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The Valley of the Frogs

Maybe in a few years I'll be glad, I think as I pack, to be living at ground level and in a smaller, less expensive apartment - climbing stairs is getting harder every year. Behind this catchy claim, I hide my real fears of poverty, old age and illness. The last check-up had ended on a depressing note; the mammogram had to be repeated to be sure. I tried not to think about what it would be like after the surgery.

I sat on the floor of the nearly empty apartment, massaging my aching knees and taking an occasional sip of cold tea in the slanting, cool light of the October sun as I looked at my boxes. Conscientiously and thoughtfully I have packed everything; the desk, the bookshelves, the boxes are almost all empty. My God, what all has accumulated over the years! With every memento, with every piece of paper, with every letter or postcard, scraps of thoughts fly through my head, reminding me of this or that excursion, of many a beautiful trip, or of friends and lovers from a distant past.

Unconsciously I have worked my way from the present layer by layer into the past. At the very, very bottom - the blond braids I had cut off when I was 16, and my old diary notebooks. With a certain inexplicable shyness, I pick up the old, worn notebooks, flip through them briefly before putting them away. Slowly, inexorably and insistently, the resurrection of the past takes place, slowly images form from a time that already lies over half a century in the past. The war, towards the end of which I was born. The youth I spent in the small town in the foothills of the Alps. The friends and playmates, our adventures and secret games. My father, my beloved father, and my mother. The bravest mother in this world.

And - the disaster.

I am strangely confused, am unfocused at my work in the library, avoid the old diary notebooks for weeks, and keep pushing the urgent

thoughts aside. I have already written enough, everything has already been written once; nevertheless: my story, my very own story, has not yet been written. Not this story.

A walk with my father on the shore of the Chiemsee. At that time, after the end of the terrible war, the long bus ride to Chiemsee was certainly a great luxury, but my father wanted to spend Sunday with me - so I thought at the time, not suspecting that these beautiful Sundays were in fact visiting days after the end of their relationship. In any case, I ran, hopped and dallied along in the sunshine on the lake-side path next to my father and asked him (presumably) holes in the ears, as children just do.

My father grins and scratches the back of his head. That's about it, he says, that's about it, but actually the aunt is only joking. The children get dad and mom, they weren't brought by the stork. But, I insist stubbornly, she said it! He laughs and says that it's just an old children's tale, but when you're older you'll understand everything. Today they tell you that the stork pokes in the frog pond with his long beak until he finds a little baby among all the frogs, then he rises majestically and brings the child in his beak to the mother - and when he puts the child in her lap, it can happen that he pinches her a little with his long, pointed beak. Father laughs and strokes my blond head with his wonderful, warm hand. We are all fished out of the pond in the valley of the frogs by the stork, as children, and only when we have left this valley are we adults.

Suddenly a warm wave full of fond memories of him washes over me, clenching around my heart and making my tears well up, sticking in my throat as an ugly scratchy lump. During the long time we spent together waiting for Mother's return, it took a long time before I began to sense how her love was dying. What did I understand about what he must feel as a war returnee when people in the village called my mother a soldier's sweetheart and a French whore behind closed doors? What did I understand about how desperate she must have been after my birth, when father did not return home after the end of the war and she thought he was dead. What did I understand even then about the ambiguous morality and the people who liked to

pretend to be chaste bourgeois, but in truth they acted out their share of horniness and sex at every opportunity....

No, don't say anything now! I write, write with a heavy heart about the time when I was still swimming in the frog pond and the stork fished me out to let me fall rather ungently into the lap of this world. It is a strange mixture of longing, sadness, anger and desire with which I write about my beginnings in the valley of the frogs.

Uncle Erich

For the life of me, I can't remember when or how my childhood sexuality awakened. Or maybe I do; there was the matter of Uncle Erich. I must say in advance that I hardly remember back today, because I was about 6, maybe already 7.

Father had had to give up work on the farm and hire himself out as a truck driver, he was often on the road for weeks at a time. Mother was alone with me - as father sometimes joked - "in the valley of the frogs". One day Uncle Erich was suddenly there; obviously a war invalid, who besides his stiff leg and empty dangling shirt sleeve was also a bit strange in the head and never talked. Mother took in the completely starved and terribly emaciated uncle, although we had to be very frugal ourselves. He wasn't really an uncle, but we all called him that.

Day in and day out, he sat in the tool shed behind the big woodpile and stared out at the field. When the meal was fixed, Mother would send me to call him, and I would run off exulting, only to drag him out by his still hand and foolishly skip and dally to the kitchen. I think I missed Dad a lot then.

When I ran off to him like that, his buzzing and mysterious nesting stopped, and my curiosity was never satisfied as to what he was nesting about. Day by day I became more and more curious about what Uncle Erich was doing in the mornings and afternoons; for whenever I approached, he looked out at the field with a smile and did nothing, until one day I had the idea of sneaking up on him through the cellar, bravely biting off my fear. So I came to the last little cellar window through which I could look up. Uncle Erich was sitting there quietly, had his hand tucked into the front of his pants, and was playing with his tippet.

Yes, with his corner, because I had seen with Andi, the neighboring boy, that boys have such a small, dangling corner instead of the slit. And it was now sticking out of Uncle Erich's fly, and he was play-

ing with it, slowly rubbing it back and forth, and that was really all. I trolled myself again and then got doubts again, whether that was already everything. I now spent every free minute sneaking up to the basement window and watching him, but all I saw was a long, long time of nothing and then a bit of tip playing and then nothing again.

Curious as I was, however, I wanted to see everything in more detail. So I climbed one day very, very carefully on the wood pile, which was under the cellar window, and waited anxiously for the cock game. Now I could see much more clearly that Uncle Erich was gripping the tip tightly with his hand and slowly rubbing it up and down. I saw something small and red dancing up and down the front tip, between Uncle Erich's fingers. I stretched higher to see it more closely, kicking loose a few logs as I did so.

Uncle Erich paused, let the cock slide into his pants and looked me straight in the eye. I was stiff with fright and was about to start crying, when he smiled very kindly and shook his head reassuringly that I shouldn't cry. I looked at him with wide eyes, and suddenly he beckoned me to come to him. After some hesitation, his harmless smile convinced me, and I climbed out through the basement window. I sat down next to him and we looked out at the field together.

This went on for a few days, I began to find it monotonous and boring. One day I had to pee now urgently and went to the elder bush, squatted down and let it run. I looked around and saw Uncle Erich unbuttoning his pants and rubbing the top while he watched me pee. When I finished, I stood up, undecided; but Uncle Erich beckoned me to join him. Then he told me to climb onto the little table and told me to squat there. When I understood, I followed guilelessly and now squatted in front of him, while he looked up my skirt and stared at my slit; in summer, we girls in the country rarely wore panties. He looked and looked and got a very red head, only now I noticed how bright his blond hair and eyebrows were. I was a bit scared and embarrassed, but he whispered that I shouldn't be scared and then I wasn't; on the contrary, I got a very exciting feeling. And while he looked at the slit between my spread legs, he quickly pulled out his little tip and rubbed it, up and down, until a few white, sticky droplets squirted out.

After that, he tucked the little tip away again and we looked back at the field and kept silent, because Uncle Erich practically never wanted to talk. The strong, burning palpitations were always stronger than my fear to show him my little slit. Heart pounding, I squatted in front of him, because he liked to look at my little slit, and so the days went by with the same ritual; looking at the field for a long time, squatting on the little table and letting him look at the slit, then taking out the tip, rubbing it and squirting a few drops, then looking at the field again. Probably would have gone on until the end of the summer if Mother hadn't surprised us one day.

When she, rubbing her wet hands dry with a towel, came through the tool shed towards us, saw me squatting on the table with my legs spread, and in front of me poor Uncle Erich, who was rubbing his cock, she shrieked loudly and hit him several times over the head with the towel, tore me from the table and dragged me into the kitchen, yammering and moaning madly. I understood nothing except that I was a poor, seduced girl and how bad this Erich was and that father would not bear this terrible disgrace. In the midst of all her wailing and lamenting, I began to cry and sob, because I believed her threats that she would "cut off this Erich's cock". Mother took me, still sobbing and crying, to the neighbor's house, where I was locked in the empty bedroom and heard the two women scolding and clamoring in the living room. I heard loud screaming again when Mr. Moser, the neighbor, came home and now also rumbled and scolded loudly.

What happened next, I no longer remember, only that Uncle Erich was suddenly gone and never came back.

The Kabunkes

In the summer, Andrea came from Berlin to our neighbors for a vacation. She was half-orphan and lived with her stepmother, Mrs. Kabunke; Mr. Kabunke, however, had stayed in Berlin. Mrs. Kabunke -- she was probably in her mid-thirties - was, in Andrea's words, a "very horny babe of Berlins" (whatever that might be) and had taken her father, a wealthy widower - I nodded with an expert's eye, but didn't understand a word. Andrea was already almost 14 and thus two years older than me, a bit chubby and already had a bit of bosom. To be more precise, she already had quite noticeable curves and carried them proudly in front of her. She knew everything, could do everything and dared to do everything. When I say everything, I mean everything. Her stepbrother Karli was short and stocky, although he was almost 15.

I still have to smile today when I think of those first days: how we were out and about like the whirlwind, making noise and racket for ten and getting up to all sorts of harmless mischief. Of course Andrea wanted to be let in on everything, get to know all the secret places and stick her nose in everywhere. Karli sometimes trotted dutifully behind us, but mostly he was with the other village boys and left us two wifeys alone.

When I showed her the riverside and all the hiding places there and also the place where we always changed clothes, she tried to squeeze me out, with which guys we would be around and how that would happen when changing clothes or bathing; naively I dodged and helplessly shrugged my shoulders at most of the questions. So Andrea soon got the upper hand and casually said that she had already fucked at the age of 11 ("screwed", she said, and it was certainly a lie, because she always wanted to be better than me, the twelve-year-old, in everything). When I looked at her uncomprehendingly, she made a circle with her thumb and index finger and drove her other index finger in and out. I began to vaguely guess what she meant, and said that in our house only the animals would "screw". "I

had already seen when the boar mounted the sow or the dogs mated.” Andrea laughed me outright and found, “there had to be learned but still very much, my little babe”. And already she took the lead, said, we get it already and smiled mysteriously to himself.

Only a little later she pulled me, putting her index finger mysteriously on her lips, quietly and secretly up the stairs in Moser’s house. Arrived in the upper floor she pulled me into the storeroom beside Mrs. Kabunke’s room and meant, we must be now quiet and wait. I was curious to see what was coming, but Andrea still acted mysterious and only told me to be as quiet as a mouse. It took ages until Mrs. Kabunke came into the room. We heard her fiddling and rustling in her room. Andrea tugged at my sleeve and told me to look through the slit in the wooden wall like she did. So I pressed myself against the board wall and peered through the gap. There lay Mrs. Kabunke in her nightgown on the bed, fixing her hair and looking at her face in a small hand mirror. I shrugged and gestured to Andrea, “So what?” but she put her index finger to her lips again and indicated that we should wait patiently. So we waited an eternity, it was bland and dull, but then we heard the stairs groan and creak, and Sepp, the Moser’s servant, stepped into Frau Kabunke’s room.

To me this seemed irregular and not right, what has a servant to be in the chamber of a summer guest, but Mrs. Kabunke didn’t seem surprised at all, not even when Sepp stripped off his suspenders and unbuttoned the front of his trousers. His cock flapped out thick and chunky. To my utter amazement, Sepp now lay down on top of Mrs. Kabunke, fidgeted a bit between his and her thighs, and then bobbed up and down on top of her like a gymnast doing push-ups. I looked at Andrea in bewilderment, but she only gestured “keep looking, keep looking!” and pressed her eyes to her board wall gap again.

Mrs. Kabunke now made most strange sounds, moaning and groaning with every thrust of Sepp’s abdomen and seemed to cheer him on at the same time. From Sepp I saw only the bare ass cheeks bobbing up and down over the half lowered pants, then he paused panting, shook himself and snorted like a horse. Mrs. Kabunke pushed him aside and pulled her nightgown back into place. Then she whispered briefly to him, Sepp pulled his pants back up, and

then trudged out more or less quietly. When she was now alone, Frau Kabunke, for her part, smoothed out her nightgown again several times, then ecstatically stroked both breasts in turn and put a hand between her legs. After some time of stroking her breasts, she jerked violently between her legs with the other hand, rolled back and forth, and lay down to sleep with a sigh. Sleep, in broad daylight!

It had become quiet, I looked at Andrea and she looked at me expectantly. I still didn't understand anything and shrugged my shoulders. Andrea pulled me out now, we quietly slipped out of the house like cats and walked to our gossip spot in the attic of our house. Andrea asked if I had now seen everything? I nodded rather uncertainly, until she blurted out that Kabunke (she always said Kabunke, never mother or stepmother) had just been "fucked" by Sepp. I asked, the up and down where the Sepp had a naked ass, that? Andrea affirmed and continued: "and then the Old Kabunke has still masturbated!" Now I was completely irritated and she had to explain everything to me in detail: that Sepp sometimes sneaks up to the Kabunke in the afternoon, that he then takes out his dick and puts in her slit in the Kabunke. The up and down, yes, that's the "fucking", the same thing that animals do, but Sepp does it like people do it from the front, not like dogs do it from behind, she continued with a grin. And then he would squirt with his noodle into the Kabunke (a vague memory of Uncle Erich suddenly awakens in me), and then he's done, the Sepp, with fucking.

I said, now I'd got it, more or less, but what the "Oldie masturbated" meant, I did not understand. Andrea looked at me puzzled and asked, "What, do you never jerk off?" and I answered cowardly, no, I don't know that. Then she laughed up and said, we have that in a moment and quickly took off her underpants and said I had to take off my clothes too. While I slowly and hesitantly took off my underpants, Andrea leaned back and spread her legs so that I could see her sparse dark pubic hair and labia. She said I must now imitate her everything, so I also leaned back and spread my legs. Andrea now moistened her index finger with her tongue and placed it on the labia, pulled them apart a bit with her other hand and jerked the wet finger back and forth on the slit. I was embarrassed at first and did it too half-heartedly, but I was very careful and pressed only lightly, be-

cause I knew from my secret nighttime shenanigans that I then got such a mad need to pee when I rubbed the slit too hard and too long.

Andrea rubbed and jerked her finger back and forth, then winced slightly and stopped abruptly. With a sweaty face, she asked me if I was coming yet too, but I shook my head and stopped too. That's when she leaned over and started rubbing my slit. I was taken aback, looked down my body at Andrea's hand moving back and forth between my legs, felt a gentle tugging and burning, then the pee-pee sensation, and all at once it shot through me like lightning. I squirmed under her caress and felt my pelvis thrust and twitch towards her hand as my legs locked together in spasm.

Andrea let go of me and remained silent for a while. Then she said that was the wank and that the Kabunke had made after the fuck when Sepp had gone. I felt dull and soft at the same time, felt a deep stillness inside me, and was taken away by all these new things. I thought that Mrs. Kabunke's invention was somehow quite great.

From now on Andrea concentrated on teaching me all these things. Only rarely did we sweep through the house or the garden anymore, staying away from all the usual places and constantly holed up in our attic where we could play our little games undisturbed. Andrea kept letting me feel her vagina, showing me exactly where the clit was and how it worked when you gently blew on it or gently stroked it with a wet finger and it stiffened with a soft throb. I had to feel her labia, put a finger in her vagina and report back to her what I was feeling. We also stroked each other's breasts, although mine was almost not there yet, yet I felt a fierce pulling and burning in my abdomen when Andrea moistened my nipples or pulled and tugged on them.

I let her tell me more and more often how it was with fucking and sometimes we both stripped completely naked and then one laid on the other and we fucked a little, but I felt nothing special about it. If we thereby acrobatically straddled vagina to vagina and rubbed and tried to rub the clits against each other, then we already got into violent flushes, which were only released when we immediately jerked off firmly afterwards. We increased from day to day and jerked off to-

gether like the savages, often also around the bet, who could faster and more often. In the breaks, we constantly chatted about Kabunke or Sepp and fucking, until we again got a desire to jerk off.

Naturally, we also jerked off silently and secretly, when we watched Sepp and the Kabunke fucking. Andrea knew the habits of the Kabunke pretty well, so that we spied on her not only during the afternoon fuck with Sepp and the subsequent masturbation. The Kabunke wanked namely every afternoon, even if Sepp had no time to fuck, until she fell asleep.

That our boys also jerked off with each other, Andrea told me on that memorable day when she decided to form a gang.

Andrea

Of course I hadn't told Andrea about my secret shenanigans, I was far too ashamed to tell her everything.

After Uncle Erich had disappeared, I felt outcast, felt like a rotten, ungrateful child, and felt shunned by the others like a leper. I curled up in my bed, cuddled up to myself, and held on shakily. If no one loved me anymore, at least I loved myself. I took my old bear, squeezed him very sweetly and enclosed his body with my thighs, feeling the scratchy fur. Don't scratch like that, little bear, I said to him, protecting my split with one hand from his scratching. As always, the palm of my hand gave me a comforting, warm feeling. I rubbed that wet slit a bit until I fell asleep. From now on, I loved to stroke myself in the evening until I fell asleep.

Initially, I still went over to mother's bedroom every morning, but that changed, because mother only wanted to let me come over on Sunday mornings, you're already a big girl! So I lay in my bed, quietly playing my games and listening for Mother's sounds through the thin wall. Yes, sometimes I heard her groaning or snorting and instinctively wanted to go to her, but I knew she didn't want me to and I stayed lying there lonely. So I fumbled with my hand at my cleft and stroked it, tenderly and gently, until I almost had to wet the bed. Then I stopped for a few moments until the pee feeling subsided, then I stroked myself again.

Andrea had laughed at me when I told her our version of Father's long travels. "Nonsense," she said with an expert's eye, "your Old man is eloped!" Patiently she explained to me that father had run away, that is, he had gone away and would not come back. I argued with her, but strangely enough she was right. Once, when we were returning from the Kabunke spying point to our attic hiding place, she said that Sepp was also going to my mother, but I just cried and didn't believe it. Although it was true.

Once, in the afternoon, I heard Sepp creeping quietly and carefully into mother's bedroom. Heart pounding, I lay down in my bed and covered myself, pulling the covers over my head, not wanting to hear anything. But I heard her, heard his gasping, and later, when Sepp had gone away again, I heard her gasping and moaning once more. I remember that the first time I felt a violent stab in my heart, that I felt mother betraying me, betraying father. And Sepp, he was dumb and stupid, but he betrayed me too, somehow. I hated them, hated them both, because they betrayed me. Later, I got used to his rare visits and lay under the covers, ashamed, listening to the bed groaning under his pounding and holding my hand protectively over my little slit until it was over. When he had gone and mother was still groaning and sighing, I also rubbed myself a little and wanted to love her very, very much, because she was my mother. Earlier I had heard nothing from her bedroom, now I heard Sepp or her; I didn't know whether I just hadn't noticed or whether something had actually changed in my mother's behavior.

Every Sunday morning I would slip on my long nightgown and sneak into her bedroom, as I used to do in childhood days, lie down next to her under the warm blanket and snuggle up close to her. She usually slept lightly and smiled sweetly when I came in, then we fell asleep. No, I would never betray her, I felt that and told Andrea so; I would never watch when Sepp was with her. Andrea snorted that I was a bitch, a very stupid bitch, but she left me alone.

But now everything had changed. Andrea had shown me everything, had turned my gentle, tentative stroking games after bedtime into vigorous, purposeful masturbation. I knew now that the pee-pee feeling was just the beginning of the end, so I continued carefully until I felt the strange urgent excitement that almost made me forget everything else. I pressed my lips together and held my breath, because beyond the paper-thin board wall, my mother was asleep; she wasn't supposed to hear, wasn't supposed to know what her little girl was doing. Held my breath at that, couldn't stand it any longer, and rubbed very quickly until I found fierce release, gasping softly when I was in danger of suffocating, but I knew that this gasp betrayed me, because I knew that telltale sound of the pressed exhalation that I

sometimes heard through the wall. I usually fell asleep immediately afterward.

The visits from Sepp became rarer, not only because he had enough to do with the Kabunke, but also because my mother had taken a part-time job in the city and only came home late in the evening. So I spent most of my time with Andrea in my room, and we rarely went up to the attic anymore. Eavesdropping on the Kabunke was getting stale, we were looking for something new. I had said to Andrea at some point that I wanted to see a cock, exactly how it was, because we had not seen anything specific when we watched Sepp at the Kabunke.

One day she brought Karli, her stepbrother, with whom she had allegedly already fucked. I was embarrassed, although the Karli was actually quite simple-minded. But I was embarrassed because Andrea had quietly crept into my room, dragged Karli by the hand behind her, and had immediately sat down on my bed. Karli was standing next to the bed, looking expectantly at her, because she took off her dress and panties and threw them carelessly next to the bed. Then she said to me that I had to do the same. After a moment's hesitation, I saw from her greedy and stern eyes that no excuses would help, so I stripped naked with a flushed face and hid behind Andrea.

"I'll show you how it's done," Andrea said and began to unbutton Karli's pants door. Karli gasped and reached forward with his hand, feeling Andrea's abdomen and trying to insert a finger into her cunt. Andrea had meanwhile opened his pants and slowly pulled out Karli's cock. I half crouched behind her and watched fascinated.

After a long fumbling, Karli had finally stuck a finger into Andrea's cunt and grinned. She held the tail with one hand and whispered over her shoulder to me:

"Look how it grows now!" and indeed, the tail began to swell, became long and thick. Andrea pulled briefly on the shaft and in front, from the tip, came out the bright red shiny glans. I looked at it closely, I had already seen that - ah, at Uncle Erich! Only Karlis tail was at least twice as big as that of Uncle Erich.

After Andrea had turned the cock back and forth and pushed the skin back and forth a few times, she whispered, “Now I’m going to jerk him off!” which Karli acknowledged with a pleasant grunt. Andrea now slid her hand quickly back and forth on the shaft, Karli rolled his eyes and all at once it jerkily spurted from his glans. Some splashes hit Andrea’s hand, the rest dripped onto the floor. Andrea brushed the splashes away with her hand as best she could.

“Well?” she asked, looking me in the eye. I nodded and looked at Karli’s cock hanging down like a tired sausage. Andrea reached for his cock again after some time and said that Karli could do it more often, several times in a row. Karli nodded smugly and grunted to Andrea, “Can I?” then reached up to my thigh, not caring that I flinched, and curiously palmed my slit, fingering my vagina and clit. “Ooch, it’s still way too small!” he said disappointedly, and asked Andrea, “Can I do it now?” With a sigh, she leaned against me and nodded surrendered. “But be careful!” she admonished, opening her thighs. Karli took his cock in his hand and rubbed a bit. Sure enough, he got stiff again and terribly big. Now he steered it and thrust with it quickly and ruthlessly into Andrea’s cunt.

She expelled her breath violently and I felt her tense against my shoulder. I looked down over Andrea’s shoulder along her body and saw the miracle of fucking: Karli’s cock disappeared deep into her cunt, only to be pulled out again immediately, wet and shiny. Wet and thick it came out, Andrea’s cunt holding it like a frog’s mouth. Andrea gasped harder and clutched his cock so tightly with her labia that Karli had to snort violently. This went on for a while, but when he began to ram wildly in and out, she straightened up and pushed him off her fearfully because his semen was already spurting out.

Karli woke up as if from a deep dream and looked at her like a stupid sheep standing there with his cock wet and dangling down. Andrea merely shook her head and muttered angrily that he shouldn’t squirt in, he nodded surrendered and sighed, then he continued to jerk off hastily while standing up, threw his head back and continued to rub obsessively, even though only isolated drops squirted out of his glans; I suddenly understood exactly what Uncle Erich had done back then. Karli continued to rub and rub with a dis-

torted face until nothing more came. Then he stowed his wet cock in his pants without a word and went out without looking at us again.

Andrea looked at me triumphantly. “Well, you didn’t think I’d fuck him, did you?” she asked challengingly, nodding as if in her own confirmation. “He always wants to ram me hard and cum inside, but I don’t want to get pregnant!” said Andrea, and followed up with, “but it always makes me terribly horny when he fucks me!” then she leaned back and masturbated really fast with her finger. I didn’t understand about getting pregnant, because Karli had squirted inside, but we didn’t talk about it anymore. Only much later did she make a remark that you have to have your period to get pregnant - but that’s not the case with you, she continued from above. This was the first time Andrea let me watch her fuck Karli, but now I had to believe her willy-nilly.

From now on, when I lay in bed in the evening and dreamily played with my clit, I always saw Karli’s cock squirting or humping in front of me, felt pleasant warmth and longingly pulling excitement, which did not leave me until the climax.

The Gang

Andrea blurted out the idea of starting a gang just as we were taking a gasping break, and she said that everyone had a gang these days, like the Tom Sawyer gang or the Huckleberry Finn gang. I was awestruck at all that Andrea knew, especially because she had a very clear idea of the gang. She would be the gang leader, of course, I would be her adjutant, and the neighbor boys Philipp and Andi and her stepbrother Karli would be the gang members. She imagined how we would have to develop our own secret code so that the adults could not decipher our secret messages, we would need secret ceremonies and rituals, a punishment register with the most wonderful tortures for possible sinners who violated the secret code. Perhaps it also played a role that Andrea's vacations lasted only a week and a half more.

Band, adjutant, codex, cipher, cassiber: my imagination also began to do somersaults. They must play with us and meet us in secret places, I said, and Andrea said: they will be our slaves! I looked at my great friend from the side as she added: and we will play great games, including fucking, jerking off and stuff.... She dispelled my doubts by telling me that she had already jerked off together with Karli and Andi, the 12-year-old neighbor's son. By the way, the two of them always do it with each other, she revealed to me in a conspiratorially lowered voice, while I stared at her in disbelief -two boys, with each other? -I didn't have to wait long for that, the next day was the day.

Andrea and I now developed an almost frantic bustle to organize the gang. Of course, the guys were only with tricks to move to join in, but Andrea promised to let them in on all the secrets, there the curious guys could not resist, at the same time Andrea had skillfully laid the foundation for a horny time.

The gang met now day in -day out in the rear part of the equipment shed, which the adults hardly entered. There they would not have stared badly namely, what we're doing there. First of all, of

course, there was the ceremonial acceptance and the oath of allegiance that Andrea had thought up with Karli. We swore this and that on the life of the mother, grandmother and what do I know whose else. Then the oath of allegiance had to be sealed; for this Andrea invented a ritual: we all had to piss in a large jam jar, the urine was to be stirred and then ceremoniously placed on top of a box; whoever would commit treason would have to drink the jam jar all at once! - Everyone agreed, but no one really dared to start pissing. Then Andrea unceremoniously pulled up her skirt, squatted over the jar and let it run. Then she waved Philipp, who now pulled his Pinky out of his pants with a red head and peed in a slight arc in the glass, after him Karli and Andi. Last came my turn.

Now the first inhibition was overcome, we still played the whole afternoon Indians and secret society, but Andrea steered the games slowly in the right direction. The next morning we met for the first real secret society meeting; quickly all should understand what was to be understood by it.

Andrea invented a wonderful South Sea story, with us as stranded castaways. After a while we all had to undress - in the South Seas it is known to be very hot and the stranding had shredded our clothes from our bodies, or so. I observed the different cocks of the boys, one small and stiff, the other longer but hanging down limply. After the first moment of shock, I didn't mind much being naked myself and being looked at. The story was woven on and on, then Andrea said we were a native tribe who had kidnapped a poor white girl (me) and were thinking of sacrificing her on an altar.

My surprised protest did not help, I was laid out in the middle by the natives and now lay there naked and fearful, awaiting my end. Andrea was, of course, the head priestess, who summoned the spirits and, muttering incantations, groped and palpated the poor creature. The lads' eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets as the head priestess fiddled with the victim's cleft, pretending. Karli stared unblinkingly at my slit, which was being tugged, pulled and rubbed by Andrea, and began to wank with a grin. It scared me a bit when he suddenly took a step closer and squirted in a wide arc in my direction.

Now Andrea let go of her victim, knelt down on the floor next to Philipp and grabbed onto his cock, but held it very still. Philipp didn't make a sound, only his ears turned bright red. His stiff cock began to throb in Andrea's hand, became even stiffer and soon the little red head peeked out from the tip. Philip seemed thunderstruck and allowed without resistance that she rubbed his cock lightly. First carefully, then she pulled the foreskin back more and more energetically over the red tip. All at once Philip winced, and out of his cock it squirted in little plunges: everyone watched tensely while Andrea stopped rubbing and let it splash on the floor.

Philipp embarrassingly closed his thighs and covered his flaccid cock with one hand. Andrea told however her South Sea story further and said to Philipp, now he must do it to her. Philipp looked uncomprehending, whereupon Andrea now leaned back and opened her thighs. Everyone looked at her slit, which she willingly showed. Then she stroked it with her hand, back and forth, as if by chance; then she began to masturbate. She asked me to join in, and after a moment's hesitation, I half-heartedly did. While we sat on the floor with our legs spread and jerked off, the boys watched us with their heads turned up red; I saw how one after the other got hard again. Andrea acted quite neatly and started twitching, theatrically spreading her thighs and pretending to have a God-knows-what-fine orgasm, ooch and ouch, although she had none at all; I stopped my listless rubbing.

After a pause, Andrea told Karli and Andi to rub too; but they hesitated. She grabbed Andi's cock and rubbed him quickly, but he would not and would not squirt, although Andrea had now rubbed very long and quite firmly. Then Karli said that Andi couldn't do it that way and would rather have it "from behind" and then would also squirt well. Andrea looked at her stepbrother Karli for a long time and thought hard, then she nodded and said, "alright!" Apparently it was not new to her, as now Andi knelt down with straddled legs, bent forward and Karli pushed his cock into Andi's asshole.

I was completely stunned in the first moment. Thought of Seppl and the Kabunke. Yes, what is he doing? - Karli started to carefully fuck Andi, then he got faster and wilder, while I crouched next to Andi and watched how his little cock swelled and seemed to throb in

time with Karli's fucking. I found it arousing the way his sac and cock bobbed in unison, the way a few droplets dripped out of Andy's glans on long strings. Karli laughed when he saw me crouching there in amazement, lifted Andy up a little by the hips and continued to fuck him wildly. All at once Andy's small, pointed cock began to spurt of its own accord, squirting at the same rate as he was being fucked by Karli. Karli kept thrusting and thrusting, all at once pulling his cock out of Andi's bottom and squirting once violently into the air, then rubbing until he could take no more. Andi cowered in the corner and looked at none of us anymore, apparently he was kind of ashamed after all.

So the last vacation days passed, we of course played this game again and again, although the boys didn't want to as often as we did. All in all, we did this South Sea magic a couple of times, with Andrea always coming up with variations. Once, her playing around with the poor victim turned serious and the head priestess rubbed my clit until I had a strong orgasm, which made me feel quite ashamed the first time. After a while, however, this became a ritual, and when it occurred to the head priestess, the boys would hold me by the arms and legs until she masturbated me a second time. After a few days, I didn't feel ashamed at all when they all curiously watched me orgasm. In general, producing in front of others and watching became more and more important for all gang members every day.

Andrea was really infatuated with Philipp, but he didn't want to or couldn't do it very often. Once - and only this one time - Philipp was allowed to fuck her a little, only very briefly and quickly, was allowed to carefully put his glans between her labia and slowly drive back and forth. He did this for a while, then Andrea gently pulled him towards her so that he could get deeper inside. Now he dared to put his cock half in and pull it out again to the glans, but only after some hesitation he dared to go in as deep as Karli did then. Andrea visibly enjoyed that Philipp now fucked harder, but this time she probably didn't pay much attention, because I had long since noticed from the pulsation of his cock that he was squirting into her. Fascinated, I watched as his sack contracted again and again and his cock pumped jerkily into her. When he was done, Andrea sat up in horror, her

head red, then squatted spread-eagled on the floor to let the mucus ooze out of her.

Karli jerked off most willingly at the very beginning of the game, a game that Andrea soon gave solid forms and a fixed sequence of events. Broad-legged, he stood in front of Andrea or me, staring at our cunts and trying to cum on us. In the meantime Andrea had explained to me that this was completely harmless if the semen stayed outside, so we didn't mind if he squirted on us. With a rich clap, his semen landed on a leg or a belly, even though I winced at first. Andrea only laughed when he got down on his knees from sheer greed and tried to squirt his seed specifically on her pubic area. She then virtually goaded him on by spreading her cunt a little with her fingers while he frantically and greedily rubbed everything on it. It's only on the outside, she said with a grin, you don't get pregnant from it. Still, I didn't let him get that close.

Coward, Andrea said to me and the next time let Karli even closer until his glans touched her pubis while rubbing and the white cream splashed directly on her labia. The next increase was that she excited him as before with her finger play, but then, getting horny herself, masturbated her clit while his glans danced wildly on her labia. So they both masturbated quickly and close together. I could see it in her eyes that she had climaxed, because only a moment later her thighs twitched uncontrollably, her whole body jerked, while Karli violently jerked his glans between her labia. But when he penetrated deeply and began to squirt, she reached down and pushed him back, causing his remaining semen to splatter everywhere. She was always very annoyed when he squirted in. Still, it almost always came down to her pushing Karli or Philipp off when they were already squirting.

In the course of time, Philipp also became bolder and now tried to imitate Karli, after all, he was the older. While Karli was still busy with Andrea, he pushed me gently backwards and knelt between my legs, spreading them slightly with his hand. It looked funny how he stared at my hairless vagina while rubbing his cock thoughtfully. But he was more considerate than Karli and tried to squirt only on my belly or thigh. Mostly, however, he sank forward exhausted before the orgasm and let the semen splash on me. When he squirted, he

pressed the glans into the gap between my labia, where I felt it squirt and throb.

Later I had to press my thighs tightly together, because his glans pushed wildly against my slit, bored firmly between the labia against my vagina, when he splashed violently twitching. Mostly I took good care that everything stayed out. Once I gave in, because I had a vaguely beautiful feeling of happiness when he pressed me, enjoyed it that he pushed himself between my labia and squirted his warm seed against my hymen, but I did not let him pierce it, because I was far too afraid to be properly fucked by such a thick cock as Philipp's or even Karlis.

When Philipp masturbated with Andrea and Karli in front of me, I pulled back further and further the closer he came. Sometimes Karli groped me with greedy fingers while he splashed hot and wet over my belly or thighs. Sometimes, however, I couldn't avoid him any further and had to reluctantly endure him slapping everything on my slit with wild grunts despite my pressed-together thighs or pressing his thick, squirting cock between my labia with a shabby grin. Once he groped for my labia, spread them with his fingers and deliberately wanted to squirt in, I jumped up and hid behind Andrea.

Andi sat mostly next to us and waited crouched and meekly until his turn came. He held his cock in his hand and watched us. When he got horny, he sometimes rubbed and squirted a bit, but rather rarely. Later, when Karli had regenerated, he would take Andi, who had just been waiting for Karli to mount him. Andrea, Philipp and I watched breathlessly horny when Karli fucked him pretty hard. It seemed to be a lot of fun for Andi and I marveled at the wonder every time his little cock jerked and spitted all by itself while Karli kept pounding him hard. I was fascinated by it and crouched next to them every time Andi got fucked and watched, unable to take my eyes off Andi's slender little cock. Andi wasn't as embarrassed now as he had been the first time, and smiled shyly when I crouched next to him and watched the squirting very closely.

But these were already our last experiences, because we had to say goodbye to our Berliners.

Andi

After the Berliners left, it became very quiet; Philipp went back to school in the county seat, and I met with Andi only rarely for the time being, because without Andrea we didn't immediately dare to really revive our secret circle meetings. Most evenings I lay in bed and rubbed myself quietly, delaying climax as long as I could and sometimes listening, shuddering, to the soft sounds coming from Mother's room. I lay in the dark, and while my finger gently rubbed the clit or massaged the cleft, I got into my fantasies, let Karli or Philipp fuck Andrea, turned into her and enjoyed the climax. Gradually, my fantasies shifted back to Andi, who was fucked by Karli and squirted violently. I sometimes held my breath until I felt the orgasm - already close to suffocation. But with all excitement I did everything to be inaudibly quiet; my mother should get nothing of it.

She had again the whole day service, and after some time I invited Andi to visit me again in my storm-free hut, because we both wanted to continue the shenanigans. The first time we sat rather embarrassed on the bed and kept silent until he thought of something funny from a band meeting, then we both laughed and the ice was broken.

Without thinking about it beforehand, I asked Andi in a whisper if I could take him (he knew right away who I meant by that) in the hand. He was a little embarrassed at first, but then he nodded and pulled down his pants. His dick was tiny and shriveled up at first. Andi mumbled sheepishly that it was a little small, but that would come. "Do you want me to take off my clothes?" I whispered, and he nodded. Slowly I undressed and sat straddled next to him, letting him see everything. His cock began to grow very slowly as he peered at my slit.

After a while of silence I carefully groped it, it felt soft and silky even though it was stiff. Like a small animal, I felt the pulsation of its heart under the skin. Very carefully I pulled back the foreskin, letting the glans peek out. It was pointed and long, and in front there was a

small hole in a notch. When I started to feel it, Andi flinched briefly and whispered that it hurt him. I immediately let go and waited. After a while, I touched the cock again and looked at it: “Can I?” Andi nodded and leaned back, leaning his head against the wall and pushing his pelvis forward, his cock now really protruding.

I grasped the shaft as I had seen Karli do and began to push the skin back and forth. “You have to do harder!” whispered Andi with his eyes closed, and I obeyed. After a few minutes he began to twitch, but my hand was already totally tired. With the very last of my strength, I kept pulling and pushing, squeezing his cock harder as he commanded, “Harder!” Although he had a small, thin cock, it had become quite firm. It went on for a long time, and I was beginning to think my hand was going to fall off, when he stiffened, his cock reared up and squirted a bit of semen all over his thighs and my forearm. I had made it. I happily snuggled up to Andi, who lay there panting and smiling to himself.

Now we met more often. Andi made it nevertheless rather myself, because I was too slow and too weak, I noticed soon. He did it best by sticking a finger in his own asshole and humping back and forth until the stiffened cock throbbed and twitched; then he jerked off short and fast and let it all spurt out.

But he made it clear from the start that he preferred it even more when I used my finger to fuck him in the butt. Initially, I did not dare, because I had never before put a finger in someone’s asshole. But he whispered that I should stick it in deeper and deeper and fuck him really hard. When he wasn’t tired yet, his cock would straighten up throbbing and twitching, Andi would whisper that I should do it even harder, and then his cock would squirt, all by itself, which fascinated me anew every time. Sometimes, when he was already tired from the first cum or when he was already very excited and my pace was too slow for him, he humped his butt wildly and impatiently against my finger, rubbed his cock briefly and let it squirt immediately. Mostly, though, he completely abandoned himself to me after I learned to fuck his asshole with a finger and rub his cock fast and hard at the same time. I always found it insanely horny how it

squirted from the red tip into my hand; looked at the white juice very closely, rubbed it slowly between my fingertips.

He didn't touch me at first, always just looked furtively at my slit and I was just too cowardly to touch myself when he was around - the protective element of the gang was missing here. Only after many meetings did I dare to furtively caress myself once, when he had dozed off. We lay there weary, he had been dozing for several minutes, and I held his sticky, soft cock with my sticky fingers. Lying still beside him, looking pensively at his glans, dreaming of more and then the heat crept into my chest, my belly and my hand furtively to my slit. His squirting had made me horny, I rubbed myself very quietly and felt his cock, felt him at the same time with my rising horniness become firmer. The heat surged up in me, I suddenly didn't care that Andi had woken up and was watching me while I masturbated. Andi grinned wryly as I tensed in climax and curled up on my side.

I usually rubbed my clit stealthily and silently when he dozed off. I could never masturbate as freely as he did in front of me, but always did it secretly. Once he tried to masturbate me, but didn't get me more than a little arousal, but I still enjoyed it very much, sitting back and letting him do it to me passively. Afterwards I was very relaxed and cheerful.

When he wasn't around, I often jerked off throughout the afternoon, taking small recovery breaks, then getting going again. During that time, I had many orgasms in an afternoon and just couldn't get enough. I developed different techniques, sometimes rubbing just the clit, sometimes teasing my asshole with the other hand like Andi, and always the nipples. Sometimes I played with the vaginal entrance, made little humping movements with one finger and imagined it was a man. After all, I was almost 13 and hell-bent on sleeping with a lad. I didn't want to be the last virgin in the village.

One day I couldn't help it and told Andi that I wanted to fuck him. He was completely surprised and somehow scared. He had never, he did not know how, he was only I interrupted his stammering and asked in a whisper whether he was my friend or not. He nodded and fell silent. I looked at him for a long time, then I quickly took off my

summer dress, under which I had nothing on, and lay down on the bed. Andi undressed too, slowly and awkwardly, then he looked sheepishly into my eyes and remained silent.

It was quite strange to lie so close and completely naked next to him; it was quite different from lying next to my mother on Sunday morning or with Andrea in the attic, where we had made our fuck attempts. Little scrawny Andi and his little buff cock lay next to me, both a little scared and yet I loved them both. We were sweating, probably not only because of the summer heat, because we both didn't know how to start it. All at once the Andi laughs softly and whispers in my ear, "Look, he just doesn't want to!"

In fact, his little one had withdrawn even more. Damn, I thought, he can't be doing this to me! My first angry reflex startled Andi, I looked into his eyes that reminded me of a totally scared deer. I immediately forgave him and hugged him, murmuring in his ear that it was okay, he should be quiet. After a while of waiting, I told him we should do it like we always do. He nodded.

As he had done so many times before, he began to rub his cock slowly, "making it tight" as he called it. He thrust his pelvis impatiently as his cock became firmer; now it was my turn, I licked my index finger and slowly and carefully inserted it into his butt. Then I humped him with my finger while he rubbed his cock. I saw that it had gotten nice and long and tight; now I pulled my finger out of his ass and lay on my back. "Come fuck me!" i whispered. Excited and as if caught in a trap, Andi faltered and looked at me in amazement. Saw me lying there ready, looked at his "pinned" cock and then looked back into my eyes. Come, I thought longingly, come! Yes, so it was right, he was now ready, all horny and stiff, as he was always horny and stiff before squirting and now he could certainly fuck me.

Once again Andi had gotten that deer look, but he obediently rolled around and knelt between my thighs. His small, narrow tail was already stretched to bursting, red and demanding looked out in front the glans. My heart was beating like mad, because I was afraid of what I wanted so much at the same time and felt how fear, desire and curiosity mixed; my cunt became warm, wonderfully warm. I

had imagined it again and again, and I always overcame my cowardice with the idea that Andi's cock was, after all, much thinner and smaller than Karli's or Philipp's or even the coarse Seppl's with his thick, huge club. If I ever dared, then only with Andi.

Impassively he knelt there and thought long, then his hand led the stiff tail to my cleft. I will never forget that first touch, the delicate and careful groping that touched my skin and made me shiver. His glans met resistance, not daring to go between my labia. "It won't work!" complained Andi. I shook my head and whispered, almost inaudibly, "Come, so come now!" Andi slowly pushed it forward, the narrow, pointed fellow found its way after all, and slid in very slowly, as if in slow motion, a little way. Andi straightened up on his knees, panting, and froze in mid-slide.

I hadn't expected that. I looked at him, saw him close his eyes and remain motionless. I lifted my head and looked at him, then my gaze slowly slid down his lean body to his cock. It was still almost half visible and the glans was no longer there, his cock was inside me.

He was inside me.

Slowly he penetrated; for a moment I was startled as the hymen tore. A warm wave flowed through me as I felt him all the way inside me. Andi reached back with one hand, palpated his bottom, and slowly slid a finger in and out.

Somehow I didn't feel him, at the same time my crack was filled with his warmth, moist and wonderfully pleasant pulsing. I could see Andi tensing and his cock twitching and pumping without him stirring. What was he waiting for, when was he finally going to start fucking? I felt the warmth and the moisture and saw him kneeling there with his eyes closed, waiting. Waiting for what?

"What is it?" I whispered, suspecting mischief. An eternity passed, during which Andi continued to remain motionless, his cock pulsing, pumping on and on. After this eternity, he opened his eyes and smiled blissfully. Slowly he sank forward, his tail slid very deep and

painfully further into me, he laid his head against my shoulder and sobbed silently.

Scared, I reached out and stroked his straw-blond mop of hair. “What is it, what is it?” I whispered over and over, feeling at the same time the curiosity of my body, my vagina eagerly embracing his cock. His sobs subsided for a moment, and he whispered, “It’s all squirted in! Everything!” and then he sobbed again.

I felt panic rising. Andi had squirted into me? My God, I could get pregnant! No, I reassured myself, I was still much too young, I couldn’t get pregnant now, I still had to go to school, and only then, maybe. With a jerk I shook Andi off, wriggled out from under him and reached for my cunt. Sure enough, it was all full of his slime, dripping out a little. In my panic, I paid no attention to the few drops of blood that testified to my virginity. I squatted down and let it all drip out onto the sheet, commanding myself to widen completely, completely, and let it all drip out. Then I cried.

Wordlessly and silently he then left, we avoided each other for a few days, until one afternoon he stood before me again, embarrassed and uncertain, but with the defiance of his whole 14 years. Whether I was still angry with him, or whether I could forgive him, it had just happened, he didn’t know how. At first I stared at him stubbornly, but then we laughed and everything was fine again. In the next weeks, when he visited me, we did it like before; we never tried fucking again. After all, we now knew how it felt.

And Andi preferred to be fucked himself. Mostly I did it to him with my finger, feeling his butt pinch and squeeze my finger when he cum, holding my hand in front of his glans and catching the semen in the palm of my hand. Our meetings became less frequent, mostly Andi just came by as if by chance, but I could tell by the look on his face that he needed it badly now. Then Andi stayed away almost completely, because my mother had taken on another job, which started even earlier in the morning, but she was back home by early afternoon. I saw Andi only rarely anymore and then only very secretly.

Theresa

Once again, I had only the evening to myself, groping and rubbing in the dark, listening with bated breath for the sounds coming from Mother's room. It seemed to me that my mother was groaning and moaning more often than before. The monotony of those days was only interrupted when my cousin Theresa came to visit with her fiancé Peter. Mother set up the cot in my room and said mischievously that the two of them were sensible and would know how to behave if they spent the night in my bed, which was bigger and wider than the cot. Theresa chastisingly narrowed her eyes, and Peter hurried to murmur approval with his face flushed. So I slept on the cot and was terribly curious, nothing but curious.

Theresa had been here on and off in recent years, but never with a boyfriend. Well, by now she was 18 or 19 and no one thought it unseemly for her to travel with him, they were, after all, promised to each other and as good as engaged. Suddenly I remembered the soft noises of earlier nights when she had visited and now looked at Theresa with knowing eyes. So she knew it too. And so I was curious how it was with her and Peter.

At first there was nothing. We extinguished the light, undressed shamefacedly turned to the wall and lay down to sleep. For minutes there was complete silence. The summer heat penetrated our pores and made us hardly breathe. The minutes stretched into hours and the hours into eternities. I realized I couldn't keep myself awake much longer, felt sleep slowly coming, and heard my breathing slowing and becoming shallower.

Quite soft sounds of them waking me up. I stayed very still and listened as quiet as a mouse. The bright moonlight of the summer night conjured a fairy mood in the dark room. I saw the two of them moving dimly, slowly and almost inaudibly Peter rolled back and forth on Theresa under the covers, they nibbled and whispered and all the while he moved rhythmically, timidly slowly and carefully. I palpated

my clit, but at first didn't dare rub faster, until I couldn't stand it any longer and held my breath, to a soundless orgasm.

This repeated itself again the other day; again I almost fell asleep and was only woken up by them again. But now they weren't as quiet as the day before and Peter flipped back the covers because he was getting too hot. I only dimly saw his butt bobbing up and down in the bright moonlight, heard him and Theresa panting and whispering. I had long since begun to rub my clit and at some point I had completely forgotten about the two of them, concentrating only on my lust and holding my breath again until the climax rolled violently. I looked briefly over to the two, who lay there completely still and quiet, then I turned to the wall and fell asleep.

The next day the two of them were out in the village, but in the afternoon Theresa asked if I didn't want to go up to the forest with her for a bit. I didn't even think about last night and just said yes. We walked up and I was surprised that Theresa didn't know how to start, because it was clear that she wanted to discuss something with me. We had been walking for quite a while when she got to the point. "You were heard last night" she said abruptly, looking at me sternly. "You were quite loud and cavalier" she followed up in an accusatory tone. Immediately I ducked my head and felt myself blush. I gulped and choked and couldn't make a sound.

It was okay, Theresa said, I could do what I wanted, but when guests were there, well. Since one would have to do just on some. Whether I understood her?

The thoughts tumbled through my head like leaves in the wind. I was embarrassed, but at the same time resistance was stirring in me, it didn't suit me that she should have the upper hand so easily. "Before, when you were with us, you used to do it, too!" I said defiantly and looked into her eyes, which immediately began to dance and wander around like trapped butterflies. I felt that I was right, and I wasn't going to let it go so easily now. "And I only did it because you fucked so loud!" I followed up, seeing her blanch now.

For a long time she said nothing, just looked out at the valley and walked back and forth between the trees at the edge of the forest. “Oh, you just misunderstand me!” she said gruffly, and fell silent again. She chewed on her lower lip, wickedly and meanly, and I didn’t understand what I was supposed to have misunderstood. Time passed without either of us saying anything.

Theresa sighed, the way she always sighs when she godly gives in or gives in. “It’s just because of Peter,” she said, and I didn’t understand anything anymore. “What about Peter?” asked I, looking at her frankly. I felt that we were not really angry with each other and I wanted to know openly and honestly what was bothering her.

“Peter has been very upset” said Theresa. “You were lying right under the window, so you could see everything very clearly, the moonlight was very bright. He lay awake for hours and couldn’t get back to sleep” said Theresa. Oh, now I understood. Peter, the dear one, was worried about me and stayed awake all night because of me. I didn’t want to be guilty of that and told Theresa that I was very sorry and that it would surely not happen again. “Peter is my fiancé and when he gets upset he can’t concentrate on me” she said and I understood that too, because the fiancé is supposed to concentrate on his fiancée. “Yes, well, I promise” I said, 13 years young and no idea about anything, not even creeping jealousy.

Theresa was already turning to leave when I repeated, “Yes, I promise, but you can’t fuck anymore either, because that’s what got me so worked up!” I finished my sentence. Theresa’s foot faltered at first, then she looked at me full on. “All right, it’s on!” she said, extending her hand to me. The handshake sealed our promise.

That evening we went to bed in a very strange and unusual mood. I had the feeling that we were wishing each other good night much too kindly, like false snakes. I was quite confused and wished Theresa and Peter a good night too, “and sleep well!” I added, turning to Peter. Then we lay in the dark and were silent. A promise is a promise, they didn’t fuck and I lay still.

I must have slept deeply, because all at once I was wide awake. The poor bed creaked pathetically, while the two in the bright moonlight quite oblivious to their lust. I thought of our promise of the afternoon and tried to fall asleep again, but I couldn't, no matter how much I wanted to. What was I supposed to do? The two of them groaned and moaned, rhythmically sounding as Peter penetrated Theresa and bounced back. After all, the two of them were barely a meter away from me, and this proximity made the excitement creep up in my stomach. Stealthily my hand approached the cleft, the finger sought the clit. Carefully and silently I rubbed, looked over to the two and slowly rose into the arousal. Comfortable warmth flooded me, I gently pushed the light blanket aside and closed my eyes while masturbating.

After a few seconds I had become as horny as never before from listening. I suddenly did not care that the two were barely a meter away from me and whether they could hear me or not. My finger awoke to excite the clit in a whirling frenzy, I paid no attention to the two who had apparently paused. My arousal had long since risen to the point where I wouldn't have wanted to stop anyway, though very briefly I felt a vague fear. A snap sound. I finally forgot everything around me, opened myself and my thighs very wide, and held my breath in anticipation of the orgasm that shook me with sudden ferocity and discharged with violent, rolling jerks.

I immediately stopped, something irritated me. Someone had turned on the light, that was the snap! When I looked up, gasping, I saw first Peter's insolent grin, then Theresa's desperate, reproachful look. Peter had turned up the little reading lamp and now they were both looking over at me, had been watching me masturbate and orgasm all along, while he was deep and motionless inside Theresa. His round, hairy butt pressed firmly against Theresa, who now turned her head away bashfully. I suddenly noticed his grin, saw the greedy glint in his eyes. "Go on, come on, keep going!" he whispered excitedly, thrusting into Theresa a few times. I froze, lying spread-eagled and naked as a frog, my finger paralyzed on my clit. I ought to be pissed off, I thought, but my abdomen was still quivering and trembling happily in the waning orgasm.

He turned his head sideways and looked over at me, his eyes searching my small, hairless cleft as he pushed his cock deep inside Theresa once more. His look reminded me of Uncle Erich. Irritated, I closed my thighs and hid my cunt with my hand.

Peter began to fuck her again, looking over at me and grinning incessantly. Closer than I'd ever been to watching adults fuck, I watched Peter get wilder and wilder while Theresa clung to him with teary, closed eyes. She shook her head and wanted to pull away from him, wanted to take her legs off his shoulders, but he forced her down and kept fucking firmly. "Keep going!" Peter ordered me in a whisper, and pressed back into Theresa rocking deeply. Now he deliberately turned a little to the side so that I could see Theresa's wide-open pubic cleft and his cock in its entirety, and I watched in fascination as it slowly dug back into Theresa's black-haired cunt, came out shiny and wet, and pushed deep again. She tried to pull away from Peter, but he held her like a vice and humped her tightly, so that she soon stopped resisting. While Peter pushed her like a wild man, she looked at me strangely and slowly some tears rolled down her face, while she was thrown up and down more and more violently by the force of his powerful body.

My excitement rose instantly as I saw in the dim light Theresa's labia close tightly around his cock as if to lick it off. Slowly her face transformed, suffering was now followed by pleasure and lust. I lay there completely exhausted, resting my head on the side of the pillow, watching his cock, which he was now thrusting violently like the village bull deep into her tuft of black hair, thrusting, over and over. Theresa began to breathe shallowly, moaning and groaning and convulsing silently as Peter continued to ram her unflinchingly. He pulled his cock out very slowly, no doubt for contraception, until the glans hovered barely half a finger's width in front of Theresa's hole, while he stared over at me with wide-open, absent-minded eyes. I, in turn, stared at his glans, which now jerked up to my horror, spurting the semen in thick jets directly into Theresa's open vagina.

Peter suddenly fell forward, reflexively his cock jerked forward, slid back into Theresa's vagina. I was horrified, because endlessly his thick cock pumped everything jerky and jerky into poor Theresa.

Confused, I stated triumph in her facial expression, while she looked over at me the whole time, poor Theresa my ass! Although he was obviously impregnating her, she pressed his buttocks firmly against her, braced herself against him and virtually let the semen pump into her. Then he sank to the side, his cock slipped out of Theresa's vagina and remained half stiff and dripping wet on his thigh. Theresa remained lying there, wide open as she was, paying no attention to me at all, while bright viscous drops ran from her reddened vagina and dripped onto the sheet. Then she put an arm around him, tasting and stroking him soothingly until he breathed more calmly again. Only after a long time did she close her legs and embrace him warmly and possessively before looking at me haughtily once more and extinguishing the light.

My mother looked up only briefly and sullenly when Theresa said smilingly at breakfast that they were leaving earlier than planned after all.

Monika

I changed schools, now had to bike through the fields for half an hour every day and rarely saw Andi. Not a day went by that I didn't retreat and indulge in my vice; I often jerked off all afternoon.

My new girlfriends from class loved cocky speeches, talking became more, one word gave the other and after a short time formed a small circle of "exclusive" girlfriends who steeled away and masturbated together. Giggling, we thirteen-year-old geese ran across the field behind the school, crouched down behind the first bushes and all jerked off at the same time. The whole thing was more funny than erotic when one giggled commenting how she was about to come now, how it was already starting to twitch, yes, yes, yes and now it's coming for me too! From watching I sometimes became very horny and had a rapid, violent orgasm. The others laughed then, because usually they just pretended. They laughed because nothing could stop me once I had become horny. They laughed because I was the only one who really masturbated during these games.

Sometimes I went to the bathroom during class and jerked off quickly, then came back to class with an uninvolved face and winked at my exclusive girlfriends. A few times one or the other came along too and we did it together - or at least I did; hurrying so the teachers wouldn't notice. Sometimes I also went home with one of them, then we often spent the whole afternoon "studying" in the room, jerking off together for hours until we couldn't anymore. During this time I had many orgasms in one day.

My favorite friend Monika, with whom I sometimes masturbated together for whole afternoons, told that it was "violently" happening at the river. Curious I went the next time with her, it was an adventurous time.

There were the anglers, grown men who sat motionless on the bank and stared for hours at their tackle. We girls made fun of stripping naked and swimming in the water to them; if we were in sight,

we would briefly flash breasts, buttocks, or our pubes until they became restless. We'd warp away giggling when one angler or another got up, went behind a bush, and we could tell by the shaking and gasping that he was jerking one off.

Then again, we would lie skin to skin two by two in knee-deep water and masturbate underwater; I was beginning to love the orgasm in the water. Sometimes we felt observed, which on the one hand spurred us on, on the other hand led to the fact that we swam nevertheless more often into the deeper water or under the tree's roots at the riverbank, in order to masturbate there.

Sometimes we also watched copulating couples more or less openly and jerked secretly with. We also jeered sometimes happily when a lad also watched the fucking lovers and then - almost bursting with horniness - jerked off. If we got horny ourselves, then we masturbated secretly, each for herself, after the boy had moved away; we never let the boys watch.

Once a young lad watched a couple from the shore and secretly played with himself in his pants pocket, but he did not dare to jerk off properly until the couple had moved away. On a whim, I wanted to mark the strong one in front of my classmate, so I quietly got out of the water naked, posed in front of him, and slowly unbuttoned his pants after squatting next to him. He looked up at me, caught and frightened, and at first didn't know what happened to him; moreover, he couldn't take his eyes off my nakedness. His little tail was already hard as a board and soaking wet, I grabbed it and held it while I blinked at Monika to see if she was really watching us. I rubbed his cock back and forth at lightning speed and deliberately opened my thighs wide. While he looked between my thighs with bulging eyes, a thick stream shot out. I held his cock tightly as long as a few thin splashes still fell into the grass. - But that was really the only time, I never dared to do that again.

I also went down to the river more often when I was alone at home, looked for a cozy place and let myself drift on the water. Stroked me, excited me and quickly made me orgasm when I had become horny enough. I took all imaginable positions, drifting on my

back, lying on my belly, holding on to the shore bushes, lying in a fisherman's boat. I did this gladly and often, until one day I heard a rustling in the reeds. Quickly I slid out of the boat into the water, hid myself behind it and waited.

Then I saw how our neighbor, the old Mr. Moser, carefully rose and crept away. That in his wooden hut magazines with revealing photos lay, I had discovered long ago; my friends and I had laughed and giggled, because the girls of the twenties in underwear or bathing suits should seem erotic, but seemed to us rather uptight. Now I was concerned about the fact that he had watched me masturbate and probably satisfied himself in the process. Affected not only because it was the neighbor - whether he would tell my mother about it, I doubted - but because I had never believed that so old people like him are still interested in sex. From then on, I avoided that place.

Monika, with whom I was constantly traveling, let me in on a big, very big secret one day. We were in her room doing what we always did, when she looked out the window and said we had to get dressed quickly and go to the shed. No one I must ever tell, no way, etc. etc. etc. Then we crept into the shed. When my eyes got used to the semi-darkness, I saw nothing out of the ordinary, just Bello, the farm dog, and the little girl, about four or five years old, who always played with him. Her mother worked in the farmer's field and was allowed to take the child to the farm during the day. Wait, my friend pointed, wait!

Bello had briefly looked up at us as we sat down on the floor, but then the little girl, who hadn't noticed us, took him up all over again. She pulled and tugged at the poor animal, who was happy to go along with everything. More and more often he sniffed her bare bottom, pressed himself against her legs and rubbed, like dogs rub against human legs. I was just about to hiss angrily to my girlfriend that this was not so mysterious, when the situation changed completely surprisingly.

The little girl had been frolicking on all fours, followed by the big dog, who put his front paws on her back all at once and made a crooked hump. "What are you doing, what are you doing!" the little

girl shouted with feigned seriousness and continued to frolic merrily with the dog, at each “What are you doing?” she tussled again with the big yard dog. After a few seconds of frolicking, Bello had asserted himself and clung to her back with his front paws: now he made his hump again, clasped the little girl and began to make humping movements - more precisely, I at least assumed it, since little could be seen from our position. Monika and I changed position so we could see everything, for all the little girl's cunt. The little girl held a long time still, while the dog's abdomen flicked back and forth. I stared in disbelief: Bello's cock was stuck in the little vagina and the big yard dog rammed back and forth like a machine. Obviously the little girl waited until Bello squirted into her vagina, as I could see quite clearly, then she tore herself away again and snapped at the dog, who in turn immediately tried to mount her again.

This went on a few times, and although the little girl kept teasing, she teased him and held out her bare bottom. A dozen times Bello mounted her and fucked her very fast, then he squirted into the little child and remained motionless in the tight vagina. Breathlessly I watched her vagina when Bello stopped and started squirting inside, I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Only a short time later, the dog began to fuck quickly again and squirted violently inside. Desperately, the poor animal kept looking for the right entrance, but the girl jestingly withdrew from him as soon as he had squirted in. His swollen rod remained motionless in her vagina for a few seconds until the little one started to nag again what he was doing now! Bello had enough and ended the game. With a violent jerk she freed herself, Bello yelped briefly and painfully and sauntered away. The little one ran out of the shed, running after him, nagging.

I was speechless and perplexed. What, can that be? I asked Monika in a whisper, but she just shrugged her shoulders. I meant, the dog only pretended, that can not be! Monika gave me a meaningful look, but didn't say anything. Casually she mentioned that the dog gets stuck with his thick balloon because the little one down there is too tight, dogs sometimes get stuck when the bitch is very tight or gets a cramp, you know that.

Then we went to our “learning afternoon” in the room, and Monika took Bello with her. I suspected nothing good when we lay on the bed with our skirts up and Bello sniffed at us while we masturbated. His warm breath and cold, wet nose frightened me, as did his tongue, with which he sometimes licked my cunt. But Monika seemed to like the dogs tongue licking her cunt while she was masturbating. We sat at the edge of the bed afterwards, Bello did manikins and let his short but thick red cock show. He clutched Monika’s lower leg and started rubbing against her.

Monika’s face was bright red when she asked if I wanted to help her. With what? With Bello doing it to her.

I was thunderstruck. But not Monika! Now that I knew the big secrets, she could tell me everything right away. With Bello she wanted to do it for a long time, but it was just for her alone a pretty acrobatic affair, which has never worked so far, she had tried it again and again. And why didn’t she sleep with a man right away? Monika was a bit confused, because the thing with Bello was - she was looking for words - playfulness, but with a man? She would have to be two or three years older, and besides, contraception would be a big problem. I, for my part, said I would never do it with Bello or any animal, because I find it only natural to do it with humans. It wasn’t until too late that I realized that was pretty hurtful and intolerant.

Decidedly, Monika grabbed the little bed rug and put it around her shoulders. “So he won’t scratch me” she commented on my questioning look. She turned all blushed red again as she settled on all fours and looked back, at Bello. The wise guy, of course, already knew exactly what to do. Only his legs were too short, he would have had a hard time getting up to Monikas cunt. “You have to hold him up a little!” said Monika, “please!” Everything resisted inside me, but she kept at it. I still hesitated, then I grabbed Bello by the butt and lifted him a little. I looked past him, searching his rod and Monika’s cleft with my gaze. I aimed and pushed him up a little more, then he touched her cunt. Paws resting on her shoulder, now he pulled up a little on the bed rug, and I saw his small, thick, bright red rod enter her pink cunt. Monika sighed aloud.

Naturally, he slipped out again immediately when I let him go. Monika whispered that I had to hold him tight so he wouldn't slip out again, then she lowered her head again. I did, still reluctantly, what she asked and moved Bello back into place, lifted him up and controlled his butt while I looked sideways at him and watched very carefully that his rod really hit her cunt. Then I held him tight, letting him sink slowly into her.

Bello began to thrust. Actually, he was merely wriggling around in his awkward position. But the harder he got, and he got very fast, the greater the danger that he would slip out again. Monika looked back over her shoulder, grinning, while Bello became more frantic, ticking back and forth like a wound-up mechanical music box. It was amazing when he squirted inside her cunt. I hold him tight so he remained in Monika's vagina. Shortly after he started to fuck again, I pressed him forward with my body so he continued to fuck quickly and squirted again. That went on for a while, Monika looked to me and nodded. Evry time the guy squirted inside her vagina she laughed and chuckled: "that's fine, that's what I was looking for!" After the third or fourth time Bello stopped fucking, he was obviously finished. Then I felt him slowly slipping out again.

What now? It won't work anymore, I whispered. Monika whispered back that I should take him up again, and I stuffed him back into Monika, but the fool slipped right back out. Actually, it was hopeless.

"Hold him!" hissed Monika, "hold him!" and rubbed her clit with an aroused sigh. I did what I could, but he bared his teeth at me. I lowered him, for it was hopeless. His short, wet rod was drolly swollen, in front was the glans swollen to a red balloon. He scolded me again, then trolled into the corner, arched his back and tried to lick his cock off.

Monika had become more aroused and horny during the first attempts. But when I had pushed in determinedly a few times with Bello's rod, the big boy had squirted into her vagina and I had put Bello down, she was already far, far away and concentrated rubbing her clit until she twitched.

Later Monika was very quiet, cleaned up and we got dressed. The friendship with her got a clear crack on that day, we still did all kinds of things together for a while, but it was no longer the same. Monika found out, that a certain low stool was perfect for Bello in height and she could do it now herself, alone.

And then my mother said one day at Dinner, she had met a nice man in the city and wanted to introduce us. He would come to our house for coffee next Saturday.

Alfred

I was after Andrea's remark, my father would be "eloped", quite confused. Later, but this was already at the time when Sepp sometimes visited her, my mother said at dinner that she had to discuss something serious with me. Father had gone away and was not coming back. I howled like a castle dog and ran to my room. It hurt terribly, especially because he had left without saying goodbye, because he had not even said goodbye to his little girl, as he had always tenderly called me. From mother's explanations, why and why it had come so far, I heard half already no more, only that he had now another woman.

In reality it was all quite different, because a few days later father came over and walked with me across the meadows and fields up to the forest. No, it would never have occurred to him to run away without a word, that was not true. And of course he would always visit me when I wanted him to, or I him. The thing with the new wife was rather complicated, he said, scratching his head in embarrassment, but that was just the way it was; he and mother would no longer fit together, he knew that very well.

I had a thousand questions for him, but I trudged silently beside him on the dirt road. For minutes we walked on in silence. At some point he said that it hadn't worked out with the mother "that way either, you know," he said. She didn't want him anymore, she didn't want "it" anymore, but a man needs "that". But she didn't want "it" anymore. I wanted to scream, wanted to yell at him that this was not true at all, that Sepp came every few weeks and then she wanted it, and I could hear her through the thin wooden wall, so she needed it after all badly! But I trudged silently next to him over the dirt road, did not bring out a sound.

But my father kept his word, he came by regularly and visited mainly me. With mother he spoke only little and then also only the necessary. Soon I suppressed my suffering and felt the separation almost no longer as such, since my father was also before often for

weeks on the road. The new friends, the new school and the newly discovered vices gradually took me completely captive, and I no longer thought about the pain.

Until Mother started staying in town sometimes after work to go to the movies or out with a friend. She would call Mosers, who had a phone, and leave a message that she would be late. Once she left in the afternoon, putting on makeup and preening herself rather frantically, and gave herself away when she said she was going dancing with a friend, with a girlfriend, she corrected with flushed cheeks. But my ears perked up and my suspicions were confirmed: mom had a boyfriend!

For a few weeks this went on, up and down, and I suspected, in the ups she met someone, in the downs they parted again. I felt confirmed in my assumptions, because Sepp had not come to visit her for quite a while now. But I didn't pay much attention to all this, was concentrated on my own secret affairs. Sometimes Mother would talk about her work, mentioning Alfred in passing, who was a very nice person, and then I heard more and more frequently about Alfred saying this and Alfred saying that. Alfred this, Alfred that: I didn't have to be a detective to put two and two together. I didn't let on, but I despised my parents then, separated only by their own stupidity.

And then came the Sunday when Alfred visited us. Mother was frantically preparing the coffee snack, cleaning and wiping the kitchen incessantly, and kept looking out the window to see if he was coming already. He did come, a friendly, lean man who lovingly stroked the old, black Mercedes 180 after he had parked it. I had already heard about his car, he had driven a cab with it for a while, but then his boss had acted stupidly and Alfred had simply stayed away with his cab, and that's what he has now, the boss.

After the initial excitement was over and mother had mopped up the coffee and laid a new tablecloth, it actually became a nice coffee break. Alfred was so wonderful at imitating voices and telling stories that you had to listen intently until the punch line came and then we all had to laugh out loud. He had already been around the world, although he was obviously a lot younger than my mother, knew

Salzburg and even Vienna. Then he laughed at my astonishment and said he was born in Vienna. He told of vacations in Greece and how he had taken a truck to Istanbul, once upon a time. I hung on his lips, because no one had ever visited us before with so much to tell.

What bothered me a little was that Alfred soon started acting like someone who belonged here. When he “our little daughter” said, it almost sounded as if I were his daughter. When Mother got up to fetch something, he embraced her waist as if she were his property. And when we showed him the whole house, he inspected everything as if he were the new owner, remarking about this and that, that this would be moved this way and that, and here this would go, and there that. It alienated me how he took possession of us in passing.

When he had left, my mother was still sitting at the kitchen table for a very long time. She still talked about Alfred and then asked how I liked him. Instead of telling the truth, I said that he was a very nice, kind man, because I didn’t want to hurt my mother. I felt that she expected that from me.

Over the next few weeks she always came home very late, and then one day she opened up to me that Alfred was in a complicated, desperate housing situation. She had offered him that he could live with us temporarily. Temporarily.

She didn’t listen to me very well when I came up with some arguments, such as that we didn’t have a room of our own for him. She already had everything neatly figured out and was just moving along in her own system. Defiantly, I pinched my lips together and helped her move the furniture and drag those that were not absolutely necessary into the attic. Then Saturday came, and with that Saturday came the old black Mercedes, crammed with Alfred’s belongings.

I stood a little apart as my mother greeted Alfred and helped him carry his things in. I stood apart, despising my mother for planning and discussing everything in detail with a complete stranger and leaving me on the sidelines. Silently and with tears of anger in my eyes I went to Monika. That was at the same time one of the last afternoons that I went to Monika to learn.

Subsequently I wonder about my reaction, but I imagined rock solid that I had to defend my room, my home nest against Alfred. So I went straight home after school and went to my room, studied a lot and really studied, which had a good effect on my grades, and then had the whole afternoon to myself, my secret vice and my musings. It was also during this time that I started writing this journal.

Often Alfred would go to town with my mother in the morning, and pick her up in the evening. But on some days Alfred didn't go to work, and then it meant being quiet. My sense of shame told me to be as quiet and careful as possible, especially on those days, so that he wouldn't hear anything of my secrets. For they both tried to be as quiet as possible, too, but I lay wide awake in my bed at night, listening for the sounds coming from Mother's bedroom. With time, I defied and bucked inwardly no more and played long and gently with myself while they made love next door. After all, I was getting the first fuzz around my cunt and would probably get my period soon, like a real woman.

Sometimes when Alfred wasn't going to work, he would come into my room in the afternoon to check on me. Mostly he asked trivial things, if I wanted a snack or something, but if I was already under my blanket, then he sat down at the edge of the bed and had a trivial chat, mostly just a monologue about this and that, almost always it was soccer. But he never forgot to put his hairy hand on my blanket and pat me a little. The first time I still flinched because I was completely naked under the blanket, but over time his patting no longer frightened me, because the most he could do was patting my thigh because I was lying on my side.

Once, I had almost reached my climax, he stuck his head in and asked if he could come in, and I remained silent, then he was in the room. He didn't seem to have noticed that I had just been masturbating, but somehow my mood struck him as strange, and later he said as much. I shrugged my shoulders and kept stubbornly silent. He sat down on the edge of the bed in his sweaty undershirt and patted me, as always. But now I was lying on my back and lolling in my horniness, pressing my horny body against his hand, which irritated him a lot. Heaven knows what I would have done at that moment, but

amazingly he became more and more confused and quickly left the room.

From that day on, I remember it very clearly, I behaved meanly towards him. I provoked him by walking around the apartment in only my underwear as well as he did, ignoring his gawking. Of course, I became horny myself at this deliberate display and enjoyed going back to bed quickly and making it fast for myself. Now when he came in in the afternoon, I had one bare leg peeking out from under the covers, or sometimes both, just had the crumpled blanket tucked between my thighs. Now he had the greatest difficulty in patting me, because the protective blanket was no longer there, and my bare legs he did not dare to attack. I had found his limits, hurray!

It was from now on easy to throw him completely into confusion. Slowly but steadily I increased the risk, chatted with him about his beloved soccer ball and put up a leg as if unintentionally, so that he had to see up to my half buttock and a little bit of fluff, if he dared to look. And he did that blinking, secretly, and was terribly embarrassed when he looked me in the eye again. I let his patting freeze already in the approach, if I held out to him a teensy-weensy bit of the most secret of a real woman. A few times, when he disturbed me in the middle of it and I still felt my horniness blazing, I simply left my hand under the blanket on my pubic, which completely threw him off when he had to look. I was successful with this, because now he retreated to the bedroom with nice regularity, and then I heard him panting and rubbing. I laughed inwardly at him and rubbed myself too. On the nights that followed those afternoons, he would ram like crazy for half the night and I could hear my mother sighing loudly and happily.

Some time after that, I got sick and had a high fever. My mother was very worried about me and stayed at home, taking me to her bed in the most feverish hours and holding me until I slept peacefully again, while Alfred had to sleep in my room. When the fever was gone again, I slipped into my long nightgown on Sunday morning and crept to the bedroom door, where I knocked softly. Then I asked if I could join her in bed. Of course, my mother said, and I went into

the dim room, lay down beside her under the covers, and dozed by her side as I always did.

In the beginning, it was the illness that had brought me back to the master bedroom. Now I found myself liking the idea of taking a piece of home back from Alfred again, of reclaiming it. Perhaps, however, I wanted something else, but at first I was not aware of that at all. In any case, I was again lying next to my mother on Sunday morning and had her to myself.

Alfred, however, had other things on his mind on Sunday morning than a 13-year-old brat lying in “his” bed next to “his” wife and slept there the whole morning. The first two Sundays he proved that he was a real gentleman. On the third, however, he couldn’t hold it any longer; I half awoke from my doze when I heard my mother hissing that he should finally give it a rest! But Alfred did not let up, and after I had turned away and closed my eyes tightly, I heard him, quietly and secretly fiddling with mother. My heart beat up to my throat when she stopped protesting. As quiet as they wanted to be, I felt their every move. I opened my eyelids a tiny crack wide and saw that she had taken his cock in her hand. Although she was rubbing it very softly and carefully, I still felt the mattress begin to move slowly and rhythmically. Needless to say, it was much, much later that I began to loll and then “woke up”.

For Alfred, the ice was broken. Sunday after Sunday I knocked quietly on the bedroom door, slipped under the covers and “slept on”. My mother guessed what was coming and whispered that he should wait until the child was fast asleep, which I did. Sometimes she made him give up until I had gone again, but sometimes not, when his urging became too wild. Then she would sigh godly, quietly rub his cock and make him squirt. I felt wicked and very wicked and thought defiantly that yes, they had betrayed me, but at the same time I was curious and filled up with horniness, which I later satisfied in my own bed. I became especially horny when I didn’t turn away, but snuggled up to my mother, hiding my head “asleep” under the covers, and could see everything clearly in the dim darkness; how mother’s hand rubbed his cock up and down, very slowly and care-

fully, because I was also lying on top of her. How the hand froze when the sticky stuff squirted out.

During the week, they now no longer made love as often as before. Alfred must have come up with something new, because I heard him nibbling and making out for a long time before she started moaning and groaning. I became more and more curious day by day what they were doing, sticking my ear to the wall like a spider, trying to figure out the strange noises. My masturbation fantasies overflowed every night until I decided to get to the bottom of it. With a pounding heart, I crept to the bedroom door, stood in front of it “yawning” in my nightgown, and quickly opened it.

In a single moment I surveyed the situation, then quickly closed the door and muttered: “Sorry, but I couldn’t fall asleep!”, then I ran to my room with my heart pounding.

The first thing I had seen was Alfred’s bare ass kneeling behind my mother. She was kneeling on the bed facing the wall with both hands tied to the bedposts. Surprised, they both looked around and Alfred’s stiff cock slipped out. The mother opened her mouth to say something, but by then I had already closed the door again.

The next morning I woke up, and mother was sitting next to me on the bed, looking at me seriously, long and silently. Then she spoke to me like an adult, perhaps for the first time ever. Searched for words to explain the situation. That it was nothing perverted, but it gave Alfred an extra pleasure when she was tied up, but she was not so tightly bound that she didn’t feel free anyway. She went along with it voluntarily, precisely because it was so important to him. Then she looked at me seriously again and asked if I could understand and accept that. I swallowed and nodded. My guilty conscience of having ambushed them was weighing heavily on me. In a sudden fit of remorse, I hugged my mother and kept nodding, sobbing that it was all right with me.

I remained reserved and made myself as small as possible. Alfred came in the afternoon in the middle of my game, but noticed nothing and sat down friendly on my bed. Talked back and forth and also

about soccer, but then he said in a chummy way that I was already so big and could allow him and her a bit of fun. I nodded silently while he put his hand in the middle of the blanket between my naked thighs and patted me right on the pubic area. “Well, we’re big already, aren’t we?” he said, patting me again, the blanket finally slipping. I didn’t move, but his eyes almost fell out of his head when he saw my naked cunt. Despite all the fear, I felt a certain triumph in upsetting him with my nakedness. Then he abruptly got up and walked over to the bedroom, jerking off.

I feasted on this experience for days, embellishing it further and further as I fantasized and masturbated, and was happy with it for a while. It flattened slowly, I looked for the new kick and went on Sunday morning again to the master bedroom. My mother, who experienced it all quite differently, was very happy that her little girl was back.

This time I snuggled close to her and slept a bit, but of course woke up when Alfred pulled his act again. I leaned my forehead against Mother’s bare chest under the covers so she couldn’t see my eyes and watched as Alfred’s hand stroked Mother’s leg and slowly raised it. Then he nibbled on his cock and slowly, quietly and carefully slid it in her vagina. Although I was almost passing out from shame and jealousy, I held my breath as he began to move slowly and rhythmically. His gasps revealed how much he liked it. But he didn’t like it that way from the side after all, because he paused and pulled her out from under me, turning her onto her stomach. Now he knelt up and steered his cock in from behind, then braced himself and tangled one hand on my nightgown. As he fucked her, the nightgown shifted higher and higher. I was paralyzed as he had angrily tried to get his tangled hand free, pushing my nightgown up to my thigh.

Alfred stiffened, grabbed my thigh with one hand and now cheekily pushed my nightgown fully up. I lay on the back and had me “in my sleep” pulled a pad over my face, but in reality blinked out from under it and watched him, although I was terribly ashamed of my nakedness. He was violently doing push-ups on Mother’s bottom, which was thrusting towards him, in eerie silence and secrecy, but full of lust. Then he pulled out his cock, rubbed it hard, and squirted

long white streaks across Mother's buttocks while staring grimly and with a horny look at my exposed cunt.

My mother turned around and covered herself, then caught sight of my nightgown and pulled it neatly back into place. She hadn't noticed, but I was almost bursting with horniness and soon ran to my room to masturbate to exhaustion. This point went to Alfred, as well as the others. But it should also be his last at the same time.

Some days later I was lying in bed after studying, had already become very aroused and covered up, when I suddenly noticed that Alfred was standing under the door watching me masturbate. Of course, I immediately covered myself and pulled the blanket over my bright red head. "Now, now," Alfred said jovially, sitting down on the edge of the bed, "who's about to!" to pull the blanket off my head. Then he gave a monologue about how nice it actually was, but maybe just to calm me down. Then he told me to go ahead, he'd love to see that, but I shook my head in horror and excitement, no, I really couldn't! He slowly pulled the blanket all the way off and looked me up and down, even though I was uncomfortable and quickly covered my small breasts with my arms. "Well, if you don't like it, okay - but I need it" he said and all at once he unbuttoned his pants. Still excited, I stared at him as he leaned back and rubbed his cock. He looked at me from the side the whole time, then it squirted a little and dripped onto his hairy belly. He lay there in silence for a long time, stroking my legs, then got up and left. I got dressed in a flash and ran to Monika, but then I didn't dare tell her anything.

He let a week or two pass before visiting me again. Apparently he knew exactly how long I sat doing homework and when I slipped into bed to masturbate. He came in just as my orgasm was rolling and I was still daydreaming a bit. Quietly, he sat down on the bed and pulled the covers off. Anxiously I looked at him, for I suspected what was coming next, but he just looked at me closely and then leaned back. Now I knew what was coming, and right, he pulled his underpants all the way down and played around with his stiffening cock for a long time before masturbating properly. When he was already very aroused, he put his hand on my knee and murmured that I should let him look. Anxious and tense, I tried to resist him putting my leg up

and bending my knee outward vigorously, but he was much stronger than I was. Then he greedily looked at my slit and quickly squirted on his belly. After he calmed down, he walked out without a word.

His visits became more regular now, his inhibitions faded more and more, soon he forced me to sit up with my legs straddled while he sat opposite me and jerked off. I resisted all his attempts to make me masturbate and watch me do it; my sense of shame just wouldn't allow it. I felt, however, that the moment was getting closer and closer when he would squirt on my thighs and belly, more and more often I considered telling him off to the mother, but I always vacillated between disgust, curiosity and horniness. Although I was repulsed by the situation and it seemed disgusting to me, it stimulated my imagination more and more.

I imagined many situations: from time to time his cock came closer as he squirted. Anxiously I protected my vagina with my fingers, while in the meantime he unabashedly pressed his glans against it and squirted, but at the same time felt the horniness and excitement that his rubbing caused in my abdomen. Sometimes I imagined that my protective fingers joined in his rubbing and secretly rubbed along without him noticing anything, but my horniness grew more and more in the process and when he begged very much and promised to be careful, I pulled my fingers aside and let him rub the glans against the labia, let him squirt directly on the pubic fold, because I too regularly got horny when my protective fingers secretly rubbed along a bit. When I was strongly aroused, I fantasized that I pulled my hand away, allowed his wild rubbing more and more and let his glans, which rhythmically pressed itself between the labia, excite me further and further. Often I imagined it so horny that I opened a little bit and let his glans push into my pubic fold, almost got an orgasm during his jerky, violent squirting between my labia. At that moment, I would have let him do anything. - But when the fantasies were over, I knew this couldn't go on forever.

My mother noticed nothing of all this, she was completely clueless. Sunday morning I lay with her again, supposedly sleeping soundly when Alfred turned her onto her stomach and penetrated her. Unabashedly, the bastard uncovered me and excited himself at

my cunt, while he fucked at the same time mother. As good kid I played my part as a half-dead and let him see everything, I also watched fascinated his fucking. As usually he was ready after a very short time and deliberately squirted inside instead of pulling his cock out.

I and Me

That Sunday morning I had completely forgotten that my mother had gone to visit her sister, who was ill, on Saturday and had stayed there in the evening to be with her young children. I awoke from a rather confused dream and got up sleepily to go to the master bedroom. I knocked and entered as Alfred was humming. As I was about to slip under the covers, I realized my mistake and was about to leave, but Alfred grumbled that I could lie down, he wouldn't bite. Somehow I liked the smell of mother's bed and slipped quietly under her covers.

Alfred immediately went back to sleep, his slow breathing made me tired, and soon I dozed off too. I woke up again only when I heard him sigh and roll around restlessly, for he had gotten a hard-on again in his sleep. Sleepily he reached under the light blanket, under which the hard-on stood out like a small tree under a blanket of snow, and played with this little tree. He smiled in his sleep and played a bit until he woke up. He pulled the blanket away and rubbed his cock, just like that. I was still "asleep" and turned away when he grabbed me hard with his hand and pulled my nightgown up to my neck. I was terribly frightened when he put a hand on my thigh and continued rubbing his cock. I was still considering whether I had better run out quickly, but he grabbed me around the waist and pulled me on top of him in a flash, turning me onto his belly. My heart almost stopped, my breath too.

I lay on his bare belly, trying to get free with both hands, but he pulled his knees up and straddled my legs so that I lay astride him as if on the back of a horse, my spread inner thighs pressed firmly against his side. I felt his hairy chest with my small breasts and heard my heart pounding loudly as he slowly reached under my thigh and nibbled on his cock. His other hand held my bottom and pressed me firmly against his jiggling belly, making my butt gyrate and rubbing my pubic against his belly. He panted and rubbed, and I wiggled along with the wiggle of his hand, feeling his cock fleetingly touch my

butt crack. For a few seconds it stayed that way, then I felt him press his glans rubbing against my bottom. My fear mixed with a slowly rising horniness, I felt the wetness of his cock and my own, got racing heart palpitations from rubbing my pubic against his belly and because he rhythmically poked and prodded his glans against it.

I will never forget his aggressive, almost evil look when he stopped and tried to pull off my nightgown with a wild jerk; of course it got caught by my arms, but he tore at it until it tore in at the side. Heedlessly he left it hanging and grabbed my naked back, stroking me wildly and holding me by my thighs. Like a frog, I lay on top of him, feeling his hairy hands all over and his cock thrusting firmly against my butt crack and slit. Everything in me was in wild turmoil, horniness fought against palpitations, fear against curiosity and Alfred's hands, whose strokes left me defenseless and a little horny.

He slid one hand down again while the other stroked my cunt. Again he rubbed his cock, pressing it firmly against my slit, which the other hand stroked and kneaded. I could have screamed, but I was paralyzed at the same time as he put both hands on my butt cheeks and pushed me deeper. He pushed me slowly but firmly down and against his cock. I wrenched my mouth open into a silent scream as I felt a sharp pain. His glans had entered me with a jerk.

Before I could have done anything or even thought anything, he grabbed and pulled me by the buttocks deeper and deeper, spreading my thighs wide apart. Dull and blunt, his cock pushed deep into me, the pain paralyzing me. Alfred held me by my buttocks, pulled me up and down a few times like a toy doll and didn't care at all that I had found my voice again in the meantime and was screaming at the top of my lungs. Screamed because his cock had made me wet and slippery and a horniness coupled with fear and pain and guilt turned into a mad lust. He paused and stared at me with his mouth open, I felt his cock throbbing and twitching inside me and felt his cock squirt, squirt and squirt.

At the same moment he pushed me away from him, his pole tore free from me with a muffled smacking sound as I fell beside him. I cried out again, startled, for my inner thighs were a little bloody. I

fell silent and looked at Alfred, who had his hands folded in front of his face and from whose still slightly throbbing cock a thin strip ran over his pubic hair.

After a few moments Alfred abruptly stood up, grabbed his clothes and started to get dressed, then puffed loudly and quickly walked out, buttoning himself up on the way out. I heard him start the car and roar away.

I was empty and desperate; could I have felt something like rising horniness just then? Groaning, I pulled my torn nightgown as best I could and hid under Mother's covers. Paralyzed, rigid and silent, I thought about the last few minutes and tried not to feel guilty. He had grabbed me, he had torn off my nightgown, he had raped me. The little devil in my ear whispered, however, that I had watched him jerk off with pleasure after all, that I had become a little horny after all. I remained lying and cried to myself, because the devil was not so wrong, even if I wanted to convince myself that he, and only he, had done violence to me. I cried all morning until the door opened and my mother came in.

Rushed in, because she had immediately panicked when Alfred's car was not in front of the house.

I think she realized everything in a split second. She saw my blubbery face, the torn nightgown and the traces of blood on the sheet. Pale and toneless, she sat down on the edge of the bed and straightened the blanket with an automatic gesture and an absent look. I immediately began to cry again, clutching her in despair; how could I explain to her that it was not he alone who was guilty, but that it was a little bit me too, that it had been brewing for months? That he had caught me "at it", had stayed again and again and behaved unabashedly? But that I had also provoked him, with my naked legs stretched out or when I put my hand on my pubic under the blanket? That I had watched them both unabashedly, Sunday after Sunday?

Mother held me in silence. I felt her sobbing tearlessly, her body hardening. I sobbed and cried, because everything hurt me, but most of all I was afraid to tell her everything. After some time, Mother

straightened up, put both hands on my shoulders and looked me in the face. "I'll kill him!" she said, and that was the only thing she said that day. Wordlessly she took me by the hand and went with me to the bathroom, washed me carefully, and cried silently as she dried me. I cried too and hated Alfred, because he had grabbed me, he had torn off my nightgown, he had raped me. Mother held me for a long time and cried with me, then I soon crawled into bed and tossed and turned restlessly while mother sat silently in the kitchen waiting.

Alfred did not return until evening. I woke up when I heard loud shouting from the kitchen. I couldn't understand a coherent sentence because they kept interrupting each other screaming. But I knew exactly what they were talking about and picked up individual words. Mother's threats with the police he apparently ignored completely, defended himself with loud roars that the little whore was constantly running around half-naked or even lying in her bed. Little by little, roaring, he spewed out chunk after chunk of all the secrets, but my mother didn't seem to listen to him. She would report him and he would not get off lightly, she would see to that! My mother could also get loud, but I have never heard her scream so loudly.

At first I would have liked to die, I was still completely confused and everything hurt me. Mother yelled at him again to pack his things and leave, immediately, then she slammed the door and went down to the basement. Alfred fell silent and I heard him fiddling with the coffee maker. Somehow he was already an ice-cold lump, how could he think of coffee now! I quietly closed my room door and threw myself on the bed, howling in pain and in anger at this guy.

After a while I heard him scolding loudly, but I didn't hear mother. Only once, she shouted, "Now go, go already!" Then he slammed the door behind him and drove away. I heard it only with half an ear, then I fell asleep again.

The next morning I awoke to loud voices and strange footsteps in our house. I quickly put something on and went to the kitchen. The police had come and had told my mother, the Alfred Newrkla had flown out last night in the Nehringer forest in a curve and fallen into the Lemmerbach. He had died immediately. Mother sat at the

kitchen table with a petrified face and just nodded. Then the policemen left again.

Mother did not speak a word. In me was a storm of most different feelings, my tormentor dead and right serves him, but the Alfred, mother's dear Alfred, was no more! I didn't know yet what it was, death, and I was very afraid when someone died; where was he now? And: what was he like? I had often thought before whether old Mr. Müller, after he had died, was still the grouchy old child-hater or had become a friendly little angel? I opened my mouth and was about to say something, when my mother looked at me silently and said tonelessly, "I killed him!"

I cried out in horror, thoughts tumbling in my head - this could not be true! How could she have - ? And how? Above all - hadn't I killed Alfred? Hadn't it happened because of me? Wasn't it me who had conjured up the whole disaster and provoked the act of violence? I was trembling, thinking about it for the first time, and it frightened me.

"The best thing is to go to Aunt Martha's for a few days, she can take care of you when they come for me. And they will come for me, for sure!" I resisted, begging and pleading to be allowed to stay, but my mother stood firm, rose, and began packing my things into her old brown cardboard suitcase. Then she went over to the Mosers and made a phone call to Aunt Martha. When she returned, she said that Theresa, my cousin, was coming to get me. They were all happy that I was going to stay with them for a few days. When I had to think about the fact that my father wouldn't be back from the overseas construction site for a few weeks, I had to cry again in despair.

Then we sat in silence in the kitchen, silently looking at the patterned tablecloth. For the first time, I saw my mother smoking. I wanted to tell her everything, about masturbating and about Alfred who had been sitting by my bed, and also about the fact that on Sunday mornings I had always just pretended to be asleep and had overheard everything, but I had a thick, choking lump in my throat and couldn't get a sound out. I kept silent, although I should have

told her everything. But we sat in silence at the kitchen table, and I saw my mother smoking for the first time.

I was crying and didn't want to let go of my mother at all when Theresa came to pick me up. Then I sat silently next to her in the car and watched the trees and fields whiz by. Theresa had no idea at all about the drama and babbled on that it was already over with Peter and that the current one was called Franz, he was a baker's apprentice and very, very nice. They lived in the attic and I would get the small room next to her, but this time I would have to sleep alone, she giggled and nudged me with her elbow with a wink. Only then did she see that I still didn't say a word and looked out sadly. But I said nothing, though she asked insistently. We drove on in silence.

I stayed at home for a few days, Aunt Martha had sent a notification to the school, I was ill. She knew, but she left me alone and did not ask. After two or three days she came into my room and sat down pale on the edge of my bed. "They took your mother away" she said softly, "they say she drugged him with sleeping pills, that's why the accident happened." Aunt Martha was silent for a long time. Then she gave herself a jolt and said, "However it may have been, it served him right, the bastard!"

I cried and said nothing. Mother in prison! Because of me, because I was to blame for all this. In my head it kept hammering: blame, blame, blame!

The fever came at night, I lay in bed for days, oblivious to my surroundings. Aunt Martha was desperate because I neither ate nor drank. I screamed when the devil's grimaces bent over me in dreams or I was whirled around in a macabre dance of death with Alfred, my mother, or Bello, the farm dog at Monika's house that had fucked the little girl. Vaguely I remember the village doctor palpating me with cool, slender fingers and giving me an injection. I did not feel the puncture at all, laughed like a madwoman and immediately fell asleep again.

Someday, a few days later, the fever broke. I had become skinny, slender and feeble, could hardly stand up. Aunt Martha lovingly

cared for me, chattering about this and that and the other. When I felt stronger, I asked how mother was. Aunt Martha immediately became serious again and told me that the uncle (her husband) had been allowed to visit her, that she was very composed. The uncle had hired the best lawyer in the district to help Mother, and they would talk about the costs later. I asked her if I could also visit my mother. Aunt Martha did not know, but she promised to ask. Of course I was not allowed. Besides, she said, I was still much too weak. I just nodded, because that was exactly what I had expected. But during the long lie-down I had had a lot of time to think. The plan had matured for a long time, now I wanted to carry it out. I was not yet 14, but I had to act like an adult now.

The next morning, while Aunt Martha had gone shopping in town, I crept down the stairs to the telephone hanging on the wall in the front room. I dialed and waited a long time for someone to answer. Then I wanted to speak to the officer who was responsible for the Alfred N. case. I had to say my name again, then a deep, scratchy male voice answered, wanting to know what I wanted. To make a statement, I said. I see, he said, and which one? I swallowed and choked, for it was not easy for me, but at last I stammered, "I did it! I did it!"

There was silence on the other end of the line. Yes, if that was all, he asked, and I heard his lighter flick, apparently he was lighting a cigarette. "No," I said, "please listen: it was me, I did the Alfred murder, my mother had nothing to do with it! She is innocent!"

Once again there was an eerie silence, I wasn't used to talking on the phone either and found the pauses confusing. "My mother didn't do it, I did!" again I shouted into the receiver, "can you understand? You have to release her, she didn't know anything about it!" He interrupted, "Wait a minute, wait a minute," then again that utterly paralyzing silence. I waited, shaking with fear. I could hear him talking to someone in the background.

Then the voice was back. "Where do you live now?" I told him Aunt Martha's address. "All right. In fifteen minutes an officer will come to see you. Don't go away, stay at home! Can I depend on that?" Yes, I whispered, and put the receiver back on the hook. I remained

standing next to the telephone, barefoot and in my shirt. At last, at last, I had saved my mother! I stood there, letting the thoughts swirl through my head that my mother was finally free and that I could now admit guilt.

The doorbell buzzed. I saw a slender female figure through the glass pane and opened. The young woman looked at me inquiringly, then said her name was Ms. Ehmer and that she worked for the police. Did I just call there? Yes, I nodded and let her enter. "I have to go right away, don't I?" I asked, getting a little annoyed because even as I asked that question, tears were welling up and choking my throat. "Oh, there's still time," Mrs. Ehmer said, "maybe we'll sit down and you'll just tell me everything, all right?" I nodded, then looked down at myself. "I'm still in my nightgown," I said, completely redundantly. Mrs. Ehmer smiled. "Let's get dressed then, shall we?" I nodded and climbed the stairs, Mrs. Ehmer close behind me. "Is this your room?" she asked after looking around for a moment. "Yes," I answered and quickly improved, "no, that's just while my mother isn't here, I have my own room at home." Damn, I'm crying again! "Well, I'll wait outside until you're done getting dressed" said Mrs. Ehmer and went outside the door, but she left it open. "And don't keep me waiting too long!" she said, smiling mischievously, "I have to go soon!" Quickly I got dressed and ran a brush through my hair. "Ready!" I said to Mrs. Ehmer, who looked in amazement at the brown cardboard suitcase in my hand.

Slightly unsure, I said, "I'm coming with you!" She was still silent, and pauses I hate, I really do. "I have everything for the prison, it was still packed anyway" I stuttered and wanted to go down, but Mrs. Ehmer said, "Well, first you have to tell me everything in detail, then we'll see!" Friendly, but determined, she took the suitcase from my hand and put it next to the door, then she gently took me by the hand and led me to the bed. I sat down, Mrs. Ehmer sat down at the table and looked at me. "Your mother is doing quite well, under the circumstances" she began, looking me straight in the eye, "she is very strong and bears it with pride. That she drugged the man who raped you with sleeping pills will be difficult to prove, besides the court will be lenient in this case. It is unlikely that she will be sentenced, and if she is, it will be for a few months at most. You know, there are im-

portant differences between murder and manslaughter or homicide in the heat of passion.” Ms. Ehmer paused, then added, “I’m sure the lawyer will put in a good effort, I’m sure of it.”

We were silent, and I tried to understand exactly the meaning of her words. Mrs. Ehmer fidgeted in her chair, then asked if she could smoke. Absentmindedly, I nodded, for I was thinking about what she was actually trying to tell me. I mustered up all my courage and asked, “What does it all mean?”

She smiled. She belligerently blew smoke out the window before answering, “It means you don’t have to make up a story to take the blame for Alfred’s death. The police know for a fact that he had taken sleeping pills in his last coffee and then passed out while driving. What they don’t know for sure is who put them in the coffee. He may as well have taken them himself, he was intoxicated besides. But the tablets belonged to your mother, that is proven. And her persistent silence doesn’t make things any easier for us.” She paused for a moment and watched me sharply. “But what we don’t need at all is a tall tale you’re telling us. It might even hurt your mother in some circumstances.”

I was frightened. I didn’t want to harm my mother after all! My plan shrank in a second to a tiny, insignificant point. Mrs. Ehmer let me cry it out, put her hand around my shoulder and reassured me with kind, understanding words. Gently she asked me if I could talk about everything and made little notes while I haltingly and bumbly told about the whole Alfred story. Sometimes she said I didn’t need to describe everything in such detail if I was having a hard time, because she would only pass on the things relevant to the investigation, definitely not everything.

When Aunt Martha came back, Mrs. Ehmer asked if she could take me to see Mother. I whooped and was allowed to visit my mother, who smiled sweetly at me and then sternly told me not to tell such stupid things, that it had been me and so on. And the good news was that the lawyer thought he could get her out soon. Then she thought for a moment and added, “Even if we both know the truth.”

It came out that way, too, but only sort of. Father came and worried touchingly about me, in the fall I came to the upper school and Mrs. Ehmer was not a real policewoman at all, but a psychologist who looked after me for many months afterwards. The court sentenced my mother to 2 years, but released her after 8 months. My father and I visited her as often as we could, and on my 17th birthday they fulfilled the only wish I had: that all three of us celebrated together and above all at home. It took them another year to get back together.

But it took me several more years to come to terms with this catastrophe. And it should take even longer until I could write about it.