Divas. Have you met anyone from Sci-Fi?”

“Sci-Fi?”

“San Francisco.”

“Not really.”

“Come on let’s go through.”

We reenter the playroom.

Chloe examines the smallest one, “Will, I don’t think I could even take this one.”

“Well I don’t want to force it. So why don’t you slip it in? Sit on the edge of the padded table, you’ll see that it has a section removed on the far corner. If you straddle the corner you’ll find it opens up your vagina.”

“Here” I say taking the vibrator from her and dipping it into a container filled with lubricant, “this will help it slip in.”

“My God, my poor old pussy.”

“It’s amazing how much the vagina can stretch. I once had this woman whose vagina was that big I could get my entire fist inside. But then she’d had 3 children.”

But slip it in she did, right up to her cervix. I lent down and switched on the rotating head.

“Oh my God. Fucking hell.”

“If you move it in and out it’ll soon bring you off.”

And so it did.

“Lean back and let me work it, that way you’ll be able to have more than just the one orgasm.”

Chloe was in rhythmic ecstasy going in and out of orgasm until they all blended into one tsunami of an orgasm.

“Stop, stop.” She demanded as she collapsed back onto the padded table.

I slowly removed the rotating head vibrator and switched it off.

My cock was fit to burst, “When you’re ready you’ll have to take care of this.”

She eventually worked her way back up into a sitting position taking my cock into her mouth and sticking a finger up my arse she blew me away like an indoor shamal. I collapsed on top of her, rolled over and ended up on the floor.

She leaned over and looked down at me, “What are you doing down there?”

The amused face staring down at me brings a feeling of warmth directed towards my little nymphomaniac.

I drag her off the padded table and across to the bed where we cuddled in together and soon fell asleep.

LATER

Shaking me Chloe shouts in my ear, “Wake up Will, it’s just gone 8 and I have to start work by 10. And you are going to have to run me into Dramness.”

Coming around from a pleasant dream where I had found the perfect partner — a woman that could change her body shape at will — I found myself in an annoyed frame of mind, “Give it a rest we’ve got plenty of time.”

“Yes, but we won’t have if you go back to sleep.”

She shook me even harder before throwing me out of bed altogether.

“Come and have a shower with me and maybe I’ll give you a freebee.”

This per-mutated well with my fast-rising consciousness, “Now that’s more like it.”

Staggering drunkenly, I followed her into the shower. Ah the joy of wet flesh against wet flesh. She stood with her legs apart and her bottom sticking out leaning against the wall.

“I’m always really horny in the morning and have to have at least one wank before I get the day underway.”

“Excellent. A woman after my own heart.”

I rubbed her clit while sticking my finger up her bum while she squeezed my cock with some force until I was squirting goo down her back like a shampoo commercial. As she came off I lent down and picked up the ‘rubber dolly’. A wonderful device that I had placed outside the shower. Made of soft rubber it was just stiff enough to enter a tight vagina. Once inside it was easy enough to work it in a circular motion so that it travels around the cervix. This was a first for Chloe and a pleasant surprise like prawns served with marmalade on toast.

Breakfast: Toast, marmalade, banana and of course prawns. Especially delicious when the banana has been mashed up with the marmalade into a rich paste.

“I don’t understand why we can’t do this every week.”

“I told you. Variety is the spice of life. At present I have only 3 girls to entertain me but I need at least 10 more, and that’s where you come in because I want you to find me a good number of these. And remember you get a £200 finder’s fee for everyone you find me.”

“Do you like girls with big tits?”

“As long as they have slim bodies.”

“I think I might have just the girl.” Chloe chuckled at the thought, “She’s got one problem, she has the most fowl mouth on any one I know and that includes men.”

“Sounds fascinating. When can I meet her?”

“Soon. But don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

LATER

Dramness was busy and as I drove up Fore Street Chloe hid beneath the window line so no one could see her as we past the baker’s shop where she worked.

“I forgot the £1000 at your place.”

“You did but I didn’t. In the glove compartment.”

“It doesn’t look like a £1000.”

“20, £50 notes isn’t much in bulk and now with these plastic notes it looks even less.”

She shoved it in her pocket and was gone.

*

* * * * *

‘A Knack to Know a Knave’ is a novel but of course it is a lot more than that. Take Appendix A — Civilization, as an example of this. People have taken this MS as many things even though it reveals itself in the sub-title ‘The First Rational Proactive Plan and Roadmap for a Comprehensive World Civilization’. It is a very important part of the novel and the reader should be prepared to read it in its entirety if you want to get the most out of ‘A Knack to Know a Knave’.

The author and the supposed author have lives beyond this novel. So to give the reader an insight into these worlds I have decided to deliver a work that I was working on at the same time as I was writing ‘A Knack to Know a Knave’. I am not the only writer that has more than one work ongoing at anyone time. Here, I was working on the fourth part of my Chinese quartet “The Great I” — The Great I Ching, I must clarify and not the title of my autobiography as some ‘wag’ has jested.

The Chinese quartet is comprised of 1) ‘The White Crane Rises’ a novel set in the late Song dynasty during the reign of Lizong; 2) ‘The Missing Year’ a novel set both in the late Song dynasty and also in the early Song dynasty during the reign of Renzong; 3) Shao Yong’s Tsao Hua Interpretation of the I Ching (The Great I of the Title); and 4) The Life Story of Hongwu (Zhu Yuanzhang) the first Ming Emperor.

As the fourth part of the quartet is a true story I thought it was best to write it *straight*. Bearing in mind of course that Zhu Yuanzhang was a ‘man of destiny’ and was being assisted by a Scholar-Official who recorded everything.

He recorded Zhu Yuanzhang’s life story under the reference title: Da Ming Taizu Ling (number) — EF.

I’m sure you will enjoy this true story because it is truly remarkable and gives a memorable juxtaposition to the rest of ‘A Knack to Know a Knave’ And seen from the perspective of The Unformed Block (see below) it really is a part of my fictional story.

* * * * *

[Da Ming Taizu Ling 1 — EF]

The Uncarved Block (Pu) will forever be my guide, yet in truth, it has nothing to show me. It is named pure, simple, natural, the original nature we all possess. And just as true, the entire world can be said to be the Uncarved Block for in this form it holds all potentials including every potential for every individual Uncarved Block it contains. In this form when the Universe is as One it is known as The Unformed Block. (from the Taoist canon)

Here in this small town on the banks of the Yangtze I had arrived in my own Uncarved Block as he had in his. I recognized him immediately.

He was at that time 6 years old. Small for his age but with a strong dynamic body. His face deformed from birth with a parrot's jaw; a bottom jaw that stood out beyond his top teeth. His face covered in warts. His face covered in the pockmarks of smallpox.

He was begging. Driven by hunger. I would not let him suffer this way and taking a string of copper cash from my Scholar-Official's robes I was about to hand it to him when I was stopped by a Buddhist Monk.

"We will look after him from here."

'Of course' I thought but said, "Then take this for your Monastery."

We exchanged knowing. There were now 3 Uncarved Blocks in play. I reduced that to 2 and left.

Two years later (1336 CE) I returned to the region in my capacity as a Scholar-Official working for the Censor's Office which at that time, besides its many other duties, gathered information about the general population.

I visited the Monastery in my official capacity and was pleased to see that his name, Zhu Yuanzhang, had been added to the list of its members as a novice.

The Monk I had met 2 years previously recognized me and willingly gave me an account of Zhu Yuanzhang's progress. He was doing well, if not brilliantly in reading and writing, learning the Sutras, and practicing the rituals. Where he excelled was in martial practice both in physical exercise and in the art and control of the body.

The Monk took me to see him as he practiced Zazen. We were not introduced yet he recognized me and we exchanged a brief formality before his teacher took the rod to him with some force for not concentrating on the exercise at hand.

Having fulfilled my duty at the Monastery and my duty to Zhu Yuanzhang I left a string of copper cash and left knowing I would return when Pu — The Unformed Block — made it so.

Chuang Tzu* said: He tears all things into pieces, yet he is not just. His blessing reaches all generations, yet he is not benevolent. He is more ancient than the highest antiquity, yet he is not old.

Kuo Hsiang's** Commentary says: A passage like this by Chuang Tzu seems to be paradoxical enough. But it is not. Tao is the total spontaneity of all things and not something transcending the world.

* Chuang Tzu, one of the 3 proto-taoists that Taoism was founded on. The other 2 were Lao Tzu and Leigh Tzu. All teaching in the third and fourth centuries Before the Common Era (BCE).

** Kuo Hsiang, Taoist Master of the sixth century of the Common Era (6th. Century CE). Responsible for bringing the Taoist canon together.

*

Chapter 2

Sam

5' 3" tall, weighing in at 7 1/2 stone, large tubular breasts from a large base that makes them sweep out into points with the nipples at the apex, little surplus fat with only a tiny womanly paunch, equal length of legs and torso, slender legs with round chubby bum, round head, long dyed blond hair divided into two pigtails which turn up at the ends, half fringe with center parting on top, pretty face and a sweet smile of small even teeth, attractive in spite of default setting of sour puss expression and ordinary light blue eyes.

They arrive together Chloe and Sam. Chloe asked the driver to wait while Sam and I looked each other over.

Once inside we made our way to the playroom with me leading the way. Sam stopped to take it all in then headed across to the theatrical mirror and the makeup table. It was almost a complete replay of what Chloe did on her first encounter.

Chloe whispered in my ear, "How about my finders' fee."

I turned to Sam, "Get your kit off and I'll be back in a minute."

In the living room I took out £200 from a bureau by the front door and handed it to Chloe.

"You can bring me as many of that quality as you like."

"Actually, I might have someone else. Slender with boyish good looks. Lots of fun but has a girlfriend."

"Sounds interesting."

Chloe gave me a kiss on the cheek and a cheery goodbye, "Try to avoid mentioning Sam's tits. She's fed up with it."

"Difficult but not impossible."

I went back inside and on reentering the playroom I found Sam naked with orange lips and a bride's headdress complete with veil on her head.

"Put the heels on and come and bend over this padded bar."

She put the heels on but only after white silk stockings and white suspender belt.

Things were going well. Giving her the 6 x 6 (6 strokes of the cane and 6 straps of the leather belt) was easily accomplished as Chloe had told her what to expect from her own experience. She hardly made a squeak.

I was around to the front and kneeling down in front of her as quickly as I could. Squeezing her breasts and pulling on her nipples I finally placed my fingers at the base of her nipples and gave them a hard nip and violent shake.

“You fucking bastard. What the fuck was that for.”

She sprang up to confront me but I wasn't hanging about either.

“Bend over, it's all pleasure from now on.”

She reluctantly obliged but was soon rewarded as my fingers were soon on her clit which was by then a swollen hard button of pleasure marked 'wank'. I rubbed and dipped those same fingers deep into a moist vagina while at the same time using the fingers on my other hand to oscillate between her brown star and breasts. It didn't take long before she was cuming like a steam train in a 50s film noir symbolic expression of the sexual act. It was then time and I sank my cock right in up to the hilt with some force. Grabbing her arms above the elbows as they stuck up from where she was resting her hands on the bar I dragged her back onto my cock while at the same time thrusting deep into her. In just a few strokes she was cuming again. I dashed around to the front and quickly inserted two metal poles into the floor a couple of feet from her head and 3 feet apart.

“Brace yourself against these while I finish off.”

She obliged without a word. I was then ready to reach down either side of her body and grab the ends of her breast in my hands, pulling them up alongside of her body using them like a pair of reins. Then I gave her 'what for'. Thrusting my cock while pulling her back onto it by means of her breasts. The result was a massive orgasm from me and series of orgasms from her. This erotic technique is only possible with women who have long big breasts and I was ecstatic at this outcome as the pleasure was deep and titillatingly erotic. I collapsed on top of her - spent like a collapsing balloon.

“Come on, let's go and rest on the bed.”

She eventually followed me onto the bed resting her head on my stomach with her body at right angles to mine.

“You really are a fucking 'piece of work'. My poor breasts are as sore as fuck.”

“Don't worry they'll soon recover then we can have another session just like that except with my cock up your arse.”

“No fucking way, you fucking wanker.”

“I'll give you an extra £500 if you let me.”

Quick as a wink she sat herself up on an elbow and looked me strait in the eye, “And £500 for what you've already had.”

“Deal and done.”

She collapsed back cupping her breasts in her arms so her nipples stood way out from her body. I couldn't resist but she slapped my hand away.

"Give them a rest for fuck's sake."

"Come on let's go through to the living room and decide what we want to eat. All this sex makes me hungry."

I squirmed my way from under her and went next door, laying down on the left-hand sofa.

A few minutes later she came through and lay down on the right-hand sofa.

"Of course, we can have some moussaka that I made yesterday."

"I'd rather have steak and chips."

"Tough. I don't have any. Besides, this moussaka is the real deal. Made with Greek cloudy olive oil, a mix of fetta and cheddar cheese and plumb tomatoes reduced to a thick garlicky sauce, I even have some proper Greek bread as made by my house keeper. You'll love it, everybody does."

Sam sat up turning her legs so her feet were on the floor, "Where is it?"

"In the fridge in a brown casserole pot. Stick it in the microwave and give it 5 minutes."

Up she got and I threw her the Chinese dressing gown that was lying over the back of the sofa. I pointed in the direction of the kitchen, "Through there."

"Do you really have a house keeper." She said as she left the room.

"Of course."

The sound of kitchen noises was followed by Sam's reappearance.

"Do you shag your house keeper?"

"Hardly. She's a woman in her 30s, and, she's a single parent. Woman's body's change radically once they've had a child. Their breasts get stretched and deformed. God can you imagine if you got pregnant you'd need a wheel barrow to carry your tits around."

"Fuck off, you pathetic excuse for a dirty old man."

"True, true."

"Where's the bread?"

"In the bread bin."

She disappeared once more then reappeared with a plate piled up with thick slices. The 'ping' of the microwave had her return once more to the kitchen.

“Use the big bowls and make sure you ladle out lots of the juice.”

A few minutes later she reappeared carrying 2 large bowls and a couple of spoons.

“You’re right about one thing, it really is delicious.”

“When you’re frying the aubergine, you have to take off half of the skin, leaving it all on just makes it bitter.”

We tucked in with a passion until it was all gone.

Leaning back and squirming around I rested my head on the padded arm of the sofa, “So exactly how big are your tits - quintuple Fs.”

“You really do have shit for brains. You just couldn’t resist, could you?”

“No, no, indulge me.”

“How the fuck would I know. I know I tried on a double D but they were sticking out all over the place.”

“How wonderful.”

“There’s this place in Exeter that takes a mold of your breasts and then they can make you a bra out of any material. It’s expensive but well worth it for support and comfort.”

“Fascinating. A sort of bespoke brassiere.”

“All these cup sizes are a complete fucking nonsense. No 2 women have the same breasts for a start.”

“Yes, that’s very true. In my long research into women’s breasts that’s the conclusion I came to. It hasn’t, however, stopped me from producing a taxonomy. A taxonomy is ...”

“I’m not fucking stupid, I know what a taxonomy is.”

“Sorry Sam, I’m just so used to meeting badly educated people. It’s sort of become my default setting, explaining things, that is. Young people go through all that education and yet come away without the most important element of any education and that is: a thirst for knowledge.”

“They just make it so boring.”

“Weren’t you inspired by anything at school?”

Sam only took a moment of reflection, “Astronomy.”

“Astronomy?”

“What’s the time?”

I told her.

“We’re missing it.”

She leapt up and grabbed the remote, “The Sky at Night.”

There was Professor Lintott pointing to a small area on a picture of one small area of our universe. That area, seemingly empty, is suddenly blown up to cover the screen and now we can see that the empty space is full of galaxies.

“Is this the cluster of galaxies that shouldn’t be there?” I pointedly asked the TV screen but was answered by Sam, “Because there weren’t supposed to be any galaxies to have formed that close to the ‘big bang’?”

“That’s the one.”

“How the fuck would I know.”

“And is that the same cluster of galaxies that is disappearing over our visual horizon.” My conversation with the TV was working perfectly as Sam played its mouthpiece to perfection, “It could be.”

“They can’t explain any of it.” I turned to Sam, “I wrote this into my Appendix 0 on Evolution in my MS ‘Civilization’. You should read it sometime.” Sam wasn’t listening as she was spouting in full flow, “Galaxies should have just been forming and yet there’s a super pod of galaxies heading off to who knows where. It means there’s something wrong with the ‘big bang’ theory.” Then she turned to me having caught up with what I had just said, “My fucking God, we actually agree on something.”

“Which probably means we will agree on a lot more.”

“Don’t get carried away. I still think you’ve got shit for brains.”

“So, you didn’t apply to do astronomy because ... what? ... you didn’t think you could end up being an astronomer?”

“That and the fact that it costs a fortune just to go to uni. Oh, and yes, I didn’t get the sort of grades to make it worthwhile. 2 As and a B. I needed 3 A stars to be realistic.”

“Wrong, wrong, wrong. You would have got an interview for sure and then your other assets would have come into play. Those huge bananas of yours would have won any stargazer over. How do you think Professor Maggie Pocock got to the position she’s now in?”

“What? Because of the size of her arse.”

“My pet name for Maggie is ‘Acro-Prop’” I said laughing “because you’d need an ‘Acro-Prop’ to separate those magnificent buttocks.”

“And what the fuck is an ‘Acro-Prop’?”

"If you have a sagging floor or sagging ceiling you have to use an 'Acre-Prop' to lift it up. It's 2 metal tubes, one inside the other and a screw device that translates the circular motion into lift. It's amazing how much you can lift with an "Acre-Prop" consequently ..."

"Don't bother, I get the picture."

"And you too can play the great game that goes on between men and women all the time."

"What? By flashing my tits."

"You wouldn't have to flash them. Just let them speak for themselves." I thought for a few moments. "You'll probably need 3 As. Did you do maths pure and applied" She nodded. "So why don't you do another A level this year in just applied maths. Make sure you get an A star and Maggie Pocock is your aunty. No problem."

Sam's sigh comes from a deep frustration.

"Now tell me what your real area of interest is in astronomy?"

"I suppose it's the 'Big Bang'. How can you get an infinite amount of energy in an infinitesimal amount of space?"

"It was my 'Big Problem' as well. Ed Witten has, of course, come up with a theory."

"M-Theory?"

"Which suggests a 'Primordial State' from which our universe has emerged. He calls this 'Primordial State' an energy field in flux. Because of the random nature of this energy field he reckons it is capable of differentiation and the differentiation produces not just our universe but countless universes."

"Will, I know all of this." She sounded bored, so I quickly moved on.

"But what you don't know is that 2 Chinese metaphysicians, Zhou Dun-Yi and Shao Yong in the 11th century proposed something remarkably similar. They said that our world came from a 'Primordial State'. They believed that everything was made of a psycho - physical substance called 'Chi' and that 'Chi' in the 'Primordial State' was in a state of random chaos and through the random nature of this 'Primordial State' it was possible for a differentiation to occur and that that differentiation gives rise to our world. If I ever get to meet Ed the first thing I'll ask him is if he knew about these Chinese metaphysicians. You have to admit the similarity is quite remarkable."

"It doesn't mean anything because they're all just theories."

"Guesses. You can test theories."

"Don't be so pedantic."

"Sorry, but you have to admit they don't half make good stories. I've written this 4-volume box set called 'The Great I'. Which is going to make me a fortune. It just needs a couple of more drafts."

“Talk about ego centric was there ever a title more narcissistic.”

I laughed, “‘The Great I’ doesn’t refer to me but to ‘The Great I Ching’ the famous Book of Changes, surely you must of heard of that.”

“Can’t say that I have.”

“Then let me introduce you to it right now.”

I retrieved my copy from my study. This is the famous translation by Richard Wilhelm and with a wonderful forward by Psychologist C. G. Jung.

Producing 3 coins of ‘copper cash’ from the Song Dynasty; the ones with square holes in the middle so that they can be strung together. I soon had Sam’s I Ching reading; this was achieved by getting Sam to throw the 3 coins 6 times and noting down which possibility they were. They could either be 3 Heavens or 3 Earths or 2 Heavens and an Earth or 2 Earths and a Heaven. Starting at the bottom the 6 lines revealed the Hexagram SUN.

I turned to ‘The Great I’ and looked up what this Hexagram said:

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--- SUN
- -
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--- SUN
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SUN / The Gentle
(The Penetrating Wind)

THE JUDGMENT

The gentle. Success through what is small.
It furthers one to have somewhere to go.
It furthers one to see the great man.

THE IMAGE

Winds following one upon the other:
The image of THE GENTLY PENETRATING.
Thus the superior man
Spreads his commands abroad
And carries out his undertakings.

THE CHANGING LINES

Changing line at the beginning means:

In advancing and in retreating,
The perseverance of a warrior furthers.

Changing line in the second place means:
Penetration under the bed.
Priests and magicians are used in great number.
Good fortune. No blame.

Changing line in the third place means:
Repeated penetration. Humiliation.

Changing line in the fourth place means:
Remorse vanishes
During the hunt
Three kinds of game are caught.

Changing line in the fifth place means:
Perseverance brings good fortune.
Remorse vanishes.
Nothing that does not further.
No beginning, but an end.
Before the change, three days.
After the change, three days.
Good fortune.

Changing line at the top means:
Penetration under the bed.
He loses his property and his axe.
Perseverance brings misfortune.

As this was Sam's first reading and no question had been asked, this reading referred to her life in general.

She had 3 Changing Lines: One in the beginning, one in the second place and one in the fourth place.

Now as an interpretation to what all of this meant, the reader will have to forgive me as this interpretation is mine and as a consequence must bear the weakness of my meagre abilities in this regard, and the fact that I did not know Sam very well.

This is what I made of it:

[THE JUDGMENT

The gentle. Success through what is small.
It furthers one to have somewhere to go.
It furthers one to see the great man.]

Her endeavours would best be confined to small things.
But that she should have a definite direction.

And must seek knowledge for that purpose.

“And what do you consider ‘small things’?” Sam said with some disdain in her voice.

“Run for Chairman of the local book club rather than Chairman of the Conservative party.”

“And this direction? Is that because you think I’m rudderless at the moment?”

“Precisely.”

“And this great man, I suppose, is you?”

“I couldn’t possibly be so presumptuous.”

“I bet.” Sam laughed with an elegant cutting gusto.

“Now moving on to the Image.” I said with not a little embarrassment from Sam’s laughter still ringing in my ears.

[THE IMAGE

Winds following one upon the other:
The image of THE GENTLY PENETRATING.
Thus the superior man
Spreads his commands abroad
And carries out his undertakings.]

“So, what is the Image?”

“Ah. A difficult concept to explain. But I’ll give it a try. It was only because I came across — during my research — a 19th century Chinese historian who was having the same problem in understanding what the Image meant that I finally got to grips with its meaning. This Chinese historian had found this quote from a Han dynasty historian from a Zhou dynasty philosopher whom he believed to be none other than Chuang Tzu. And this is what he said: Knowing the Image One can forget the words, Knowing the concept One can forget the Image.”

“That’s as clear as pea soup.”

“It is quite logical really. The words describe an Image, and once you have that Image you don’t need the words any more. Similarly, once the Image has revealed the Concept you no longer need the Image. It’s the Image that delivers the Concept.”

“The Image is the vehicle in which the Concept travels in.”

“That’s a really good way of putting it. I just knew you were a clever girl ... “

“Girl? Didn’t you mean to say woman?”

“Silly me. Of course that’s what I meant to say. Now where was I ... ah, yes ... now in this Image we have ‘Winds following one upon the other’ which delivers the Concept THE GENTLY PENETRATING.”

“And what does it mean in the context of my reading?”

“Well, if you are wise — like the superior man — then you act outside of yourself and carry out undertakings, albeit, small ones.

“Such as?”

“How do I know. This is your reading after all.”

“Why couldn’t it just have said: Join the Green Party and organize a jumble sale.”

“The I Ching can’t be that specific because its for everyone. But just look what its made you to come up with.”

“What? I should join the Green Party and organize jumble sales.”

“Why not. Sounds like a good idea to me.”

“Fuck off you cretinous moron. Is that really what you think of me?”

“Hardly.” I said after I stopped laughing. “I’ll tell you what I’ll do. If you follow my course of action for your education then I promise to pay your tuition fees for 5 or 6 years depending on how long it takes you to get a Master’s Degree.”

“God, you must be rich. You’re looking at least £60,000, that’s if you’re not bullshitting.”

“Loose change, dear heart.”

“How rich are you?”

“I’ve already put £180 million into my research trust fund and I’m about to put another £500 million into research for farming the oceans. So, £60,000 is peanuts.”

“Is this your big idea? Farming the oceans?”

“Saving the biosphere *is* my big idea. And in particular the oceans. Without pristine oceans the biosphere is fucked. And to farm them successfully the oceans have to be pristine. And that means 100 times — that’s two orders of magnitude — the amount of fish that we are catching now. Plus, two orders of magnitude for CO2 removal. It’s half the answer to climate change and all that high-quality protein as a bonus. Looks pretty good to me.”

Sam was thoughtful and took her time before stating, “Can you be sure that all that money is going towards what you want.”

“Only to the degree that the universities will spend it on the research that I have specified. What actually happens is that the universities use the money in their area of expertise and I don’t exactly specify the detail. I do however get a yearly update on what they have

achieved with my money. It's about as good as it gets. I'm supporting 3 universities, Plymouth for its marine engineering, Bremen in Germany for its marine biology and Shenzhen in China for its marine pollution research. They are all well respected universities but that doesn't mean they don't build a pleasant life for themselves with my money. I thought about this a lot and decided that there is only so much an individual can do to check up on corruption. Some money might get filched but as long as its petty and that millions aren't being syphoned off that the annual checks carried out by recognized international charity organizations should be sufficient to keep it within reasonable bounds. Of course, you've got to pay them as well and there's no guarantees that these organizations aren't corrupt as well. I have to read reports every year from the universities and the charity organizations which takes me and my legal advisers about 3 weeks to get through. With wealth comes responsibilities but I find it all quite fascinating. And, of course, I learn a lot."

"Ok then, I suppose giving you my arse is in a good cause. Come and show me the ropes."

We quickly retired to the playroom and the joys of anal sex.

The gays of California have been responsible for many innovations used by the gay community. The bidet has long been used going back as far as the Romans and quite possibly the Greeks. As a means of cleaning the bottom after defecation it has no equal but what the gays of California did was to reinvent the bidet by adding a long thin tube that inserted into the rectum was able to clean the anal passage from the shit that gets left behind after defecation. This long thin tube screws into the top of the bidet at the back of the unit sticking vertically up. Water passes through the tube controlled by a dedicated tap to control the amount of water passing through. One small jet on the top of its rounded head and several jets around the tubes head. This simple device cleans the anal passage with remarkable efficiency, thus giving gays a happy outcome when it comes to anal sex. Naturally it works just as well on women's anal passages.

Stripped naked once more Sam slowly lowered herself onto the tube's rounded head by the help of a metal bar at the back. Her legs almost akimbo allowed me a worm's eye view of the proceedings as this 'throne was raised up a couple of feet off the floor for this very purpose. And, of course, it was me that controlled the water supply. But I was busy elsewhere at the same time, frigging her clit which was still hard and tweaking her nipples to add to the excitement. And yes, this often provokes an orgasm in the recipient as indeed it did this time.

I quickly took Sam from the bidet to the padded table. This had taken me several weeks working with a skilled furniture maker to render in perfection, so it was adjustable in height and had several other values. The prime purpose was that it was to be a device that could hold a woman in the correct position for fucking and bugging. At the other end where the missing corner was and where I had introduced Chloe to the joys of the rotating head vibrator. The padded edge had 2 slots for the ankles to slip into and then restrained by leather straps 3 feet apart. The knees sank into the padded floor of the table and the hands free to either rest on the padded edge or the padded floor of the table. But the real genius of this device was the leather belt that fastened around the waist and adjusted how much of a spread the genitalia was given. This was achieved by a turning handle that dragged the hips back against the resistance of the held ankles.

Sam was soon in perfect position with the adjustment for height perfectly aligned, I soon had my anal plunger inserted into her arse hole and the plunger in operation, I soon had her anal passage packed with high quality lubricant (K9). Rubbing her clit with some vigor while moving the plunger in and out I soon had her cuming. Then I was into her like the wild beast I am ramming my cock passed her sphincter and achieving maximum penetration. Now every thrust rammed up against the u-bend of her anal passage and with every thrust a fresh orgasm. Reaching down over her back I soon had nipples in my hands and pulled them up alongside her body. What delight what wonder. As soon as she said she could take no more I let fly my load.

Back in the living room I crashed out on the sofa. Sam eventually came in and leaned on the back of the other sofa.

“Come on over here and have a cuddle.”

“As long as that’s all it is because I haven’t anything left.”

We soon fell asleep wrapped in each other’s arms.

I awoke to find Sam looking at me in a most curious way, then she said, “You must think all of the time.”

“We all think all of the time. It’s just that some of us think about important things. And I also think about thinking. Which most people don’t.”

“What do you think about thinking?”

I squirmed out from under her and went and retrieved a copy of my MS ‘Civilization’. On my return I handed it to her, “Read Appendix 3: Bounded Rationality (see Part2 ‘Civilization’ to read what Sam read) while I go for a shit.”

Having a compacted nerve in my spine I have been forced to take codeine to take the edge off the pain but codeine blocks you up and so I often go 3-4 days without having a shit. So that when I do go it often takes 20 sometimes 30 minutes. When I returned Sam had finished reading Appendix 3: Bounded rationality and was waiting with a question.

“This definition of Bounded Rationality is yours I take?”

“Of course, but it is based on what Herbert Simon wrote.”

“And the innovations?”

“All mine. I have an obsession with using my creative intelligence. It’s a good habit to get into. Can you imagine if all 7 billion homo sapiens got into doing it with an understanding of Bounded Rationality and the right direction to go in. We could solve all the world’s problems in double quick time. But we’re all trapped inside our own Bounded Rationality. The Factors governing our individual Bounded Rationality are handed to us by our culture and not realizing that, the way we think is compromised, limited and restricted we merrily go on in ignorance. Sad really.” My voice trailed off in sadness.

“But you’ve turned the whole thing on its head.”

Brightening, “Of course. And you can too.”

“Did you use Bounded Rationality to construct ‘Civilization?’”

“You should read all of ‘Civilization’ and see that was more than just a lucky guess. You really are one clever girl ... er ... I mean” avoiding the word woman “cunt. But let me give you an insightful example of the problems Bounded Rationality can cause. If one of the Factors an individual is delivered by their culture is religion it is difficult to remove. Re-enforced at every stage in the development of the individual and surrounded by the religious culture throughout their lives that Factor is almost impossible to eradicate or replace. And if that religion is medieval and barbaric because it plays to the ‘might is right’ philosophy. Then it can have desperate consequences. Everything happening in the middle-east, Syria, Iraq, Afghanistan et al is a direct consequence of the negative effects of Bounded Rationality”

We were interrupted by the front door opening and a cheery, “Hi Will, where are you?”

I waved a hand in the air. Ali’s head comes over the back of the sofa and looks down at me.

“Ali meet Sam.”

Sam stirs and turns over.

“This is Ali Baba my house keeper.” I said to Sam, and to Ali, “This is Sam, my latest ‘squeeze’”

This prompted an immediate response from Sam, “I am not his fucking latest fucking squeeze.”

She sat up. Now, fully returned to her default setting, she climbed over me, “Where can I have a shower?”

“Ali show Sam the downstairs bathroom.”

I wandered into the kitchen and made the coffee and sat staring into space until Sam came back fully dressed.

“Forget the coffee and just give me my money. Then you can give me a lift into Dramness.”

“Get a taxi cos I’ve got things to do.” I pointed to the wall where the taxi numbers were.

Sam phoned then helped herself to the coffee, “Money.”

I took £2000 from a kitchen draw and handed it to her, “You’re like a bear with a sore head this morning.”

“I’m not your fucking latest squeeze, shit for brains.”

“Sorry, sorry. I can be a bit thoughtless from time to time.”

“That woman lives here and could easily give me a reputation I don’t deserve.”

“No way, she and I have an understanding. She says nothing about what goes on here or about my life, period. I trust her in this completely.”

“Do you shag her.”

“Hardly, she’s my employee. Believe me Ali wouldn’t stay here if I was giving her hassle in that regard. Our relationship is 100% professional. So don’t worry. She’s the real deal.”

“Do you pay her lots?”

“£1000 a week after tax plus a 3 week all expenses paid holiday to anywhere in the world for her and her daughter. She’s worth every penny.”

Ali entered, “Will, can you come and help me sort out the border.”

She and I went outside and moved some trestle work away from the wall. We were still working on the climbers when the taxi arrived.

“Have you signed your contract?”

“I left it on the table by the door.”

Then, inextricably she came across to me giving me a kiss on the cheek, then, as she got in the taxi, “I still think you’ve got shit for brains.”

All’s well that ends well.

* * * * *

[Da Ming Taizu Ling 2 — EF]

The next time I saw Zhu Yuanzhang was in the village where we first met. He was then 14 years old and he came up to me and asked, “Do you remember me?”

“Indeed. It is hard to forget a ‘Man of Destiny’.

He laughed. I laughed.

“If I am a ‘Man of Destiny’ what does that make you.”

“A facilitator. You will have need of me in the future. So remember this face, less distinct than your own, but memorable in its own right.”

“I will not forget. Have I not remembered you well already?”

‘Indeed. But perhaps 20 years can change a face.’

“But not a person. You have returned, have you not, to fulfil your own destiny?”

I was amazed at his insight and felt compelled to enlighten him, “I foolishly wanted to be a sage. And not having made it in one life, nor in two. I have returned for a third time and yet even this may not be enough.”

“What does it take to be a sage?”

I laughed, “If I knew that I would already be one.”

“Then it must be more difficult than being a ‘Man of Destiny’.

“Of that we do not know we cannot speak.”

“Now you sound like my teacher.”

“Wisdom is not confined to one Mystical Path. No doubt your teacher has told you that.”

“Indeed. But tell me, how are you guided, to know of me?”

“The Unformed Block.”

“That is a Taoist concept?”

“Taoist and Confucian.”

Zhu Yuanzhang thought long and hard on this before, “Will my teacher know of this?”

“If he does not, find another teacher.”

“Indeed I will.”

We parted having come as far as we could at that moment.

Zhu Yuanzhang had been expected by his fellow monks to take his vows when he was 17. But he did not. Citing a desire to see the world as an ordinary man before dedicating himself to the monastic life.

He wandered to the coast then following the Yangtze as far west as the Shaluli Shan. A mountain range of great height and hidden valleys. There he fell in with a band of robbers who had no love of their Mongolian overlords. They would only rob from Mongolians and those Chinese that depended on the Mongolians for their wealth. This was a chance meeting — if there are such things for ‘men of destiny’ — of massive consequence as once he had set forward on this path he was never to deviate from it.

The Mongolians made bad overlords. They held their Chinese subjects in contempt. Neither understanding nor wanting to understand Chinese history, philosophy and culture.

They were ignorant of the Great Pact between the ruler and the ruled between the Emperor and the People. The Great Pact that is known as 'The Mandate of Heaven.'

The ruler can only rule with 'The Mandate of Heaven'. And he can only have 'The Mandate of Heaven' if he is fully committed to the wellbeing of The People. If the Emperor loses 'The Mandate of Heaven' then The People have the right to replace the Emperor and acquire another ruler who will regain 'The Mandate of Heaven' by placing the wellbeing of The People first and foremost.

This has been the Great Pact between ruler and ruled since the beginning of the Zhou dynasty 2450 years ago. It is still the Great Pact that exists to this very day.

Zhu Yuanzhang passes out of my ken at this junction and did not enter my line of sight again until 1345 when he was 23 years old and now the leader of this Mongolian hating band of robbers. His name was brought to my attention by an edict from Nanjing placing a reward for his capture — dead or alive. The game was afoot.

His movement through the Unformed Block was now made clear to me. And my movement was synchronous with his as I was promoted as a Scholar-Official of the second tier and moved to Nanjing entering the Department of Resources aged 45 years. I was given my own office and staff and responsibility for securing provisions for the Mongolian Army in the Prefecture of Nanjing. I even had my name carved on the door scroll — Shao Deng Ping.

Chuang Tzu said: That which things get in order to live is called Te.

Kuo Hsiang's Commentary says: So Te is what an individual thing receives from Tao. The total spontaneity of all things is Tao. The spontaneity that an individual thing receives from Tao is Te.

*

Chapter 3

Jacky

5' 5" tall, weighing in at 7 stone, hardly any breast but nipples of outstanding quality in their responsiveness, slender body to the point of thinness, equal length of legs and torso, slender legs with tight bum, squarish head, short black hair higher on top than on the sides, boyish good looks and an expansive smile of large even teeth, attractive facial expressions, large brown eyes and framed with strong black eyebrows and long lashes.

They arrived in an old beetle, driven by, what I was to find out later was Jacky's lover, Grace. Chloe and Jacky got out and followed me inside.

"Chloe tells me you're a lesbian?"

"Nothing wrong with that, is there?"

"Not at all, just as long as your girlfriend is ok with this."

"Why would she be bothered. You're a man. If you'd been a woman I wouldn't be here."

"Come on through."

I lead the way into the playroom.

Jacky headed straight to the dressing table smiling at herself in the mirror. Women are so predictable in this regard as all 3 of my new sexual partners had ignored the fantastic collection of sex toys and devices for a long look in the mirror of deception.

"After you have put your game face on get your kit off and get bent over the padded bar."

I left Jacky busy applying the mask while I went back through to the living room with Chloe. I removed £200 from the draw and handed it to my facilitator; what a find she was proving to be.

"I might of found you someone else."

"And what's she like?"

"Tall and slender and very good looking."

"Do I detect a hint of jealousy?"

"And she's brainy. 2nd year at Exeter Uni. Needs the cash to see her through her final year."

"Sounds interesting. Long legs I take?"

“Makes you sick.”

“But I bet she doesn’t have your magnificent bum.”

The smile said it all. Chloe left and I returned to Jacky who had transformed her face with dark red lips and a white foundation. She was putting on a PVC suspender belt and red silk stockings. So nice to watch women dressing especially when they are dressing for me.

“Shoes, don’t forget the shoes.”

“Do you want me bent over here?”

“Other side so I can see you in the mirror.”

Not the theatrical mirror but a full-length mirror on rollers which was easily positioned anywhere in the room so that I could witness the various profiles and stances.

“Spread those legs right out. Now which shall we use? A number 7 I think as you haven’t got much cover on those buttocks.”

A few strokes and Jacky was complaining.

“Come on you can do it harder than that.”

“Let me change canes. A number 1 is very fine and digs in a lot more.”

I gave her six with twice the force that I usually use. This made her wince but no objection. It crossed my mind that Jacky was a masochist a sadomasochist and that I was going to have to play this encounter with delicacy.

I ramped up the violence of the belt and gave her a few extra straps which she didn’t appreciate. I began to think her earlier show was just bravado. No masochist. Thank God. And so to those nipples. I soon had them standing up like tower blocks - as thick at the base as at the top and well over an inch tall. Stupendous.

Now it has been said that nipples of such vertical quality were designed for nipple clips but what I had were nipple rings with a double constriction on each ring. A length of fine leather joined across between the 2 rings while a fine leather string came out on both sides and joined behind the back. Just a twang on these squeezed the nipples with twice the force. Something Jacky responded to with an almost orgasmic expression. I quickly got down to work rubbing her clit and dipping my fingers into her vagina with rough force. With intermittent twangs on the nipple rings she was soon cuming with delightful glee.

“Use the belt on my pussy.”

Ever one to please I gave her a few straps.

“Harder and faster.”

I obliged with gusto and the occasional twang until her orgasms were running into each other. I couldn’t contain myself and just had to join in.

Her vagina was big for such a delicately built girl but tight enough to send me on my way and in synchronicity with her vaginal spasms.

“Now shove it up my arse.”

“But I haven’t greased your arse up.”

“Already done.”

What a delight. Tight and short in length I was able to ping her u-bend with every thrust. Those little pains of pleasure made their way to the very end junction of her clitoris — pain followed by pleasure every girl’s desire. The waves ran into each other until an entire tsunami of an orgasm engulfed both of us.

I retired to the bed spent.

She joined me but only for a few minutes.

“Can I go and order a takeaway?”

“As you like. What are you having?”

“It’s a surprise.”

And with that she was gone. I soon joined her in the living room. I threw her the other silk dressing gown which she examined before putting it on then sat on the edge of the sofa looking at me.

“Will, I want to talk to you.”

“Well you’re doing a good job of it so far.”

“No, seriously.”

“Oh, how I hate that word, ‘seriously’.” I frowned at her, “It means the end of merriment and light-hearted enjoyment.”

“No, seriously. Grace and I want to do something special. Something to put our generation on the map.”

“Sounds like a good idea. What had you in mind?”

“Well we don’t know yet but we were wondering if we came up with a good idea that you might be willing to fund us.”

“I might, depending on what the idea is. You have to remember I have my own projects which come before anything.”

“We want to do something that has to do with our generation.”

“What, you must have been born at the turn of the century? That was about the time that the world entered into a boundary condition. Hence the confusion and chaos that is wracking the world at the moment. Boundary conditions always produce turbulence, the chaos of strange attractors and pure random chaos. You and Grace are growing up in this chaotic world so you probably think this is normal. Only you’d be wrong. Boundary Conditions never last. As we pass from one era into another so things will settle down once the new era is fully established. You will have to take this into consideration in whatever you do. Still, at least you’ll have a unique perspective, children of this Boundary Condition as you and Grace both are.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Evolution. Everything evolves in stages. Sometimes the evolution takes millions of years and here I’m talking about biological evolution but sometimes only a few generations. But the speed of cultural evolution which is what I’m talking about when I’m talking about Boundary Conditions is progressing at break neck speed. The big evolutionary stage we are in at the moment is the move from a single polar world where America was the single pole, to a multi-polar world where there are now a dozen polar regions.” (for an extensive rendition see Part 2: ‘Civilization’ Factor 3 The Regionalized World)

“America is fucked. Even I can see that.”

“They need to sort out their problems which they never did when they were the only superpower on the planet. And maybe because of that. Donald Trump is only a symptom of America’s condition, one of racism, poverty, murder, religious intolerance, inequality and the death of the ‘American Dream’.”

“More like nightmare.”

“You’ve got it. It’s going to take more than ‘The Donald’ to sort America out. If you think Britain, or Europe for that matter, is in a bad way then just have a good look at America to cheer yourself up.”

A knock on the door has Jacky on her feet in a trice.

“Will, have you got some money?”

“In the draw of the bureau next to the door.”

She paid the man and retired to the kitchen.

“What have you got?”

“Indian.”

“You should have said. I have a freezer full of Indian classical dishes. I’m one of the great Indian cooks of all time.”

I traveled on through to the pantry and retrieved 3 dishes from the freezer: spiced dal, sag aloo and panir with crispy onions and white bait. I defrosted the dishes while Jacky served up the fare from the takeaway.

“What a feast. And what is this?”

“Spiced dal. And that has the master’s hands all over it. Chana beans, butter ghee, spring onions and 4 anchovies to give the spices a kick.”

“God, it’s delicious.”

“How about you leave me some.”

“Sorry.”

Stuffed and mounted we both collapsed back onto our respected sofas.

“Can we get back to this boundary condition thing you were talking about.”

“Theoretically, your generation should feel it in your bones. Even if you can’t recognize it because you have known nothing else.”

“I hate watching all those scenes of people suffering. You can’t get used to that.”

“I always turn over when the horror gets too much.”

“Grace makes me watch because she says we can’t ignore it.”

“If watching helped these people I’d force myself to, but in fact the problem is so bad there’s nothing that you can do. Besides, the biosphere is a much bigger problem and one which we are part of as well. Human suffering is no match for mass extinction. But the two are linked. So give me a clue. What sort of idea do you think would best represent your generation.”

“We talk about it all the time but can never come up with anything we can agree on.”

“That’s where an understanding of your era in terms of a Boundary Condition would be useful. You would have to do a lot of research to bring the subject to clarity.”

“I still don’t understand what you mean by this ‘Boundary Condition’.”

“You do understand the evolutionary principle?”

“All things evolve by mutations in the genetic code and are deemed successful if they survive due to natural selection.”

“Correct. O level biology I presume.”

“I got an A.”

“Excellent. But did you know that evolution has moved into culture? (for a more extensive description see Part 2: Civilization Page 95) Ever since we started living together in societies, about 7000 years ago we have developed cultures. And a lot of those were built on religions. These cultures have not stood still — well at least not in the west. We still

have medieval cultures today — just look at the Middle-east. In Europe our culture originally based on Christianity evolved into scientific enlightenment which was and still is a huge evolutionary jump. Our technological world is built on this cultural evolutionary development. And this development has passed on through to most of the regions of the world, like, China, Russia, North America, South America, South East Asia not so much Africa and not at all in the Middle-east and North Africa cultural region which is still trapped in medieval barbarism, hence all of the horror we see on our TV screens every night. These medieval cultures are still wrapped up in religion. And this is primarily because they haven't embraced scientific enlightenment. Does that all make sense?"

"Just about. But what has it got to do with our ideas about our generation?"

"Individuals form cultures and cultures form individuals. You and Grace want to transform culture by your ideas — true?"

"I suppose."

"But what you don't understand is the part that 'Bounded Rationality' plays in this."

"Bounded what?"

I got up and went into my study, the same room I took Chloe to view my favorite Rembrandt. This room was on the same side of the house as the playroom but was set on the corner and as a consequence had 2 large picture windows looking out on one side onto the garden and on the other a view across fields to the sea.

I retrieved a copy of my MS 'Civilization' from a folder market copies and returned to the living room where Jacky was having a second helping of what looked like everything.

"Here's a copy of 'Civilization'. Probably the most important work written in the 21st century — even if I do say so myself."

I flicked through and found Appendix 3: Bounded Rationality. I sat down and began reading:

"THE DEFINITION: In the *real world* Homo Sapiens don't take all factors into consideration when reasoning. When we reason we rationalize whatever the subject is into Factors. It is the Factors that define our ability to rationalize the subject. To have a fully comprehensive rational for any subject it would have to Factor in all associated facts in a comprehensive ranking under a 'cardinal utility function' (a way of attributing importance).

Instead, when Homo Sapiens rationalize, we tend to use the Factors that are of interest to us, or, what has gone before. What Factors are chosen become the boundaries of our rationality; hence, Bounded Rationality. Despite its limitations Bounded Rationality is still a wonderful tool for helping us to reason about the world." (see Herbert Simon) and (see Appendix 3 in Part2: Civilization)

I could see the lack of understanding on her face.

“If you want my help you will have to understand Bounded Rationality and be prepared to answer questions on it. It would be best if you read the whole MS but knowing how flighty you young girls are, I’ll only ask you to answer questions on Appendix 3.”

“What? And you won’t help us unless we can.”

“You’ve got it.”

“How long is It?”

“3 or 4 pages.”

“That won’t be a problem. Grace is a bit of a brain and she can explain to me the bits I don’t get.”

“Excellent. I’ll have to meet this girlfriend of yours. She sounds quite a girl.”

“Oh, she is. She has it all. What she sees in me I really don’t know.”

“Oh, I think I’ve got a fair idea.”

More sex on the padded table. Double figures in orgasms and the night was nearly through. In the morning she gave me a wonderful blow job before Grace came and picked her up.

* * * * *

[Da Ming Taizu Ling 3 — EF]

Zhu Yuanzhang was a wanted man. The Mongolians had to a degree tolerated his incursions into the Chengdu Basin where he raided freely with an ever increasing band of robbers. But then he raided a provincial town that had a detachment of Mongolian soldiers quartered on its periphery. An entire squadron of nearly a 1000 horse were put to the sword by Zhu Yuanzhang and his 3500 Chinese fighters. They spared no one killing woman and children and all those collaborating with the Mongolians. Such was the terror inspired in the local population of Chinese and fearing reprisals by the Mongolians that the Chinese peasants left the region a deserted landscape.

It was at least a month before word got back to Nanjing and then only as a rumour. Working with the Mongolian army as I was I made it known that I needed to visit the region to assess the needs of the squadron stationed there.

An expedition was put together in Nanjing of some 3000 horse to try to establish the truth about what had happened. This was because the scouts that returned, and there were

many that did not, could only describe a deserted landscape devoid of Mongolians, Chinese and animals.

I was to travel with 2 scribes in the vanguard of this expeditionary force under the command of General Gao. This Mongolian General was typical of his ilk; filled with pride, overbearing in his misplaced assumption of Mongolian superiority built as it was on victories won many decades ago and in a different era. He was also stupid, in that he could not see what confronted him was unique in its nature and therefore should be tackled with great caution.

We travelled with neither flank support and a meagre handful of scouts that were only at most 10 kilometres to the front and 5 kilometres to the side.

Every night was a feast and the spoils for which were gathered from the peasants through whose lands we travelled. If any peasant objected he and his family were put to the sword. This expedition was being prosecuted as if it was an act of war when in fact it more resembled a grand tour by members of the Mongolian aristocracy.

On arriving in the region the scouts reported the deserted nature of the landscape and General Gao was forced to send out 100 man squadrons in all directions. The main body — myself included — arrived in the provincial town just as the light was fading. The eerie atmosphere was compounded by a blood-red moon rising over the hills to the west.

At last General Gao swung into action. He demanded the securing of the town and headquarters to be set up in the earth-ditch compound of the army barracks; the buildings having been destroyed by the Chinese fighters. I was given leave to find accommodation in the town and to have a 5-man bodyguard for myself and my 2 scribes.

A small mansion in its own grounds became our temporary home. I left my scribes and the Mongolian bodyguard to domestic chores and went for a wander through the town. Certain buildings had been fired but remarkably the town was in good condition. Only the absence of people made this just another provincial town the like of which could be found all over central and southern China.

The eyrie atmosphere compounded by the blood-red moon excited my person into a quick pace. That is until I came to a small river some 20 metres across. The bridge that crossed it was constructed in such a way as to give good height and as such an excellent vantage point to view the surrounding town.

As I stood on the apex and surveyed my surroundings I could feel a drifting creeping sensation pass across my skin. There was something ...

The blade marked a line down my back so after its removal I turned around slowly.

Zhu Yuanzhang had changed in that he was older, of course, and the beard he now sported covered much of his deformities. But, it could be no one else.

My smile was returned and he came along side me so now we both looked out over the river and the town.

“You must remember me as Master Pu Ping. Never use my official name which is Shao Deng Ping and always use the sign of ‘The White Crane Rising’.” I illustrated this by raising my arms up into the position of a ‘Y’ allowing the hands to drop away like that of a bird gripping the air at take-off. As we faced each other he mimicked me; we understood each other completely.

“How many?”

“3000 horse led by a donkey.”

“I must lead them into the mountains and to achieve this you must show them the circle of skulls.” Zhu Yuanzhang pointed across the town to what had been a market square and now a burial ground for a 1000 Mongolians, “Soon they will send an army to capture me. You must let me know as much as you can by the use of a Buddhist monk in Nanjing. He was at the same Monastery as me and we were novices together. He now makes a living holding ceremonies for the dead of lay Buddhists. He will be expecting you when the time comes.”

“We will hold to the same truth and accomplish that which is willed by Heaven and Earth and delivered by the Unformed Block.”

“Then let it be so Master Pu Ping.”

And with that he was gone.

General Gao was shaking with rage. A 1000 Mongolian heads on 1000 bamboo stakes in a circle that marked the boundary of a 1000 burnt bodies. Having done my duty and fulfilled my function I returned to Nanjing. I would never see General Gao again.

Chuang Tzu said: Let your mind make excursions in pure simplicity. Identify yourself with non-distinction. Follow the nature of things and admit no personal bias then the world will be at peace.

Kuo Hsiang’s Commentary says: Taoism opposes institutions, rules, laws and government because all these are to impose one idea of good upon the infinite variety of things. The best way to govern the world is not to govern.

★

Chapter 4

Grace

5' 5" tall, weighing in at 73/4 stone, beautiful half-moon breasts with nipples of outstanding quality (chubby and full) and color (mushroom purple), slender waist with curves front and back, equal length of legs and torso, normal legs with rounded bum, oval head, long dark hair parted almost in the middle held back by a ring from which it curled down in a pony tail over her left shoulder passing her breasts, good looking beyond the point of beauty with matching smile, large blue eyes and framed with delicate black eyebrows and long lashes. Stunning.

The knock on the door was repetitive and ascending in force. Once open it was soon open a lot as Chloe's grinning face came in. I was then sent back a couple of feet as she pushed me in, then she followed her push by bouncing in herself.

"Willy, Willy, Willy. This is your lucky day."

"I'd invite you in ... but well ... you would appear to be here already."

I closed the door and turned to find Chloe half sitting half leaning on the back of the sofa. But not for long as she turned and leaning on the back of the sofa dropped her shorts and knickers sticking her bum out.

"Look at my bruise."

"Magnificent. How did you get that?"

"Salcombe Sluts' center back mistook my arse for the ball."

It was impossible for me to ignore especially when she stuck her cheeks out for me to have a better look. I spread her beautiful buttocks with delicate force and gazed on the 'promised land' with the lust of a latter-day Moses. Over she went with a giggling scream and over I went with the battle cry of the 'dirty old man', "Heh, heh, heh." Pronounced in lustful tones.

"Stop, stop, stop." She said as I ripped her knickers, shorts and trainers from her feet.

"Why?"

"Because I've got something important to tell you."

I stopped, surprised.

"Like what?"

"Like, Grace wants a go."

“Does she indeed.”

“And there’s more. Jacky wants to watch.”

My brain has always worked like quick silver, too fast for its own good. But here I was circumspect.

Chloe speculated on my demeanor and the reasons behind it and came to a conclusion that was wrong and at the same time right, “I think it’s a forgone conclusion, you and both of them, don’t you? Should I get my heels on?”

“And bring out the short leather strap.”

This I said with half of my brain while the other half worked the permutations. By the time Chloe got back I had formulated an insightful question, “Why did she ask you to ask me?”

“Because she’s a cunning slag.”

“Get your top off and get bent over.”

The word, the deed.

“She thinks there’s more chance that you’ll say yes if I ask. Ow.”

“Heh, heh, heh.”

As I laid into those magnificent buttocks and the inside of her legs a thought crossed my mind.

“Do you know anything about lesbians?”

“Not really. Ow.”

“Neither do I.”

A squeeze, a nip, a rough rub and she was more grateful than I deserved. I fucked her until she could be fucked no more, and we collapsed over the sofa back until we lay in each other’s arms recovering.

“That’s the only problem. Just how different are they from heroes.”

“How would I know.”

“I could be putting myself in real danger here.”

“I doubt that. Especially as you have agreed to fund them.”

“True, very true. So why not, a new adventure in the ‘skin trade’.”

“Will, I couldn’t stay the night, could I? It would be a freebee.”

The usual activities ensued and she jogged back to Dramness in the morning.

Jacky and Grace arrived in Grace's beat-up old beetle a couple of days later after arrangements had been made.

Jacky took Grace through to the playroom with me tagging on behind.

"Get your kit off and get bent over the padded bar and I'll be back in a moment. I'll just order a takeaway for later."

On my return I was greeted by a wonderful sight: Not only was Grace bent over but Jacky as well.

"And don't 'spare the rod' on this bitch. She only pretends she doesn't like pain."

"Jacky, you know I have sensitive skin."

"Yeah, about as sensitive as a shark's."

I soon shut them up with a display of canning of the highest order. Then the strapping which finally elicited a response from Grace if not from Jacky. It was then that I got to get a close up of Grace's great beauty; it really was worthy of the moniker. There was, of course, a slight look of repulsion on her face but that was hardly surprising. The nipple rings were as familiar to her as they were to Jacky. Once I had them primed it was just a matter of heavy rubbing and forceful dipping. Could I get them to cum off at the same time. It was close but Grace remained a step behind all the way but I think she was used to that arrangement in their sexual relationship. All was going well.

"Will, I want you to tie me in on the padded table and make Grace watch you buggering me."

"Ok. But I've got something special for Grace. A wonderful device that can help her participate in her own sexual satisfaction if not in yours."

The horse or saddle as it was named was a saddle shaped plastic unit with rubber nobbles covering the top of the ridge. It came up between the legs and afforded the woman the freedom of rubbing her pussy on the nobly ridge by flicks of the pelvis. Lubricated with K9 it was a universal wanking machine. It also had attached at the back 2 strong metal poles that had a bar across the top so that a woman could hang from the bar to control the amount of weight to apply to her pussy. Jacky insisted that I tie Grace's hands to the bar and even to tie her feet to the stirrups either side of the saddle. The action was soon employed as I first fucked Jacky then buggered her. Grace was beyond excitement watching Jacky being hammered. I took a moment out to finger Grace and get her to rub her pussy on the saddle's knobbly ridge. I twanged her nipple rings then returned to Jacky who was watching over her right shoulder. It only took a few more thrusts up her arse to get her going and as orgasm followed orgasm Grace was keeping up with Jacky's orgasm count. Then I stopped and pulled out of Jacky before I came. Only now was my wicked plan revealed. The metal poles supporting the bar bent in the middle allowing the bar to stretch out in the horizontal. 2 metal knee restrictors prevented Grace from bending her

knees and allowed me perfect access to her asshole. I gave her a bugging the like of which she could never even have dreamed of before and was delighted that I had given her a series of orgasms she really didn't have control over. I came and after recovery, I released Grace, handing her a rotating head vibrator which she used with relish on Jacky's poor pussy. I was surprised at the violence that Grace applied to both Jacky's vagina and anal passage.

I had to leave them as the takeaway had arrived; reluctant, begrudging and frustrated.

After laying out the Chinese takeaway I called out to the girls and a few minutes later they came in hitting each other.

"You really are a fucking cunt at times. My nipples are virtually dropping off." Said Jacky grabbing a hold of Grace's right breast and twisting it with force.

Grace tried grabbing Jacky's nipples, "You started it when you invited me here."

Now it turned into a real girly fight, pulling hair, scratching and biting.

"Girls, girls. Enough. I thought you two were in love. Or is this lesbian love, and just a sort of friendly argument?"

They stopped.

"Sit down and fill your bellies. You'll feel much better with full stomachs."

They couldn't help but deliver a few blows to each other as they settled down.

"There's a couple of dressing gowns on the back of the sofa. Put them on."

A few more exchanges while dressing then silence as they tucked in to spare ribs, fried noodles, twice fried pork, snapper in yellow bean sauce and fried rice with everything. I eventually laid back and relaxed. Then I was joined by Jacky, who, after jumping over the table, squeezed down between me and the back of the sofa.

"I think you should go back across there and snuggle up with your soul mate."

"No way, she's got to apologize first."

"Grace, could you please apologize so that we can have a sensible discussion on your ideas."

"Fuck off."

"Please."

"It's that skinny arsed wanker who needs to apologize to me." Mimicking. "Oh, you'll love having his cock up your arse. And me, never having been with a man."

"Please, both of you. Or what's the point. Go on." I half picked Jacky up and half through her back across the table and straight into Grace's arms.

“Now kiss and make up.”

To my surprise they did and lay in each other’s arms kissing and caressing and being as affectionate as any couple in love.

Grace eventually spoke to me while retaining eye contact with Jacky, “You shouldn’t take it seriously. We have what you would call a ‘stormy relationship’.”

“Oh good. Now can you give me some of your ideas.”

They both sat up and started picking at the food on the table.

Grace: “Well that’s the problem. We haven’t come up with anything that sounds remotely ... exciting.”

Jacky: “Sorry Will. The problem is ... we don’t know what we’re looking for.”

“But you must have some kind of idea. You are in touch with the zeitgeist of your generation by default. The only contact with that for me is ‘Holly Oaks’.”

“Holly Oaks.” They both laughed in derision.

“I know. That’s how far I’m removed from your situation. And the writers on that program are almost certainly in their 30s.”

“And it shows.”

“You do have to respect the fact that at least they deal with the issues. What I find so disturbing about ‘Holly Oaks’ is that all of the characters put family loyalty above integrity. I don’t know if this is the general trend in all ‘soap operas’ but if it is then our civilization is definitely on the slide and in for a quick decent to ‘La, La, Land.’”

“Not necessarily. I think what our generation demands these days is to know the full story. Not just the rights and wrongs of any situation but all the background to the situation. Isn’t that real progress in society. And I think that’s what most ‘soap operas’ are about. Teaching us there is no black and white but only shades of grey.”

Jacky and myself looked at Grace with surprise.

“Shades of color more like.” Says Jacky as an afterthought.

“Shades of color. Now there’s an interesting concept. Bring me a good idea based around that concept and I’ll gladly fund you.”

The girls are ecstatic and hug each other with sheer joy. While I was having one of those moments characterized by what is often called the ‘Included Middle’. This is a theory proposing that logic has a 3-part structure. The 3-parts are the positions of asserting something, the negation and a third position that is neither or both. A term of logic is needed to describe this third position, hence the ‘Included Middle’. It was this state that I

had now entered and the result of which was, “There’s a strange connection here between shades of color and the complexity of economics.”

“What?” They said in unison.

“Economics is not a singular subject. It is a nexus of subjects, including Of self-organisation, social organization, psychology, geography, geologic commodities, engineering, technology, business management, industrial organization, money as a medium of exchange, investment, ownership, property rights, law, culture and many more related subjects. As a result, economics is a nexus.” (see Part 2: Civilization Appendix 2)

“What?”

“All those subjects are colors and the complexity of each of the subjects and their interconnections are the shades. Don’t worry about it. It’s just that your bright idea might have many applications that you haven’t even thought of ... yet”

“Are we bright or what.” Says Jacky to an ecstatic Grace.

“Now get your sweet arses across here and give me a blow job. There’s nothing like an after-dinner blow job to round a good feast off.”

“I’ll have to show her how, Will. Because she hasn’t done it before.”

“Excellent.”

And it was, especially when they finished me off by putting their lips either side of my cock and ran them up and down the shaft until I sprayed the air with squirming semen. Both girls pulled faces as they pulled the gooey white stuff out of their hair.

Grace’s beauty was even more pronounced this close up. The big hank of blond hair that hung down over her left shoulder in one single ringlet was wrong. It didn’t match her eyebrows which were jet black.

“Have you dyed your hair?”

“I needed a change.”

“She had the most beautiful raven hair. Then spent a fortune having it dyed professionally.”

“Now I see it. I would have seen it earlier if her hair had been black. Your parents or perhaps your grandparents were from northern West Bengal, correct?”

“My grandmother was from Siliguri. That’s in West Bengal.”

“How wonderful. I’ve written a short story called ‘The Sugar Cane Wallahs of Siliguri. It’s from my short story collection ‘Only In India’. In it I describe the beauty of the women in Siliguri in some detail, because it is so noticeable. And here, in Grace’s face we have a perfect example.”

Jacky took Grace’s face in her hands, “It makes me sick how good-looking she is.”

“I can’t help how I look. And besides you’re not so bad looking yourself.”

“No she is not. Boyish good looks but very attractive. Just think if you had to look like me.”

Grace: “Yeah but it doesn’t matter because you’re a man.”

Jacky: “As ugly as you are Will. I much prefer your ugliness to those pretty boy posers you see in boy-bands”

“Well that’s good to know.”

“But isn’t beauty in the eye of the beholder, anyway?” Added Jacky.

“Both.” I said with a certain finality. “Shall we retire to the playroom and see if we can’t break some records.”

Jacky: “Can we get dressed up?”

“Oh joy.”

And so it was that we indulged in fantasies with a definite lesbian theme for the rest of the night.

* * * * *

[Da Ming Taizu Ling 4 — EF]

The disappearance of General Gao with all of his men, all of their armour and weapons and most crucially of all, his horses, had concentrated the minds of the Mongolian high command in Beijing to the level that they looked on this occurrence as an act of insurrection.

They had weighed the odds. They had studied the most likely region for the occurrence — the Shaluli Shan mountain range — with increased certitude, not least because the squadrons they had dispatched to uncover General Gao’s whereabouts had all disappeared in that most difficult of terrains.

It had eventually been decided that a Full Army Group of near 40,000 horse would need to be assembled. The place for this logistical ‘nightmare’ would be Nanjing. And the person placed in charge would be the Quarter Master General Sefif Khan a friend of the Emperor.

At his side and in charge of the acquisition of provisions the noble Chinese Scholar-Official Shao Deng Ping. Are such the great moments of history made. I jest not.

Acquiring provisions for a Full Army Group is not lightly undertaken. There simply wasn't enough in the region around Nanjing. Nor could any be brought down from Beijing as that city being the capital of China was like the empty stomach of a giant; goods went in and never came out. That left the Eastern Province and all the regions south of the Yangtze.

I had to convince the Quarter Master General that I needed to visit these regions to assess the task before me first hand. He could see the merit in my proposal and also the advantage in having someone to blame if things went wrong. What he couldn't see was the advantage for my good self in that it afforded me the opportunity to meet up with all the other Chinese Scholar-Officials of high rank and the very men that ran the country with such proficient professionalism. The very existence of these civil-servants never appeared in the mindscape of their Mongolian overlords let alone their loyalty.

Within 6 months I had sounded out all of these Scholar-Officials and but for 3 lost to Mongolian flattery and soon lost to their positions of power by the expediency of death by 'misadventure'. I was confidently in charge of a body of men whose purpose was the polar-opposite of that of the Mongolians.

We busied ourselves in preparation both in the acquisition of provisions for the Full Army Group and at the same time in making contact with the various bandit groups that were now appearing because of the success of Zhu Yuanzhang in defeating the Mongolian overlords with such mysterious ease.

Zhu Yuanzhang had dispersed his small army of 10,000 men to the edges of the Chengdu Basin where they united local militias. And it was in this way that the army that the Mongolians were seeking now numbered near to 300,000 and had the Full Army Group surrounded.

The reader must understand that during the Song Dynasty and to a large extent in other periods the Chinese farmers had been asked to act as a People's Army. During the Song the famous Prime Minister Wang Angshi had proposed such a People's Army but had been turned down by the farmers that would have made it up. They said it was too much to ask the farmers to not only feed China and also to carry out the great projects such as the digging of the canals as directed by governments but were now also to be given the burden of fighting in China's defence.

I myself, had taken part in debates in a previous life with such notables as Ssuma Kuang on this very subject. My head had been for Wang Angshi's proposal but my heart had not.

And later, in another life, I again could see the rationale taken by the Emperor Lizong in that it was a sensible proposal but impossible to implement as the farmers were so much against it.

How the farmers must have rued their decision as under the yoke of Mongolian rule they had suffered more than any.

For 1000s of years Chinese farmers had protected themselves from bandits by the expedience of local militias. The use of long bamboo poles sharpened to a deadly point and supplemented by metal agricultural tools had served them well. It was these militias that Zhu Yuanzhang now used as the bases of a People's Army.

The Mongolian Army finding nothing in front of them attacked the sides of their encirclement only to find themselves lured into defensive positions of great strength that quickly closed around them and where the cavalry tactics of the Mongolians were of little use against the long bamboo poles of the Chinese militias. Horse and man skewed without mercy the Full Army Group was soon slaughtered to extinction.

Zhu Yuanzhang now turned his attention to Nanjing.

Chuang Tzu said: If this man who is awkward in his bodily appearance was still able to make his living and complete his term of existence, how much more may the hero who is awkward in his virtue?

Kuo Hsiang's Commentary says: The perfect man is useless to others, but everything is useful to itself. So the perfect man lets everything have its own achievement and name, while he himself is mingled with things without distinction. Therefore he is free from the harms of the human world and always receives the real benefit. This is he who is awkward in his virtue.

*

Chapter 5

Long Tall Sally

5' 11" tall, weighing in at 9 stone, large based flat breasts with nipples (pale pink) to match, slender waist slender torso, long slender legs, slender bum, short blond hair 'pageboy' style parted almost in the middle held back behind her ears, good looking for a flat face, blue eyes and framed with delicate eyebrows and long lashes.

"Long Tall Sally is beautiful
She got everything off the god damn knee
Oh Baby
Oooo Baby
Oooo ooo Baby
Gona have some fun tonight"

Little Richard — Classic Rock and Roll

Chloe brought Sally around by taxi and not just because she wanted to pick up her finder's fee but because Sally was still a bit unsure that this was a good idea; selling her sexual favors to a stranger.

I was surprised by her attractiveness - attractive to me, that is. Her face showed an intelligent outlook in that she was observing, not just me but everything inside of the house including my full-size copy of Rembrandt's 'The Night Watch'.

"Sally's a bit uncertain about all of this. She wants me to sort of break the ice."

"If at any stage you want to change your mind, all you have to do is tell me. I'm not here to give you a hard time. And as Chloe will tell you if it's not good for you it certainly isn't good for me."

"It's OK. She's already told me about what turns you on."

"Oh good. Any questions?"

"Fantasies. I can't see me acting out your fantasies let alone mine."

"Come through and have a look at my playroom. It's my fantasy. So if you don't like it, this need go no further."

We moved on through. Sally worked her way around the room in a clockwise direction examining all the devices with almost forensic analysis ending up at the cane and belt rack where she examined all the canes and belts with great scrutiny.

"It is true then, you really can give any woman a good orgasm?"

"Of course. Chloe here will vouch for that."

“I already have.”

“Okay. I’ll give it a go.”

“When you are ready get your kit off and put some heels on.”

Chloe and I moved back into the living room.

Half whispering, “I think she’s here more for the sex than the money. She told me she’d never had a proper orgasm in her entire life.”

“Then it’s her lucky day.”

“Give her a good time, Will. She’s a nice girl and deserves a normal sex life.”

“Will do. Now, let me get you your finder’s fee.”

A hug and a kiss and Chloe was gone via the waiting taxi. I walked back through to the play room to find a naked Sally leaning on the padded bar. She bent over without me asking but I still had to adjust her position. I got her to stretch out those long legs extra wide and keeping her feet positioned directly under the bar I got her to stick her bum out an extra foot. What a difference that made. She didn’t have large buttocks and in pushing her bum out those buttocks moved to the side revealing her pussy in flat-pack display. A remarkable sight of erotic stimulation. I was going to really enjoy this encounter.

“I won’t use the cane on your buttocks as they have almost disappeared. A number 3 belt will have to suffice for both your bottom and the inside of your legs.”

I quickly went to work and noticed the little jumps when the belt fell full on her clit. I then worked her breasts by giving them my rough attention. Finishing up by going deep into these ‘flat pancakes’ to find the base of her nipples. She cried out a little but didn’t move. I quickly moved back to that magnificent spread and applied my fingers to her clit. It only took a few strokes to have her moaning and a few more to have her cum off with high vocal accompaniment. Then I was onto her and shagged her brains out to a series of orgasms that drained her energy very quickly. Obviously, as she hadn’t had orgasms before, it was going to be a shock to her system. I took pity on her and came before I needed to and left her prone and still draped over the bar.

“Come through when you’re ready. But leave your heels on. I find your extra height most appealing ... oh, and there’s a dressing gown on the rack.”

Kedgerree is one of the classic dishes of the world. The secrets of which I will now reveal. I was taught by an Anglo-Indian woman in the state of Karnataka on the west coast of India. The smoked fish - I have found that basa is even better than haddock for this purpose - must be fried in butter ghee with onions. The pilau rice with large sultanas is then added once the fish is cooked. Traditionally it is served up with vegetable curry but I prefer sag aloo where the potatoes are centimeter cubes and the spinach is cooked in curd and also chhana dal with 1-centimeter cubes of paneer. The pilau rice, sag aloo and chhana dal with paneer have to be prepared previously and reheated before serving.

I was half way through cooking Kedgeree when Sally came in. I could tell there was something wrong because she lent on the end of the preparation counter in the middle of the kitchen and put her head on her folded arms.

“Put out the plates and knives and forks and then you can microwave those two dishes standing next to it; 2 minutes will be enough. Then in that unit” I pointed “you will find chutneys and relishes that you can put out as well.”

She did what was asked of her but was moving around like a zombie. Nor could she eat; just moving the food around on her plate.

“You really must eat something. It will change your mood and believe me you need to have your mood changed.”

“I’m not hungry.”

She then promptly broke into tears and sobbed in heaving sighs.

“Oh hell. Come on, come and have a cuddle.”

She climbed across the table and found her way into my arms with a new wave of emotion.

“Come on then, tell me what’s wrong.”

“You. You are what’s wrong.”

“How come. You didn’t have orgasms before and now you not only have orgasms but you have multiple orgasms.”

“Yes, but look who is doing this. You! A dirty old man.”

She sat up and put her legs across my body. She was angry.

“You’re a rich, dirty, perverted, old man. How on earth will I ever get a normal boyfriend? When the only way I can get off is by taking part in your perverted fantasies.”

“No, no, no. It’s not like that at all. Once you get a boyfriend and you and him love each other then it won’t be a problem telling him about the procedure. Not only will it work for you with him but he’ll probably really enjoy it as much as I do. What turns me on and just about every other man is when a woman gets turned on. So, you’re worrying about nothing. Obviously, you’re upset at the moment because your nervous system has just had a massive shock. All those orgasms have overloaded the circuits. It’s confusing your thinking processes. Give it time to calm down. Have something to eat. Then normality will return faster and the normal stasis resumed. Believe me I’ve seen this before.”

“But I just want to have more sex.” She shouted at me, “Sick perverted sex with a dirty old man. A rich and powerful man who has power over me.”

At first I was confused by this outburst but then took it at face value, that is, as a request, “Okay then.”

I stuck my fingers into her pussy to find her clit still hard. She spread her legs remarkably wide bringing them back over my body. Then a thought struck me.

“Are you double jointed?”

A weak affirmation in the form of a facial expression was all I needed.

“Here, get those legs behind your neck.”

I knelt on the floor and helped her get her legs behind her neck, thus exposing her pussy in the most delightful way. Then I was on her like a wild animal. The lust was extraordinary and I fucked her fucking brains out with her eventually having orgasms with every thrust. What a blast.

“Come on, let’s take this to its ultimate conclusion. You have to be buggered anyway so why not now.”

I grabbed her arm and dragged her back into the playroom. I sat her down on the water tube attached to the bidet and with her ability to stretch her legs at 180 degrees this was the most erotic cleansing of an anal passage I’d ever had. Dragging her off the bidet I pushed her onto the fucking chair - a device especially made for me so that standing I could fuck any woman - it had curved loops so that I could keep the legs back but these weren’t needed with Sally as she could keep them back by placing them behind her neck. I was soon into her with my lubrication device and then once fully lubricated I was on her again thrusting all the way up to her u-bend. Each cry of pain was followed by an orgasm. She could not look away as my cock disappeared up to the hilt. Her orgasms increased until she finally passed out with me spraying my load into oblivion.

I picked her up and lay her on the bed where she passed from unconsciousness into sleep. I left her to recover.

“What a find.” Is all that I could think.

Two hours later she wandered in and curled up beside me. She kissed me full on the mouth and we exchanged some pleasant affection.

“You, are a fucking nightmare. You do know that?”

“I only mean to please.”

She suddenly sat up, “I’m hungry, really, really hungry.”

“I made a plate up for you. Its in the microwave. Give it 1 and 1/2 minutes.”

She sat on the other side and ate until the plate was clean then collapsed back resting her head on the arm of the sofa using a cushion to find a comfortable position. Then after a while.

“What’s this you’re watching?”

“It’s an old ‘Blue Planet’ episode. Notice how those crabs all look the same. But if you look carefully you’ll notice that there are variations in the markings. A bit like with women’s breasts. They are all the same but in fact are all different.”

“Phenotypical plasticity.”

“How do you know about phenotypical plasticity?”

“Didn’t Chloe tell you, I’m doing biology at Uni.”

“Excellent. Evolution is one of the key elements in the major theme of my writing.”

“Which is?”

“The ‘Nature of Reality’.”

Sally laughed, “Doesn’t that include everything.”

“Unfortunately, you’re right. Hence why I have ended up a polymath. And a polymath ...”

“Is a person who knows a lot of things about a lot of things.”

“It’s true you can’t cover everything that makes up the ‘Nature of Reality’. But what is possible is a narrative that hangs lots of the elements together in a comprehensive explanation to give - particularly young people - a starting point. I’m doing this because I didn’t have a clue when I was young and I want to produce a work which I would have found helpful as a teenager. And, I’ve done it by mainly using the novel as the delivery. Of course, I have used factual elements where they are called for but most of my writing is ‘Fict’. That is, it is mostly fiction with added factual material.”

“Say again.”

“Fiction, Fict, Faction and Fact. These are the 4 forms of writing.”

“According to who?”

“Well me of course. Fiction is pure make believe. Fict is mostly fiction with a few facts thrown in. Faction is mostly facts with fiction embroidering the truth; politicians are great Factionists. And pure Fact that academics are supposed to deliver. You see how useful all this would be for a young person setting off in life. I was forced to learn all these things for myself. How much easier it would have been if someone had been able to hand me ‘The Path and The Way’ in my teens.”

“‘The Path and The Way’?”

“The name of my Masterwork on the ‘Nature of Reality’.”

“Where did you start?” She said while sitting up to pay more attention.

“With God of course. The Creator.”

“I don’t believe it.” She said with incredulity, “You believe in God?”

“God as Creator, yes. But it’s the definition of God that makes all the difference.”

I could see the confusion on that very attractive face.

“My definition is that God is a primordial state. Just like Ed Witton’s energy field in flux. Or like Shao Yong and Zhou Dun-i’s ‘Chi’ in a state of random chaos. Or for that matter St. Augustine’s ‘Omni- present, Omni-Potent and Infinite. The primordial state is what brings universes into being including our own. But this is not done by any willed direction but simply by pure chance because that is the nature of the of the primordial state: Random Chaos; an Energy Field in Flux. This is of course where most religions get it wrong. They think it is willed direction and willed direction by their God. The religions known as ‘The Children of Abraham’, Judaism, Christianity and Islam, have this willed direction as the definition of their God. And you can see where that definition of God has led to — nothing but conflict. Just look at the state of those regions — like the Middle-east — that think there is a willed God and you can see nothing but conflict. Which is hardly surprising as these religions are all based on interpretations of what other human beings have said. This willed God they believe in has supposedly spoken to human beings; almost certainly schizophrenic episodes. Then on top of that, what God supposedly said was then interpreted by men at the time then through every era since. No wonder there is and has been nothing but conflict and violence. Ignorance. It is all down to ignorance my dear Sally. Just like the Buddha said; there is only ignorance and knowledge”

“This, I suppose, being the difference between the Eastern Religions and the ‘Children of Abraham’ ones.”

“I think there is a bit more to it than that. Eastern mystical traditions are based on consciousness. Take Theravada Buddhism: they split reality into the Infinite Consciousness and the Individual Consciousness. They even have a ceremony where the Individual Consciousness is melded back into the Infinite Consciousness with Enlightenment being the goal. The unification of the finite with the infinite. They use the Buddha as the means to that end. He becomes the vehicle by which this melding is achieved. You can still participate in this ritual, in Thailand, even today. So you can see the difference; Buddhists can know God by melding their Individual Consciousness with the Infinite Consciousness. Where in the ‘Children of Abraham’ religions this knowledge of God is considered a blasphemy. Except of course for the Sufis who have many mystical practices. But, unfortunately, your orthodox Islamists consider them heretics. That terrible attack on a Sufi Mosque that took place in northern Sinai recently is a good example of orthodox Islam’s intolerance of mystical practice. Getting to know God by means of melding your consciousness with God’s is heretical and not to be tolerated. This is ignorance on the mega-scale.”

“And how do you know all of this? Someone must have told you.”

“Many Mystical practitioners taught me their Mystical practises which allow the acquisition of Mystical knowledge by direct revelation. Consequently, Mystical traditions make up half of my knowledge base; the other half is made up of rationality and the scientific method. I have learned as much about the Nature of Reality from consciousness and the Mystical Traditions as I have from reason and science. Don’t knock it.”

“You must have experienced God? Which sounds a bit far-fetched to my scientific ears.”

“Indeed. But then, it is every one’s birthright. And when you see it from this perspective you can see just how wrong the orthodox religions are and that goes for your scientific skepticism as well. I had my first experience when I was a young teenager. It’s more common than you would think. Did you know that 1/3 of Homo Sapiens believe they’ve had Mystical experiences?”

“What induced this experience? There must have been something.”

“By simply looking up into a clear night sky full of stars and contemplating the Infinite. Give it a try. You never know your luck.”

Sally was looking at me with suspicion and not wanting to get into an argument on a subject that is not open to a simple polemic or a short and easy explanation, I decided to change the subject.

“You just might be the person I’m looking for. If you are doing biology at Uni then you would have to have a keen interest in evolution. Correct?”

“Yeah of course.”

“So here’s a question for you about your recent experiences. What evolutionary reason can there be for the difference between men and women’s sexual experience? Men and women’s sexual experience are both based around the orgasm but women as you have now experienced are capable of multiple orgasms but men cannot. Why?”

“I suppose it goes back to the very beginning when sex began. That’s 800 million years ago. One sex specialized more in competing for mates and the other more in caring for offspring and this was because only one sex was able to inherit the mitochondria; the power house of cells.”

“The female?”

“Yes. So females bodies invest in fat, resource laden eggs while males invest in aggressive wiry sperm that are in competition for the vital resource that women provide. Then over evolutionary time this divergence widened in every reproducing species. And these are distinct adaptations for the different sexes which are either competitors, males, or carers, females. The differences are there for all to see in our bodies, brains and their mental attributes, and in our behavior.”

“Wow. Is this recent knowledge?”

“Fairly.”

“And its all down to the fact that only one sex can inherit the mitochondria.”

“Yes, if you want to put it like that. Haven’t you noticed that men and women have different conceptions of what is success. I hate to generalize but women like to get on with each other whereas men are in permanent competition. But there is a dark side to all this. And

that is in how women chose mates. Sexually most women are attracted to aggressive successful men. And men are attracted to submissive women.”

“Are you like that?”

“That’s why I was so upset. It wasn’t just your procedure that got me going, it’s the fact that you’re rich and powerful. It does turn me on and I know it.”

“Wow. But surely knowing that its biological means you can’t help it.”

“I suppose. But wanting to be dominated isn’t very edifying is it?”

“Ah, but it is only sex we’re talking about. As much as I want to dominate women sexually doesn’t mean I want to dominate women in other ways. It’s just a matter of compartmentalizing. If I can do it, so can you.”

“I suppose.”

“But then there’s the difference between men and women’s orgasms. Women can have multiple orgasms men can’t. Has this happened in more recent times. Since homo sapiens became homo sapiens proper.”

“They’re still arguing about when that happened. 40,000 years ago, 80,000 years ago, 120,000 years ago. Take your pick.”

“You don’t think it could have happened inside of the last 7,000 years since the evolutionary process moved into cultural evolution?”

“I would have thought it highly unlikely. But you never can tell. I would have thought it would have stemmed from a time when we were polyandrous. But we haven’t seen much of that in the last 7,000 years. What we have seen is polygamy and monogamy.”

“Yeah, that’s about right but when were we ever polyandrous?”

“Possibly when we were hunter gathers. In Chinese history the founder of civilization was this semi-mythical character, Fu Shin 2400 BCE. And he supposedly invented civilization by inventing marriage. It would appear that before then women were centered in villages and grew some crops while gathering from the local forests. The men lived separately in the forest and brought the spoils of hunting into the women’s village where they exchanged meat for the sexual favors of the women. This wasn’t much good in terms of civilization because the men didn’t know who their children were. By inventing marriage where women were owned by men and had their sexual nature constrained by the men, who then, had a stake in society because they knew who their children were. Thus, they could plan for the future because they were passing everything on to their sons. One can easily see how this could develop into civilization.”

“And enslave women.”

“That is correct. It remained the same until the end of the Tang Dynasty in the late 10th century of the CE when women were finally given property rights. For 3500 years women were basically property owned by men.”

“There are a lot of men who wish it was like that now.”

“Certainly, in a lot of Middle-eastern countries that is still the case today. But you really can't think that in western countries women are in that position. Western men support women's equality.”

“Some do.”

“Most of us do.” I said with conviction.

“Really.” Sally said with more than a hint of sarcasm.

Not wishing to get bogged down in a ‘me too’ debate, I move the conversation along, “And then there is ... love. When did that evolve? Parents love their children and that goes back a very long time indeed. Monkeys and apes show distinct signs of love towards their children. But then that evolved into love for another adult. When did that happen?”

“Romantic love is almost the default setting for our emotional life.”

“Precisely. And of course, isn't that changing or beginning to change right now. I have experienced romantic love and know it to be a powerful and painful experience. I know just how this has changed in me. You wouldn't get me going down that track again. It's so much better just to shag lots of beautiful young women. All of the pleasure without any of the pain.”

“That's a typical male point of view.” Sally said with force before being interrupted ...

CRASH

“What the fuck was that!?” We both said almost in unison.

Sally and I were in motion, we both ended up kneeling on my sofa after Sally had vaulted the table in a single bound. The noise had come from upstairs and even now there was muffled banging coming from that direction.

“Aren't you going to see what it is?”

“Look Sally, I've been a coward all my life so don't expect me to go. You're a brave girl why don't you go and besides you're bigger than me.”

“It's probably only a door that's been blown open by the wind.”

“Excellent. So off you go then.”

“If I go you're coming with me.”

“I suppose it's a good idea. In horror movies it's usually bad news when people decide to split up.”

“Well come on then.” Sally was annoyed.

“After you. After all you present a bigger figure.”

Sally reluctantly led the way upstairs. The stairs were situated past the ‘Night Watch’ on that side of the house. Comprised of 2 flights with a dog-leg in the middle. The bed rooms were off a long landing and the noises we could hear were coming from one directly over the living room.

“Perhaps we should come back later when we’re fully tooled up.” I said in a cowardly whisper.

“Wimp.”

Sally pushed on the door and with difficulty entered. The double-glazed door to the balcony was thrown open with the doors still flapping because of the strong wind blowing into the room. Sally switched on the light to reveal the full situation. I examined the bolt which had held the doors in place and could see where the bolts ‘housing’ had ripped the wood out. There wasn’t even a bolt on the bottom so it was hardly a surprise that the single bolt had eventually given in to such extreme pressure.

“Close the doors shut and I’ll block it with this chest of draws.”

We eventually had them closed and leaned against the chest to get a firm fix after using a fold up chair as a wedge.

“In horror movies this is when the psycho can be heard down stairs.”

To our surprise we could hear something. And yes, it was coming from down stairs.

“I knew it, I knew it. The psycho has got in and is now waiting for us.”

“Don’t be ridiculous. The wind has probably blown things about once we opened the door to this bedroom.”

“Then after you.”

Sally led the way with me bringing up the rear.

As we entered the living room a figure leaped up from behind the sofa on the far side wearing a cape. Scaring the bejesus out of both of us. But now giggling could be heard from behind the cape. Giggling that I recognized for none other than old rubber tits herself.

“And what are you doing here?”

“I thought I would just drop in to see how things were going.”

“You jogged here at this time of night?”

“I couldn’t sleep and wondered if you might need a helping hand. Perhaps a third party to spice things up. Willy had such a good time with Jacky and Grace that I thought perhaps another threesome might just be the thing to break the ice.”

“Willy and I are getting along just fine without your input.”

“I have to agree with Sally. Besides a few ‘teething problems’ this girl has proven to be a most erotic partner. So you can bugger off.”

Chloe looked as well as sounded disappointed, “Oh. I really thought I was on to a winner.”

I turned to Sally, “Is this what you think? Or ...” Turning to Chloe, “Is it all to do with money.”

“Oh, Will, that’s just not true.”

I whipped the cape off her and taking her by the arm took her outside where the strong wind had been joined by horizontal rain.

“Aren’t you going to offer me a ride home.”

“No I am not. I want to make sure you don’t repeat the same mistake again. What’s the matter can’t you find me anymore girls?”

“I might have one, she’s thinking about it.

“Jolly good. So I’ll see you on the successful completion of your mission.”

I went inside and Chloe sped off at speed.

“Do you really think we’re doing alright?”

“Excellent.” I said, “I must put you on the payroll. I’ll fund you to do a masters degree if you can find out about the separation of male and female orgasms and why. Deal.”

“Deal.” She said with real enthusiasm.

Then we indulged in sex with her bent over so her head stuck out between her legs and with me using a rotating head vibrator while she sucked me off

* * * * *

[Da Ming Taizu Ling 5 — EF]

Nanjing was a city of 1/2 a million counting those both inside the city walls and those outside; it was at this time the biggest city in the world.

Zhu Yuanzhang had entered inside the city walls with 5000 of his best fighters long before the annihilation of the Mongolian army in the Chengdu basin was complete. They had entered in many different disguises and had taken up their pre-arranged places with Chinese citizens with loyalty to the insurrection. Another 5000 had taken up their positions outside the walls. Both groups were positioned near the main gates as at the pre-arranged time they were to spring into action. Taking the gates and holding them open until the militias from the countryside could sweep in and overpower the Mongolian soldiers guarding the city; some 20,000 men in all.

The barracks of the Mongolian Army stationed some 20 kilometres from Nanjing north of the Yangtze consisting of 20,000 horse were surrounded by the militias of the north and although several attempts were made to break out only one was successful. The 4000 horse were massacred on the banks of the river and never played any part in the battle for Nanjing.

The main fighting took place around the 3 gates on the Qinhuai River; the Yongji, the Sanshan and the Jubao on the main branch of the Qinhuai River. However the main force of the militia, at a fast approaching dawn, came out of the Zhongshan Mountains and swept past the Xuanwu Lake taking the Taiping Gate with overwhelming force and pouring through the city turned close fought battles on the other 3 gates to victories. Another Zhu Yuanzhang tactical Masterwork.

His justice was swift. All Mongolians were put to the sword as were all those Chinese whose close collaboration had made them despised by their fellow Chinese. How many account-settling massacres took place will never be known; thousands and possibly tens of thousands. Such atrocities are inevitable in such times when resentments born of decades find expression in a matter of days.

The whole exercise had taken less than 3 days. The head count close to 100,000. And all of this was achieved before the battle of the Chengdu Basin was complete.

We had met on a regular bases — Zhu Yuanzhang and myself — since he had moved into Nanjing. He had disguised himself as a Tibetan Buddhist monk; a role he could play to perfection as he had been taught at the monastery where he grew up by such a man, and who, coming from the 'Black Hat' sect, sported a beard. A disguise detail that was essential for Zhu Yuanzhang as his facial features were well known to the Mongols by the time of the battle of the Chengdu Basin.

We met in various locations throughout the city but in particular at the main gates. Our talks were mainly ones of intelligence gathering in the south but we supplemented this with intelligence gathering on the gates into and out of Nanjing.

It had been agreed earlier while in preparation for the arrival of the Full Army Group — a time when I was gathering provisions for the campaign — that a full meeting of the Scholar-Officials of the highest rank from all over southern and eastern china should meet. Supposedly to arrange for the provisions for the campaign but in fact to agree a momentous decision: The Invocation of the 'Mandate of Heaven' in support of Zhu Yuanzhang. This had been carried without decent as it was already recognized that he was a 'man of destiny'. Indeed, I played no small part in this.

After this meeting the Scholar-Officials returned to their regions and contacted the local headmen and village elders and told them of the decision to both remove the 'Mandate of Heaven' from the present Emperor and hand it to Zhu Yuanzhang. This welcome decision was accompanied by the setting up in secret of local militias trained in particular to destroy a mounted enemy. And so it was that the south and east of China were ready to play their part in the Great Insurrection.

It was a happy day when I conveyed this news to Zhu Yuanzhang and we embraced as one Uncarved Block. As One in the Unformed Block. United forever in the destiny of a China freed of the yoke of the Mongols.

Chuang Tzu said: In dealing with other men and other things, we should let them alone without interfering with them; in dealing with ourselves we should also let the different bodily functions alone without interfering with them.

Kuo Hsiang's Commentary says: The feet that walk, let them walk. The hands that can hold, let them hold. Hear what is heard by your ears. See what is seen by your eyes. Let your knowledge stop at what you do not know. Let your ability stop at what you cannot do. This is the most easy matter of non-action. When you are in accordance with the principle of non-action, your life cannot but be perfect. Life in perfection is nothing but happiness. Happiness is the perfection of life.



Chapter 6

Slack Alice

5' 5" tall, weighing in at 91/4 stone, medium based protruding breasts with nipples (dark brown) to match, slender waist rounded torso, slightly longer torso to leg length, legs with slightly knocking knees, rounded bum, long brown slightly frizzy hair, parted almost in the middle and while at work has it tied back in a pony tail, good looking for a mouth that is slightly pouting because of a big 'overbite', brown eyes framed with large dark eyebrows. Strangely attractive, which hides a dual nature; dark and sweet.

Queensford is another small town in 'The Hams', a bit smaller than Dramness but similar in that it is situated on small steep hills next to a creek which is part of an estuary. From my small estate it is not much further to travel to than it is to travel to Dramness. It has the advantage of having a 'Starbucks' coffee house which Dramness does not. Two of the girls that work in 'Starbucks' had long raised my interest; Lorna Doom and Slack Alice. We will get to meet Lorna in my next Chapter. But I can only get to her because of Alice.

I would have approached Alice long before I did but for the fact that 'Starbucks' is very busy with customers and it has several members of staff. However, on one day, she was alone behind the counter and there were only a few customers well out of earshot.

'So Alice how would you like to make a £1000?'

"Doing what?"

I handed her a copy of 'The Contract', "My telephone number is on the bottom if you're interested. Same goes for Lorna."

She shoved it in her pocket without looking as she was finishing off my takeaway order. By the time she had finished there were customers and two other members of staff behind the counter.

A few days later I had a call; she wanted to come and talk to me about it. To my surprise she arrived by scooter and once inside having removed her helmet she launched into an unexpected monologue.

"You do realize that you have laid yourself open to ridicule and even perhaps blackmail by giving me that contract or whatever it is."

"I don't care. I'm too rich to care. I'm a 'dirty old man' and that's just the truth."

It sprung forth like a rainbow in a hailstorm; a smile I had never seen before which transformed her face into something of great beauty.

"I like your gall. And, yes, I probably would."

"I heard mentioned that you might have a boyfriend."

“Oh, he’s not a problem. What he doesn’t know can’t hurt him.”

“You play by the French rule: affairs don’t count as long as nobody knows.”

“Something like that.”

“How will you arrange it?”

“Easy. We both still live with our parents so we can save money to buy a flat. So we often don’t spend the night together.”

“Excellent. So when can we do the ‘dirty’?”

“Probably on Thursday, I’ll give you a ring.”

“And Lorna?”

“You might be in luck there. She just finished with her boyfriend and that horse of hers needs another operation.”

“Excellent.”

That smile again, then she was gone.

Then she was back looking like a naughty school girl who has just been found out kissing one of the boys behind the garden shed. Oh yes, there was some naughtiness in this girl. They say it’s always the quiet ones and if there’s some truth in that statement then Alice would be prime evidence.

In the playroom she turned to me, “Will, I’m feeling a bit embarrassed about taking my clothes off in front of you.”

“It’s easy, you do it just like this.”

And with that I started ripping off my clothes. She did the same once she realized what I was doing. Then without thinking, naked, she ran into my arms, giggling.

After a hug and a kiss, “Go and put some heels on. And some lipstick if you want.”

She hadn’t noticed the theatrical setup until that moment. But now turned her full attention to it. Flame Red.

Bent over the padded bar I soon put an end to her giggling fit. This girl was sensitive to pain so I lessened my play on her rounded bum and got on with the leather belt.

As she stood up she rubbed her backside, “That really hurt.”

“Come on, get bent over that bar.”

“You’re not going to do it again?”

“No, I’m just going to see how your breasts hang.”

I was soon down in front of her squeezing those delightful breasts and then nipping those perfect nipples. And even though I used less force she still complained. Back to the rear and I spread those rounded cheeks and fringed her unmercifully until she came. Her furry mot was extended the full length of her pussy but there was no muff down her legs so it didn’t affect my excitement too much. Bending over her I entered while squeezing those, now hard nipples, and gave her a good rogering until we both came in double quick-time like we were in competition on a reality quiz show.

“How you with anal sex?”

“I let my boyfriend do it on birthdays and special occasions.” Then as an afterthought.

“Why do men like bugging women.”

“It’s a power thing. Monkeys do it and female monkeys do it to show subservience.”

I took her by the hand and took her over to the bidet. There was something very arousing about the way she kept her knees together while going up and down on the metal tube. I had to search for her clit with my fingers because I couldn’t see it, I couldn’t even see her slit and just a few strands of her beard. It was all too much and with legs akimbo I straddled her in that sitting position and shoved my cock into her mouth to unload.

I gave her another orgasm on the bed and one over the padded table and another three on the fucking stool. We then retired to the living room for a well-earned rest.

Then came the food, homemade lasagna, then conversation which took a surprising turn.

“Will, are we going to be doing this all night?”

“Pretty much, but there will be plenty of sleep. So you won’t be tired tomorrow at work.”

“I don’t normally spend a whole night with one of my fancy men. It’s usually a quick shag and, well, that’s it.”

“Is it a problem?”

“I suppose it is.”

She was looking decidedly worried, “I suppose ... I’m feeling guilty.”

“Guilty?”

“I don’t do this all the time you know. And when I do it’s usually on the spur of the moment when the situation makes it possible. But this is ... different.”

“Well, you don’t have to do it if you don’t want. I never force my girls to do anything they don’t want.”

"I'm sorry."

"Look, you can go if you want to ..."

She cut me off, "No, it would be too complicated if I went back home. Can I stay here?"

"Yeah of course. There's plenty of spare bedrooms, just choose one."

"I'll go and get on with some writing and you can watch telly."

SOME TIME LATER

I was just getting stuck into Kant's 'The Critique of Pure Reason' which was a means of trying to understand why he had never come up with 'Bounded Rationality' and why the world had to wait another couple of hundred years for Herbert to bring reason back into the zeitgeist, when Alice came in, in tears.

"I'm really upset Will."

I got up and gave her a hug, "Come on then, tell me all about it."

"I really do love him you know. And I know how much he'd be hurt if he ever found out."

"But I thought that was why you would make sure he never did. Listen, I had this friend up north who had been one of my girlfriends when I was a teenager and she told me, 30 years later, that she had had a happy marriage with two lovely children but had started an affair with a married man, 7 years into her marriage. That affair lasted 20 years and neither her husband nor his wife ever found out. She said it made her marriage almost ideal and so never had any regrets. It really does depend on your partner never finding out. But if you're leaving a trail of 'one-night' stands on life's journey, I'd say you're asking for trouble. Somebody is bound to say something sooner or later, then guilt will be the least of your problems. Personally, I can't hack any of it, and I'd rather fill my life full of beautiful young women like yourself. I've done the love thing, although not the family thing, and had all sorts of different kinds of relationships but this is by far the happiest I've ever been."

"I suppose if you're rich it must be nice."

"You bet. Especially, as I have spent most of my life, if not poor, then having to be careful with money."

"If he ever found out, that would be it."

"Well, look on the bright side. You wouldn't have to worry about love anymore."

At this point she burst into tears. So, I thought I'd cheer her up with this, "You could then become one of my regulars at a £1000 a month and have multiple-orgasms as a bonus. And as I wouldn't mind you shagging other men, you could have a 'whale' of a time."

This, of course, brought on another flood of tears.

She pulled away from me, "I've got to go and see him right away."

And with that she was gone.

I gave up on Kant and decided to reconsider certain aspects of my MS 'Civilization. I knew that I would eventually have to do another evolutionary draft of this monumental work so I decided that I should start by looking at the 7 Factors of the Bounded Rationality that describes the Plan and these are:

Factor 1) Homo Sapiens' relationship to his fellow Homo Sapiens where the Governing Principle is Our Common Humanity.

Factor 2) Homo Sapiens' relationship to the Biosphere where the Governing Principle is the evolutionary process.

Factor 3) A regionalized world which is Multi-polar and Multi-cultural where the Governing Principle is co-operation.

Factor 4) An ongoing evolutionary process of understanding the Nature of Reality through science, consciousness, representation and belief where the Governing Principle is research.

Factor 5) The Wisdom of Crowds where the Governing Principle is education with facts.

Factor 6) The practical creation of *real world* assets to achieve a Comprehensive World Civilization where the Governing Principle is an economic operating system fit for purpose.

Factor 7) The time factor where the Governing Principle is expediency of/or speed of transition.

The beauty of having a Bounded Rationality that is Proactive is that there is only need for those factors that are needed to bring it into being. A reactive Bounded Rationality would need all of the factors that are related to the subject and those could number in the thousands. (see Part2: Civilization Appendix 3: Bounded Rationality).

Most people who have read 'Civilization' appreciate my innovated use of Bounded Rationality to construct the Plan for a Comprehensive World Civilization. And although they might agree on some of the Factors nobody agrees with them all. Nor is there a consensus about which ones should be removed. And not even a hint at which other Factors should be included. Why this is I have no idea.

So, I decided to go through them in turn starting with:

Factor 1) At least everyone agrees with this. This is a fundamental relationship that is obvious to all and by using Our Common Humanity (see Part 2; Civilization Appendix 1) as the governing principle it renders it accessible to all human beings from any culture.

Factor 2) Most of my readers agree with this and that is because most of my readers are well educated and understand the concepts of the 'biosphere' and 'evolution'.

Factor 3) This is much more problematic. Most people, not even well-educated ones, have realized that the fundamental arrangement of the world is now 'Multi-polar'. Most people still think of the world as it has been since the end of world war 2; a Uni-polar world order with America as the Uni-polar region. Now we have many different polar regions such as China, India, Europe, Africa and South America. These are all clearly distinct polar regions and are culturally independent of America. This Factor is important to recognize because it explains a lot about the state of the world at present.

Factor4) This Factor is far more abstract but no less important for that. It has to do with the acquisition of knowledge and its application in science and technology. And the acquisition of knowledge for the development of culture.

Factor 5) The Wisdom of Crowds exists as a proven fact but it exists in many forms from democracy to statistical analysis and referenda. Why the 'Brexit' referendum was a travesty was because the facts were distorted for all sorts of reasons, not least of all that no one knew what Brexit would mean in reality. Once a Comprehensive World Civilization has been established then this Factor will come into its own.

Factor 6) This is the most practical Factor as it deals with the economic system that is needed for a Comprehensive World Civilization and how to bring that about. As such, it is the backbone of the Roadmap of how to achieve it by 'greening the deserts' and 'farming the oceans'. The *real world* assets that will transform the biosphere for the benefit of all species including Homo Sapiens.

Factor 7) The faster we bring a Comprehensive World Civilization into being the sooner we can put an end to the greatest mass-extinction since the end of Cambrian. This must be obvious to all.

"Not bad." I thought to myself, "It definitely seems to simplify the Factors in a meaningful way."

I would have liked to have celebrated with a good shag but Slack Alice had gone.

* * * * *

[Da Ming Taizu Ling 6 — EF]

Freed from the battle of the Chengdu Basin Zhu Yuanzhang's bandits turned their attention to the north and west from where most of them had originated. They quickly organised militias and united other bandit groups under Zhu Yuanzhang's leadership. They were given a free hand in this regard as the Mongolians, those that survived the recent setbacks, were summoned back to Beijing.

The loss of Nanjing, the massacre of the Full Army Group in the Chengdu Basin and the Great Insurrection in the east and south had finally awakened the Mongolian serpent and they were intent on nothing short of a full conquest of China south of the Yellow River. A task made possible as they still had a fighting army of 250,000 Mongolian horse and a further 100,000 foot soldiers mainly from the border regions further north.

What they didn't know was that Zhu Yuanzhang now had an army of 2,000,000 foot soldiers organised in militias and over 100,000 horse organised by mainly bandit groups.

It took nearly 6 months for the Mongolians to organise this campaign; gone were the days when Genghis Khan could sweep all before him in 3 weeks; gone were the days when Kubali Khan could subjugate countries within a few months. Gone were the days.

The whole army moved south oblivious to the fact that northern China, south of the Yellow River, was in a state of full Insurrection and where as Zhu Yuanzhang was adding to his army all of the time, the Mongolians, after the first reinforcement from Mongolia, were losing men and horses at an astonishing rate.

The Insurrection in the south had resulted in the annihilation of the Mongolian army as a fighting force in that region. The remnants of which were funnelled through Yunnan and forced up into the mountains where they eventually made their way to Tibet. Arriving just in time for the Chinese army to greet them with slaughter.

Zhu Yuanzhang allowed the massive Mongolian army, now on the march, a safe passage as far south as Xuzhou. Keeping the Chinese militias well away from the screening forces either side of the main Mongolian column kept the Mongolians in the dark to what they faced.

His strategy was simple allow the Mongolian Army to get strung out into a long column then block its path with an overwhelming force well dug in and thus making the Mongols attack over a wide area as they searched for a break through that didn't exist as the strength in depth provided by 1,000,000 spear men was beyond anything that the Mongols had ever seen before. While this was going on at the front of the column Zhu Yuanzhang's master stroke was to attack the baggage train at the rear of the column and to do so with 50,000 horse.

The Mongolians had not bothered to guard the baggage train with their own spearmen — a fatal flaw. It took less than 1 hour to have the entire baggage train set on fire and to a large degree destroyed. The confusion in the Army's column was enormous as squadrons of horse were sent back to the rear while others were being sent forward trying to overcome an immovable object. The screening units either side of the main column were then attacked by Zhu Yuanzhang's spearmen in great numbers and the Mongolians forced into the main column adding further confusion.

It should be noted here that the attack on the screening columns were much enhanced by the use of crossbows. Indeed, Zhu Yuanzhang had made the militias use there woodworkers and blacksmiths throughout the Great Insurrection to produce crossbows in great quantities.

With the column in disarray Zhu Yuanzhang then pulled off his master stroke: he withdrew his horse from the baggage train leaving a way out for the Mongols to retreat. This they did in a steady stream at first but it soon became a torrent as the Mongols were fleeing as much from the confusion in their own ranks as from the Chinese now pressing them from the front and the sides.

The Chinese kept the pressure on stampeding the Mongolians and not allowing them to regroup. With the baggage train gone and the countryside in open rebellion it was obvious that the entire war was lost. The Mongolians fled all the way back to Beijing those that weren't slaughtered.

Zhu Yuanzhang now turned his attention to Beijing.

Chuang Tzu said: If a man sleeps in a damp place, he will have a pain in his loins and half his body will be as if it were dead; but is it so with an eel? If a man lives up a tree he will be frightened and all in a tremble; but is it so with a monkey? Among these three, who knows the right way of habitation.

Kuo Hsiang's Commentary says: The truth is that they are all equally right and their ways of habitation are equally good. In the same way although there is an infinite number of differences between things in different aspects, yet all are right and good. So are the differences of opinion in the human world.

*

Chapter 7

Lorna Doom

5' 3" tall, weighing in at 71/2 stone, narrow based 'cannonball drop' breasts with purple 'step-pyramid' nipples pointing to the sun, very slender waist, delicate frame, long legs, with low pelvis, small mandolin bum, long almost black medium thickness hair, pulled back into long pony tail, fine features, exceptionally good looking with a beautiful molded nose, slender lips on a fine mouth, green eyes framed with delicate dark eyebrows. Attractive beyond measure for a girl who rarely smiles.

She arrived by a fairly new car and in a bad mood. Wearing a long blue/grey trench coat and high-heel black leather boots. She looked around as if looking for something then spotting the door to the playroom she made strait for it. I had to hurry to catch up.

No sooner had I arrived then she took off her coat to reveal she was just wearing lace underwear. It was a shock.

"Come prepared have we?"

"I wasn't about to do a striptease for you."

This was spoken in an almost aggressive manner, but my attention had already moved on to bother with a reply. Now the reader might have wondered what with my keen interest in breasts what were my favorites. Well here they were (description at top) and even through the lace, those dark nipples stood out like a statement of intent.

"My God, Lorna ... I did wonder."

The curious look soon turned down as her eyes followed mine.

"I can't help the shape of my breasts."

"No, indeed. Such good fortune is rarely visited on a body that is already in a state of perfection."

"What? You mean you like my breasts."

"Like? I'd have paid you twice as much money if I'd known. Cannonball drops; my favorites by a long mile."

While she was looking down at her breasts I quickly moved around behind her and undid her bra. She caught them as they fell out. I gently pulled her hands away so they dropped below her ribcage. Then, I moved around to her front and dropped to my knees so that I could get a good closeup view. Wonderful. I kissed her belly with affection.

"My boyfriend, sorry, ex-boyfriend, hated my breasts. He even suggested that I have breast reduction surgery which he said he'd pay for. I think that was the moment that my love for him started draining away."

“Didn’t you realize that he’s a closet gay?”

“I suppose so, I just didn’t want to admit it to myself. Then his mother came around to see me after I finished with him to berate me for destroying his life. I wouldn’t care she hated me and I hated her. I let her have it I can tell you. I told her that she was to blame, not because he was gay but because she wouldn’t let him out of the closet. She was gob smacked.”

I moved up to her breasts - once I’d removed her knickers - and sucked on those wonderful nipples.

“I’ve never heard from either of them again. But I’ve had to restrain myself ever since from going around to see him because I still have ... feelings.”

“A pointless exercise.”

“I know.”

“Quickly, before you get maudlin.”

I had her across to the padded bar and bent over in the time it takes a frog to hop or pop into a prince. How those drops hung. Bent over they were down to her knees. Oh, bliss of the bulging balls.

She never made a single cry or a flexed flinch either to the cane or the leather belt. I moved the stand-alone mirror into place so that with my cock in her mouth I could see a complete profile. Moving my cock in and out of her mouth the movement swung those drops in the most delightful way. It was all I could do to stop from unloading. So as a distraction I went around and spread her cheeks. Rubbing her clit and dipping my fingers and squeezing her breasts and nipping her nipples had her choking on her orgasm in just a few seconds. And then I was into her with animal ferocity. How many orgasms she had I couldn’t count before I shot my screaming army of sperm deep inside her gorge of gluttonous glee. I lay on top of her holding those mighty orbs in my hands while she quietly wept.

LATER

I frazzled both T-bone steaks even though she said she wasn’t hungry. After watching me demolish my T-bone and half of hers she finally gave in and fished hers off with a good helping of salad. We lay back on our respected sofas and we left each other to our own thoughts.

My thoughts turned to an unusual occurrence that I had with Lorna the year before. We had already had a couple of ‘run ins’ by then. There had already been a connection or meeting of minds by the time of this occurrence I am now about to relate. I was just entering Starbucks and Lorna was standing with her back to me at the coffee machine some 10 meters inside the coffee shop when she stopped what she was doing and turned right around to look directly at me. She had felt my presence. We stood looking at each other for a good number of seconds before she turned away to resume her coffee making. It was so noticeable that when I finally got to where she was working she gave me a long

look then went off to clear tables. Here we have a classic example of quantum field entanglement.

The human brain is a quantum machine and like all quantum entities they produce a quantum field. My quantum field had become entangled with her quantum field to the degree, that when I had entered the coffee shop she had sensed my presence through our quantum connection. Quantum fields produced by the human brain can act over miles. And I have had two friends who could tell when I was 10s of miles away but was on my way to see them and obviously thinking about them. Only a matter of meters was going to have a big connection especially when I could see her and was therefore was current in all of my mind.

“Do you remember that day you came into Starbucks and just stared at me until I was forced to turn around?”

“Funny that you should mention that because that is exactly what I’ve just been thinking about.”

She smiled at me, “There is a connection, isn’t there?”

“Oh yes. And some.”

“I always knew that I would have sex with you. It was there from the very beginning when I first met you. Do you remember when?”

“Sitting outside on your break, you were having a cigarette and I joined you as all the other tables were full.”

Another smile.

“Did you know then?”

I laughed, “No, but I was thinking how much I would like to. There was always something about you and to the degree that I made enquiries. Only to find out, of course, that you were as good as married. But I knew there was something wrong the day I saw you with Larry and his mother. Just the way he had tied his raincoat up by knotting it. Such a giveaway.”

Lorna was laughing, “I suppose it was.”

She suddenly leaped up and stepping on the table jumped over me and turned on the back of the sofa and let herself slide down until she was sitting between me and the sofa’s back. She draped her legs over my body and let her hand run over my chest.

“There’s something I should tell you about quantum field entanglement but from a mystical perspective. I was lying down on a railway station platform waiting for a train that was already late. I haven’t written this story down yet but it belongs in my collection of short stories, ‘Only In India’. There had been communal riots in parts of Tamil Nadu and the Indian Government had sent troops by train to quell them. These troop trains had altered the entire schedule and my train would eventually arrive 18 hours late. Anyway, as I was lying there reading a book I noticed a man walking between the rails way down the track

coming from a big bend. I watched him as he arrived in the station and I watched him as he drew up alongside me. He then got up onto the platform and walked straight up to me sitting himself down at my feet. He smiled at me and I smiled at him. I passed him a half full 'Campa Cola' and he drank it with relish. I asked him where he was going and in perfect English he told me he was on his way to the Himalayas. Then I asked him where he had come from which brought a smile to his face. He originally had come from a small town in Maharashtra State where he had been a middle ranking civil servant. But he couldn't stand it. So, he jacked it in, gave away his possessions to the poor, kissed his family goodbye, and set out to find The Great Mystical Truth."

"The Great Mystical Truth? Enlighten me." The smile was one of cloying self satisfaction. Which forced me into this reply, "Precisely. You have it in one. He was searching for Enlightenment. Melding his consciousness with the infinite consciousness."

"Ok. I'm with you now. Just don't sound so preachy ... go on then ... carry on."

"He had set off down south passed through Kerala rounded the tip of India and headed back up north through Tamil Nardu."

"Where he met you."

"No, that had been years before. When I met him he was on his second circuit. Anyway, on his first circuit, he went through the Himalayas and into Tibet and ended up in Outer Mongolia before dropping down into China and travelling along the far eastern end of the Himalayas and back into India. It took him years. And although he met a lot of Mystical practitioners and eventually tried many different techniques he never did find enlightenment. At a loss for what to do next he headed south again and that was when I met him."

"That probably put him back years."

"Now don't get bitchy." Now those four words didn't put a stop to her smirking self-satisfaction so I carried on regardless, "Anyway, he had sensed my presence as soon as the station had come into sight and so had stopped to talk to a kindred spirit. As you know my main interest is the Nature of Reality."

"No, I don't. I thought it was sex."

"Well sex is part of the Nature of Reality and a most enjoyable part so its hardly surprising that I study sex with such a keen interest."

"Can we get back to the story."

"He had sensed my presence but seemed to be totally unaware how close he was to enlightenment because of this ability."

"I must be close in that case."

"Indeed you are. Anyway, I told him that all he had to do was sense a particular place the way he had sensed me."

“What particular place?”

“It doesn’t matter. You know when you go into a new place, like a new wood or a valley and find a special unique feeling that you have never had before, well, that’s your quantum field interacting with the quantum field of the forest or valley. We all experience these things.”

“I know a beech wood which has the most remarkable atmosphere. Once you’re inside it reminds you of a cathedral but the atmosphere is much better than that.”

“There you are then, you see how it works. Well he saw as well. All he had to do was find a place that triggered a sensation that was other worldly.”

“He knew immediately. He had sensed something while passing through the Himalayas the first time around and had often thought of returning there. So I said to him once you are tuned in to that sensation then all you have to do is switch that sensing to the universe. And once you can do that then turn your sensing to Infinity. Once you can sense infinity you will understand because that is Enlightenment. Easy.”

“Which means I can become enlightened as well.”

“You will make a great little Sage without a doubt.”

“It can’t be that easy.”

“Why not? It’s everyone’s birthright. And I have given you the scientific explanation as a means of convincing you of its veracity.”

“Not much use to me as I haven’t a clue what a quantum field is.”

“Think of a field of corn with waves of motion passing across the corn heads. Its just like that. But with you it doesn’t matter because you can sense the quantum field as a sensation. That’s really what matters.”

“Do you think like this all the time?”

“It’s normal for me, with my keen interest in the Nature of Reality. To become a genuine Sage, however, you have to live it all the time. Something I can’t do. And believe me it’s not for the want of trying.”

“And all that sex?”

“If you think about it an orgasm is an unworldly experience. The intensity, the mind-bending sensation that no other human experience can equal. The total lack of anything else being experienced. The human orgasm is the closest thing to Enlightenment you can get.”

“What about giving me one right now.”

“Always a pleasure.”

I dropped down to the floor between the sofa and the coffee table, spread her legs and getting her to hold them wide and back, revealing her magnificent breasts that just popped out of her dressing gown. I grabbed them by the loose skin between the mammary and her chest then shagged her with an intensity I have rarely experienced. I wanted to meld my body with hers. To crawl inside her to become part of her. To fuck my way in. How wonderful it was and even more so for her. Orgasm upon orgasm until she quietly slipped away.

'Probably the best fuck of my life.' We thought in unison.

Doom, doom, Lorna Doom

I should have known then how this was all going to end.

As she came out of her reverie I kissed her full on her mouth but without her responding. Then I pulled back and kissed her breasts.

"I suppose it's what they'd call magic in the olden days." She smiled.

"I suppose. But then there's many different types of magic. Money is a simple form of magic."

"Now don't be silly. You were doing very well until you said that."

"Just think about it. You give people pieces of paper and they'll give you anything in return. Simple magic but powerful you'd have to admit."

She was smiling and I had a massive rush of love for her. I had to get away from that or I really would be lost. So I launched into an explanation of the real magic of money.

"There are 2 types of money. Money that has an intrinsic value because its associated with metal. And money that has no intrinsic value and is only a 'medium of exchange'."

She was recovering fast and actually taking an interest. We rearranged our bodies with her sitting cross legged between mine.

"Which type of money do we use every day? You know, like plastic ten-pound notes."

"They're only a 'medium of exchange'. But at one time those notes were directly related to gold. That all changed when President Nixon broke the connection and took the dollar off the gold standard. That was in 1971. Since then homo sapiens have been discovering what is possible and what you can do with money now that it is only a 'medium of exchange'.

"Before 1971 money was ... what? Based on gold?"

"And because of that if you printed more money than you had gold all you did was devalue the printed money. This is called inflation. But once you free the 'medium of exchange' from gold the possibilities are endless."

"Like what?"

“The Americans invented quantitative easing, the Chinese found they could create real world assets and Mario Draghi found he could defeat the money markets. And they all did it by printing money, but, printing money that is now only a ‘medium of exchange’. Now that’s what I call magic.”

“So why does our government borrow money to build hospitals and schools? Surely they’re *real world assets*?”

“You are absolutely right! The stupid buggers still think we inhabit a world where money is still attached to gold. Not realizing we are in a totally different world.”

“They can’t be that thick? Surely?”

“Oh yes they can. And there’s a simple reason for it. They’re trapped in their Bounded Rationality where the Factors governing their Bounded Rationality are still stuck in the world before 1971.”

“What are these Factors and what’s this Bounded Rationality?”

I had to spend the rest of the night explaining these things, in between bouts of sex, food and melding. Once you’re in the groove its easy.

* * * * *

[Da Ming Taizu Ling 7 — EF]

Zhu Yuanzhang declared a 3 week amnesty in which the Chinese army camped 50 kilometres south of Beijing and indulged in victory celebrations of the most excessive kind. It was rumoured that all of the Mongolian horses were slaughter and eaten and even that captured Mongolians were also eaten. ‘Sweet pork’ as human flesh is called has long been a part of the Chinese diet; depending on the circumstances of the times. Cannibalism is not something that I have ever indulged in nor is it a common practise amongst the Chinese in general but is reserved for only the most desperate of times. So how much truth there was to these rumours is unknown.

The Mongolians were given this time to vacate Beijing and flee south-west to the Yellow River. They then followed the Yellow River all the way back to Mongolia. Their Tibetan allies parted company at the confluence of the Yellow River and Wei River. The Tibetans following the Wei River all the way onto the Tibetan Plateau.

Zhu Yuanzhang had given them a 3 week start before giving chase. He had never had the intention of letting them escape. There followed a series of rearguard actions against the pursuing Chinese horse which weakened the Mongolians still further so that by the time they arrived back in Mongolia they numbered barely 40,000 men women and children.

With roughly the same number already in Mongolia they formed a pathetic population of a once proud nation.

They were driven north into the wilds of Siberia bringing to an end the Mongolian era.

The Tibetans were pursued in a similar manner resulting in their army's total destruction. However, Zhu Yuanzhang had a different plan for the Tibetan people, indeed, for Tibet itself.

He called a Great Council of all the people and made them give up all their weapons. The great estates were given to the great monasteries and the previous owners and their families slaughtered. The country of Tibet was then turned into a Theocracy by the invention of the post of the Dalai Lama. He would not only control the monasteries but also the Buddhist people that made up 95% of the population by becoming the Prime Minister for all none religious and secular functions.

Tibet is a Theocracy to this day.

China undertook to take the protection of Tibet on itself and has kept a garrison in Lhasa for that very purpose ever since.

This great kindness that Zhu Yuanzhang showed to the Tibetan people can be traced back to his time as a Buddhist monk and one of his teachers who was Tibetan. He never forgot the kindness shown him and repaid that compassion in the most extraordinary way by showering his compassion on all of the Buddhist people of Tibet.

Chuang Tzu said: To have attained the human form is a joy. But, in the infinite evolution there are billions of other forms that are equally good. What an incomparable bliss it is to undergo these countless transitions.

Kuo Hsiang's Commentary says: In the Universe nothing can be said to be superior to other things; nor one form of existence can be said to be superior to another. In life we assume one form of existence. Death simply means that we simply have to give up this form of existence and to assume another. If this form is good there is no reason to suppose that the others are not.



Chapter 8

Jo

5' 5" tall, weighing in at 9 1/2 stone, large breasts on large base that have dropped because of little firmness with large brown nipples, hour glass figure slender waist big hips in comparison, normal legs, normal height to the pelvis, big rounded bum, short brown thick hair on top, pulled back into short pony tail at back, diverse features, non-descript nose, thick lips on a big mouth, dark brown almond shaped eyes set slightly close together and framed with dark eyebrows. Very Attractive, in spite of everything. Always reminded me of a gypsy.

My small estate of 1500 acres had been turned over to 2 universities and 2 schools for environmental purposes, all except for the gardens surrounding the house which were cared for by Alibaba my housekeeper.

A knock on the door announced Jo's arrival.

"Are you Will?" She said with a smile that could easily mean trouble.

"None other." I said with a lustful tone.

"I've been sent by the Head of the Department to find you. He needs to talk to you about the cascading ponds."

"Does he indeed. Come in, I'll have to put some clothes on."

"Wouldn't it be easier if I just took mine off?"

With an invitation like that I was hardly likely to refuse, "Be my guest."

The only thing she didn't take off were her walking boots. I just grabbed those big old tits of hers and gave them a good squeeze followed by a grab at her nipples that I shook like a terrier shakes a rat. Of course, she cried out but not without pleasure.

"Come on, get bent over the corner of the sofa. I want to give those cheeks a good spanking."

Pulling on her small ponytail I gave those big old cheeks and the inside of her legs a spanking that left my hand quite painful. Every blow brought forth cries but like with her breasts, not without pleasure. I didn't bother with any kind of foreplay but simply thrust my cock right in up to the hilt and gave her a right roggering. It was all over in a couple of minutes primarily brought on by her vocal expression of an intense orgasm. I really couldn't contain myself and beside we didn't have time for anything else but a 'quickie'.

Once dressed we discussed the possibility of a night of passion/lust and it was agreed that she should spend the night so we could get some serious work done towards that end. Jo had fancied me from the first moment she had seen me; an altogether unusual occurrence as most young women don't find me attractive let alone sexually attractive.

Cascading ponds are a great alternative to a big pond at the bottom of a hill. The Head of the Department wanted to put in 3 more ponds in between the ponds that were already there. I readily agreed and even said I would arrange for the digger to be brought in.

Jo didn't return to Uni with the other students in the minibus but got out in Queensford where we had arranged to meet. Jo wouldn't have minded if the truth had been stated but I was uncertain how the University would take it if they knew I was shagging their students.

Jo was a most welcome addition to my harem. Excuse me for describing my collection of fuckable girls in this manner, but ask yourself: how else would you describe them?

Jo was up for it all and I did my best to exercise the greatest care when it came to pleasuring her. We had a fine old time.

Jo was a first-year philosophy student and because of the university's curriculum policy had decided that something far removed from mind work would be preferable to 'helping the aged' or 'domestic science' or 'domestic violence' as some students called it and so she had chosen 'environmental studies'. This involved logging the rings on snails' shells in various habitats. Bizarre, yet essential and strangely enjoyable for a philosophy student.

It didn't take us long to get around to her course work. Her tutor had taken the age-old practice of starting off with those 2 old 'chestnuts'; 'The Critique of Pure Reason' by Emmanuel Kant and 'Will' by Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. As I said earlier I had been interested in Kant because I couldn't understand why he hadn't come across 'Bounded Rationality' when working on 'reason'. It was while in dialogue with Jo that it became clear to me that there was a bigger and more relevant reason that was at play.

Jo had made the statement that Nietzsche was an evolutionary development of Schopenhauer who had laid the groundwork for the 'old fascist'. When it struck me that the meaning of the word, 'Will', had a totally different meaning today than it did in the late 19th century. The way Nietzsche used the word was in the sense 'the Will to exercise power' whereas now, 'Will', was used in the sense 'willful' or the 'ultimate act of ego' and where I am at odds with everyone in that I see 'Will' in terms of proactivity.

But there was something else that had raised its head; evolution.

Was knowledge subject to the evolutionary process as much as everything else?

Kant, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche seem almost like medieval intellectual barbarians compared to Wittgenstein. They never saw that the problems in philosophy could easily be problems of language. Indeed, the word 'Will' has had its meaning altered beyond recognition and we really don't understand what those 19th century philosophers meant by it. We can't possibly know unless we adopt the 19th century mindscape which would appear impossible in regard to our present culture. It just goes to show you how antiquated our education system is.

Philosophy, as an academic subject, is history when it should be a living way of understanding 'The Nature of Reality'. I really must spend some time in sorting this out as it is all part and parcel of our problems with education.

Jo became interested in economics after I got her to read 'Civilization'. Which she did while I was cooking supper. Roast Suckling Pig is one of the classic dishes of the world. You need a spit roaster with a basting device that works automatically. 2 hours is all it takes but that does not mean you have spare time because the traditional accompanying dish – Hawaiian Salad – is a really fiddly and time-consuming dish to prepare. You need 3 pomegranates which have to be stripped of everything except the individual fruit seeds, plus the pineapple must be diced into 1-centimeter cubes and any other fruit that might be added reduced to the same size pieces. The rice must be cooked, drained and cooled before adding the same amount of fruit by weight to produce a salad of exceptional quality.

It took Jo less than 2 hours to read 'Civilization' and so we were able to discuss it over dinner.

"What do you think is the most important element in 'Civilization'?"

"If what you say is true and it is possible to print money to create *real world* assets, then that would have to be the most important element because then everything is possible."

"You're not just a pretty face then."

"Is it true?"

"Of course its true. What do you think 'Quantitative Easing' is? QE has not produced the runaway inflation that so many economists expected. Indeed, The World Bank and the OECD have both stated recently that their economic models no longer work and that is because we are in a new paradigm. Printing money when it is only a 'medium of exchange' and has no intrinsic value of its own, allows printed money to be used to create *real world* assets."

"Why don't they do it when it would solve all the problems of the world?"

"Good question. Naturally, the commercial banks don't want it because if governments can just print the money then why would they want to borrow the money. The benefits far out way the negatives of disruption in the present financial system. It is not as if they don't know ..."

"Who knows?"

"Macron, Merkel and the ECB. I know they know because I told them and their replies or, lack of reply in Merkel's case, confirmed this. Perhaps they are working out how to go about this radical transformation of the world's financial system."

"Can't you gee them along a bit?"

"I should imagine this very book will do exactly that."

"What's it like being a genius? And oh, by the way, this roast suckling pig is delicious."

“Ah genius. A much over used word. But, of course, I’m not. I stole all my ideas about printing money to create *real world* assets from the Chinese and they got it from their history in the form of She Ye, a 12-century scholar official who saw the potential of money as only a ‘medium of exchange’ even back then. If there was a genius then he’s your man.”

“You really like the Chinese, don’t you.”

“It’s true. Their culture is so alien to us in the west with our democratic ways. But then most people don’t understand the Chinese relationship between the rulers and the ruled. It all started 3000 years ago with Zhou Tan Wen. It was he, when he was regent of China, that introduced the idea of the ‘Mandate of Heaven’. This stipulated that the ruler would only have the ‘Mandate of Heaven’ if he did his utmost to improve the lives of the people. If he did not then he would lose the ‘Mandate of Heaven’ and when he lost that then the people could replace him. All Chinese people today know this. And that’s why the Chinese government do their utmost to make the lives of their people better. It’s a culture unique to China and I doubt seriously if it could ever be implemented anywhere else.”

“A culture unique to China but with obvious advantages to our own.”

“Indeed. Not least of all in the fact that the government can get on and rule without any arguments or opposition. And the people can just get on with their lives, which is what most people, not just in China, want to do anyway. In China the people know that the government is doing its utmost best on their behalf. And, of course, that promotes harmony. Another great Chinese idea.”

“Getting back to money as a ‘medium of exchange’”

“You mean the idea of money as a ‘medium of exchange’.”

“Be pedantic if you must.”

“You can imagine stone age man when he first started bartering with his neighbors that the idea of a ‘medium of exchange’ came up pretty quickly. Seashells were probably the first ‘medium of exchange’ as they were convenient and plentiful. The rest, as they say, is history.”

“For you, ‘Civilization’ is what ... exactly? An academic paper? A wakeup call ...”

“No, no, it’s there in the subtitle. ‘The First Rational, Proactive, Plan and Roadmap for a Comprehensive World Civilization’. It’s a ‘Plan and Roadmap’. But it’s based on the reality of our evolving world and that’s what makes it so potent. I’m the only one that can explain everything that’s going on in the world at the moment. No one else has a clue. But soon everyone will once I make ‘Civilization’ famous. Then we’ll arrive in the ‘Promised Land’ unannounced but not before time. It’s all doable”

“If you’re right, it doesn’t leave me with much to do.”

“Nonsense. There’s the rest of the ‘Nature of Reality’ to explore, to know and to explain. We’ve just begun on that great project.”

Jo was the last but one of my girls and a welcome addition. Ross was not, even though she had ‘cannon ball drops’.

* * * * *

[Da Ming Taizu Ling 8 — EF]

Thus was the Ming Dynasty founded by a ‘man of destiny’ and given the nomenclature Hongwu.

He and I had met, he as a ‘man of destiny’ and myself as facilitator to a ‘man of destiny’. Such was our involvement as to bring about *The Way* of Heaven and Earth.

This could only be fulfilled because I was an incarnate on *The Way* to becoming a sage. This was my destiny.

His destiny and mine were intertwined in the Unformed Block; sharing an Uncarved Block; sharing a common Path; sharing a common Path on our way to the *Way*. Such are all human relationships but mostly without the very significant consequences that ours had.

The entire Universe can be seen as an Unformed Block — past present future as a singularity. All possibilities in potential — existing as One.

We can see this best expressed in the words of Kuo Hsiang’s in his ‘Commentaries’ on ‘The Chuang Tzu’. Kuo Hsiang was a 6th century Taoist whose ‘Commentaries’ along with the philosophies of Chuang Tzu, Lao Tzu and Leih Tzu form the bases of the Taoist Canon.

What he said was: “All the things are One; all forms of existence are One. If we know this fact, we know that death is equal to life, change is equal to eternity. This shows that if we identify ourselves with the Universe as One thing, we can never be lost.”

And that One thing is the Unformed Block.

Zhu Yuanzhang and Shao Deng Ping met like passing ships in the night and just for the shortest time we were as One with the Universe. Such is the Nature of Reality and how Heaven and Earth act in the world.

There can be no greater understanding of this than the story told here.
(S D P)

Chuang Tzu said: If we see things from the point of view of their differences, then liver and heart are as far apart as Chu and Yueh. If we see things from the point of their identity then all things are One.

Kuo Hsiang's Commentary says: All things are One. All forms of existence are One. If we see this fact we know that death is equal to life. Change is equal to eternity.

*

Chapter 9

Ross

5' 7" tall, weighing in at 9 stone, large 'cannon ball drop' breasts on medium base with large pink nipples, slender athletic build, long legs, small height to the pelvis, small rounded bum, medium blond thick hair shoulder length, pulled back behind her ears, pleasant features, ugly thick nose, well-formed lips on a medium sized mouth, soft blue/green eyes blond eyebrows. Attractive because of everything including her nose. Too serious by half.

She arrived unannounced.

I opened the door and so it began.

"Mr. Tremblerod?"

"Indeed. I could be no other."

I smiled, she did not. Instead she thrust a police warrant card in my face which stated that she was Detective Sargent Rosslyn Taggard.

"Can I come in?"

"Certainly. I was just about to have some coffee; would you like to have some?"

"No."

I walked through to the kitchen and she followed.

As I made myself coffee she was all awareness taking everything in. She even briefly viewed the living room.

"Do you know a girl by the name of Jacky Barnes?"

"Is that the Jacky that has a girlfriend called Grace and lives in Dramness?"

"It is. When did you see her last?"

"Oh, it must have been ... a couple of weeks ago. Sorry, can't be more specific than that. No, wait. I will have marked it down on my calendar, because I won't let the girls return for a month."

I picked up my coffee and went through the living room and through to my study/library with DS Taggard following. I kept my calendar on the inside of the window frame and quickly found that it had been 2 weeks ago on the Friday.

"You didn't see her yesterday?"

“No, I did not.”

“Where were you yesterday?”

“I was here.”

“All day?”

“Yes ... no. I went into Dramness in the afternoon to do some shopping.”

“What time would that be?”

“Sometime around 2.”

“Can’t you be more specific than that?”

“Not really. I don’t take much notice of the time unless I have something specific to do.”

“Did you walk down by the river?”

“No.”

“Did you see anyone in Dramness?”

“Can’t say that I did. No, I’m lying. I went into the Whole Grain Bakers and also into Paul’s the Butchers. And I know the staff in both places.”

“You wouldn’t know the time?”

“Sorry.”

“Aren’t you curious why I’m asking all of these questions?”

“Oh, I’m sure you’ll get around to it in all good time.”

Silence.

“I’m a big ‘Midsomer Murders’ fan and so I know the usual procedure. I also write murder mysteries myself. Perhaps you have read my novel ‘Mr. Grumles’ Dream. It was a huge success and made me a very rich man.”

Silence.

“There’s a very interesting policeman in the series. So I’m sure you’d love it.”

“Jacky was found dead on the waste land next to the path that runs alongside the river.”

Silence, mine this time.

“Aren’t you interested to know how?”

Silence.

“She was murdered.”

I was in a genuine state of shock. My mind had barely the time to process the information she was dead when this information about her demise overwhelmed me, “Wow.”

“You will have to come down to the station and make a statement. Now if you don’t mind.”

LATER

Having given my statement, I was shown into see Detective Inspector Linley who was just finishing reading it. He was a small man just over 5’, mid-50s with a prune like face and a nasty expression that didn’t bode well. No friendly chat here then.

“You like perverting young girls, do you Mr. Tremblerod?”

I could now see on his desk a copy of my contract with Jacky. It was an inevitability it would come to light and explained Linley’s attitude.

“No. I just like fucking them.”

His face turned a deeper shade of purple.

“You sick bastard. Don’t think you’re going to get away with this. You are my prime suspect and I intend to nail your hide to a prison wall.”

I laughed, “Why? Because I murdered Jacky or because you don’t like me shagging lovely young women.”

“Both.”

“What a sad ‘little man’ you are. With your sad ‘little man’s’ demeanor covering up your rank jealousy, over the fact that I can fuck beautiful young women and you can’t. You’re pathetic. A micro man with a micro cock to match, no doubt.”

His face went beyond purple hitting black. For a moment there was total silence in the room. Ross and the other policeman there must have held their breaths. Then the eruption as DCI Linley launched himself across his desk aiming a well-timed fist at my face which grazed my chin. He had to be restrained by Ross and the other policeman. Shouting oaths and struggling he had lost complete control.”

Referring to me, Ross said, “Get out of here.”

It was all I needed. I left the room and I left the station. I went home and phoned my legal people in London. Told them everything. They said they would send someone down immediately and that I wasn’t to be questioned without my legal representative being present.

The next day I went into the station with my legal representative John Macintyre after a meeting had been agreed by mutual arrangement. DI Linley, not surprisingly, had been

replaced by DCI Coyle who had been sent down from Bristol. This was a different being altogether. In his 50s, he was 5' 7" with a poker face and a nice line in clothing.

"I must apologize for my colleague's actions yesterday."

"Not to worry. I wound him up like a clockwork mouse so I feel partly responsible.

"I've read your contract you had with Jacky. Were there any problems she had with that contract?"

"Not as far as I'm aware. However, the contract was of less importance to her and I may say to Grace as well, than getting to know me. They had discussed with Sam ..."

"Sam who?"

"Sam big tits. Sorry I can't remember her last name."

"Not to worry, I think I know who you mean."

"Anyway, they had discussed my offer to fund her in her personal endeavors and saw an opportunity for themselves to cash in, as it were, on my generosity towards young people."

"I'm afraid you've lost me there."

My legal brief intervened at this point, "Mr. Tremblerod has several young women with whom he has contracts ..."

"I'd like a list of their names."

My brief pulled out the list that I had given him and handed it to DCI Coyle.

"You have the same contract with all of these young women?"

"8 in all. Chloe, Sam, Jacky, Grace, Sally, Alice, Lorna and Jo. Jacky and Grace heard of this from Sam, who wants to be an astrophysicist, and realized that it could be a way of getting their own thing together."

"And what would that be?"

"Shades of color. I was taken with the idea as soon as it came up. You have to understand that we had been talking about the teenage zeitgeist that they lived in and had quite rightly recognized that they wanted to be movers and shakers in the formation of their generation's cultural evolution. This was a brilliant insight in its self but they went further after I demanded a stronger and more concrete idea that I could get to grips with. You have to see this in the light of what it is that young people expect these days in terms of human understanding of the human predicament. They suggested that young people today demand to know all the factors involved in any situation and were no longer willing to put up with being fobbed off by biased and limited information. It was Jacky who summed it up in that phrase 'shades of color'. Quite brilliant if you ask me. But it still needed to be fleshed out into a solid idea."

“Do you do this with all the young women you have on contract?”

“Where relevant, of course. Take Sam, she and I both have a keen interest in the structure and evolution of the universe but for her to make progress she would have to go to university to study astrophysics. And as she was loath to get into so much debt to achieve her desire, I said that I would fund her on a promise that she shared her future knowledge with me.”

“You must be a very rich man.”

“I would have thought that was obvious.”

“Did they come up with a solid idea?”

“Unfortunately, they hadn’t got back to me before this terrible occurrence over took us all. I don’t suppose it ever will now. And that is a tragedy in its own right, as I’m sure they would have come up with something stunning.”

“You really don’t have a motive for killing Jacky.”

“No, I do not.”

“You can go for the time being but don’t leave the area until this situation is resolved.”

My brief and I left the room but DCI Coyle caught up with us in the corridor and had a word with my brief.

“Is he capable of murder?”

“I’d say so. But only ... well let me put it this way, on the spectrum of human villainy he would be way out at the edge of the spectrum where the angels live. Self defence and in defence of significant others. You know, the normal normality.”

“His problem is: he’s too clever by half?”

“And some.”

OUTSIDE

My brief told me what had transpired between himself and DCI Coyle. Then told me to give him a ring if anything happened. Then he went back to London.

I found myself wandering. Wandering up Fore Street where I bumped into Chloe.

“What terrible news.”

“The worst I could possibly imagine. I’m still in a state of shock.”

“Me too.”

“I don’t feel normal. It’s like my mindscape has been hit sideways. I feel if I could just feel some emotion it would break through the shock and let me get a handle on what’s happened. And besides that, I’m a major suspect for Jacky’s murder. Hardly surprising I suppose when the police have read my contract with Jacky.”

“But they don’t know what you’re really like. I tried to tell that policewoman DS Taggart but she seemed more interested in the ‘procedure’. I think she might have problems with orgasms.”

“If I only knew what that meant. Sorry Chloe it’s the shock. I hear the words but the meaning escapes me.”

“If you want to know what shock is really like, you should see the state of Jacky’s family.”

“Oh my God. I haven’t even thought about them.”

“I’ve just been around there and they’re abstract with grief. None of them are coping with what has happened. I couldn’t wait to get out. And what are they going to say when they find out it was me that introduced Jacky to you. My name will be worse than mud.”

“Oh fuck. Listen, I’ve got to go. I don’t feel safe. I don’t suppose it’s general knowledge yet but it soon will be.”

I began walking away then turned back giving Chloe a tight hug, “You know where I am if you need ... well, anything.”

“Thanks. I probably will at some point.”

We parted and I made a quick exit from Dramness pursued by this hideous feeling of imminent danger.

EVENING

On my return from Dramness I had arranged for a security company to guard the estate. It helped alleviate the feeling of danger somewhat but did little for the shock or impending sense of doom. I busied myself cooking. Well I couldn’t write in that state, that was for sure. Thai prawn rissoles then spring rolls then Malaysian beef curry and finally coconut rice. It was a good distraction but that was all as I had no appetite. Then a knock on the door. My first thought was that a lynch mob had arrived to hang me by my own stupidity. I actually thought about escaping through the back and running across the fields; the security people weren’t arriving until the next day. But then I heard a vehicle pull off and looking out the window I saw a taxi driving down the drive. Someone had arrived and I opened the door. Sam flew into my arms. Tears and trembling accompanied this show of affection. We just stood there holding onto each other for an age.

“I just had to come.”

“Thank God you did. I’m in a terrible state.”

“Chloe said you didn’t look well.”

“A nice line in understatement. Come in and let me lock the doors.”

With the house secured we settled down on the sofa wrapped in each other’s arms.

“What the fuck is going on?”

“I haven’t got around to that yet.”

“Who would do such a thing to Jacky. It just doesn’t make sense.”

“A random killer doesn’t make sense either which means it is almost certainly someone she knew.”

“Someone we knew.”

“But I hardly knew anyone she knew.”

“No, but I probably do. She was killed in one of those bushes that people use for having sex in. It’s been a place that has been used for generations. My mum said she and dad used them when they first got together.”

“So you think she was meeting someone to have sex?”

“I don’t know. I can hardly believe she’d do that with the way things were with her and Grace.”

“They were definitely in love.”

“Just everybody knew that.”

“I had this feeling with Jacky that she was familiar with men’s bodies. Which doesn’t tie in with what we know. They got together when they were 14, isn’t that right?”

“That’s right. First openly lesbian couple at school.”

There followed a silence. My hand had wandered onto Sam’s right breast.

“Squeeze the nipple really hard.”

It was all the invitation I needed. There then followed a severe spanking.

“Harder, I want to feel the pain.”

Then a fucking and then a bugging using her breast like reins. We went for it like the animals we are. Until finally we were spent.

At last, the shock was broken and my mind began to clear. It had done wonders for Sam as well.

“Let me get back to Dramness and I’ll see if I can discover who this boy is that Jacky was having or had a sexual relationship with.”

“Good idea. I have to be here to organize the security people when they arrive. Don’t worry I’ll put your name on the gate along with the rest of the girls.”

With that we parted soon after midnight.

NEXT DAY

I soon had the security people at the door. There were to be 2 on the front gate, 2 on the back gate and 2 patrolling the 2-meter fence that surrounded the estate. I felt I could relax a little and with the shock dissipating by big increments things began to get back to normal; inside of my mindscape, that is.

A knock on the door. A car parked in the drive. DS Ross Taggard was soon questioning me about the case. Was there another lover in Jacky’s life? Was the lover male or female? Her and her boss DCI Coyle had reached pretty much the same conclusion as Sam and I had; Jacky must have had a secret lover.

“You don’t suppose Jacky could have been introducing this secret lover to your ‘procedure’?”

“Possible. But that’s something we won’t be able to tell until we find who it is.”

“Jacky didn’t have a problem with any part of the ‘procedure’?”

“Not that I could see. She did want me to lay it on but I put that down to bravado rather than sadomasochism. I don’t think she was anymore a sadomasochist than I am a sadist.”

Silence. Ross was contemplating the possibilities.

“Do you have problems with orgasms?”

A moment for reflective decision making, then, “Yes.”

“Would you like me to take you in hand, as it were?”

Another moment, “Yes.”

“Come on through to the playroom.”

“What, right now?”

“Who’s to say if we will get another chance.”

She followed me though.

“Get your kit off. Stick some lipstick on. Get the heels on then get bent over the padded bar.”

She followed my instructions while I watched her reveal a magnificent pair of ‘cannon ball drops’. Much bigger than Lorna’s but then she was a much bigger girl altogether.

A canning, a strapping and squeeze and a nip. Then I separated her cheeks and found the biggest clit I had ever seen. The only trouble was it wasn't either hard or fully inflated."

"No wonder you have trouble with an orgasm. It will take a lot of blood to inflate that monster of a clit you have. I'm going to have to give you some more strapping around your clit to get it gorged with blood. Hold still. No bring your hands around and separate your cheeks as much as possible. And try and keep your hands out of the way as much as possible so that I can strap as close to your clit as possible."

It worked. Her clit finally expanded and hardened. It really was enormous. It was big enough for me to grasp it between my finger and thumb and wank it like a miniature penis. She was in 'seventh heaven'. Once she came off I was all over her 'like a mad-woman's shit'. Orgasm followed orgasm until she collapsed forward as I pulled on those big tities until I had sated my lust. I lay on top of her for a while until finally dragging her across to the bed. She went into a fetal position with me rapped around her holding the magnificent 'cannon balls.' She wouldn't let me go until I promised her we could go again as soon as we had something to eat.

It turned into quite an afternoon session until we were disturbed by a knock on the door.

It was a security man, "My colleague disturbed an intruder. I've got footage down at the gatehouse if you want to have a look."

GATEHOUSE

The gatehouse had been built at the same time the 3-meter fence (2 above ground 1 beneath) had been built to protect the environmental experiments by the 2 universities and 2 schools that were underway on the estate. The inside of the gatehouse was lined with monitors and digital recorders for the 50 odd cameras that were installed throughout the estate; more for environmental reasons than for security.

The 2 new security men that I had just installed for patrolling the fence each travelled in opposite directions meeting up at the rear gate that was kept locked. Each patrolman carried a camera on the shoulder which was monitored and recorded back in the gatehouse.

The 'footage' that Ross and I now viewed was of a young man some way off climbing over the fence. He had stopped as he was about to jump down into the estate; he obviously had spotted the security man and thought better of it.

Even digitally enhanced the face was unrecognizable but his slender build did give at least a clue to his identity.

"Can this be the killer?"

"Doubtful." Ross was less than impressed with my enthusiasm.

After 15 minutes trying to discover more than he was wearing jeans, a grey hoody and dark T-shirt with trainers, Ross left to see DCI Coyle.

I returned to the Manor and was just settling down to a nice cup of coffee when Sally turned up.

Her considerable fears were for herself and the other girls in my 'company' and absolutely none for me.

I tried to have a grope but was quickly brushed aside, "How can you think of sex at a time like this."

"Easily. Sex therapy is excellent for stress."

"Jacky is obviously only the first and I've a feeling I'm going to be the second."

"Nonsense. It's obviously going to be me. We've even got 'footage' of him breaking in."

"What! Where!"

I was forced to abandon my coffee and take Sally down to view the 'footage'.

"There's something familiar about him."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know."

"Bodily mannerism?"

"Something like that."

"You'd better stay here tonight."

"What, so I can protect you."

"That's the idea. And then we can get into some more therapy. I feel so much more myself after a session."

"Tough. I feel about as sexy as a squashed bug."

A knock on the door and there before my eyes were Sam, Chloe and Grace. They simply brushed me aside and spent ages hugging Sally.

Then Sally told them about the 'footage' and off they went to view the same. I was left, obviously, surplus to requirements. Now this was a most unusual situation. A goodly percentage of my 'company' all under the same roof at the same time. So naturally I wondered how I could get a full-scale orgy going. This thought disappeared in a puff of realistic smoke. Soon to be followed by a more robust one; namely, callousness. How can I be such a prick to even think of such a thing at a time like this? It was all too much and as I worked my way through a succession of horrible traits in my psyche I realized that I was probably not fit to shovel shit in Hell. A knave if ever there was one. I had visited this terrible thought many times before in my long life and so knew I would eventually be able to make sense of it all, in all good time. Sense in the sense that I would have a rational for

my behavior. Reasons that would justify or excuse my behavior. I really am a pathetic arsehole. How can you justify being a knave?

They arrived back almost jubilant.

Sam: "It's a good chance that its Jacky's brother, Jack."

Chloe: "Her twin brother."

Sally: "Who loved her more than life itself."

"Oh my God. He's out for revenge."

Chloe: "He obviously thinks you did it."

"Can't you go and tell him that I didn't."

Sally: "We've only got your word for that."

"Grace, Grace. Surely you can't believe that I killed Jacky?"

Grace: "Shut up Will. Nobody believes you did it."

I collapsed back onto the easy chair at the end of the coffee table and involuntarily placed my head in my hands.

Sally: "You lot go and see Jack. I hardly know him. I'll stay here with 'shit for brains' and try and get him back on track."

The girls left. Leaving me with an aggressive Sally, who, despite a desire to give me a hard time let me off the hook, "You didn't carry out enough research into your intended *beneficiaries* did you Willy."

"I didn't even know she had a brother, let alone a twin brother." I admitted with deep regret, "Was there ever a better example for the necessity of the 'shades of color', a term, ironically coined by Jacky for the complexity of human relations. And now she's dead and will never get the chance to realize the full potential of that deep insight into her own generation." This thought reduced me to tears as the full significance of her death finally struck home, "Regrets, my life is filled with regrets."

Sally took pity on me and sat on the arm of the chair and put an arm around my shoulders. We sat like this for several minutes until the tears dried up.

"I'm starving. I don't suppose you've got any bacon?"

I go to get up but she presses me back, "Have a joint and relax. Just point me in the right direction."

A joint and bacon sandwich worked wonders. Sally had saved me from becoming maudlin and I was immensely grateful.

“None of this is getting us closer to finding who the killer is.”

This line had a strange effect on me. Triggers in the mind set off neural networks which set off others, triggers which in turn set off other neural networks, until those unconscious interconnections dominated the brain. I had long used a method of using the parts of the brain not subject to conscious thought by simply asking my brain to help me solve problems – this method I called ‘cheating’. Not many people know this ‘trick’. But anyone can use it. Asking your brain, especially the parts of the brain that process information in parallel, like the visual cortex, are very useful to run through millions of scenarios, so the answer to problems often pop into my conscious mind in either minutes or hours or sometimes the next day. I no longer have to ask my brain to help, it seems, ‘cheating’ that is, to have become a natural part of my being. And what popped into my mind at this juncture was that Jack was the killer. And that was because it was he who it was that was Jacky’s secret lover. Brother and sister up against the last great taboo: incest. But who would believe me. I tried it on Sally.

“You are one sick fuck.”

“Probably.”

“Mind you, Chloe told me ... years ago now, that Jacky and Jack had shared a bedroom until they were 12.”

“Plenty of time to explore each other’s bodies behind closed doors.”

“And with Jacky being so flat chested their parents probably never suspected anything.”

“Finally separated because of the great taboo they probably carried on in secret. Oh no, its too tragic to contemplate.”

“He could probably handle Jacky having a lesbian relationship but not her having sex with another man.”

“Namely you.”

Sally could obviously see my distress as this thought sunk in, so, being the wonderful woman she was, she lay down on the sofa and put her legs behind her neck exposing her pussy – no knickers. I was onto her like a polecat in heat, giving her pussy a good spanking until her clit was as hard as a ball bearing, then, I fucked her brains out.

Having dozed off in each other’s arms we were woken by 3 faces looking down at us; Chloe, Sam and Grace.

Chloe: “I might have guessed. What a devious slapper you turned out to be.”

Sam: “You fucking bastard. There’s us trying to sort out your fucking problems and here you are exercising your pleasure in fucking horizontal activities.

Sally: “Go soak your heads and while you’re about it wash your mouths out with bleach.”

“Now now ladies. Jealousy will get you nowhere. Try civility and good humor.”

A rain of blows quickly followed and not all of them aimed at me. There was only one thing to do, "We've been busy. Ow. We've solved the problem. Ow. We know who the murderer is!"

Frozen silence.

I then related the entire rationale for proposing Jack as the main suspect. The frozen silence was broken as derision descended upon us. But then Grace interrupted proceedings by increasing the volume of her speech until she was almost shouting.

Grace: "Stop it, stop it! Will's right."

The 4 of us were silenced. Grace had special power when it came to Jacky's death. She came around from the back of the sofa and squeezed herself on next to me.

Sally: "Stop looking at my pussy." She said while pulling her dress down.

Grace: "You'd be so lucky." Then she turned her attention to me, "It was the smell. I'd never come across it until I had sex with you. Only when Jacky came back from seeing Jack. Well why would I, never having been with a man. The smell of sex is a male smell. It must come from your bodily fluids when you're having sex. But when Jacky came back from seeing Jack, that's how she'd smell." We, the four of us, were rendered speechless, "Then there were things that she said."

Sally sitting up: "Like what?"

Grace: "After our first kiss she said 'Am I glad I've found you', but she said this with an obvious sense of relief rather than with a sense of joyful discovery. Now it makes perfect sense. Her and Jack must have realized they couldn't escape convention and he obviously couldn't handle his beloved sister having sex with another man so Jacky was put in the position of having to have a lesbian relationship. Then there was the time we were arguing about having sex with men, and she said 'You shouldn't knock it until you've tried it' then quickly corrected herself. Making out she had meant us and not just me. It was lame. Then she quickly changed the subject and I guess I didn't want to know because I let it go."

We, the 4 of us, were gob smacked. Grace was now saddened not just because of Jacky's death but now because she realized she was not the only love in Jacky's life. She'd been sharing Jacky's love right from the very beginning.

"It just goes to show what a powerful taboo incest is. And yet, if they'd only known, that all it took was discretion to make it work. There's no biologic reason why it should be wrong, as long as the genepool is big enough. I know a case where 2 brothers and a sister had an incestuous relationship all their lives. Local people had suspected but it was all just part of the local rumor mill. Until a friend of mine overheard a conversation between the three of them and where the sister had said 'So which one of you is going to cock a leg tonight'. Discretion is all it would have taken, if they'd only known."

Sam: "So what do we do now?"

Grace: "We must go to the police and tell them."

Chloe: “You and Will can do that I’m trying to keep a low profile.”

Sam and Sally agreed with Chloe and so it was that me and Grace were left with carrying, not so much a can, as a poisonous bucket of pain.

DCI COYLE’S OFFICE

Ross stood in the corner holding a piece of paper. DCI Coyle sat at the desk but at an angle facing Ross. Grace and I explained everything in detail relating to Jack being his twin sister’s killer and when we finished this is what he said.

“I agree. I agree entirely. But then I have the advantage of having Jack’s suicide note.”

Grace: “Jack’s killed himself?”

DCI Coyle: “His body was found near where his sister was found. He’d taken a massive dose of heroin. Ross, why don’t you read out the suicide note.”

Ross: “I couldn’t stand it when I found out that she had been with another man. When I confronted her with it, all she said was that she’d done it for the money and that it didn’t mean anything to her. It didn’t mean anything to her but it meant everything to me. I shook her and shook her until she fell dead at my feet. Then I went after him so I could shake him to death as well. I climbed into the estate but was spotted by a security guard and when I climbed back I looked for a piece of wood by which to kill the guard but I couldn’t find a suitable piece. A Robin came down to where I was disturbing the undergrowth and started looking for grubs. I wanted to kill that Robin but it was so innocent and trusting that I couldn’t even chase it away. It was Jacky come back to remind me what I had done. I was the killer of the one thing that I loved more than life itself. So, I will end it now. At least we can be together in whatever comes after this life. Signed, Jack. Then written as a post script. I hate you Will. And hold you just as responsible for what’s happened.”

DCI Coyle with more sadness than cruelty: “I would tend to agree. If not criminally then certainly morally.”

DCI Coyle turned to look me in the eye but I couldn’t face him and just walked out.

* * * * *

[Da Ming Taizu Ling 9 — EF]

It is often recorded that there was civil war from 1351 — 1368 and it is true that bandit groups became increasingly active during this period. But the story told here reveals the true and full history of the successful rise of the Ming Dynasty under Zhu Yuanzhang.

Once in power he applied Confucian ethics. Fiscal efficiency would result when the idea of impartial service of the 'common good' was put into effect. The founder of the Ming Dynasty firmly believed he possessed 'The Mandate of Heaven' as did those Scholar-Officials including myself that now took on the task of running the country for the benefit of The People.

As Emperor he was known as Hongwu and his previous name Zhu Yuanzhang discarded.

In Hongwu's first year, in the first month on the 18th day (February 6, 1368) he set forth an Imperial Decree: I consider the Commandments and the Code to be the devices for ruling the realm. The Commandments instruct before the fact and the Code regulates after the fact ... The Commandments and the Code fixed today will replace multiplicity with simplicity and achieve consistency ... If the whole realm observes the Commandments and is not punished by the Code, the resulting setting aside of punishments will not be hard to achieve.

In this Decree we can see the *vein* in which he intended to rule. He went on to give many pronouncements on many things. Here are a selection:

From The Relationship of The Ruler and His Subjects.

The Ruler nourishes The People through the five teachings and these are: between parent and child there must be affection, between Ruler and Minister rightness, between husband and wife differentiation, between senior and junior precedence, between friends trust. When the five teachings are established, how can there fail to be peace.

From the Penal Section of the Great Ming Code on Rebellion.

All conspirators regardless of whether they are leaders or followers shall be executed by slicing, along with all their male members of their families. Women and children given as slaves to the titular nobility. Property to be confiscated by the state. Those who fail to inform shall receive 100 strokes of the heavy bamboo and life exile at 3000 li.

From The Great Ming Commandments on the Duties of Officials.

In regard to the Officials of all Prefectures, Sub-prefectures and Districts. Their administrative accomplishments must be thoroughly evaluated by the Investigating Censor and the facts reported as a basis for demotion or promotion.

From The Great Commandments on Inheritance.

A family's property and land are to be divided equally among sons of the wife, a concubine or a slave. Exception is to be made for beneficiaries of the official yin privilege in which case the eldest son and grandson of the wife shall benefit in full while the bastard sons shall get half the portion of the sons. If there is no son an appropriate successor shall be designated heir to share equally with the bastard sons.

From The Great Commandments on Marriage and Divorce.

All marriages shall be arranged by the paternal grandparents or parents. If the husband dies and the wife remarries and takes the daughter with her she alone shall arrange the daughter's marriage. If a betrothed girl commits fornication if the boy's family wish to break the engagement the betrothal gifts must be returned. If the husband disappears for 3 years it is possible for the wife to get permission to marry someone else. Even though a wife meets one of the seven grounds for divorce she may not be discarded so lightly if she meets one of the three restrictions. The seven grounds for divorce are: no sons, lewdness,

not serving parents-in-law, talking to much, theft, jealousy, incurable disease. The three restrictions on divorce: the wife having done three years mourning, the family is now rich to the wife's credit, the wife no longer having a family to return to.

From these examples it can be seen why Hongwu's reign is characterized as harsh but fair.

Chuang Tzu said: The ignorant do not see that no matter how well you store things, smaller ones in larger ones, there will always be a chance for them to be lost. But if you store the Universe in the Universe there will be no room left for it to be lost. This is the great truth of things.

Kuo Hsiang's Commentary says: This shows that if we identify ourselves with the Universe as the Unformed Block we can never be lost. If we can see all things as One and can identify ourselves with the One, then, through all the changes of the world, our existence will eternally endure.

*

Chapter 10

Lorna Dune

5' 3" tall, weighing in at 7 1/2 stone, narrow based 'cannonball drop' breasts with purple 'step-pyramid' nipples pointing to the sun, very slender waist delicate frame, long legs, with low pelvis, small mandolin bum, long almost black medium thickness hair, pulled back into long pony tail fine features, exceptionally good looking with a beautiful molded nose, slender lips on a fine mouth, green eyes framed with delicate dark eyebrows. Attractive, for a girl who rarely smiles.

I'd been moping about for a week, trying to make sense out of everything that had happened. I hadn't seen anyone nor did I want to see anyone when she turned up. I heard the door open then her face looking down at me as I lay on the sofa.

"I could feel your self-pity all the way to Queensford. But I left it till now so you could pay penance for what you did."

"Most generous."

Lorna went and sat opposite on the other sofa. I knew what was coming and she didn't hang back.

"If you will play around with other people's lives, what can you expect."

"I never expected anything but joy and light. And what did I get, misery and gloom. So, what do I do now?"

"Have you learned your lesson?"

"Believe me when I tell you, I won't be doing that again. But what do I do now?"

"Who do you have the greatest connection with?"

"Well you of course."

"Because of our 'quantum entanglement'?"

"Precisely."

"You're lucky I not only understand it but I also feel it. Hasn't it crossed your mind that that feeling is in fact ... love?"

"Love?"

"Yes, that's right, love."

“You mean, that we are in-love. We are already in-love. I hadn’t thought of that.”

“Your previous experience with love with what’s her name ...”

“Helen.”

“... was so traumatic that you have rejected the very idea of love. So now you can’t even recognize it when its staring you in the face, as I am now. Go on, take a good look. You are already in-love with me and you don’t even know it. Why I should be in-love with you when you’re so ridiculous I have no idea.”

Lorna was making more sense than my defensive mind block could withstand. It dissipated as if it was made of mist under a rising sun. One good blast of the truth and it was obvious, so excruciatingly obvious. I was already in-love and with a woman that was already in-love with me.

“Helen was never ‘in-love’ with me. Oh, she loved me alright but was never ‘in-love’ with me. My love for her was unconditional her love for me was not. I don’t think she knew what that meant, let alone the reason why. Still doesn’t. Never will.”

“And how long ago was that?”

“30 years I suppose.”

“And how long did it last?”

“11 years. 11 bitter and painful years.”

“Don’t you think it’s time you let go?”

“I suppose it is. You are so much more than she ever was. Are you really ‘in-love’ with me?”

“You know I am!”

“I suppose I do.”

“No supposing about it.”

I got up and crossed the coffee table, pushed her back and kissed her with passion. And that was that. ‘In-love’, bonkersly ‘in-love’. What a turn up. Life is always full of surprises.

The next few weeks were spent in making love. That is sex with ‘in-loveness’. And as any one will tell you the best sex you can have is with the one you’re in-love with. Such amazing times.

I bought a horse and we’d go ridding together. Then we started travelling. Florence, Venice, China especially Hangzhou and the Pearl River Delta conurbation, the first mega city of the 21st century, joining up what had been 5 cities, 90 odd miles long and between 40 and 60 miles wide, people simply don’t understand China if they haven’t seen this 21st

century mega-metropolis. Then we went to the Andes and the Atacama Desert for a 'reality check'.

We flew into Santiago the Capital of Chile. A city half the size of London with a population of 6 million. But that 6 million represents a third of Chile's population of 18 million. It has all the trappings of being 'well-off' rather than the usual mix of rich pockets in a thread-bare measure of poverty.

We stayed at the Hotel Magnolia in the central district. A quite delightful 'boutique' hotel with spacious modern rooms in a charming 1920s building. Never having been before we did the tourist tour spending 3 days seeing the sites and soaking up the atmosphere. It has the air of stability; a sea of calm compared to the rest of South America. The people have settled for the stability and slow progress their social/political system offers realizing how well off they are compared to the rest of the sub-continent which is in a state of turmoil verging on the brink of violence.

Then we flew to Antofagasta and from there took a taxi to Paihuano and stayed at the Elqui Domos Hotel in one of their geodesic dome bedrooms; the unique feature being that the roof comes off and allows you to sleep under the stars.

And what stars. 200 billion of them and all visible from your bed.

The Atacama Desert is one of the driest places on the planet. Its altitude places it high above the dense atmosphere and as a consequence the view of the night sky is unapparelled. Our galaxy can be seen in glorious detail and with just the minutest application of the imagination you can just about make out the spiral arms. Our solar system sits just above the galactic disc two thirds out from the monstrous blackhole at its center. It is an awe-inspiring sight and something that everyone should see because here we get the true picture of where we are in the universe. This is our reality. We live on a ball of rock hurtling through space; a tiny speck in the 'milky-way' galaxy which is itself a tiny speck in our universe.

Here in the Atacama you can feel it.

Back home in dear old blighty we constructed a luxurious hide down by the river with wood-burning stove, double bed, candle lighting and gas fridge; I'm getting too old to do without my creature comforts. We loved staying out there when there was a thunderstorm especially at night. It was on one such occasion that our conversation turned to love.

" 'Love Conquers All'; where does that come from?"

"You'd have to go back at least 65 million years to when the dinosaurs roamed the Earth. Latest evidence suggests that some dinosaurs cared for their young surely that would have to be where love comes from; love for your off spring."

"There were mammals during that period and mammals always care for their offspring. For us as mammals' love has been with us a very long time."

"But then it evolved into something even more filled with potential; love between adults. One can easily say it has become the defining emotion of Homo Sapiens. Look at any 'soap opera' on TV and it throes it in your face; just look at 'Holly Oaks'."

“No, you look at ‘Holly Oaks’, I’ve got more respect for my mind than watching that crap.”

“Lorna, you’re such a snob. ‘Holly Oaks’ is filled with social comment. When they come to study the Anthropocene, they’ll be studying ‘Holly Oaks’ to find out what our culture was really like.”

“Do you think that love has evolved too much. Aren’t we all obsessed with it to the detriment of more important things.”

“There is definitely some truth in that but we can’t ignore it ...”

FLASH CRASH BANG

We both jumped from our prone positions and then laughed with nervous energy. The lightning struck just across the river, lighting up the inside of the hide and reminding us of our mortality.

“I hope that lightning rod we put in works. I don’t fancy ending up looking like ‘Tom’ after he’s had a few thousand volts passed through him by ‘Jerry’.”

“It would frizz your hair out nicely.”

“I’m not getting my hair frizzed. I do not want a ‘shaggy dog’. Can we get back to love?”

“Easy enough done. Where should we start. Let me see. Ah yes. Western civilization was founded largely on love.”

“How do you make that out.” Lorna was incredulous.

“Christianity, of course. Wasn’t Christ’s central theme to do with love. And wasn’t he right, after all ‘Love does Conquer All’. Christianity became the cornerstone of western civilization. It is the foundation on which our polar region’s culture is based. In terms of cultural evolution Europe is a specific species based on love. Probably why Europe is the most civilized polar region of them all. And, as the process of evolution moved on sub-species formed in the form of nation states. It’s quite simple when you see it from this perspective; cultural evolution, speciation and sub-species.”

“And love.”

“And love. Not that things happened quite in the way that it says in the bible.”

“It was just another story, I know.”

“Do you want to hear the real story?”

“Go on then. You won’t be happy until you do.”

“Ah, you know me so well. It goes like this: Jesus had trained as a ship’s carpenter and when he was in his early teens he went to India on a trading ship where he came across the Indian Mystical Traditions. He was soon a convert and jumped ship so he could learn

from the Northern India Sant traditions. By the time he was in his 30s he was well versed in Mystical Traditions and decided he would take this knowledge back to his homeland in Palestine. He soon had a following but ran foul of Jewish orthodoxy. They nailed him to a cross, he supposedly died, then rose from the dead to finally ascend to Heaven. But what really happened was that he didn't die on the cross and when they took him down he was still alive. He was able to see his friends but obviously couldn't stay in Palestine as he would have been recognized. So, he went back to India and started his own tradition. He in fact became a North India Sant with 'love' as the central theme of his Mystical Tradition; he gathered a large following amongst the Indian population. He's still revered today. And, you're going to love this, when he died he was buried in a marked grave. And that grave is still there with a grave stone that bears the sign of the crossed feet with the nail holding them together from when he was on the cross."

Lorna laughed and laughed. She did enjoy a good story, "We should go to India and check it out."

"Yes, that's what we'll do. It's always a good idea to have some place to go in India as it's so easy to get distracted when you're there; it's such an amazing culture."

"There was no reason to have him rise from the dead and ascend into Heaven. His message of love didn't need all that flannel."

"But his disciples probably did."

"Western civilization is based mainly on Christianity. Which is based on love. I can see now why we are the most civilized people on the planet."

"If you base your civilization on the most potent human emotion with all its positive aspects it was bound to be very successful."

"Put it on the list and let's go in search of Christ's grave."

But we never did.

* * * * *

[Da Ming Taizu Ling 10 — EF]

The Hongwu Emperor renamed Nanjing, Yingtian and made it the Dynastic capital. He constructed a 48 kilometre city wall, a Ming Palace compound with Government Halls. It took 200,000 workers 20 years to complete.

He consulted my good-self on the training and education of Scholar Officials. He ordered the Ministry of Rites to regulate all schools as well as conduct exams. Only the very best students were permitted to become Scholar Officials. Well versed in Confucian orthodoxy.

However, Confucianism was not the only teaching he permitted. Much in the same vein as previous dynasties from the Han through the Song and down to present times he believed in the value of the 'Three Teachings' in that they buttress Imperial Rule. Buddhism and Taoism were valued as Chinese characteristics as much as Confucianism in that they were identified with the 'Way of Heaven'.

After my work was completed on education and the organization of the Civil Service, the Emperor made me Governor of the far south of China as he knew this was what I desired. A post that would not tax my energies as the southern provinces were more or less self-governing. This allowed me the time to indulge in my studies to become a sage; a task I have still to complete.

Chuang Tzu said: The knowledge of the ancients was perfect because at first they did not know there were things. Then they knew there were things but made no distinction between them. Then they made distinction between them. And finally they passed judgement on them. When judgements were passed Tao was destroyed. It was then individual preferences came into being.

Kuo Hsiang' Commentary says: Taoism disparages knowledge, because knowledge makes distinctions, while Pure Experience excludes it.

*

Chapter 11

Valerie

5' 8" tall, weighing in at 81/2 stone, D-cup conical breasts on medium base with large pink nipples pointing to the sky, slender athletic build, long legs, small height to the pelvis, rounded bum, dyed jet black thick hair bobbed with inclined curved strands defining the angle of her jaw, styled to perfection, exquisite classical features, well-formed lips on a medium sized mouth, stunning sapphire blue eyes manicured, black eyebrows. Exotic retro French chic. A work of art.

I had purchased the Chateau and made it over to the girls in the form of a trust along with myself as beneficiaries. It was a small Chateau of 16 rooms on 2 floors with 100 hectares. It had no architectural significance but had great charm mainly because of the large shuttered windows and 2, 3 story towers with conical roofs, set at the corners of the front wall and protruding out from the plane of the front wall. The Chateau is on the outskirts of the large village of Mus in the south-eastern part of Provence.

We had rented the land out to our neighbor Mm. Vicente for a yearly fee of a 1000 bottles of the wine made from the grapes of the estate. A happy arrangement for everyone.

I arrived at the Chateau in late June as lunch was being served. I was greeted with genuine affection from those gathered, namely, Chloe, who now lived permanently in France and acted as concierge for the Chateau, Sam, now a second-year student at uni, Grace, now at uni studying culture, Sally now doing a Masters, and Jo who was also doing a Masters. I was sat at the head of the table with Chloe, Sam, and Jo to my right and Sally and Grace to my left. It was a merry gathering until Grace asked me about Lorna. But I was well prepared for this and launched into a long explanation.

"She's left me." After the laughter had died down, "Go on, mock me if you will but as you girls probably realized this a long time ago, you will be pleased to know it was an amicable separation. I had, over the 2 years we had together, tried to persuade her that there was no future in a relationship with a 50-year age difference." The curious looks on their faces prompted me, "I know I don't look it but I am in fact 75. I know I look like I'm in my early 50s but that's not true. I finally explained to her what I'm now going to explain to you. When I was in my late 60s I was struck down by Type 2 diabetes and I was placed on the drug Metformin – standard practice. This remarkable drug slowly ended my Type 2 diabetes and I then began to benefit from its other great attributes. It's not known as the 'anti-aging drug' for nothing. Most people who take Metformin are still alive today when most should have been dead years ago. But for some of us, and probably because of genetic reasons, some of us actually are rejuvenated. I'm actually getting younger. Instead of getting 10 years older since I started taking the drug I have actually got 10 years younger. When I explained this to Lorna she realized that we would pass each other going

in different directions sometime in her late 30s or early 40s. This of course freaked her out; it's alright growing old together but when one is getting younger then there is no % in that for the one who is getting older. Sensible girl, she dumped me so she can find a more suitable partner. In many ways Lorna is conventional, so it was a no-brainer. Still, we had 2 good years together and you know what they say ...

The girls said this as one, "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

Grace: "Do you still get on?"

"Well, it's still a bit awkward, so we tend to avoid each other. It's the reason she's not here as she knows I'm out here for the summer."

Chloe: "What are you going to do now?"

"Emotionally, I don't know. I'm just getting on with my writing project 'The Path and The Way', so nothing new there."

Chloe, with a grin: "And sex."

"There's no going back in life for anything; it simply doesn't exist to go back to. The present is 'hello', here I am. And as the future is unknown, well, I don't have a clue."

Sally: "Then join the rest of us."

"There must be plenty of young Frenchmen around. I would have thought that you girls wouldn't have to worry too much about that. Especially for a summer fling."

Grace: "I don't think the local girls know what a lesbian is."

"Nonsense. Didn't the French invent sex?"

Sally: "Not that we've noticed so far."

Chloe, changing the subject, "I've got a job in the village waiting on tables at this restaurant. It's brilliant. We should all go tonight. I'll be there anyway."

There was general agreement that it was a good idea and as Chloe worked there it was easy enough for her to get a table in what was a very popular restaurant.

After a lunch, where we spent time catching up, I then retired for my afternoon siesta and on awaking sorted out my room. The 4 tower rooms had all been taken and my room was a double room over the main entrance with a wonderful view over the estate. The Chateau was situated on a small hill, surrounded by a wood on 3-sides so that my rooms had the best view over the surrounding countryside. The village of Mus was behind the wood and it was the wood that gave the name to the Chateau: Chateau de Floret du Frenne. Which roughly translated means the Mansion in the Forest of Mountain Ash. Rather nice don't you think.

We arrived in the village and parked the car in the carpark at the bottom of the hill, then walked up the hill into the square where the restaurant was nestling inside a small number of plane trees. Chloe who was already there showed us to our table. This was situated next to the low wrought-iron rail that ran along the top of the retaining wall that was needed to stop customers from falling into the square some 2 meters below; the center of which was a small fountain in the shape of people scrambling up a mountain peak; or at least that's what it looked like to me. This terrace we were on was large and filled with tables already full with guests. Old fashioned lanterns lined the restaurant and small ones provided light for the tables. The inside of the restaurant named 'Les Blue' was lit with blue light that provided a very particular atmosphere and backdrop to those seated on the terrace. A delight.

She appeared through the open double doors like some queen surveying her domain. Dressed in a black dress that showed off her long legs and of which the tight fit showed off her many physical attributes. Here she was, the proprietor of 'Les Blue' and I watched as she walked across to our table in exotic elegance. The stark white foundation on her face the cherry red of her lips the sapphire blue eyes making up the retro French chic to perfection. Valerie arrived like a goddess and bewitched me from the start.

She said hello to the girls with whom she had already met then turned her attention to me, then in perfect English, "I have heard so much about you I feel I know you already."

"Take no notice of these slappers. They have only a surface understanding of my good self. Please, won't you join us."

"I cannot. I have the restaurant to run. But once we have finished serving I will join you then."

She did the rounds of the tables while the girls ribbed me about my grinning countenance and my fixed attention on the work of art that was Valerie Simone.

Grace: "Put your tongue back in Will, she's way out of your league."

"I can look, can't I. I mean you don't look like that if you don't want people to look."

Sam: "Apparently, she's famous in the region and attracts french tourists as well as the locals."

"I'm not surprised. If the food is as good as the presentation we will be in for a treat."

The food was wonderful. The local wine superb especially the desert wine 'Lunnel'. And the conversation scintillating. At the end of a superb evening, the girls decided to help Chloe clear up which freed Valerie to come and talk to me.

"Chloe has told me so much about you with your contracts and procedure. It fascinates me."

"Don't tell me you have problems with orgasms."

"Not at all. When I masturbate I always have orgasms that are 'tre bon'. No, my problem is that I am still a virgin."

“Wow!’ My shock was soon replaced on reflection, “But then, when I think about it, it’s not that unusual. When I was in my late teens I had this lovely girlfriend called Viv. I was very fond of her but would she let me shag her, no she wouldn’t. So I had to get rid of her because I was obsessed with sex. Years later I bumped into her and the first thing she said to me was that she was 26 before she lost her virginity. She said she just hadn’t been ready. So you see it isn’t that unusual.”

“I think I’m nearly ready. All I have to do is find the right man.”

“Pity I wasn’t so old and ugly, I’d give you a right royal ‘seeing to’.”

She laughed, “But Will, I’ve always had a bit of a thing for ugly old men.”

“You mean like that pedophile Serge Gainsbuggerer or whatever they call him?”

“There is something very sexy about him. But my favorite has to be Humphrey Bogart. Now there was a real man.”

“Yes, he was. He represented what was good about America. I’m afraid America doesn’t produce men like him anymore. Have you been to America?”

“New York.”

“What struck you the most about that god-forsaken city.”

She thought about it long and hard, “I suppose it was all the various areas; little Italy, China Town, the Jewish Quarter and that big Spanish area up near the Museum of North American Indigenous People. Manhattan is a just a patchwork of different cultural areas.”

“Spot on. In fact, all of America is like that and as far as I can see the only thing that holds it together – the glue as it were – is the Constitution. Only that the Constitution is losing its adhesiveness. And I reckon that’s because it needs an update. An evolutionary development that will make it fit for the 21st century.”

“That would explain why America looks so lost at the moment and why Donald Trump is President.” She smiled what I could only describe as a curious smile, “What would you do if you were President?”

“Me? You wouldn’t want me as President. I’m no politician. Just a dangerous writer.”

“Indulge me, Will.”

“Well for a start I’d get rid of the ‘rednecks’ and all those ‘Christian fundamentalists’ and I’d ban all ‘country music’.”

“How would you do that?”

“Bring in the Germans. They’re pretty good at building gas chambers. They could convert all those deserted factories in the north which would provide employment for all those

who've lost their jobs. Of course, we couldn't get rid of Polly ..." I could see the confusion on her face, "Dolly Parton, old 'big tits' herself. I suppose we could save her genes."

"Now I understand why you are not a politician."

"There's a moral here: never allow a writer to become a politician. And that's because we are always looking for the 'final solution'."

Valerie laughed with abandon and I joined in.

The girls having finished came across just as our laughter was trailing off.

Sam: "Come on Willy, time to take us home."

Valerie: "Oh he's not going home tonight. I'm taking him to my bed."

The girls were stunned. I through my car keys to Sally and Valerie was as good as her word and took me to her bed.

It was a memorable experience as it was all so conventional; the sex, that is. Valerie was a conventional convent educated girl so it was hardly surprising. It made for the perfect summer fling. We met up 1 day a week and 2 nights. On her day off we'd drive to different places of interest in the region. We'd visit exceptional restaurants enjoying the best cuisine that France has to offer.

On one such occasion she took me to Le Gorge a wonderful natural canyon where the water rushed through with great force. After, we went to see her friends that lived in the village of Chasteuil. This village had been destroyed by an earthquake sometime around the turn of the 19th century. The people never returned and the village had remained in ruins until the 1970s when a group of friends pooled their resources and bought the entire village. Over the years the village was resurrected; the houses rebuilt, the bakery and a few shops and a restaurant brought back to life. Many artisans moved in and by the 21st century it had won a reputation as an artist colony and a place one could obtain works of art and crafts. With a first-class restaurant it was a destination for the rich that lived in the region which included the coast which was only 60 kilometers away.

After visiting several craft shops, where I purchased a delicate coral neckless for Valerie, we had lunch in the restaurant. 'Stuffed and mounted' we retired to a friend's tee-pee for a snooze.

Vincent was a man in his 50s small, wiry and filled with a dynamic zest for life. During the summer he liked to live in this homemade tee-pee, a concession he was given by the community because as a stonemason he had helped most of them in rebuilding their homes.

After my afternoon snooze I joined Valerie and Vincent as they were catching up with their news. Valerie was a friend of Vincent's daughter Crystal, who, as a great traveler, was in South America travelling with her mother Cinderella. Vincent, had, like myself, fallen 'in-love' with a woman who had not been 'in-love' with him. However, their relationship had produced what would seem to be a young woman of great beauty and dynamism; a combination of her parent's qualities.

Valerie: "Vincent has spent some time in America and agrees with most of what you have said."

"What part of the states did you live."

Vincent: "Montecito, near Santa Barbra."

"I know it well. I had friends that had an old adobe house further up the hill from the village. I stayed there for several months, many years ago now. It was the around the time when there was a battle to get the dossers off summer-something-beach near Santa Barbara."

Vincent: "I heard about that from the actress, Jane Fonda. An amazing woman, who I worked for, building a great retaining wall for her garden out of natural stone that I picked up in the valley over the other side of the mountain. It brings back happy memories."

"That's right, Jane Fonda, and didn't she have Joe Cocker as her next-door neighbor."

Vincent: "She did, they were great friends."

Valerie: "What was this about dossers on the beach?"

"Ah well, the local council wanted to clean the beach up and decided to remove the dossers by rounding them up and putting them in jail. But the local Hollywood elite were infuriated by this and came out of the hills to protest. It was a great success because the bums were all released. The council didn't want to upset 'the great and the good' for fear of losing their support. What I liked about it was the big sign made by some famous American artist which said 'hands off our bums'. A real work of art that's probably priceless now."

Valerie and Vincent appreciated the humorous sentiment.

"What were the things that stood out for you when you were in America?"

Vincent: "You must have noticed it as well. All the menial jobs were carried out by illegal Mexicans. Whether it was in the mostly white media elite's homes or in the shops. And didn't you notice that there was hardly any black people in Santa Barbra."

"Oh yes, its impossible not to miss. It's the same all over America. Black people with their own black culture is universally loathed by other Americans. I drove through South Central L.A. ..."

Vincent: "You drove through South Central L.A!" Vincent was genuinely shocked.

"I was caught in a traffic jam on the freeway on my way to Venice. So, I looked on the map and realized that if I turned off I could drive down the boulevards to Venice. Not realizing, of course, that I would be driving through one of the most notorious places in America. I could see the black kids on the street corners looking at me and looking around because they must have assumed that I was a policeman on his way to another shooting. I was lucky enough to make it through but it was an indication of the cultural difference and separation. South Central L.A. is separated from Venice by either a river or a water way. The crossings over this are permanently monitored by the police to stop the inhabitants

from invading Venice. Here is the discrimination line between two cultures. Venice is inhabited by well educated media types. South Central by badly educated drug dealers steeped in the culture of violence. It spoke volumes to me because this is reality in America. It's no wonder America is so divided and why it's splitting apart. The glue that has held America together — the constitution — is no longer fit for purpose."

Vincent: "It's the inequality."

Valerie: "Is that why there is so much violence? Or is the violence just a symptom of the cultural differences?"

Vincent: "Who knows."

"Or who cares. Europe might have its problems but it is not broken like America."

Valerie: "Will believes Europe is being led by Merkle and Macron down a path that will lead to a United States of Europe."

"Even though that would mean turning Italians into Germans. It's never going to happen. To have a United States of Europe you would have to have a common culture instead of the 27 cultures most of which have their own language. The only way forward is to have a European Union of Nation States where each nation state is appreciated as a sub-species of our common Christian heritage. Think of Europe as a major branch on the human culture tree and that branch has through cultural evolution developed 27 other branches. Well that's how I see it. We are both European — the main branch — and the secondary branches are the individual nation states. So we are both and as such we need a European Union that reflects this. I've written about this in my MS 'Civilization'."

Valerie: "A plan for a comprehensive world civilization."

Vincent: "But what would a comprehensive world civilization look like?"

"Very much like what the European Union of Nation States would look like just on a global scale and substituting Polar Regions for Nation States. It's fractal; same structure on every scale.

Valerie: "I'll send you a copy. But you must persevere with it as it is complex and very dense. Thankfully it is only 60 odd pages and you can read it in a couple of hours."

Vincent: "Sounds fascinating."

After this we headed back to Mus where we continued our summer fling. You know the sort of thing, looking lovingly into each other's eyes and kissing with affection. Bliss. Bliss that is for a summer fling.

Naturally, as my luck has always been mixed, things were set for a change. She laughed as she told me then laughed some more at my reaction. Yes, I'm sure you have guessed. She was pregnant. When she asked me if I would make an honest woman of her. I said I would. And so a wedding was planned and near executed. It must have been the strangest wedding they'd seen in these parts as everyone turned up except the bride and the bridegroom.

I managed to detach Valerie from her family by subterfuge. Alone together in my car I explained the impossibility of a happy marriage but she was already there before me. I explained the settlement, which was as follows: She was to receive 1,000,000 euros immediately and as much more as she needed it. The child was to receive 1,000,000 euros every year from the age of 21 and this was to last for 10 years. I would visit the child on its birthday from the age of 7. The child was to be told that their father was an explorer hence unable to play the role of a conventional father; there was more truth to this than would at first comprehension seem likely.

The child might complain about my absence but once the teens had been reached the million euros a year was far important than the presence of a father who would only at best have been present in body but never in mind. A good mother with an extended family full of good male role-models was a privileged upbringing even without all that loot.

We parted a little sad but amiably enough. She went off to her cousin's in Lyon. I went off to Thailand and we both missed what was the best wedding party that Provence had ever witnessed.

This, of course, should be the end. But in fict, as in real life, there is never any end.

What comes next for Will Tremblerod is an entirely new story. For which I have no title as yet. So to wet the appetite for those who have already developed an appetite for this radically new form of 21st century literature here is a passage from the opening sequence of the continuing story of a master wordsmith.

{ She was tall, willowy, she was the daughter of the café owner. Her name was Won. She placed the coffee on the table and smiled at me.

“How would you like to see my ‘big cock’?”

She quickly looked around to make sure nobody was taking any notice and on seeing there was not turned back to me and gave me her very best smile.}

Or something like that.

* * * * *

[Da Ming Taizu Ling 11 — EF]

For the benefit of the present reader and of posterity I will gift knowledge from the Taoist concept of the Uncarved Block on the individual scale and the Unformed Block on the scale of the Universe.

All of the quotes at the end of each Ling is included to enhance the understanding of the Taoist vision of the Nature of Reality. That it is to Kuo Hsiang and Chuang Tzu that I have turned shows what great insights they deliver on becoming a sage.

It is my contention that they were both sages and the quotes chosen exemplify this.

In regard to their relationship to each other I have constructed this: The Silver Necklace Metaphor: Chuang Tzu is the silver wire that supports the silver charms of Kuo Hsiang's Commentaries.

SDP

Chuang Tzu said: There is not a single thing without Tao ... There are three terms: complete, all embracing and the whole. These three names are different but denote the same reality; all refer to the One thing.

Kuo Hsiang's Commentary says: This passage shows that Tao is not something transcending the world. It is in the world. It is everywhere complete. It is the whole. The whole as the One. The One as the all embracing Unformed Block.

✱

Epilogue

What kind of Knave am I? And who is this 'I', Will Tremblerod? And how much is this fictional author a part of me, the real author? And consequently what kind of knave is the real author? Or can this only be decided by the reader? Who, in the end, is the only one that can.

If we turn to the suits of ordinary playing cards we might find a clue. The Knave of Hearts I am most certainly not, as affection is about all I can muster or receive these days. Nor am I the Knave of Spades for wickedness is not in my makeup and as this a dual nature suit, hard work has always been a positive attribute I have possessed just not in the traditional sense. And a shirker I am definitely not. The Knave of Clubs I only have traces of traits, in that power has never been the driving force of my life. Only in sex fantasies does it raise its ugly head. The Knave of Diamonds, because it has to do with money, is purely materialistic which I am not. It is what you do with wealth that is important. There are bits and pieces of each suit in me but not one that can lay claim to my 'Inner Truth' (Chinese Philosophy).

However, I find the four suits not sufficient anyway, to cover the various aspects of the human condition. Love, Work/Wickedness, Power and Wealth are genuine aspects but surely there is one that is missing. Knowledge, for me, is the most important aspect of human nature. So how about a new suit symbolized by the '?' mark. The unknown can only be deciphered by asking questions, hence the reason why the '?' mark is such a suitable symbol for knowledge. So yes, that's who I am, the Knave of Knowledge. For I'm sure the reader can see how I use knowledge in its many forms and put each to use even in the most abstruse ways.

A Knack to Know a Knave of Knowledge — now that would make for a more accurate title but as it rather gives the game away when employed at the beginning, it will remain what it is — just an after thought.

Now this epilogue will not be the final epilogue because that will depend on the final draft of the novel — that is, if such a think exists, a final draft, that is.

What I can do here is present what should be obvious to those that have read this novel in its entirety. It's just another way, another perspective on my MS 'Civilization'. The sex comedy is just a way of appealing to a much bigger audience. You can always try the 'procedure' as it is based on good research into human biology and who knows it might work for you.

What is 'Civilization' about? Well, it's there in the sub-title: The First, Rational, Proactive, Plan and Roadmap, for a Comprehensive World Civilization.

Let's take the elements of the sub-title each in turn:

'The First'. Yes, it is the first. And I have high hopes that it will stimulate others to produce other Plans and Roadmaps for a Comprehensive World Civilization. Few would argue with the end result and that is to have a Comprehensive World Civilization by the end of this century at the latest. The sooner the better as we are in the middle of the biggest mass extinction since the end of the Cambrian. So, come on you concerned, you arrogant, you

knowledgeable and you media savvy bunker Wallahs, it's time to get busy. Everyone will have something to offer just remember that there must be a solid basis to your ideas like mine; where I use Evolution in just about all aspects and with such stunning explanatory results.

'Rational'. What would be the point if your 'Plan and Roadmap' wasn't understandable. That's why I chose a rational exposition. But I should say here that it may well be that there are other ways of presenting your ideas than rational ones.

'Proactive'. For me, it can only be a proactive 'Plan and Roadmap'. If you know where you are going then formulating a 'Plan and Roadmap' is always going to be proactive. This has a huge advantage when we are living in such chaotic times. Indeed, with a clear destination such as we have in a 'Comprehensive World Civilization' then being 'Proactive' is just common sense. If everyone agrees on the destination then although we may argue about how we get there, being 'Proactive' will not present any arguments. It will drive a distinct road through the chaos which will eventually suck everything behind it in the same direction bringing order out of our chaotic world. Bringing order out of chaos through a procedure is the Chinese concept of Tsao Hua — it is how our ordered universe is brought forth from the chaos of the primordial state.

'Plan and Roadmap'. The 'Plan' is simple. Now that we can create *real world* assets from 'printed money' because money — since Richard Nixon took the dollar off the gold standard — it is now possible to Green the Deserts and Farm the Oceans. Greened Deserts and Farmed Oceans are *real world* assets of the highest order because they will last 1000s if not 1,000,000s of years; they will last indefinitely as long as we maintain them. Sucking CO2 out of the atmosphere is the second lever for controlling climate and that's exactly what Greening the Deserts and Farming the Oceans does. (The first lever we already know; stop burning fossil fuels.)

The 'Roadmap' is also simple. Starting off from the chaos of this transition from a 'uni-polar' world to a 'multi-polar' world we will end up with a 'Comprehensive World Civilization' by default. All that is needed for the 'roadmap' to deliver us to a 'Comprehensive World Civilization' is the economic operating system of World-directed Capitalism.

'Comprehensive World Civilization'. The present United Nations (UN) is no longer fit for purpose as it was created for a uni-polar world where America was the uni-pole and main beneficiary. In the new multi-polar world, we have already moved into, the only sensible arrangement is to get rid of the present 'Security Council' and have it replaced by a 'Polar Region Council'. Simple. The polar regions that are emerging are as follows: North America, South America, Africa, Indian sub-continent, China, the ASEN block, Greater Russia and Europe. Although the Middle-east and North Africa make up a polar region they are so far behind the rest of the world, steeped as they still are in the barbarism of medieval times, they should only be allowed into the 'Polar Region Council' until they give up the philosophy of, 'might is right', and choose to settle their differences by dialogue as the other polar regions already do.

Now that really is Civilization and why this Manuscript is worthy of the Title.

Chuang Tzu said: The Mind of the Perfect Man is like a mirror. It responds to things but does not retain them. He is able to deal successfully with things but is not affected by them.

Kuo Hsiang's Commentary says: When the Perfect Man is active, he is like Heaven. When the Perfect Man is Tranquil, he is like Earth. He goes up and down with Evolution and according to the changes of the world so he can be the Master of all things and remain in synchronicity with the times.

The Perfect Man asks: Who is this Will Tremblerod



What should come next? What should be here in this space?

The answer is the MS :

'Civilization' .

But which one, as there are at least 5 versions of 'Civilization'.

Well, you get to choose as I will post at least 3 on the WEB.