

The Wong Way

Mr Wong is a practising solicitor in the Hongkong Special Administrative Region (HKSAR) of the People's Republic of China (PRC). Because he is a solicitor, he is very proud of his position in society. He wears only the latest fashionable clothes, which he purchases at a very fashionable departmental store, the same fashionable departmental store from where he purchased all of the furniture for his home. Solicitor Wong lives on The Peak, a very fashionable part of Hongkong. He lives in a house. He is married to a former teacher of the English language. He has a teenaged son who attends an international school. He is the proud owner of a white Rolls-Royce, which he purchased, second-hand, about 8 years ago.

The following are just some of the things that Solicitor Wong does; and, the reasoning (or lack of it) for his actions.

Solicitor Wong has kept the secret of his 25-year old paramour of Xi'an a secret from his wife, Judy, for a number of years. But Kongning was becoming more and more demanding of late and, although she had a good life in Xi'an, she had been told so much about Hongkong that she wanted to see the territory for herself. After all, Xi'an only has a population of about 2 million people, spread over an area of about 560 square miles, while Hongkong was a virtual city state, with a population of more than 7 million people, spread over 416 square miles. One day, soon after coming to work, Solicitor Wong received a telephone call from Kongning. She informed him that she would be in Hongkong that evening at about 7 p.m. Solicitor Wong, at first, panicked at the thought of his beautiful paramour, coming to Hongkong. After careful consideration, however, he began to plot how to keep Kongning safe and sound for a period of time without Judy, discovering his infidelity. Away from the bustling city, in Hung Hom, there was a number of hotels that could secret his Xi'an paramour in relative comfort. Most important, of course, was that Hung Hom was some distance from the prying eyes of people who were well acquainted with the socialite solicitor.

Kongning was as beautiful as ever as she stepped off the train at Hunghom Railway Station, which was just a 10-minute taxi ride from the best hotel in the area – a 3-star hotel, owned by one of Solicitor Wong's slightly tarnished clients. As any gentleman will tell you, when the bus arrives, one does not run to it, but leisurely makes one's way to the door of the bus in order not to alert anybody that one is not in complete control of one's excitement. In the seclusion of the hotel room, however, it was another matter: The smooching was never-ending and, before Solicitor Wong realised it, it was 3 a.m. the next morning.

What a time he had had! What to tell Judy, however? Kongning knew of the situation of Solicitor Wong, about his wife, Judy, and their son, Nicholas, and so, when Solicitor Wong telephoned his wife, Kongning put a pillow over her head while Solicitor Wong explained to Judy how he had drunk too much wine and had fallen asleep in his client's hotel room in Central. It had, actually, happened before on a number of occasions so that Judy accepted the excuse and went back to sleep ... as did Solicitor Wong as he cuddled up with Kongning in the double bed after having a third helping of this beauty from Xi'an.

The next morning, after shooting off home to The Peak in order to have a quick shower and obtaining a change of clothes, Solicitor Wong's life returned to normal – at least, during the daytime. In the evening, however, he could not resist the temptation of being with Kongning in the Hunghom hotel, again. He had told Judy that he had a big client in town from Shanghai and that he had to take care of the client for the next few days in order to guide him through 'a big deal'. At dinner, Solicitor Wong chatted to Kongning about the possibility of the beauty, staying in Hongkong permanently. Solicitor Wong was not quite certain if it was a good idea, actually, because he wondered whether or not he had the physical stamina to keep up with a clucky lady whose appetite for sexual intercourse exceeded his by a wide margin. He wanted time to consider such an arrangement. It was agreed that Kongning would return home to Xi'an in 2 days' time and Solicitor Wong would accompany her on the journey and stay with her for a week in their Xi'an love-nest.

On his return to Hongkong, refreshed and feeling much younger than his true age of 55 years, Solicitor Wong went over the events of the past 10 days. What he discovered was that Kongning never once complained when he used the wrong knife for his fish dish or when he drank the wrong wine from the wrong wine glass. In fact, the Xi'an beauty never once complained about anything that Solicitor Wong did and failed to do – which was a little embarrassing at times as one could imagine, considering the age differences between the 2 lovers. She would make a perfect wife, to be sure. But can a man, even a Hongkong socialite solicitor, afford the energy of having 2 wives – simultaneously? As he dozed off to sleep that night, the rhyme went through his mind:

*Two wives at one time – sublime!
Loving a lot – why not?
Lots and lots of caring – such daring!
A man must do his duty – with his Xi'an Beauty.*

.....*yaW gnoW ehT*

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