



# CELLO BRIDE

BOOK 1

## SYNOPSIS:

Read the story when heartache becomes destiny. . .A beautiful hot, sexy, and ravaging classic that tells the life of a young girl name Miya Xi. She is an enthusiast, and strict critic for all art through-out world, but also a best distant friend to young woman name Angela who continues to serve as Beijing's Queen Piyan's chosen toy concubine that she uses to please her husband sexual desires. Miya is a care-free woman who loves to tease men time to time, but her life toke a nervous twist the moment she meet Andrea Amati's traveling promoter for the cello. After her fail attempts of trying to get him to leave she soon discovers that there was more than just the sound of music between them. . .A truly thought-provoking romance to take ones breath away as it continue

Angel Broady

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# Chapter One

## Queen's Chosen Toys

Today befalls a queen's sorrow to weep silently in her chamber; and an opportunity among the youthful women of Beijing. Parents gather their virgin girls, sent them to beauticians to be pampered from head to toe, and purchased the finest gowns so they will look presentable before their emperor. In the land filled with such embrace of excitement that the fathers rudely barges into a match-makers offices and picks up their daughters to drag them to see if they can be the queen's concubine that will bring family wealth and honor; but as little than they know behind their action brew great punishment for them and a door they have open for their daughters were a world of pain.

A crying woman sits at her desk before a small mirror. The sun beaming through her balcony while calm a breeze plays with the drapes, sleeping veils. She tries wiping away her tears with her fingertips. It almost felt good to her to feel the hard edges of her nails moving away from her cheeks. The sweet aroma of jasmine comfort her to overpowering by it's seduce greetings from newly blooms. Its therapy relaxed her intensions to scream in agony of this day because she was reminded of her own objective and the meaning behind her marriage. She finds it impossible even for herself to envision her husband with another woman. "This is my doing. He won't replace me." She muttered to herself. Her youthful fingertips caresses the soft surface of a sponge that rest upon badge powder, graceful grey eyes gazes upon her reflection. Her hand touches the edges of her cheeks to the outer corners of her eyes with worry. She gazes down at her beautiful golden gown, then gently rubs her stomach, stroking against the silk. A knock came to the door that startled her. "Come in."

A young maid enters the room wearing a dark blue gown with black platform shoes. She was nervously staring down at the floor. The maid bows down. “My lady, the girls are in the courtyard waiting and the king wishes to see you.”

“Fine, It feels so early.” She gazes back at the mirror. “Liwa.”

“Yes, my lady.”

“You see any wrinkles?”

The maid giggled and glance up at the mirror, yet only witness that her skin was tight and oily with it's own glow. “My queen, you are still very young.”

“I'm twenty-one years old, year of the rat. I am ill and pregnant. Crazy combination, huh?”

“We can't help what we have to go through, my lady. Just remember it's only until your body gets stronger to -

“I know. It was my idea to do this. He recommends that he can go without it, ha. . Men.” She deeply exhales, closes her foundation box and exits her chamber with four maids, three advisors walking behind her in every step. The powerful exert sound of the gong travels throughout the palace.

In the courtyard were only forty hwarang soldiers, twenty posted on each side of the yard and below the steps of the palace, but fifty young teenage girls stood side by side in five single-file lines waiting nervously on the king to look at them. Their hair was neatly decorated in ornaments and antique combs, wearing their finest dresses, but also their skin was painted white as snow, lips crimson as the teasing color of sin displaying a perfect image of beauty. The girls refuses to converse with each other, respectfully holding their peace, and being fully in depth to a competition. A man exits the palace and announces – “Queen Piyan!!” In that moment every hwarang soldier and girls bows down so close to the ground that their lips nearly touch the white stone.

Queen Piyan gracefully walks down the palace steps, then walks up and down the first row of girls. She peers down with revulsion. “What the hell are you women wearing on your faces?” She reaches out, grabs and pulls back one of the girl's head by her hair. The girl briefly quenches

her eyes to bare the pain of her locks being yanked and the sharpness of the queen's nails press against her scalp. "Bridal makeup?" In rage she push the girl forward to the stone ground that made a bruise on her forehead. "THIS IS A GREAT INSULT!!" she screamed. The rest of the girls became fearful to what she might do next, by them insulting her. "I understand, you didn't know." Queen Piyan steps away while the injured girl sits back up. "You didn't know of how stupid you look before me. . . You are not here to be brides. I am the wife being married is my job!" She wave her right hand signaling one of her servants to approach her.

"Yes, my lady."

"Gather some servants give each of these girls a small bowl of olive oil."

"Yes, my queen." the lady servant bows and walked away with haste in great obedience.

The girl gently touch the scar bruise. A tear roll down her cheek the moment she saw blood on the tip of her fingers. In her mind she couldn't think of nothing as to what she may have gotten herself into, but little did she know that this was only the beginning of the abuse she will endure by the queen. She wasn't the only one who felt disturbed about the position. In their wait the girls try to not look at the queen.

Piyan walks back down the row of girls, then spotted another girl glance up at her. She pause before her and glare down. "You have something to say?"

"No, no, my lady."

"You want your tongue cut out, huh?" In that moment the girl looks up at her queen with great fear. She was trembling from the neck down. "Don't lie to me when I ask you a question."

Piyan smirks. "Now, let's try this again. . . You have something to say?"

The girl nearly hesitated. "It is just we thought –"

"We?" The other girls cut their eyes directly at the girl with hastily by her saying, we instead of herself. "What do you mean we?"

"We thought the king will be choosing us."

“You thought my husband will be making the decision.” Piyan takes a deep breath. “Well I'm not sorry to disappoint you. Your parents should have inform you better. What is your name?”

“Lumi.”

“What family?”

“Xao family.”

“How old are you?”

“I am fourteen.”

“What instrument do you play?” In the mist the girls grew jealous by the queen conversing with her and not them.

“I sing, I don't know how to play an instrument.”

“If I pick you. I better not hear any singing come out of your mouth. You're going to learn how to play one and you better be a quick learner, Ms. Xao Lumi.”

“Thank you, your highness.”

Piyan smiled, then walks further down the row and halt before the girl with the bleeding bruise.

“What is your name?”

“Kiwa.” She immediately wipes away her tears.

“What family?”

“Lu family.”

“Age?”

“I am eighteen.”

“Do you play an instrument?”

“I play the flute.”

“You are here for your family aren't you?” Kiwa nodded. “Thank you for being honest.” She walks between the rows of young women while fifty female servants elegantly places down small bowls filled with olive oil before them with two white cloths. “Yes, yes, It appears that all of you are here for your family or maybe. You just want to fuck a powerful man.” The girls temporarily became stunned by the queen's harsh words towards them and even more to use profanity. They glance up at her while she coldly glare back at them. Piyan walks back up to the front then commanded. “Wipe that mask off of your faces!!” she commanded in a piercing tone. The girls quickly pick up the cloths dip it repeatedly into the olive oil and cleanse their faces, removing every foundation powder, lip stick, blush, eyeliner, eye shadow, and the black chalk line off their eyebrows.

Piyan walks back up the stairs and sits down on her throne. She places her hand back on her stomach, caressing it gently. The moment they were finish removing every inch of make-up two hwarang soldiers began placing down every traditional instrument they had on a long table before the first row of girls. They bow to the queen and return back to their post. She takes her time looking at every girls faces below her. “Now that I can see all of your faces let me remind you what is going to happen here.” The young women closely pay attention as their hands was trembling, clenching together. “The ones I do not choose, doesn't go home. You will be courtesans, working in the pleasure quarter to please the nobles and the warriors of this great nation. ONLY! Anyone other will face death as a courtesan. . . I will not go any further. Now will be the only time for you to walk away.” In moments of them being over pressured in deep thoughts one by one to eight girls stood up. Piyan raise her right brow and smiled. “I see. . . Not a risk taker, huh? Well, open the gate and let these girls leave, but not empty handed” she commanded, but the girls wonder by what was it that she meant by not empty. “Seven hundred gold pounds to be handed out to each of those girls for the sake of their families.”

In that moment the eight girls' mouth drop. They couldn't believe that they will be going home rich. They were astonished, then humbly bow to the queen. “Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you, Queen Piyan!” The hwarangs obey her command, then opens the gate and prepares the delivery of gold for them in a wagon. The girls left with great pride and boosting while they exit the courtyard with the hwarangs who helped them carry their gold, but peculiarly also carried along wooden paddles and metal chains that had a rusty hook attach to its end.

Once the gates close Piyan gazes down at the remaining forty-two girls with a sneaky smile. “Now the risks takers. This is going to be fun.”

A young woman who was sitting behind Lumi nervously swallow. “Ah-O.”

“Eight women lift out here rich! As far as I can see! All of you are whores! So, it can't just be about the money. Is it? No it can't be. Just to let you know, the ones I choose are to be consorts, concubines. A useful tool I use to please my husband. My husband will not love you greater than he adores me. He didn't want to do this, I did!” The remaining girls began to feel shame of their previous agenda of trying to steal the king's heart was suddenly ripped out of their minds. “As a consort to my husband and concubine you are not to be pregnant by him and to assured you he is not thinking it. The penalty of this is death and force abortion of the unborn child. As consort and concubine you are not to sleep with anyone outside of your fornication to him if so you will face a greater death penalty.” She leans up and adds with a grin. “It will be slow and tormenting.” The girls' hands begin to tremble. “Your parents dress you up to not only insult me, but crafty council? Don't think the soldiers I sent out are only going to escort those girls home, but to beat the living hell out of your parents.” In that moment the girls eyes widen and fully realize that the queen was not only ruthless and kind, but rules with an iron fist. “And I don't care who idea it was.” she added. The girls below her lower their heads in sorrow, knowing that their parents or guardians was currently being cruelly beaten. In their mental conscience they can almost hear their screams. “Now, shall we begin?”

Hours within the day continues from morning to evening and girl after girl perform their talented gift of playing traditional instruments, but no matter how beautiful most of them play and presented themselves to be well educated the queen decides not to choose them. It went on one by one in a different passing hour she commanded that they are not born to be a consort; but prostitutes. Hwarang soldiers was delighted to escort them to the pleasure quarters. In a single line stood five chosen girls who felt their deepest sympathy for the thirty-seven girls who was being escorted to be courtesans, their weeping wounded them.

Queen Piyan stood up from her throne, then re -enters back inside the palace while her female servant Liwa walks down the steps to approach the chosen young women. She bows to them and did to her. “My lady Lumi, Lady Kiwa, Lady Jade, Lady Loa, and Lady Angela, please follow

me to your chambers. You can take your instruments if you like.” They follow her through the long halls, four carrying their instrument that they are to play for the king if he asks. Kiwa carried a dizi, a six hole flute made of bamboo, Jade carried a yehu. . Ye mean coconut and hu means short for huquin, yehu is a two string instrument that it’s sound box is made and carved from a coconut shell, which is cut on the playing end. Loa walks behind them with pride as her head held high while carrying her datong. A datong is a bowed string instrument, constructed with a bamboo body and covered on the playing end with snakeskin, it’s strings was made of silk and its neck is made of hardwood. Angela carries her instrument the dauianqin with a gracious smile upon her face. Dauianqin or can be pronounce as daguangxian is a plucked string instrument with only one string, using harmonics with the string’s tension varied by the use of a flexible rod manipulated with the left hand. Lumi of course was ashamed that she didn’t know how to play anything and was embarrassed to walk alongside the other concubines; by her being the only one who is unable to entertain the king yet. She try to walk as far away from the group as possible while following the mistress’s maid.

The palace’s appearance nearly blinded them with its glorious polish halls, clean white ceiling, and display of golden idols; but their breath was taken away the moment they entered their chambers. “Each of you have your own rooms. I will call my girls to help you get dress.” Liwa steps out of Lumi's chamber. Kiwa took a room that was next to her; but Angela, Jade and Loa took one that was across the hallway next to each other.

A number of three maids enters the concubine chamber and immediately put their hands to work, by laying out lovely gowns. In Angela's chamber the elderly maid calls her forward. “You, what is your name?”

“Angela.” She answered, throwing a bright smile. “I love this room.”

The elderly maid hold her hand up inches away from Angela’s mouth, then takes two of the concubine’s lotus combs out of her hair. “You can only speak when asks a question. For example I ask for your name. You say Angela then shut up. You have to learn to embrace silence the queen doesn't like a yapper mouth.” Angela slowly closes her lips. “Leave your comments to yourself and your fellow consorts.”

Angela nodded, then strokes the locks her hair over her shoulder. The elderly maid place the combs down on the table. “Can I leave those in my hair? My mom gave them to me.”

The elderly maid turns around throwing a serious glare. “What did I just tell you?” In that moment Angela closes her mouth by being reminded to not say anything unless spoken to. She sits down on a pillow while the servants prepares her hair.

Once night fall a young man sits inside of his chambers at a table. He was strongly focus on piles of scrolls, while painting black symbols with a small brush within them. A man's voice travels through the doors. “Queen Piyan!” He didn't took his time to turn his head in the slightest to look at her. His full attention was on the brush stroking ink against the paper. She elegantly sits down across from him and waits for him to greet her; but no response.

“You did it?” he questioned in a snappy tone.

“I did it.” Queen Piyan answered in delight.

In that moment he slammed the brush down against the table, then throws a serious glare. “You lost your mind? I said I can live without it.”

Piyan chuckled. “Don't make me laugh.”

He glance up at her, throwing his mesmerizing brown eyes into her soul. “I mean it.” Her giggling dies down. “This isn't tradition to have a family that's surrounded by personal prostitutes.”

“Their concubines and I can give you women if I want to. I am talked about through-out the palace as the queen who can't bring pleasure to her own king.”

He shakes his head. “I can't accept this for long.”

“Then what are we going to do. Our marriage won't last long.”

He lowers his head. “You don't know that.”

“My heart is too weak to take such excitement and for you. . . . You deserve better. Why not start with my toys?”

“Toys? I understand how you are putting this; but women don't want to be known as a play thing.”

“Well they shouldn't have signed up for it.”

“Just know that they are your full responsibility. Since, this is your brilliant idea.”

“I don't see why not.”

“We can just try again.”

“Too late I'm pregnant and you will kill me.”

“I try to kill you.” He smirked

Piyan smiled. “Like you don't know.” She place her right hand at the back of her head, then gripes her hair bun. “Gripping the back of my hair, to nearly chocking the back of my neck.” He laugh for it was very true to her interpretation of him. “But that was just the beginning of it.”

“We were both virgins.”

“Two weeks ago we were.” Her graceful smiled faded. “Then I felt cold and couldn't lift my lungs.”

The king place both of his hands over hers. “You did please me that night, no matter what others say. It was the best night of my life. Furthermore we are about to have a son.”

Piyan wipes away the single tear that was spared from her depression. She try to mask her emotions. “Why you believe so strongly that it'll be a boy?”

“Why not? I work for it.”

“It could be a girl and by the way I finished you off. In other words I work for it.” He pushed away from the table and walked around the table with a smile. “Don't come over here.” His charming grin consciously lure her lips to widen into a big smile. The moment he throws his arms around her, he then lifts her over his shoulders and tosses her in his bed. “So this is how to treat a pregnant woman?”

“You got me off first you say.” He leans over her.

“It's not a say. That what happened.” He gently kisses the left-side of her neck. “What the hell you think you're doing?” The touch of his soft lips to the firm grip of his hands massaging her breast nearly tempts her into wanting to open herself to him once more; but her body was too fragile to take so much excitement. “I know what you're doing. It's not going to work.” He stops kissing her soft skin and lays down next to her. Piyan looks over and notice his eyes staring up at the ceiling, being lost in deep thought. “It won't be for a long time. I'm fine with it, you should be fine.”

“I don't have a choice since trying again won't change your mind.” He rubs his forehead with two fingers in circular motion while Piyan slips over and kisses his cheek to his lips, unaware how deeply he wanted to only sleep with her.

“You'll thank me Wun.” she whispered.

The concubine marriage went on for as long as nine months without the king touching any of the young girls. Kiwa sits in her chamber one night washing her face with a white bathing cloth, wearing a loose lime green robe. She was beginning to believe that her position as a concubine was nothing more, but a complete joke. “He hasn't asks for me or neither has the queen brought any of us to him.” In the calm whispers of the wind blowing through her window she over hears people laughing and cheering. Kiwa grew curious. “What is going on outside?” She looks out her two -story window and saw below large groups of hwarangs cheering while sitting in a circle before luscious food. They were being entertained by the palace courtesans dancing in bright flowing gowns like some illusions of a heavenly black widow with long flowing silk sleeves that touched the stone ground. There were two courtesans who sitting at one side of the yard playing string instruments. It was as if the women had the soldiers tangled in a web while they dance in their pride. The dance they performed was beautiful and their hand waves teases the men to touch their breast and waist, but was clean. It was almost as if they were artistes imprison to be prostitutes, even though they were entertaining these men at their banquet before sleeping with them in their quarters, their dance appears to be the only thing that keeps their sanity.

Kiwa grew jealous while watching the courtesans have all the attention, wealth, freedom, and to have as much pleasure as they want all to themselves. In nine months she had been trap in a

room and completely isolated. A knock came to the door. She immediately closes the window and wraps her hair up into a fancy bun in high hopes that it was Queen Piyan coming to get her. “Come in, my lady.”

The door slides open as her smile forms into a scowl. It was only Angela the fifth concubine. She was wearing a blue flowing gown with her hair lifted by two shimmering flower combs of cherry blossoms. “Hello, um- Ms. Kiwa right?” She bows.

“Yes, what do you want?” Kiwa snapped

“Did any of the maids come through here carrying a flower comb?”

“No, now get out! You already wearing two.”

“But tonight is a special night for me.” Angela looks around. “I’m nervous and I need that comb, my mom gave to me.”

Kiwa began to be suspicious as to what she meant by a special night. “What do you mean by special night?”

Angela leap in excitement and grabs a pink flower comb off of her table. “Yes, thanks.” Her thumbs strokes against the smooth surface of the comb, feeling relieved. “They must have made a mistake when they came this morning to clean my room. Thanks for letting me check.”

“Actually I didn't.” Before Kiwa could say anything else Angela left out of the room; but she desperately wants to know what she meant. She knocks on Angela's door. “Angela.” She knocks again. “Angela!” A familiar voice came behind her.

“Kiwa.”

She turns around and saw that it was Lumi, wrapped in a white loose silk robe. “Lumi? Where is Angela?”

“Queen Piyan came to her room and asks for her to entertain King Wun tonight.”

Kiwa couldn't help, but feel her spirit rising up in fury. She tries to remain sane and calm.

“Angela is the first to go to him? I didn't hear anyone announce Piyan.”

“Ironic is it? I guess by us being her property they don't have to announce her on this end of the palace.”

“My family is counting on me.”

“To do what? Kiwa we all are in this together. I just hope Angela is good enough to not miss up for our sake. Besides don't you want Piyan to try the difference in each of us?” Kiwa was too disappointed and upset that she was lost for words. She marches back to her room, then slams the door. “Was it something I said?”

The night faces a will of dignity and pride for a concubine to please King Wun underneath the moon light. Angela walks behind Piyan while carrying her dauianqin through the palace. In curiosity she desperately wanted to look and see who or what was making such a commotion in the courtyard. “It sounds like they are having so much fun down there.” She said trying to start a conversation with the queen.

Piyan stops, then slowly turns around and smiled. “Yes it does. Want to take a look?” She slides open a window. Angela looks out below, watching hundreds of soldiers drinking, conversing while courtesans entertains them. She found it quite interesting to see so many people having fun that her lips curved into a smile. “I'll give you a few more minutes.” The courtyard appeared magical at night with fainting fireflies' dims in shadowy corners and colorful lit oil paper lanterns of every color, once she looked over at one of the soldier's table she couldn't help, but stare. Her eyes stumbled upon a young and handsome hwarang soldier with a blue sash around his armor. Angela admire his smile, dimples, laughter and oddly enough how soft his lips appeared above. The hwarang looks around and once his eyes wonders up at the windows he couldn't help, but temporally stare at her. He politely wave, then nervously looks away. Piyan quickly closes the window. “Times up. Don't want to be running late come on. And do me a favor.”

“Yes.”

“Don't speak unless I'm talking to you.”

Angela bows her head. “Yes, Queen Piyan.”

“Good. Come on.”

The young concubine’s feet moves in motion behind the queen, feeling the polished marble floor brace against her silk platform shoes. Her grey eyes glances over at the heavenly golden idols of dragons. She could hear the whispers of her mistress voice, but her mind was lost in a trance of the young hwarang. Angela wonders of his name, his personality, What food do he likes?, what military class he is in ?, what his skin feels like?, how does the tone of his voice sounds like? A chilling experience that appears so precious to her that she even fantasize of being ravage by the warm embrace of an Unknown Soldier’s touch. Knowingly that such a thing will only lead her on a dangerous path, but she couldn’t lie to herself that she had fallen in love or was it? “I don’t know for sure, but he is really handsome and he smiled at me. . . No, no, no Angela you have a task to do. I shouldn’t let my family down.” She said in the back of her mind.

Piyan stops before large double doors. “Now, wait here.” She commanded.

Angela bows her head. “Yes, my lady.” The queen enters inside and as she waits outside in the hall, her hands began to quiver. “I’m awfully nervous. What if I miss up or make a mistake or play wrong or what if I must sleep with him and I, or I –

In a matter of seconds Piyan exits the room. “Come in.”

“Ahh!” she screams

“What in the world is wrong with you?” Piyan closes the door, throwing a cold glare. “Huh, all the sudden you can’t speak?”

“I’m nervous, I don’t know if I –

“Stop it just stop it!” Angela tries to calm herself down by slowly inhaling and exhaling. Her nerves did settle a bit, yet still her conscious was running around in circles. “Angela I can’t wait out here with you all night, suck it up.”

She nodded. “O.k, I’m sorry.”

“You better be, now.” She grips one of the door knobs. “I’m going to open this door again and in the morning I am to only hear good things from you, understand.”

Angela bows. "Yes, my queen."

"Good." She opens the door and watches her walk inside.

Once Angela felt the door close behind her a cool breeze intrude the room to play with the falling strings of her hair. The king's chamber was in fact everything that her family said it would be, full of luxury with the abundance of beautiful fabrics and large rugs was as if it was knitted in silver. She walks further into the room and nervously around a large bed that had beautiful clean spreads of red and white silk sheets with a gold comfort blanket laid over it. Angela place her dauianquin down a table that appeared to be where he study by the pile of papers and scrolls including the golden box that was locked shut. King Wun exits his closet dressed in a gold and silver robe with a long crimson over coat. His long black hair was fully laid down to his shoulders. He could tell that she was quite lovely, but not so bright. "Do you mind taking that dauianquin off of my desk?" he asks

Angela quickly snatch her instrument off of the table and bows to the floor. "I'm sorry."

He waves his hand, walks over to the balcony, and closes the doors. "It's alright. Take a seat on my bed." The tone of his voice was slow, and dragging as if he was more exhausted.

Angela took up his offer and seats down on his large bed. She looks up notices of him closing the windows, and taking off his slippers to taking off his over coat. He looks over at her hands and notice how they were shaking. "You're nervous?"

"Yes."

"Well you don't need to be, relax." Angela nodded her head. Wun climbs into his bed, sitting in Indian style, waiting for her to speak. "You don't talk much. You o.k? Can you at least look at me?"

"Yes." Angela looks back over her shoulder and was relieve to see his face. His smile was absolutely charming, but no dimples, yet attractive even though his silk hair was long.

"Now you're looking at me. You don't really talk much."

“Actually my lord, I pretty much talk a lot. Especially around my friends when I use to spend time with them.”

“That sounds depressing.”

Angela looks down at her instrument, feeling that she was doing a horrible job of entertaining him. “Sorry, I ‘m doing a horrible job.”

He chuckled. “No, this is okay because we are getting to know each other. What is your age?”

“I am nineteen.”

“I’m twenty-two.” Angela began to feel calmer around him, that her hands gradually stop shaking and she can finally breathe. “How long you played the dauianquin.”

“Since I was ‘um seven.”

“I played when I was ten, so you’re more of an expert than me.” Angela smiled and so did he.

“Yours probably was a better teacher than mine, so you might be better than I ‘am.”

“Can you play for me?”

“Yes, sir.” Angela bows and seats fully in the bed with him, then begins to play for him. The exert sound of her symphony was so pleasant and soothing Wun laid back against the pillows, listening to every pulse of beauty. Within an hour he sits up and kisses her lips down to her neck.

# Chapter Two

## The Fallen Virgin

The gentle touch of his lips was soothing that instantly release her to exhale, but peculiarly Angela's mind was on the young hwarang. His face, his smile, and the desire to endure Wun's touch. She places her hands on his shoulders while his arms wraps around her waist. He continues to kiss around her neck, then up to her lips again trying to get use to touching another woman's body, but it was becoming difficult for him to not think of his wife. "Lay down for me." Angela place her instrument aside, then lays down on top of the beautiful comforter while he climbs on top of her body. They're hearts racing. She felt like a worshipped goddess to be surround by such luxury, but also began to feel like a defiled whore to lay with another woman's husband. It was hard for her to overturn her imagination of not to think of herself as a play thing even though it was happening that way. Wun stop kissing her and confesses. "This is hard for me to get used to. I want to be sleeping with my wife. . . I'm sorry it's like this."

It was touching to hear such words stumble out of his mouth. Hearing a man's confession is rare to an imprisoned heart. Angela felt remorseful for him. "I notice."

"How?"

"Because you waited so long to kiss me."

"Yes." Wun lifts away from her neck. He massages the center of his forehead using two fingers, in circular motion. "I don't see how I can do this without feeling guilty."

“You can, ‘um.” Angela began to ponder to herself and was enlighten with a brilliant idea.

“You can think of me as Piyan if that helps.”

Wun nodded. “Alright, works for me.” It was unbearable to break away from an invisible chain which is wrap around her innocent body. She was overpowered by his arms holding, grabbing her thighs, lifting her garments was the composer experience of him only imagine Piyan. Angela enjoyed his hands gripping her soft skin, how his lips kiss her neck and down to her breast, the first she ever allows a man to touch her. Her illusions to not think of him as a married man, but as her own lover to give pleasure. Angela’s mere conscience wonders on the soldier. She began kissing his neck as was teased by the aroma of aloe and honey like the sweet taste of his flesh caressing against her lips to a tainted remembrance on her tongue.

Their bodies’ heats up to an instant compass of desire between the comforters. Angela pulls her arms out of the long sleeves, allowing him to fully feel her breast. In less than moments feeling the entire bulk of his penis slowly penetrating inside her body dives her heart into an immediate race with her mouth parted to moan. She never knew that her voice would sound like a light embrace song flowing out of her mouth, lifting off her tongue like a river. His heavy breath brushing against her ear was a sweet sound. Angela loves the way he made her moan as if she was crying out to heaven. . . “I never thought it would feel this good.” She said in the back of her mind. Her heart continues to race, body heating up and the marvelous feeling lead her fingers to grip his back as if she was about to explode. She moans out his name which turned him on even more, her feet pointing inward until finally she felt her body release. Angela gasps and could finally breathe, but Wun quickly climbs off her to release on the clean silk sheets instead.

Angela tries to hide her smile while he lays down next to her. She looks at him, noticing how guilty he began to feel. He laid his hand over his lovely brown eyes, then deeply exhale out his shame. A sight of seeing him in such a state open Angela to feel that she was more of a problem than a help in their marriage. “If you really was Piyan this moment will feel completely different.” He said, still shading his eyes.

“I’m sorry that I’m not Queen Piyan. I too wish she was laying in my place.” She responded showing deep sympathy towards him.

Finally, he moves his hands off his eye. “Didn’t you choose to come here?”

“No, actually my father dragged me away from my appointment with the match-maker.”

He smirked with a small chuckle. “Wow, unbelievable. He got you into being a concubine.”

“Yes, so I guess we both are forced into this.” Angela’s words absolutely moved his heart. He stops staring up at the ceiling, feeling bold enough to look at her. They truly understood each other’s position.

He pulls back the comforter and the silk sheets for her. “You should try to get some sleep.”

“Yes, your right.” Angela pulls down her dress, lays down comfortably in the bed while he pulls the sheets and blankets over her. She found it quite kind of him to tuck her into bed. “Sleep well, my lord.”

He waves his hand. “You too.” They close their eyes and slept the rest of the night.

Dark heavens pass over into the golden sky, birth of day that appear like a dream the moment Angela opens her eyes. She was greeted by the sun, but King Wun wasn’t laying next to her or neither sitting at his desks. He was nowhere to be seen in the chamber. She steps out of bed, slips her small feet into her slippers, then combs her fingers through her hair and takes out her flower clamps. A depressing spell cast over her spirit, feeling filthy, mindless, and useless.

“This is not how I want my entire life to be.” She muttered to herself. A night of fulfillment to only wake up in the morning empty really enlightens her that she was truly a play thing for him. A man’s voice on the other side of the doors alerted her.

“Queen Piyan!” he announces.

The doors opens for Piyan, wearing a silk aqua robe with her silver crown embedded in diamonds. Angela quickly bows while she stood looking around the chamber. Piyan was relieved of not seeing her husband inside the room. Her hand laying over her chest releasing in deep breath with a wide smile. “See, nothing to worry about.” Said Liwa

“Oh my god. You had me worried. . . Come mon back to your room Angela.” Piyan command

“Yes, my queen.” Angela walks next to the queen while her advisors and servants follows.

“You had me worried you know that?” Angela remain silent by not knowing if she wanted her to speak. “You’re sweet, young and talented. I’ll learn more about you when I bring you up with him today. I have to make sure if you’re valuable enough to keep or dispose of.” Once they have stop before her room. “You have any questions for me?”

“You was scared my lady?”

“Worried not scared.” She lied “Or is that even a question?”

“I was going to ask, how are you alright with this?”

Piyan laughed at her. “You’re asking me that now? And not the eight who walked away nine months ago.” She leans closer to her and whispered. “Don’t you worry how I feel?” She leans back up. “You just keep up with your duties and who knows I may just promote you.”

“I will, thank you my lady.” Angela bow

“Clean her up and have her look her finest.” Queen Piyan commanded

“Yes, my lady.” The five servant women bows and with hast they obeyed. Angela sits patiently near her table while the servants draw her a bath, then lays out a two-layer silver and purple dress.

“Do I have to wear two layers of clothes?” Angela asks.

“Yes, but you really need to be quiet.” A servant advised

Angela hated to be reminded to not talk unless spoken to non-sense. It felt as if having bound ropes tied around her mouth that must wait on a puppeteer to untie. She watches the women toss red rose pedals into her tub which was exciting to watch. Never has she bathed in rose pedals before. Once the water was ready Angela undress out of her night gown, then steps into the soothing waters to wash away her sins. It was calm and peaceful to not think of herself as a sex toy; but then it was nice to be treated like a princess. “You are very lucky being the first of his concubines’ wives to be seen. . . If you turn out to being his favorite you’ll have a bigger room and the nobles will respect you.” said one of the maids

“Really? I didn’t know that.”

“It may sound great, but it’s only like not love.” said Liwa. “Just don’t get too comfortable.” Once Angela was done bathing she dries with a large towel, then allows the servants to dress her into the two gowns. She sits down on a pillow while one servant dips her nails into a bowl of warm water.

“Ever had a manicure before?” the servant asks

“Yes, but it was months ago when I was meeting a match-maker. I was with my ama, mother. She wished me luck before I meet the maker.”

“That was a mouth full, huh I guess this was fate.”

“I guess so.”

“You comb her hair. The rest of you awake the others.” Liwa commanded. The five servants bows and obeys by tending to the other concubine wives while two was left to tend to Angela's hair and nails. “I will be escorting all of you to meet the nobles.”

“We have to see them today?”

“You was the first to spend the night with Lord Wun. The nobles just wants to make a quick review.” Liwa bows then exits out of the room. An hour or so pass then she was greeted by three young kitchen ladies who brought her hot fresh breakfast in the finest china. Its silverware was so clean that she could see her reflection within each fine potted surface, golden chopsticks, cup and saucer. Her hair was bun up, decorated with antique ornaments and her nails appear lovely in shimmering French- tips style. The tempting steam floating up over the sweet white rice and boiled eggs plays underneath her nostrils. She snatched up the chopsticks and begins packing her mouth. Liwa enters back into her room “Was you raise in a barn?” she shouted

Angela looks up at her after swallowing her food. “No, I was raised in the city.” The maids chuckled by her response but stop once Liwa throws them a serious glare.

“I wasn't asking a question!”

“Why you asked?”

“You’re not very bright are you?”

“I 'm smart. . . It's just I get confuse sometimes.”

Liwa smirked. “Now I see why queen Piyan picked you. She really doesn't have nothing to worry about.” Angela rolled her eyes away from her. “And by the way, you shouldn't stuff your mouth when you eat, especially since we just assist you to look your best.”

“How come we can't eat with Lord Wun?” Angela ask

“You should ask the queen that question when you see her.”

“But we are his concubine wives. It doesn't make sense.”

“It makes sense to your queen and should be the *only thing* that matters. I'll be waiting in the hall for you and your fellow consorts.” Liwa and the two servants exits the room. In that moment after listening to the powerful sound of the gong outside her chamber depresses her soul. She was once again looking forward to eating with him this time and get to know him more, last night seemed so quickly and innocent. In one moment, they were talking another she was playing and the next thing she knew he was climbing on top of her. Angela shakes away her depressing thoughts and continues to eat in solitude.

The aroma of flowers and the soothing breeze of fresh air was a remorseful gift to finally feel nature again. Angela follows behind Liwa while the other four concubines trace her every step with their oiled paper fans open, covering their mouths and nose, so they won't expose their full appearance to the hwarangs practicing in the courtyard. They walks around the hundreds of soldiers practicing with a bo, staff weapon, clothed in white. In every command their captain shouted they obey, but even though it seems hard to see their faces from behind Angela could spot the soldier who waved at her between the row. Her being distracted she accidentally bumped into Liwa's back that lead her to fall down the steps of the garden. Liwa screams falling down the ten stone steps. “Oh my god!” Angela gasps.

“She's fine the steps was short.” said Jade

“If only the steps was more longer.” said Kiwa coldly. The concubines looks back at her and was stun by her response. “Oh come 'mon, she deserves it by being a bitch towards us all morning.”

“Kiwa!”

“I'm glad she got hurt. I hope she got a bruise on her leg.” she glares down at her while an elderly man helps Liwa stand up. He was wearing a silk black and blue layer robes with a black hat on his head with small tassels dangling in front of him and behind. “And by the way good work Angela.”

Angela looks back at her and notice that she was throwing a sneaky glare at her, raising her right eyebrow. “What?”

“I didn't know you had it in you.”

“What? It was an accident.”

“Well she was mean.” said Lumi

“It was an accident I wasn't watching where I was going.”

“I would say the same thing Angela. The saamme thing.” said Kiwa with a sassy tone

“You two, shhhhh.” said Loa

The elderly man waves his hands in gesture for them to walk down the stairs. They did so, then elegantly bows to him. He does the same with a smile. “What actually happen here?” he ask with concern.

“I -

“She pushed me!” Liwa interrupted, cradling her waist and left arm.

“Hey, let the girl speak.”

“It was an accident I wasn't watching where I was going. I deeply apologize.” Angela bows

“It is the truth, dear nobleman.” said Kiwa in grace.

The elderly noble throws a warm smile at them. He turns to Liwa and bows his head. "It was a simple misunderstanding. . Thank you for bringing the king's concubines to us. You can go back to your regular duties."

Liwa was furious at Angela, but she dare not to show her emotions before the noble. She bows to the noble. "You're welcome, sir."

"Follow me, my ladies." said the noble. They pleasurably smile behind their fans while following behind him, but Angela felt guilty even if it was an accident. The gardens was unbelievable beautiful in other words. It had pure green grass to dew dripping off the flower petals sparkled close like shimmering stars underneath the sun, a great pond filled with pink and pure waterlilies with amazing colorful crimson, gold, to orange koi fish swimming up and down in shallow clear waters. They cross over a curved wooden bridge, up four small brick steps towards a magnificent pavilion where seven nobles stood waiting for them.

"Good morning!" the nobles greeted and executed a perfect bow.

"Good Morning, pleasure to meet you." said the concubines.

The nobles sits down at one side of the small long table and the concubines sits down on the other. "You can lower your fans, you're among old men here."

"Thank you." They gladly took up his words and lower their oiled paper fans down to their laps. Angela felt nervous of what they were going to decide or asks her. She tries to remain calm and confident.

"All of you are looking mighty lovely today." one of the nobles complimented. "And you must be Angela, huh."

"Yes."

"Looking radiant, do you know your fellow consorts?"

"Yes, hum." Angela kindly introduces the other concubines. "On my right is Jade. She plays the yehu and practices every day. Next to her is Loa a very confident individual. She plays the

datong on my left is Lumi she is very young and timid. She is still a child and if it is possible that she will be train more with instruments of her choice, but to be far from the kings bed.”

The noble pondered then asks. “How old are you Lumi?”

“I am fourteen.”

“I see. You probably still play with dolls, huh?” he laughs

“Yes, but in my village, we make our own dolls.”

“Your no longer in your village little one, but I understand what your friend is saying. You’re not ready for maturity, so until you are old enough we see if Lord Wun will still have interest in you and to start learning how to play.”

“Thank you, sir.” Lumi bows her head.

“But she sings very well. If that can entertain him.”

“Why?”

“I’m sure she doesn’t wants to be forgotten by Lord Wun, so if it is possible she can sing to him.”

“I am sorry, I see you are trying to help, but she can’t be a stand-out from all of you because by the queen choosing more than one concubine for her husband, all of you have to do the same, but bloom differently.”

“Like a lily.”

“Just like a lily.” the noble smile.

“You can recite poetry.”

“Yes, I know many.”

“Well, you’re not as lost like the others say.” The nobles and concubines giggled.

“Thank you and next to Lumi is Kiwa she -

“I play the dizi and my age is eight-teen year of the snake.” Kiwa interrupted

“Mam, we all do respect and thank you for telling us that, but it was rude.” said the noble. Kiwa looked at the others muttering to each other agreeing that she was being rude. “Very rude. . . . When one of your fellow consorts is speaking to a noble, Piyan or Wun you keep your mouth shut.”

“I apologize.” Kiwa bow her head, but felt a hidden wave of jealousy towards Angela.

“In cases like this Angela is the only one to be speaking for all of you.”

“And make sure they speak well.” said the another nobleman

“And make sure Lumi is well taught of not only music, but educated.” said another nobleman

“Keep an eye on the others at night.”

Angela was confuse as to why they were piling up so much responsibility on her. “Excuse me?”

The nobles stopped, then the first nobleman said. “You are to first that Lord Wun called to his chambers and are the oldest out of all the concubines. They are to look up to you like an oldest sister.”

“Lord Wun said nothing but great things about you Angela and gain favor. By you knowing him more, you will be more knowledgeable of his likes and dislikes because if something happens to Piyan. We will gladly look to you.”

Angela was surprise that lord Wun reported a string of great things about her in just one night. Her lips curves up into a warm smile, then bows her head. “Thank you, so much.” Loa and Lumi was proud of Angela, but Jade felt disappointed and Kiwa felt a hidden rage inside of her waiting to explode, yet still she hides her emotions, pretends that she was also proud of her. “I will do my best.”

“I’m sure you will. We are counting on you.”

“Thank you.”

“Any questions you have for us?”

“Hum, Yes. How come we are unable to eat with Lord Wun?”

The noble grew puzzled by her question. “Excuse me?”

“We only eat in our rooms and don't spend much time with Lord Wun.”

“We are slightly confuse. . Wun told us that Piyan said that you wish to eat in your rooms.”

“No, I'm sorry to say, but that is a lie and we rarely go outside and -

“Stop.” The noble hold up his hand. Angela respectfully holds her tongue. “That sounds very unlike Piyan, but we will speak with her tonight if she has the energy.”

“Energy, you mean.”

“Yes, today is the day. Our queen will be in labor.”

“I heard it's a boy.”

“That will be a great blessing for the kingdom to have an heir.”

“All of you appear to be stable and we want to keep it this way. We will arrange a celebration of the concubine marriage as soon as possible.”

“Why weren't our engagement celebrated before?”

“Concubine wives- A marriage like this never goes well.” said another other noble, firmly. “We are only being cautious, even though this was a drastic decision.”

“But look they went months in one hall peacefully. No fighting or murder at all. Complete peace.” said another noble.

“If you want to invite your parents to come to the celebration on your behalf they are welcome.”

“Thank you, but what if we want to send out invitations?” Angela asks

“You can do that as well to friends, but not so many.”

“Don't worry I only have one friend in mind and I haven't seen her in a long time. Her family is always traveling. Only time to send letters.”

“Well for her to be inform of such news about you. I'm sure she will come to support.” the noble smiled. “What is her name?”

“Miya Xi .” Angela answered with a warm smile.

# Chapter Three

## Miya &

### The Interview

A glorious city standing in the midst of a desert, surrounded by grains of sand overpowered by heat, but is bless with the sun's golden cascade light. The city was over populated with merchants, travelers, artists, archaeologist, writers who desire to physically research the desert life. It was truly a rare sight to see such tourist of every ethic cultural background, pass through what once known as the empty belly of the foundation of sand, (*A land of great prosperity*). A fine three story- wooden building was filled with rapidly busy hard working men and women. There was a compartment where some filled and stores bags of rice in a storage room; but for trades buyers longed for colorful roll layers of silk which were being made by the hundreds at the right side of the building next to carpenters, caving down large piles of wood and transforms it into beautiful smooth tables, bed pieces, and even traditional instruments depending on special orders. It felt like every creation of the world under one roof.

A mid- age woman walks through the workshops, looking over station after station while carrying dozens of papers in her hand. She wears a grey and blue dress with black boots. Her black hair was braided, laying over shoulder, decorated with long eagle feathers. She reach into her pocket sleeve, then puts on her glasses to read a letter that was written in cursive. “Sir, Locksmith? I really don't feel like interviewing this one.” She takes off her glasses, place them back into her sleeve while exhaling. “Miya!!” she called, but she didn't hear any response, nothing put the sound of mill, sewing pinning-wells, axes hatching, saws and boxes being

dropped. “Miya!! Miya!! Miya!!” In minutes of hearing nothing she became instantly irritated by the constant noise. “EVERYONE SHUT UP AND STOP WHAT YOU DOING!!” she yelled, her employees obeyed and in an instant they grew quiet. “Miya! Miya! Have anyone seen Miya!”

They shook their heads as a few answered. “No, not sense this morning.”

She blows while sinking her fingers through her hair. “Oh, my goodness.” she mutters, then waves one finger in the air to signal everyone to proceed in their work.

Miya was young and beautiful, gentle in her own way. She is also fierce also adventurous to try anything that gains her interests, weather its new or ancient. The possibility of obtaining new experiences was worth it to her. Her hair was as dark as night with few long small braids with colorful beads and small feathers dangling down parts of her locks. She opens her dark almond eyes, staring at the pure white sheets inches away from her face laid next to her. Miya steps out of bed, then opens her closet, carefully debating what to wear. She picks out a green robe and a pair of black trousers, then poses in front of a tall wall mirror, imagine her body inside it. “I guess this will do.” A knock came to the door. “Come in.”

A mid age woman enters her room in urgency. “Miya!” she was temporarily stunned to see her not yet dress. “You’re not even dress yet?”

“Morning mother.” Miya bows her head, then begins dressing herself in the attire.

“I have been calling in the workshops and you been up here doing what?”

“Just spent some time thinking. I just did not feel like getting up this morning.”

“Really?” The mother look down at her daughter’s right hand and notice that there were strange brown tattoo designs all over it. She grabs, then holds up Miya's hand inches away from her face. “When did you get a henna mehndi?” Henna tattoo designs was layout perfectly in multiple Zen tangle patterns of flowers, leaves, odd shapes, swirls, etc. “It's on the front and back”

“My friend Latif design it for me. I asks for it, he didn't offered.”

“Latif. . . Latif, huh? What did we say about the people passing through here?” Miya ties a red sash around her waist, then brush up her hair with her hands, increasing volume. “And especially foreign men. You don't know them. Besides they not of good motives.”

“Yes mom.” she said in a sluggish tone

“It’s like I'm talking to a brick wall.” She shakes her head, then hands her one of the letters in her hand. “Here.” Miya takes the letter, but her smile faded the moment she read the sent address. “You got to interview Locksmith.”

“Oh, mom noooo! We already spoke to the Violin family.” Miya whines

“You had me calling you and looking like a fool just because you want to sleep in naked all morning!” Miya blows and rolls her eyes in disgust. “Find some shoes to wear. You can be mad at me later! And furthermore you better hide those tattoos from your father.”

“It's temporary! It'll be gone in two weeks.”

“Cover it up!” she commanded in a firm tone, throwing a serious glare.

Miya groans, then grabs a pair of open finger gloves and a pair of black boots out of the closet. A knock came to the door. “Come in!”

A man opens the door while standing at the threshold he announce to them. “A gentleman Locksmith is in your office Omi Xi.”

Mrs. Omi Xi known as Miya's mother smile with warm, but her daughter wasn't at all please to hear such news. “Thank you, tell him someone will be with him shortly.”

“How is he here when I just got the letter?” Miya yelled

“Did you even read the rest of it?”

“No! I saw Violin family and didn't like it!”

“Well I'm sure you know how to handle this. Shut him down easy, and Miya?” Her daughter looks up at her with a haggard expression. “Be nice.” Omi smiled then exits the room.

Miya walks to her desk that was beside an open window, looking down at the mounts of separate piles of thick folders, filled with hundreds of papers that was label alphabetically in every foreign language. She admired handling art distributing contracts from well-known painters who discovered a new magnificent art forms. Her response attracts millions of inhibitors around the world to buy, even dance certain forms base on the formal artists who keeps up with their traditional ways such as ballets for ballet dancers to French courtesans, fan dancers that was inspired to all most parts of the world, but the hardest was musicians of classical and traditional outcomes. Needless to say, if the sound of the instrument isn't inspired or accepted by the world it can't be distributed, listed to sell or to continue making for further marketing. Once she found a thick brown folder labeled V-family her lungs release a heavy mindless breath, hard in a careless wave. "We sent multiple rejection letters to you and still so persistent." she muttered to herself.

She picks up the folder, then walks down the hall-way until she came across an open room. The Xi family's office was furnished with multi - cultural displays of African masks mounted on the walls, books in one corner and maps to antiques designs on the right. A young man was sitting nervously at the desks. He was wearing a grey suit with a lime green vest and ruffle collar around his neck. Miya steps into the room, glancing down at the large leather case laid on the floor next to his feet. She slam the thick folder down at the desk that startled him to jump from his chair. "Good evening, Sir Locksmith." she greeted with a warm smile.

"Jesus, you scared me." He looks up at her and was slightly stun by her appearance, not only was she young, very attractive, but very care-free by the style of her hair and her wardrobe Locksmith calms down. "It's a pleasure to meet you Madam Xi." he greeted while offering to shake her hand; but Miya only sat down as a cold response. Locksmith shakes off her response, place his hand back in his lap, and remain polite. His berna hair was short and combed neatly back with eyes green as new leaf. "I'm sorry, but I expect for you to be older."

"A very ignorant response, after we sent our rejection letter about distributing. By the way I'm Mrs. Omi Xi's daughter Miya Xi. I handle all art products which is acceptable for marketing, investments that is up for trade."

"Well-

Miya rudely interrupts. “What is your full name?”

“Timothy Locksmith.”

“Are you a member of the Amati family?”

“No, I am not a family member of the Amatis. I’m actually a traveling promoter. They have recently hired me to make sure that you physically look into their product with a review. I have spent some time with their instrument and I’ am here to promote it and to tell you that your rejection letter was completely inaccurate.”

“So, mine along with twelve other marketers and critics who review it was wrong?”

“Yes.”

Miya glance away and “tsks her tongue. She places one hand on the folder to see if he becomes nervous. “Would you like to hear the reviews? It is based on the gigantic violin’s debut.”

“It is called a cello and I have read the reviews.”

“Then you’re going to like my favorites.” Miya opens the folder and randomly takes out three papers out of the pile. “Mary Esther of ‘Palace Hymns and I quote; ‘The cello is very unique and depressing instrument. Its sound isn’t as peaceful like the violin, but rather disturbing. Heavy with a difficult flow of hymnist towards an audience.”

“That is because –

Miya continues on to reading the second review. “Sir Brody of Scottish Arts and I quote, the positioning of such an instrument being played is inappropriate for the musicians to place something as large between their legs. Two of my daughters try-out the cello and found it inappropriate and its sound is difficult to follow also hard to continue listening.”

“The Scottish –

“I have just one more by Sule of Western Open Arts and I quote, ‘A disgusting display by the Violet family to desire musicians worldwide to play with open legs while exerting horrible sounds. The world desire and loves the violin. I believe this family have created a foul display

and is crippling their once gusto reputation.” Miya place the papers back into the folders and could tell that the gentleman was becoming hesitant to speak.

He pondered deeply to choose his words wisely, biting his lips. “Are those reviews recent?” he asks

“Yes, and there are more and more. Everyone is still in favor of the violin. Its sound is more bearable.”

“Just because the cello is something new. They should at least give it a chance like I have. To tell you the truth most reviewers would rather follow along with the comments from known companies instead of upholding their own true opinion.”

“So, you’re saying most of the reviews I just quoted has too much of a similar response?” Miya leans back into the chair, then rest her feet on the table.

“Yes, too repetitive and I highly disagree with them. It’s needless to say that all of these people are saying the same thing when they themselves haven’t experience the product; but they go by what has been in formal or recent reviewed. Those who have heard the cello for the first time didn’t try to listen to the hym and in revise of their quote by it being a new sound they found it difficult to follow, but by them supposedly to be music enthusiast they are supposed to find the beauty within every sound especially when it is new.”

Miya smiled. “Oh you’re good.” She takes her feet off of the desk.

Locksmith felt a lot of pride by her compliment. He throws a charming smile. “Thank you.”

“But you’re an idiot.” She said and with her sudden rude remark led his confidence into shamble pieces. “This product that you’re so proud to promote isn’t turning investors heads, has no marketing spot. The world still wants the violin not ready for whatever they want to sell. Hypothetically speaking if we make a bunch of these out of our pocket, barely none in return where can we send them? What the hell is your marketing strategy as their promoter?”

He bit his lip and in silent encourage he resist himself from shouting. Her harsh questions brew him to becoming irritated with her, but he tries to remain calm. “There is no need for the use of harsh language, Miss. Xi. I have a firm strategy to attract investors in the West, starting in

Europe, France and possibly America. I am aware they too said that they enjoy the sound of the violin better, but I believe to have the violin family's cello debuted again and this time in an organistra."

"Do you already have a well-known conductor or musicians who are willing to ignore the reviews and try?"

"No." Miya rolls her eyes, leaning back into the chair. "But I always deliver what I feel has purpose."

"So you say, but your instincts is as shitty like a horse's ass."

"Excuse me, but how old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"And you don't have respect for your elders?"

"You don't look like an, elder?"

"I may not look old, but I'm trying to be as calm and kind as possible. You're not giving any in return."

"Why should I? Your promoting a product that people can't stand hearing and isn't worth to trade. I bet babies cry once they hear the first note."

"Ok, stop. You need to –

"Face it! You're wasting your time."

"My GOD! I come here to the only place that can be a new voice to the world! Not to be berated!"

"Somebody got to tell 'ya. No matter how your visit turns out, the world won't accept it."

"We will just see about it and just to let you know, I'm not leaving until I have accomplished this goal."

Miya clench her fingers together. "How long the violin family have required your stay?"

“Six months.” He reaches inside his coat pocket and hands her a notification letter of his stay including his employer’s information hired by the company. The last thing she wanted is to deal with a promoter of a worthless product for half a year. Miya’s graceful almond eyes gaze down at the smooth cursive words tainted on the paper, and began to ponder to herself on rather how she can get rid of him; but bound by the rules of traveling promoters if they happen to experience any sort of abuse, part of a scandal, or even more not treated probably doing review sessions during their stay. The promoter will have to be paid a great fee from both employer and company they looked for to pursue promotions. Yet, on the other hand if the promoter feels that he or she can no longer stay to complete the review process he or she would leave and also quit on the product by leaving only the employer they formally represent to pay them a great fee, raising up their salary for the sake of continuing business. It is numerous wins for him besides it being a paycheck; but the second option may seem like a better way for her from dragging her family into debt. “Will my stay be a problem?” he asks

“No, but like I mentioned before it won’t matter.”

“So, your saying even though we continue the review process you’ll still follow those reviews?”

“Yes.” Timothy deeply exhales through his nostrils. In that moment Miya could tell that his patience was wiring thin. “Still want to stay?”

“Yes, until everything is over.”

“I will schedule our first session tomorrow afternoon.”

“Afternoon? Why not in the morning?”

“Morning is my, me time.”

“What?”

“And we will start outside.”

“Outside? But it’s hot out there.”

“And? Doesn’t bother me, besides I like going outside.” Miya smile

“I’m getting an *odd* feeling that you’re trying to get me to leave.”

“Whatever gave you that idea?” she responded in innocence. “It’s just out-doors for thirty minutes or so.” He rests his head in one hand, rubbing this forehead. “If you don’t like it you can always go.”

Timothy lifts up his head. “No, I’m staying thank you. I’ll take *the heat*.”

“You should be coming all the way out here.”

“Coming out here I figured there be great hope for the Amatis because I heard great things about this company. That you gave independents business a second chance even when there weren’t one and shared throughout the world. I also expect a more mature and older woman who they call Miya who is a kind art enthusiasts; but I’m sitting here - Looking at a complete *bitch*.” He lets go in deep breath feeling great relief. “Now I feel better.”

Miya laughed at him. She found his accent and behavior amusing of a British man using profanity, but he find it unbelievable that she find the insults he threw at her humorous. “You kiss the queen with that mouth?” She laughs and stood up from her chair. “I see that we are going to get along just fine.”

“What the hell are you?” She chuckled at him, then leaves the office with the notary paper still in her hand.

Locksmith exits the building, while carrying his large leather case he mumbles underneath light his breath. He approaches a group of men who stood by a carriage with his possessions. The native men were wearing long thin light color robes, a few had their heads wrapped with a towel and bands with sandals on their feet. They smiled at his expression because it was obvious that he not only meets Miya, but didn’t had a pleasant meeting. “By that look I can tell you meet her.” said of the natives, and they laugh, but Locksmith was still vexed. Never in his life have he meet someone so rude and infectiously cold. “Come on, we know a place where you can stay?”

“Yes,” Timothy bows his head. “Thank you.” He climbs inside the carriage with the men as the rode escort him through the city to another part of the dessert city. It appear more like a pedestrian district, full of life and bustling streets of excitement. There appears to be tourists of

every culture roaming up and down each way purchasing rare antiques of jewelry, cloths and even garments that shimmers in the finest silk. Once the carriage stopped before a four story-building he follows the men who help carried his possessions through a large lovely lobby. Timothy was kindly greeted in simple salutations and even polite to show him the dining areas which seem like a wide restaurant. One of the men look back at him and strongly could tell that he was still vexed about his interview with Miya even though he wasn't showing it. Timothy look at the man who was watching him while holding his luggage. "What, what is it?"

"Still angry, huh?"

"No. I'm fine now. Any need of concern."

"Are you sure you made a good decision staying?"

"Yes, I'm positive."

"I know she can be a bit shall I say too free like she doesn't care about someone else feelings, or anything; but relax. She's truly an artist, you'll see."

"Thank you, I'll log that away."

"Shoot yourself." The man turns away and escorts him to his room. The apartment was fully fine furnished with a brick fireplace, a personal desk, a lovely space retreat room that was separate from his bedroom, and queen size bed all in good shape for his long stay.

Once he was alone sitting on the edge of the bed with door close to be in solitude he opens the large leather case to gaze upon his cello and bow-string. It has brown polish surface that was so tempting to touch. He takes the cello out of the case with its bow-string and tries to play a simple melody softly to ease his conscious, but the loud commotion occurring outside and within the building made it impossible for him to hear the vibrant sounds coming from the instrument. Timothy felt even more irritated trying to play that he place the cello back into the case to simply calm his intentions. "I need some sleep. I will feel much better when I wake up." he said to himself. Timothy lays down in his bed, closing his eyes, trying to forget the unpleasant meeting, yet even more not to worry of his first session with Miya. "Outside in the burning heat. She can't be serious." He said in the back of his mind, then drifts off to slumber. In his rest sir

Locksmith find her hard to figure-out, and even more heartless than any young girl, but little do he know of just how deeply he wants her to lay in his bed.

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