

BREATH OF THE DRAGON

A PHOTO-FANTASY



Royston Arnold could hardly believe his luck. Within days of resorting to a truly amazing mail order package to help satisfy his increasing need to follow his once-beloved Hilary Hanbury-Boyce in chastising the bottoms of errant village maidens, here was one out of the blue. Not even from the village, either. Could he, Royston wondered, be on the way to becoming an international dispenser of summary justice by way of a burning backside? Clearly, his fame was spreading.

His caller was a Mrs Ling of the Chinese Trade Delegation. "I have heard of your ways," the lady confided inscrutably, "from a friend whose mother knows of a girl who lives local to you, to whom you attended in your special manner."

If her English was slightly off, her meaning was not.

"How can I help you, Mrs Ling?"

"We bring girls over here from Hong Kong," she said, "to help promote Chinese goods and services in our trade exhibitions in Britain."

"Right..." Royston couldn't quite imagine where this was leading.

"As she will be representing the great country of China, we specify that all girls who apply should be unsullied and blemish free."

"Absolutely," Royston agreed.

"And so they should be, Mrs Ling."

"Naturally there is a certain trust involved. In the past it has been enough that we take the girl's word that she is unmarked by the decadent practice of tattoo and body-piercing. This will no longer be so."

"Ah!"

"In a routine inspection one of the girls was found to offend in this important matter. I have therefore given her a choice. To be punished in the way we here are no longer permitted to do – that is to say, to receive a thundering good-hiding for her dishonesty and decadence. Or to return in shame to Hong Kong. The



girl has chosen the first option."

"Has she indeed?" Royston was having difficulty drawing breath.

"I wish to ask, Mr Arnold, if you will be prepared to attend to this errant but contrite girl. It will have to be unofficial, no record will be made that she has received this punishment. I will of course understand if you would rather not."

"Send the girl here, Mrs Ling," said Royston in noble tones, "and I promise to do my duty on your behalf and that of the great country of China."

So it was that the following day a frightened-looking Oriental maiden stood before Royston in the lounge at the Old Hall, her pretty head hung in deep submissiveness. He greeted her carrying a ping-pong paddle, which the girl blinked at in some bemusement. She was wearing sports clothes, including pleasingly tight shorts which showed off a pertly curvaceous rear, and gave her name as Ho Jani – at least that's what it sounded like. Certainly Royston found himself incapable of pronouncing it properly, and caught the twitch of a smile when he tried to do so.

Well, the girl would not be smiling for long. On her singlet were the words Wanna Play? – disconcertingly frivolous given the solemnity of the occasion, and exactly what Royston did want to do. But it wouldn't be at table-tennis – the paddle in his hand



was intended for another purpose altogether.

"I will call you Miss Ho, it's easier." The girl inclined her head. But moments later it was as if a storm roared in. She flinched as Royston let rip at her with a catalogue of her reported misdemeanours. "You are here to be punished for these offences," he finished, "and it is my solemn duty to enact the punishment." He knew it sounded pompous, but it was essential that this wilting girl saw him as an impassive punisher carrying out a painful duty, rather than a hedonist about to enjoy another exhilarating encounter with the naked bottom of an extremely pretty girl.

"Show me the offending tattoo."

"Please no, sir. I shy."

"You'll do as I say, girl – at once!" he thundered.

Ho Jani looked embarrassed as she slowly turned and pushed down her shorts to reveal a small dragon tattooed into the skin above a pale, silky-skinned buttock. To prevent



“Show me!” he insisted. “This is no time for shyness. You should have thought of that before you mutilated your body in this shameful way!”

The girl resisted him as he made to pull down her shorts – but at last a small gold ring through a vaginal lip was disclosed. Resisting a desire to get down on his knees and inspect it more closely, Royston put on an expression of stark horror.

“Through there,” he shrieked. “Defacing a girl’s most chaste treasure? I can hardly believe the evidence of my own eyes. This is absolutely outrageous! What other



himself from swooning at the sight of the two deliciously rounded bottom-cheeks on full display, Royston made a show at being shocked.

“I see now what Mrs Ling was talking about,” he raged. “It’s an absolute disgrace, girl! This is decadence run riot, and will need to be most seriously dealt with. Now, what about this body-piercing your employer referred to?”

The girl’s large brown eyes implored him as she pulled up her shorts and turned back to face him. “Is very private place,” she said in a husky whisper.

