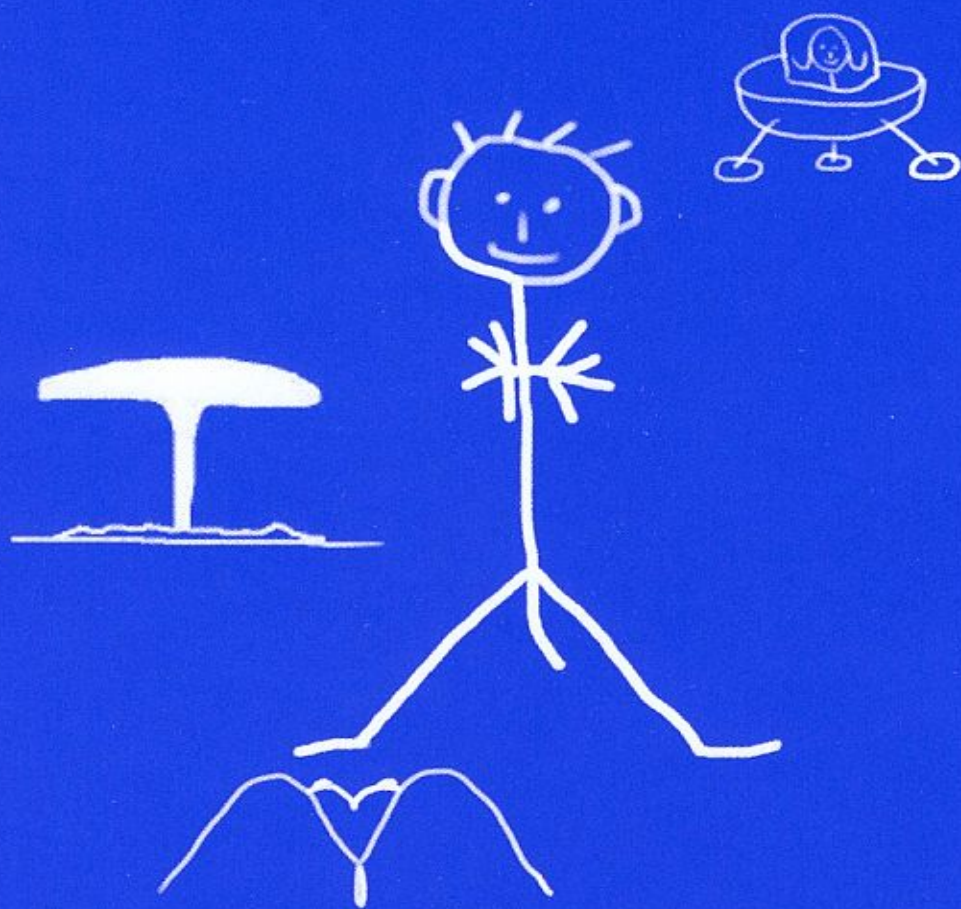


Lena A. Lien

Little Jan



Mösslacher Publisher

Little Jan

[Prologue](#)

[Motherly Love](#)

[The Monastery](#)

[Lena](#)

[The Adept](#)

[The Last Battle](#)

[Epilogue](#)

The Author Can Be Reached at Lena.A.Lien@gmx.net
— and she would be delighted to hear from You!

Prolog

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

The ridiculously short “trial” ended predictably with the death sentence; I was to be liquidated today, tomorrow, or sometime: the Darx never elaborated on when or how. The Darx — that’s what we called our invisible opponents, alluding to the fact that enemies in allusion to the fact that they apparently had their base on the Dark Side of the Moon. The war had now been going on since 1969, but to this day we had seen nothing of the Darx themselves except their machines and bases.

Naturally, I had no defense counsel, nor was the trial open to the public; in the barren whitewashed room stood only a simple wooden table, on this a translator, whose artificial voice croaked and scratched the thoughts of the Darx-judges reproduced. I did not even know not even whether I was speaking to one or more. In any case, they were very anxious to simulate an equivalent similar to our earthly jurisdiction.

I hadn’t heard from Lena since I was sent to prison. Couldn’t ask her for advice, or hold her little hand, or hold onto her, or cry, or sleep with her. I didn’t know where she was or if she even still existed — I had to get by on my own. Espionage, sedition, treason, and terrorism were just some of the charges read in the death sentence; they didn’t dare openly call me the leader of a resistance group. They seemed to know that martyrs could have a special effect on people. I put all my mad hope in that. So it could take a very long time until enough grass had grown over the story and they could dispose of me quietly and secretly.

The mechanical guard at my cell door did not stir when I called out, “Hello! Can anyone hear me?” After some time, the machine-distorted voice of a Darx sounded from his speaker: “What do you want?”

“Prisoner 348211, Jan Ohnehand. I would like to send a memomail to a companion and Relative before my termination.” Nothing was heard for a long time. I already knew this, had already experienced that a simple question was answered only after hours or even days. Despite my predicament, I sometimes had to smile when the “yes” to a simple question didn’t come until the next day and I had to think long and hard about what I had originally asked. Their trading stations and the entire logistics had been destroyed and made the communication with the lost post Earth extremely difficult.

.

“It is our custom to allow a dying man to write his last will and testament to his relatives before he is terminated,” I added. There was a long crackle and pop in the speaker embedded in the guard’s breastplate. Then came the counter-question, “What is the name of the relative and what should be the content of the memomail?”

I had to answer fast and uninvolved, because the Darx evaluated reflexes and response times conscientiously and drew their often wholly ludicrous conclusions from them. “Lena Ohnehand and my memomail contains personal details about the time since we were separated as children” I replied. I knew they would have to inquire about both and prepared myself inwardly.

“Lena Ohnehand is not registered. Give full name, degree of relationship and state whereabouts!”. There it was, the hardest of all questions. I counted to 8, a previously tried and true length of time that I kept constant to the Darx so that they could note this in my personality profile and I had plenty of time to think. “Lena is a Half-sister, we grew up separately. Whereabouts unknown to me at this time. Last contact on October 11 near of the headquarters. I would like to put the memo on the Net-O-Net, she will find it there.” The Darx were smart, high-tech... and ferociously cruel. But they had their problems with cunning, sly liars like me.

After fifteen minutes of silent waiting, I sat down again. Probably I would have to wait for an answer until evening or even tomorrow; the lost outstation Earth was, after all, in itself completely intact, but

could only be reached from the control center via emergency lines that were functioning more and more miserably. It was only a question of time of time when the Darx would turn to new projects and forget this Alesia.

I ordered drinking water in a sippy cup and the wall flap opened after a few seconds. I stood up and took the sippy cup with my teeth, drank the water. At least that was something that worked well: eating and drinking whatever you wanted. Finest food, finely pureed, because I couldn't use my hands. Where it came from and how it could be brought so quickly remained a mystery to me, like almost everything that had to do with the Darx. But I thought of Edmond Dantes and Abbé Faria, and there I had it better, I guess.

“Cheers, Admiral von Schneider!” said I to the guard, for in the past two weeks that we had already shared this cell together, I had taught him some earthly nonsense. “Cheers, Miss Sophie!” the steel colossus beeped, raising his hand with an imaginary cup. “Good boy!”, I praised him and chuckled; then I continued to wait patiently for the response of his superiors, who, many light-years away, were doing careful damage control and frantic crisis management. Troublesome supplicants like me with my memo mail were presumably handled hesitantly and anxiously by overburdened subordinates; they had more important things to do. The colossus blinked and winked with all his lights, while he continued to wave at me for a while, then he froze again like a toy whose spring drive had run out.

During the few years in which I had learned to think for myself, I noticed such oddities, although everyone seemed to have learned them from childhood on: one cheers to each other on special occasions, but not when simply drinking water. Only the programmer of this primitive weapon carrier did not know that. Like so many other things not — and sometimes promptly gave me a lengthy, completely pointless debate with his superior. In times of war, it is sometimes quite good to know about the reactions and the thinking ability of the respective opponent, or as in this case, about the limits of this machine.

They couldn't find Lena, of course, she wasn't registered anywhere, didn't actually exist for the Darx. Garantissimo. But this discrepancy alone would be enough to put her name (was that even her name?) on the top of the wanted list. They didn't need to question me again, since I had told them everything willingly. I was arrested at headquarters and could therefore lie completely honestly about having seen her last shortly before. Whether Lena was my half-sister, how should they check that? I had plausibly stated when and where I had last seen her, because I could assume that "a few days before my arrest" was a plausible point in time, and nevertheless, they could not determine any reliable data about exactly this time. Which private things I wanted to entrust to her, they were probably only interested in so far, whether new usable military facts (excuse me, terrorist of course) were contained. And there they were allowed to evaluate quietly until they became old, very old.

Lena surely knew everything about me, otherwise she would not be Lena. If she still existed (of which I had the greatest doubts), she would surely immediately understand that the memomail was of course not only intended for her, but actually for myself. I'm sure she saw through what I was trying to do: to tell someone my whole life for once, like two friends sitting under a starry sky by a campfire, drinking cognac and telling each other hidden, secret and intimate things. Feeling the closeness of the other, remembering all the things that were essential in life. That someone, that other would be — me. And if I was able to read that memomail again after my termination, I wanted to know about Jan Ohnehand, Prisoner 348211, who I had once been, in detail. My crippled youth, long loneliness, fixation on a few things in life like sex, complete isolation and ignorance of current events; the time of thinking-learning with Lena, my apprenticeship with her, and our friendship that welded us together in the resistance. I would want to know later who this little Jan was, how he thought and how he spoke, how he began to understand things slowly and in small steps, but also...

The speaker interrupted my thoughts and crackled again. After the interference was over, the tinny voice rang out, "Permission granted. APB on Lena Ohnehand to all departments with top priority. Keep it short and sweet; memo content will be reviewed with security level 5

before release!”. A split second later, a voice recorder materialized on the table. The red recording light flashed.

I moved a little closer and began to tell my story.

“Prisoner 348211, Jan Ohnehand, memomail to Lena Ohnehand, for permanent storage in the Net-O-Net. Father left us when I was about 6 years old...”

Motherly Love

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

Father left us when I was about 6 years old. I never understood why he did that, how he could do that. Anyway, from one day to the next, my mother faced almost unsolvable problems. When he left, the breadwinner was gone and the household coffers were empty, our rented apartment was way too expensive, and mother didn't really have a profession or a job.

She had only me.

How had father once written later? "A feeble- minded cripple who will be dependent for life. All his life will be dependent, a care case from childhood on ...". Yes, that was me. Although I understood everything, but could never really speak fluently, they thought because from birth I had only two arms, which were much too short, with a total of eight bent, deformed and powerless fingers. I could hardly take care of myself. My arms were shorter than my fingers. I did learn later, over the years, many things, even difficult ones like dressing myself, but there were so many other things that would forever remain closed to me.

Mother now sat at the table night after night, drinking and rum-maging through the cardboard box in which she kept letters and photographs. There was the picture from before I was born, where father wore his beautiful uniform and carried the big rifle, then a photo that showed him with the other knights in the war, sitting in a big tent and drinking comfortably. Later, mother walked daily to the railway station and waited for him for a long time; he then came with the broken leg and she was very happy, because now the war was over, although they still had nothing to eat then. But then I came, and father had his good leg and work again.

Sometimes he was sweet and cuddled me and lifted me in the air. Mother sometimes showed me the picture where I was still a little Putzi and Dad lifted me in the air and I learned to fly. But most of the

time he was very angry with everyone and screamed loudly and drank even more. Then I always dreamed such bad things and climbed out of bed and ran to Mama, who comforted me. When Papa lay on top of her and squeezed and squeezed, I would sit very still next to her and Mama would gently hold my fingers until Papa had finished squeezing her. Or when he had screamed for a long time and Mama wigged his cock so he wouldn't scream anymore, he would stay very still until it made pee-pee, but then he would scream again for Cripple not to stare so stupidly and I would duck behind Mama. Dad and mom always drank a lot and smelled awful, but I was always afraid of him, loved mom and stroked her hair when dad was lying on top of her and pushed her through again quite awfully tight.

Father was right, but I was still secretly very glad when he left. He could now take his anger out somewhere else, yell at someone else when he was drunk, and no longer needed to beat up my mother. I didn't mind the bruises much, but I always felt sorry for her when he beat her so terribly. She didn't scream, ducked his brutal blows and clenched her teeth. He was the father and he brought home some money from work. I kept praying to the Gotfatha at that time to punish him, to take us away, but the Gotfatha that everyone expected something from and who was responsible for it all, he had never listened to me. Until I became 6.

Mother cried horribly at that time, sitting at the table night after night and getting drunk. I knew then that drinking so much makes one quite stupid in the head, and mother cried and drank and cried again. I snuggled up close to her and tried to comfort her, but I could hardly get anything out except my stammering, which was hard to understand. Mother then smiled sometimes in tears and stroked my face as if I were the one to be comforted.

As the years went on, I slowly realized how much Mother had done for me. She tried in vain to get me into a school, but in this gray city, full of menacing bomb ruins and construction sites of dogged reconstruction and hectic bustle, there were no schools for children like me. She went desperately from office to office, often waiting there for hours to get more money for me; the care money was barely enough to pay the rent. Father sent us nothing, and mother cried be-

cause we never got a single red cent from him and could eat very little without that red cent.

Mother also ducked under these blows of fate, sitting night after night at the table and drank the cheap red wine until she brought me to my bed in a daze and then slumped in hers. We economized on food, did not heat every day, and sat on the table bench wrapped in warm blankets, close together, warming each other as best we could. Mother told me about the meadows and fields, the animals and the other people who were out there. Of castles and shining knights who had to rescue princesses from evil dragons, of fast cars and cruise ships on which smartly uniformed captains waltzed with ladies in love. She conjured up the summer sun and warm sunshine, or we breathed against the windowpane and painted funny flowers. Or I would paint the evil fire-breathing dragon that was eating a man. Then mother had to cry again and I quickly wiped it away.

No, I never got to go to school, but I learned to write my name on the windowpane: JAN. Often and often I wrote my name, wanting to be a good and obedient student, but I did not understand so many things that mother told. I could count with my fingers, but when I was supposed to count ten or twelve, I couldn't imagine what this twelve should look like. Only when mother spread her ten fingers and I then stretched up two beaming, then we both laughed and were happy about the "mixed twelve". If I was then two times as old as now, then I am twelve, so the six fingers from now and then two more, I think.

Sometimes mother said that I had to be quite brave now, but she had to earn some money and leave me alone for a few hours. I was very afraid, because she usually never left me alone for more than an hour, and Mother cradled me in her arms until I stopped crying. In the morning she hugged me very, very tightly and left quickly. I remained sitting by the table, had put my only toy, the old bear, next to me and drew loud letters on the window pane: JAN and J and N and NA and JJ and AA. The old bear looked sullen as usual and nodded. I should write a B like Brigitte, that was my mother's name, the old bear mumbled, and I said defiantly that we had not yet learned the B, but only JAN. Then I drew again the fire-breathing dragon that ate

father and the old bear and I began to cry loudly. Mother had always looked for work and then I remained sitting dutifully until she came back and brought food.

Then I wrote for hours JAN and J and N and A on the window pane, tried to teach it also to the old bear, but the stupid guy just wanted to be held and snuggle up to me all the time. Sometimes when I breathed on him, I looked through the window pane at the gloomy houses and the pale winter sun that stood behind the towers and skyscrapers above the horizon. The roar of the city, that came from the cars and the streetcar and the construction machinery, Mother said, and from the many people who lived there, walking around and talking loudly to each other. We had sometimes gone for a walk, walked through some streets, up to the meadow where other children were and were playing. Mother and I usually sat on a bench and watched them; I couldn't join in because I fell down everywhere because I got dizzy right away, couldn't hold on, and didn't understand why I was swinging with another child. They did not like me at all, were often angry and mean and mother went there with me less and less.

As I said, those were the particular problems. I couldn't get dressed or undressed by myself, couldn't pee, bathe, or eat by myself, and I just needed my mother. Among the favorite things I remember fondly was bathing. When my father was still around, we sometimes bathed sometimes the three of us would bathe, the water always spilling over and all three of us laughing. Father would tickle Mother's breast or grab her buttocks. She shrieked with delight and teased him, plucked at the hair on his chest or took his cock in her hand and wiggled it around a bit, sometimes looking at me to see if I was busy with something else. But then the evil dragon came and ate the man and then the father was gone.

Mother and I bathed together until I was 8 or nine; the bathroom was — like the kitchenette — a partitioned-off part of the living room, for beyond that there was only a little room in which my bed stood. Later, she bathed more and more often alone, pulling the plastic curtain. She hummed and sang and chatted with me a bit, told me about her girlhood, about school and her first dance. She splashed and

pawed around in the water, kept silent and splashed for a very long time. Then she took me into the tub and washed me carefully. She explained that I had grown a lot and there just wasn't enough room for both of us in the small tub, I understood, right? I was disappointed and grumbled that it used to be the same with Dad and how we laughed all together and how she wiggled his cock. Then she became sad and said that it had been something else to bathe with the father, but that was no longer possible. Then she cried again and drank red wine and lay down on the bed and cried until she fell asleep. I sat half the night on the bench and cried and also slept until she woke up at night and put me to bed.

The pale winter sun was almost hitting the skyscrapers, and Mother was not here yet. The old bear was already very restless and grumbled that he wanted his snack. I scolded him, the fool, saying that we had to wait until mother arrived and prepared the snack. If he was hungry, then there was another apple, the mother had put three on the table for us to eat, and the old bear and I had already eaten two. But he grumbled and grumbled and did not want the apple, the defiant head.

At last, at last the key turned in the door lock, at last mother came home and sat down exhausted at the table. Only after a break did she shiveringly take off her winter coat and prepare a snack for us. I told a little about our writing, told her that the bear now wanted to learn to write B for bear and that I couldn't do it yet. Then I said that the old bear and I had argued about whether I was now 7 or 8 years old, which was right? Mother smiled and said, you are both right. I had already been 7 and would soon be 8. After 7 comes 8, all fingers. Startled, I said, no, not all, there are still two missing! Mother smiled sweetly and said, eight, that's all the fingers! In the night I woke up again from the bad dreams and mother took me to her bed, although I had long since had my own bed for a long time. But again and again the silly dreams plagued me and then I was allowed to sleep with her in the big bed.

Mother went to work every day now, away. I looked after the old bear, we ate our apples together and wrote diligently on the window pane. I also tried to make the beds nicely, but with only one arm and

four fingers it just didn't work very well. Whenever I pulled on one end, the other end would get bent again, so it didn't turn out as nicely as Mother would have made it. Nevertheless, Mother was pleased in the evening because I had tried it. She had brought me a chocolate and I was allowed to eat it all by myself after dinner. She put a bottle of red wine on the table before putting me to bed, and then I heard her crying softly and drinking until I fell asleep. I woke up screaming from the bad dream, mother came in and took me in her arms. She was naked and had obviously already been asleep. I snuggled against her warm body as we lay in bed, and I couldn't fall asleep for a long time. Mother was very restless, wiggling her bottom back and forth and sighing a bit. I was already falling asleep and felt her wiggling and sighing as she fell asleep. I heard that often and found it soothing, then I fell asleep completely.

After some time, Mother came home early in the afternoon, the winter sun had not yet reached the high-rise buildings. Her face was howled and the black eye makeup was smudged. She kissed me very sadly on the crown of my head and sat down, drank a glass of wine and cried. I was very scared and didn't dare ask what had happened. Silently she sat there and slowly the tears flowed down her beautiful cheeks. I pressed the old bear close to me and held him very dear, the poor guy was just trembling.

"I've lost the job again," mother murmured, wiping her eyes.

"Mr. Mader, you know, the one at the camp, he has — oh, never mind, I can't work there anymore! I don't know what's going to become of us now!"

Now she was crying again and so was I and so was the old little bear. I held him in front of my chest and rocked him reassuringly, I would protect him from everything, because he was my only friend! But mother I would protect her too, I hugged the old bear even tighter and had a very sad feeling in my heart because mother was still crying and drinking. That evening she drank the whole bottle. She had forgotten all about dinner because of all the crying and drinking. Then she got up a little unsteadily and made up our beds, when she looked at me, holding the old bear tightly to her chest, she

said I could sleep in her bed tonight. When Mother had been drinking, she spoke very slurredly and walked rather unsteadily, bumping into a chair or the bench, but she didn't seem to feel it. I tried to help undress her myself and shook my head when she asked to get my pajamas from the room. Since I knew she slept naked, I wanted to sleep naked too. I hugged the bear to me and shook the guy into place, then she tucked us in.

Mother sat at the table for a while longer, then she got a bottle of wine from the pantry and drank another glass, very slowly. She smoked one cigarette after another, although she had hardly smoked before, and kept wiping her tears. My eyes almost fell completely shut when she unsteadily stood up and took off her clothes. I looked at her beautiful body as she lay down in bed with me, then she turned out the light and I immediately fell asleep.

In the middle of the night, I awoke to a noise. I had to get my bearings first, where I was and what had woken me up. Then I noticed that Mother was panting loudly and tossing and turning. I had palpitations and was very excited and turned my head over to her; at first I could see nothing in the dark twilight. Her hand, which had been dimly jerking back and forth between her thighs, paused; Mother gave a loud sigh and lay motionless. I remained still, still feeling my racing heartbeat and feeling that my cock had become quite stiff. I bent to the side, curled up so low that I could feel it with my fingers. That felt good. I pressed the old bear a little tighter against me, then I fell asleep again.

Mother now sometimes stayed at home all day. She cleaned and tidied the little apartment, washed all our clothes, dried and ironed the laundry, and then she bathed me. At the very end, as always, she would take my cock carefully in her hand, pushed back the foreskin from the glans and gently rubbed it clean, washing the cock from front to back. Then she let it go, but it remained stiffly erect. I felt my heart pounding, she straightened up and wiped the sweat from her forehead. Then I stood up and let her dry me off. Mother looked at my hard-on and said, "Let's wait to get dressed!". She left me stand beside the tub for a while and went into the next room to get clean

clothes. My stiffness now passed away all by itself and when she came back to dress me, the cock was hanging down normally.

These were lovely days, for mother was at home almost all day, doing the housework or playing with me. I was learning the B so that I could later teach it to the old bear, but that was a very difficult letter! Then we played counting cutlery again, but it was too much for me, because all together it was already twelve and then there were still four small spoons and all the knives left! Mother laughed brightly and said, “but we still have to practice counting cutlery!” I laughed, too, and let the old bear hop around on the table; Mother had to laugh even harder now, and I did, too. We had a really nice time!

However, more and more often she frowned and mused aloud that we couldn’t make ends meet, we had to save everywhere and she sold all our things. We had to save everywhere and she gradually sold all our things. At first I was very sorry for my old toys, but I calmed down, because I was really only playing with the old bear. Mother gave everything to a children’s home and was then able to do some shopping again. There was plenty of room in the closet again and where the refrigerator had stood before, one could now put an arm-chair and cook much more comfortably. I said that they could also sell my bed, because I preferred to sleep with her anyway, but it took almost a whole week before mother could decide to do that.

Mother joked that I would soon be 9 now, so all fingers and a cock to boot! We laughed splutteringly, and I said that this was a hoax, because everyone had ten fingers, except Jan! Mother became serious again and acted mysterious, going down to the old janitor more often and making me wait. But when she came back from shopping hours later, she had bought a beautiful birthday cake with candles to blow out and as a present a learning box with colorful blocks and shapes, and also a book where all the letters were shown in large letters, so large that I only had to put them on the window sill and color them in stroke by stroke! I screamed with joy and was so excited that I didn’t know whether I should blow out the cake candles first or count blocks or paint letters! Mother had tears of joy in her eyes and

hugged me tightly, pressed me very sweetly to her bosom and kept saying that I was her whole joy!

We played all afternoon and all evening and I was all sweaty from exertion with all the newness. Mother drank red wine and I cocoa, we had soon polished off the cake and ate the last of the slices as supper. Then Mother got up, swaying slightly, and said, "Off to the bath!" I was soon sitting in the hot water, getting lathered up and rubbed down. Mother joked and laughed because the birthday had been so nice, tickled me and I had to laugh terribly because I am very ticklish. During all this tickling and splashing, Mother unintentionally touched my cock, which had been stiff for the longest time. She paused thoughtfully.

"Wiggle, wiggling!" crowed I, "Wiggle, wiggling, as with father!" Mother had grown serious for a moment, then she took him properly in her hand and wiggled the little fellow in the water, and we both laughed. I found it very pleasant and wanted her to continue, but she stopped and then dried me off. That night I lay in bed for a long time, contorted and twisted and tried to stroke my hard-on as best I could, because it did me a lot of good, even though I couldn't reach much more than the tip with my fingers. At night I awoke again to Mother's sighs and moans, to her wiggling and jerking, but I immediately went back to sleep.

A long time passed, during which I learned a lot, I could already draw many letters, eight or ten, and I could also count the cutlery, there were two Spoons, two forks, two knives and two small spoons, that was exactly eight: all fingers! Mother sometimes went to work, stayed away for a few hours, during which I diligently studied and counted with the old bear. In the evening she would sometimes bathe, quite exhausted, humming and splashing in the water. I was also bathed regularly, the cock made winks-winks and mother gave me a big goodnight kiss every evening before she sat down at the table and drank red wine.

One day we got a new apartment, which I liked a lot at first because there was a balcony. It was a long time before I dared to go out and look down. I was scared because I was afraid of the depth and

never went out on the balcony alone after that. There was no small room here anymore, only the big room, but it was smaller than the one in the old apartment. There was also no bathroom niche with a curtain as before, the small bathtub was on the wall opposite the balcony. But we didn't have many things and so everything had space. You could fold up the seat of the table bench, and there was room for all my study stuff. I was really proud because I had my own area to myself. Mother wanted to some curtain in front of the bathtub, but after some pondering she said with a smile, “..that we can do without a curtain, can't we, my little darling?”

The tenth birthday was again an event, I joked that it was now all fingers and two cocks, but I would only have one, maybe we have to take her two breasts instead of the cock? Mother laughed and wiggled her shoulders so that her breasts flew perkily back and forth under her blouse. We had another cake with candles to blow out, and I got a car that sparked as I pushed it back- and forth. I drove around the table all afternoon, had lots of accidents and lots and lots of deaths. Mother had already drunk a lot of red wine at noon, I had awkwardly held the cocoa mug with my little arms and toasted her, and now she lay in the warm bath all afternoon drinking a glass, humming and singing beautiful songs, while I made great journeys in my car and drove to the outskirts of the city, to the houses behind which the sun slept. Mother sang and splashed, drank glass after glass, and paid no attention to me because I was so absorbed playing with my car. I looked over to her sometimes, she was fondling her breasts and humming, then she put her head back, splashed her hand under the water and sighed heavily. I kept playing until the old bear and I got tired.

Mother got up and gave me a bath. After the wiggle-wiggle I had to stand still until my cock hung limp, then she laid me down in the big bed and kissed me good night. I curled up sideways under the covers like a worm and stroked the tip of my cock some more until I fell asleep.

I awoke as Mother swayingly undressed, lay down beside me, and turned out the light. My heart was pounding wildly, rolling back and forth sleeplessly-horny; mother murmured, “Shh, shh, sleep tight!”

and stroked very gently over my forehead, although she had drunk very much.

I hugged her tightly with one little arm and tried to sleep; my little hard-on touched her sometimes and I still saw the image of her naked body. Mother held me gently, said “Shh, shh!” and rocked me gently so that I would finally fall asleep. I also hugged her with one little hand and felt pleasant shivers when my little cock touched her. She cradled me softly humming, I buried my face between her breasts, my little one pressed against her thigh, feeling heart-pounding the frizzy hair. Gently and lovingly she pushed my abdomen back, her fingers very gently touching my stiff cock as she slowly pushed it away over her thigh, then I finally fell asleep.

And dreamed the wildest things. Mother was wiggling Dad’s cock in the bathtub, then lying in the warm water, rubbing her abdomen with her hand, making a loud splashing sound. Mother wiggled Dad’s cock and it squirted into the water, splash, splash, splash! I held Mother’s soft body tightly with my long, wonderful new arms, dreaming, I stuck my cock inside her, thrusting and thrusting, wanting to squirt all at once. With a thud, I woke up. Mother had turned on the bedside lamp again and lifted me up a little. My cock was all hard and had made a thick white slime on her thigh.

She got up staggering and wiped it off, got the wine bottle and then drank in deep gulps in bed, stroking my head. I lay at her side, tired and sleepy, the old bear sitting in front of the bedside lamp, making a little shade so it wouldn’t be so dazzling. Mother kept drinking, looking at my cock out of dark, burning eyes.

I couldn’t sleep and pressed up against Mom and my cock was all hard and throbbing, Mom drank little sips and let me slide up her thighs and snuggle into her hot hole. I nestled my hot face into the warm Dimple around her belly button. Mother kept drinking for a long time and her eyes swam when she looked at me kindly. She stroked my back and made a warm round nest with her open legs for little Jan to snuggle in.

I crawled higher to put my face between her soft breasts, and felt with my cock the warm, wetness in her tuft of hair where she always rubbed. It made my heart pound hard, the warm, slippery wetness, and I wiggled my butt a little, because the wet and warm flesh did my cock so good!

The bottle wiggled a little in Mother's hand because I was wiggling so much, and she said, "Oh, you're not done yet, big boy!" I didn't understand and said, "Yes, Mom!" and snuggled up to her, to her warm, moist flesh.

Mother resolutely took a deep gulp, reached under my belly with one hand and slowly stroked my cock. "Is it so fine, little Jan?" she asked and I nodded, blissfully closing my eyes because it felt so good. Mother stroked and kneaded my cock very sweetly and very finely, letting me snuggle comfortably in the moist warmth and all at once I saw flashes and the cock squirted out again the white mucus. Mother pushed me back a little and kneaded and squeezed him, the mucus splashes caught in her dark frizzy hair like flies in a spider's web.

I knelt in the warm, round nest and watched as the slime flies hung in the spider web and infinitely slowly became drips. Then I became sad and looked at what I had done. But Mother looked at me with blurry eyes and, murmuring softly, stroked my hair, pulled me warmly to her and stroked my back soothingly. There was a gurgle in her belly as she continued to drink and the Wine trickled down.

She turned out the light softly and embraced me gently. She held me close, pressed me to her, and stroked me gently. I didn't understand very much, but I was proud because now I could finally squirt properly, like Dad when Mom wiggled his cock! She laid me on my side and lay around me warm and soft, I felt the comforting warmth of her body like I hadn't in years, felt the tickling of her chest against my back. I lay securely in her lap and slowly fell asleep, while she cradled me for a long time still softly humming in a gentle rhythm and I rubbed my buttocks comfortably against her body, felt in half-sleep, how mother gently stroked her abdomen, heard later her soft panting and sighing, felt her jerking and wiggling, until I finally fell asleep.

In the morning, Mother was up late when I awoke. She kissed me very sweetly on the forehead and said, "Good morning, my little man!" Then I had a very, very fine breakfast, got a second cup of cocoa. Mother got ready and said she had to leave me alone, maybe she would get a job today. I sat down at the window again and looked out, wrote with the old bear for some time and often hugged him, murmured: "My little man!" merely mumbled and did not laugh as usual, for the silly fellow could not squirt, that silly one! Mother soon came back and beamed, she had gotten the job and was happy, because now we would not have to save so hard. But unfortunately the work was only in the evening, and mother put me to bed after supper and only then went to work. I almost never heard her when she came home, but we always slept late in the morning and had the whole day to ourselves.

Often now, I would sit in bed in the morning, look at my sleeping mother, and wait patiently for her to wake up. Sometimes the blanket slid a little to the side and I would gently feel her breast; it was round, warm and incredibly soft. Then mother usually woke up, smiled at me and lolled. "Good morning, little Jan!" were usually her first words, and the old bear usually babbled in a disguised child's voice: "Gud Mornin, lidle Jaan! Lidle Jaan!" and "Love Mami much!". She usually made coffee and meanwhile ran the bath water; I was bathed first and then sat at the table playing with the car or the old bear who always wanted to get his B painted. Mother would then sit in the bathtub for a long time, soaping herself carefully and humming and singing when she was in a good mood. Sometimes she would also lean her head back, close her eyes and splashed under the water until she sighed deeply. She liked to do that, and by now she wasn't paying attention to me at all, because I was playing or painting very absorbedly.

The next time I was bathing, I felt that my cock was swollen very hard. I begged and pleaded, "Wiggle, wiggling!" and "Wiggle cock, Wiggle cock!". Mother had earlier unconcernedly taken my cock and wiggled-wiggled; now I was fidgety and impatient as Mother wiggled-wiggled, bending my cock to the to the left and to the right. Somehow

it was pushing me hard, but I didn't know why. Mother stopped wiggling and held my cock very still, a bright droplet appeared at the tip. I squeezed and groaned and squeezed, Mother said kindly, "Let it all out, little Darling, push it out!" and stroked my glans. I squeezed and squeezed, Mother gently pulled the foreskin back and forth a long time and all at once a thick jet shot out. "Go ahead, my darling, go ahead!" she kept encouraging me, gently stroking my cock. I gasped and squeezed, squirting again and again in a small arc into the water. When it stopped, my cock went limp, Mother shook off the remaining slime and washed it again. Then she hugged me tightly before drying me off.

It was quite a great feeling, I sometimes felt all giddy and felt my heart pounding when I sat in the bathroom and felt my cock get tight and hard and throbbing. Mother was initially indecisive about how to deal with this, stroking and caressing me, often making me stand next to the tub and wait for the swelling to subside. Sometimes, however, she would whisper in my ear to push it out, and then I would push until she stroked my cock and the mucus squirted right out. Sometimes she just pulled the foreskin back and forth a little, then it squirted longer and better.

When mother after breakfast lay in the bathroom humming, her head back and splashing, I sometimes dared to climb down from the bench and stand by the bathtub. I watched mother, with her eyes closed, tickling and rubbing her tuft of hair, getting all aroused and felt the hard-on in my pants getting hard. Mother sighed deeply and paused with the crawl, but her butt wiggled firmly under the water. She flinched a little when she opened her eyes and saw me standing next to her, but then she smiled and stroked my little arm very sweetly. "Well, little man, what are you doing here?" I felt the cock throbbing and thumping and begged, "Wigglecock, Wiggle cock!" Mother smiled again and unbuttoned my pants, pulling out the stiff cock that was already all wet. I stood there expectantly and stretched my cock out to Mom over the edge of the bathtub. She clasped it very gently and pushed the skin back and forth a long time, I gasped and sweated and felt a hot wave rising in my abdomen. "Come on my darling, just squirt it out!" whispered Mommy, quickly pushing the skin back and forth. All at once I felt the firm twitch, then the thick slime

squirted over the edge of the tub into the water. Mom held it into the water and continued to pull and wiggle firmly, letting the slime slap into the water in thick splashes until nothing more came.

Her work was gone again, for days she searched and had to leave me alone. I counted my toes and still the nose: that was eleven, and so old I was already, so another finger, and I become twelve. Mother sometimes had work again in the morning, but after a while that didn't work either. She searched for a long time, but nothing was found.

Once I stayed in bed in the morning, too lazy and too unslept to get up. Mother had wiggled very hard that night and woke me up, I lay there with my heart pounding and almost couldn't get back to sleep. She had to run quickly and said she would be back soon, then there would be breakfast and bathing. I lay awake for a long time and could no longer fall asleep, nodding off again and again briefly and dreaming how mother had moaned and shaken in the night. I was abruptly awake, felt how my cock was quite hard and already throbbing violently. I kicked the blanket with my feet away and writhed, sideways like a worm, stretching my bent fingers long to reach my cock. With the tips of my fingers I just reached the red cock tip, stroking and cuddling because it felt so good. Then I tried to push the skin back and forth like mother, it went a little bit, but although I pressed and pressed, no mucus came out.

For a long time I writhed and squirmed, almost always just reaching the tip of the cock and rubbing it, it was very fine and exciting. I heard the key in the door lock, mother came in, looked at me and put the shopping bag on the table. Then she came over to me and stopped, looking at me smiling as I writhed and squirmed and rubbed the tip of my cock. I smiled up at her and tried harder, showing her how I could already do it. She took off her coat and sat down next to me on the edge of the bed. She watched me for a while longer, then said, "You have to pack it really full, Jan!" I nodded and tried again and again, but my fingers were really too short, crooked and lame. Mother put her hand on my shoulder and pressed down hard. The fingers now reached all the way down my cock. I put the crooked fingers around it and pulled up and down. Mother nodded, "Yes,

that's right, now pull firmly up and down!" I pulled and pushed the skin back and forth and felt how good it did, sighed and Mother pushed my shoulder even deeper. All at once I felt the slime rising hotly, my cock twitching and spurting the slime into my palm. I paused, exhausted, as Mother intervened and rubbed the cock quickly to finish, in bursts all the mucus splashed out. It was nice, I breathed heavily, stretched out wearily straight on the bed and let mother wipe me.

She had work again in the evening. During the day we lazed around, often lying in bed for a long time in the morning. The cock rubbing and squirting had now become a daily part of our routine. But it was always different and exciting, sometimes I would stand next to the bathtub and watch Mother, waiting impatiently until she was done and no longer panting so excitedly; then I would hold my cock over the edge of the tub, Mother would rub it really fast and let it all squirt into the water. Sometimes, when she was asleep for a very long time, I would sit up in bed and writhe around, pulling and tugging on my cock, rubbing the tip of my cock until I almost ran out of air. When Mother awoke, she would smile gently and help me by pushing my shoulder down. I was already able to do it quite well myself and by now I was already rubbing myself until everything was squirted out. But most of the time I would stop, exhausted, and then Mother would rub until I squirted. Sometimes I wanted to Bathing squirt and asked mother to rub me, then she rubbed my cock under water, where the mucus floated away in long white flakes.

Mother now had a job in the evening where she was allowed to drink a lot. Often now I awoke when she came home at night; loudly as never before she would unlock the door, stagger and clumsily plod to and fro, and bang herself giggling at the table or the chairs. Mostly she undressed, panting loudly, and dropped heavily into bed. I smelled the strong odor of alcohol, then always snuggled up to her tightly and said, "love you, Mommy!" and she cuddled and cuddled my head and held me tightly until we fell asleep.

Sometimes when mother came home and murmured that she was all drunk and aroused again today, we still cuddled and snuggled for a long time. She would sweat profusely and loll about, stroking and

rubbing very quickly and firmly in the tuft of hair, sighing and panting as she did so, and hugging me wildly when her bottom began to wiggle and thrust. I also hugged her tightly, as well as I could with my tiny arms, buried my face between her sweaty breasts and listened to the reassuringly galloping beating of her heart, because when she wiggled so wildly with her abdomen, I was sometimes also a little afraid.

In the morning, she was usually serious and sad when she woke up and hugged me sweetly. "I was so intense again yesterday!" she would say, and I would nod and cuddle my face between her breasts. Mostly we stayed lying down and I stroked her until she smiled again. "Mommy, love you so much!" was usually all I could get out, reaching out my little arms and fingers to her and stroking her chest. She would hug me and then stretch out like Puss Purr: this was a game we played often and often for many, many years. She was Puss Purr, lolling around quite comfortably, arms out to her sides, and I would stroke her belly with my face and her breasts with my crooked little fingers, and she would say over and over, "Purr, purr, meow, meow, but that's fine, meow!" and loll back and forth comfortably.

I crawled around on her warm body, stroking her and saying over and over how much I loved her. I couldn't speak well or fluently then, but Mother understood everything. With this lolling and Puss Purr playing and stroking, I now regularly got a stiff cock. After a while, Mother knew what I needed and reached for me, jerking and rubbing my cock while I lay on her belly. With one hand she held me by my bare bottom and pressed me against her tuft of hair, with the other hand she jerked my cock up and down really fast and when it squirted she let it trickle onto her belly. I loved this very much and we played it often, because mother came home almost every night staggering and drunk, so that in the morning we played long hang-over Purr and Squirt and loved each other very much.

.

I soon became twelve, for my birthday I got a small farm with sheep and cows and chickens. Mother explained to me exactly what such a farm was, then we played together with the animals on the

farm. I immediately understood the feeding, because the animals always had to get their breakfast. Then I took the calf and pushed it to its mother, the cow, and made it say, "Mama, please squirt!" and mother smiled and the cow asked, "But what do you want, my little calf?" and the calf crowded up to the mother cow and begged, "Please wiggling, mama!" Then mother dappled cow turned to the calf and wiggled it quickly. The calf fell on its side exhausted and was very happy.

Of course, I asked how it was with the calf, where it came from. Mother took the cow in her hand and explained to me that the bull was the father and the cow was the mother, the calf was growing in the belly of mother cow and when it had grown enough, it comes out here, under the cow's tail, and that is the finished calf, the cow child. I thought about it for almost the whole birthday and then forgot about it again, mother had to go back to her work. The next morning, when we had played Puss Schnurr again and mother had stroked my cock, it fell out. Cow tail, I remembered and asked if the children also came like from the cow. I was unsure, because mother had no tail at all at the back of the butt and I did not understand how the children could then come and were there.

Mother thought and then told that a daddy and a mommy would love each other very much and thereby daddy injects his semen into mommy. In the mommy's belly then grows the little peck, like me, little Jan and then comes out. I said that wouldn't work, because mommy doesn't have a tail like the cow, so where would little Jan come out? Mother thought and blushed a little. Then she sat up in bed and pulled her knees up. "Come closer, my little darling, I'll show you" she said and I bent down and knelt in front of her and looked at her tuft of hair. Mother reached with both hands to the tuft of hair and slowly pulled it apart. I saw the split there that I had seen earlier. She widened it now, and I saw a small slit in that furrow. Mother pointed there with her index finger and said that the father put his cock into this slit, like this! And now she put her index finger in very slowly and said, "Now father's cock is in there, it wiggles a little bit, and then the semen goes into the mother!" Mother wiggled her index finger like a daddy.

I could picture that and looked up at her. Mother stopped poking her index finger like a daddy, opened her eyes again and said, “Now it’s squirting!” and pushed her finger deep inside herself a few times, “squirt, squirt!” then pulled her index finger out again and said, “The father pulls his cock out of the mommy, the semen stays inside and there then grows a little baby.” Now she pulled the folds that were on the side of her vagina even further apart, the little slit now became a hole. “You see, out of this hole the baby will then come out when it is big enough!”

I had to lean over and looked into that hole again, shook my head decisively and said to Mother, “It’s too small!” But Mother said that when the baby was ready, the hole would also grow a little and the baby could squeeze through. I looked at the hole for a long time until she closed her thighs, then I asked mother, “Mommy doesn’t have a cock, so what does she use to wiggle?” Mother turned very red and remained silent. I became unsure, I had surely asked something wrong. Mother said, “Today my little Jan probably wants to know everything, huh?” and smiled kindly.

She had gotten a red face and her breasts were moving violently because she was breathing rapidly. She spread her thighs again, pulled the crease apart with both hands and said, “Look here, above, above the hole, there is a very small cock. That’s the little cock that Mommy wiggles with!” I bent over and looked very closely. There really was a very tiny little hump, but not a real cock, and I told her so. Mother smiled and said that was a real one though, you could do quite well with it.

Somewhat disappointed, I straightened up, lay down next to Mother again, and snuggled close. I had learned a great secret, but that the children came out of this hole, I found very strange. But even stranger was that mom should wiggle with this little hunchback, I couldn’t really believe it. I grumbled, “Will see, don’t believe!” and mother asked, what? I said, “Don’t believe that mommy is wiggling with this hump, no cock there! No cock there!” Mother laughed to herself and cuddled my head. I was unsure and said, “Love you, Mommy!” and snuggled in close. We dozed off and mom thought.

After a while, Mother sighed and put a hand on her tuft of hair. “Now come on, little darling, you can watch me!” I half straightened up and looked at her curiously. “Jan gets to see?” Mother smiled with her eyes closed and nodded. I immediately knelt up and crawled to her feet, she tightened her drawn up knees and spread her thighs. She looked at me for a long time, closed her eyes again and slowly turned red all over, especially on her neck, especially on her neck and face. Her hand now began to part the tuft of hair, she placed a finger in the furrow and slowly ran it back and forth, she blinked at me again, I nodded and watched. Mother closed her eyes and rubbed the crevice.

With one hand mother caressed her breast, with the other she rubbed the cleft. Soon the cleft parted more and more, the little hole became visible, and she reached out a finger and ran it back and forth over the hole, looking for the little cock. After a while she began to gasp and moan, now she had only one finger outstretched and was running it firmly up and down, sometimes her head twitched forward and all at once she moaned very loudly and stopped rubbing, sticking the finger very deep and firmly into the vagina. Her whole butt wiggled back and forth, slowly she calmed down again, pulled the finger out again and relaxed. I was quite fascinated, but I had also got a very strong stiffy while watching, although we had already sprayed out the mucus this morning.

I lay on top of Mom and rubbed against her belly, then pressed my head between her breasts and kissed her tender skin. Mom was still lying there with her eyes closed, her heart pounding hard. With one hand she caressed my head and whispered, “Yes, I know, and I love you very much, too!” She hugged me tightly and I snuggled up to her very gently and tightly, “Mommy, please wiggling!” Mother opened her eyes, looked at me and smiled. “Does my little Jan have a hard-on again?” she asked, feeling along my body. Then she said, “Yes, we’ll have to do something about that!” and very gently stroked my bottom, gently rubbing my body against her belly, blissfully enjoying her caress. I pressed my cock firmly against her and asked again, “Mommy, please wiggle!”

Mother pushed me a little lower by my bottom and opened my legs until I lay between her thighs and her frizzy hair poked at my little bag. Then she stroked my bottom with one hand, reached her hand between our bodies and rubbed my cock. First very slowly, then faster and faster, until I had squirted out everything. Then I sank forward and mother stroked me gently until I fell asleep quite tired.

It all went on as usual. After mother had shown and explained everything to me, a strong familiarity had grown between us. Mother noticed by herself when I had a hard-on and wanted to squirt. She rubbed me as a matter of course, be it in the bathroom or while playing or in bed, in the morning after waking up or at night when she staggered drunk into bed. I did not like that so much, because there she was always fast and wild and tore quite firmly on my cock, until it almost hurt. Often it was better to wait until she had wiggled herself and then after me, because she tore no longer so wild.

.

Or when we were both reading in the afternoon, she in bed and I at the table with the old bear learning in a book, she sometimes put her book away, sighed deeply and quickly wiggled her little cock, and the old bear and I continued to learn firmly and only looked now and then at the bed at mother and her little cock, which she wiggled firmly.

The time passed, I had already learned many letters, even difficult ones like the Z and the S, the two were really to confuse! It didn't help when mother said that the S curled softly in the curves like a snake; I had never seen a snake or a curve and sometimes did it wrong. But I practiced long and with concentration. Mother, meanwhile, was sewing a thick curtain for the balcony door and then looked at me a little uncertainly; she had to tell me something.

This was always the introduction when we lost a job or got a new apartment. I played on with the car and drove the old bear quite far away, to a land where the knights wore shining armor and had shooting rifles and where the old janitor couldn't scold mother anymore. I

was very strong and drove the car very fast. I ran over the cow and narrowly missed the calf.

“I have to go away for a few days, because of work!” said mother, and continued sewing strained. I said nothing, put the cow back up and immediately drove it down again. Too clumsy. Mother was silent too, then she continued: “I talked to Mrs. Wanek, that is the nice woman on the ground floor whom I know from work. She will stay with you and take care of you, she’ll make your food and take care of you.” Mother paused in her curtain sewing and looked up. “What do you think?”

I drove on as if frantic with the car and said, “Donn’t believe and know no Mrs. Wanegg” and rumms, the cow had to bite the dust again! We were silent for a long time, the drive was long and the old bear was already very hungry. The calf cried piteously for the cow.

Mother put away the sewing things and stood up. “Come, little darling, let’s go downstairs and meet Mrs. Wanek!” I got up sullenly and stood still, letting her put on my jacket and my shoes too. Mother looked at me bucking and looking like a fire-breathing dragon, then she said, “I’m going away for a few days, just three days.” Then she paused, searching for words. “I don’t get enough money at work, I need to make more money for the two of us. I’ll go to a man’s house and get more money there, enough for both of us!” Mother looked down and waited to see if I said anything. The old bear was still bucking and I replied, “Need money is good, but Mrs. Wanegg fears me!” I took a deep breath, I haven’t said such a long sentence in a long time.

Mother smiled and said that Mrs. Wanek was a very nice woman, had the same job as she did, and would certainly love me very, very much, I had nothing to fear at all. I looked up at her, saw her encouraging smile, and nodded. We went down the long, dangerous stairs, Mother taking good care of me and helping me. We reached the 4th floor, one finger gone, the 3rd floor, a second finger gone, the 2nd floor, another finger gone, and the 1st floor, all fingers gone. Then we went down some more stairs, there was already the street exit. This was where Mrs. Wanek lived. Mother knocked and we entered.

They talked for a few minutes, then I looked up at Mrs. Wanek. She was wrinklier in the face than Mother, about her height, and smiled often. After a while I found nothing wrong with it, we sat down on her bench and I was allowed to play with the cutlery. Mrs. Wanek had so much cutlery that I had soon counted all the fingers and there was still plenty of cutlery left.

Mrs. Wanek already knew a lot about me and asked how much cutlery I had counted. I said, "All twelve and one more. That's how old I am, all of Mom's fingers and one hand!" Mrs. Wanek smiled and said. "That's right, then you'll soon be thirteen!" Mother and Mrs. Wanek drank coffee, I got a glass of water because Mrs. Wanek didn't have any cocoa. They talked about everything that had to happen in a day, breakfast and playing and the apples for the old bear and me. When Mrs. Wanek asked about the sanitary, mother said she had to be helpful there, he would be in time. I asked what a sanitää was. Mother thought for a moment and then said that if I had to pee, I should tell Mrs. Wanek. Oh, I said, and continued to play with the salt shaker.

As I was leaving, Mrs. Wanek gave me a big smack on the cheek and held hers out to me. I hesitated and looked at Mother, who nodded; so I gave her a kiss on the cheek, too. Then we climbed the many steps again.

I nodded when Mother asked me if it would be all right with Mrs. Wanek, if she could go away for the three days. I nodded and said that Mrs. Wanek's cheek tasted very funny, though. Mother smiled and said that it was just a bit of make-up, and I already knew that from her. I was very sad and asked, "Mommy, are you going to stay for a while?" and she said she was leaving in a few days. I threw myself around her neck in relief and kissed her as hard as I could.

In the next few days I forgot all about it again, the days went by as usual, until one evening when I was going to bed mother hugged me very tightly and said that tomorrow morning Mrs. Wanek would come, she herself had to leave very early in the morning. I began to cry, Mother sat down next to me and hugged me, letting tears drip down her neck. I then watched spellbound as my tears ran down her

neck and over her chest and disappeared into the gap between them. I continued to cry for a long time, then Mother undressed and got into bed. Immediately I snuggled up to her and pressed my lanky body against hers. Mother loved and cuddled me the whole evening, played gently and lovingly with my cock, stroked it until my heart pounded and let me go. I got palpitations and she then let me squirt very gently. She stroked me very lightly and softly until I fell asleep.

In the morning, the smell of fresh bread woke me up, I looked up sleepily and Mrs. Wanek was handling the table, fixing breakfast. I jumped out of bed and drank my cocoa. Mrs. Wanek made me a jam bread, which was still quite warm and smelled strong. After breakfast I said, "Mrs. Wanegg, must pee!" She went behind me to the toilet and undid my pants. Then she held my cock very lightly and directed the stream into the toilet. "You've got a big one!" said Mrs. Wanek, as she shook it off and packing it in the pants. I nodded and went back to playing, Mother had sometimes said I had a big cock too.

Mrs. Wanek and I played letter painting, the old bear was a little jealous because I liked Mrs. Wanek. After all, she worked with mother in the same job and also had such a beautiful, big bosom like hers. We counted cutlery and all our fingers and toes. She liked to draw and paint animals and people on the window pane with her finger, tell great stories about how the men in Africa shot at the lions and the buffaloes with the rifles. The buffaloes were cows with big horns and they always ate the little negro children and that's why they had to be shot to death. We ate our snack and in the afternoon we went out again to hunt buffalo. When I had shot a buffalo boom boom, Mrs. Wanek had to put a finger on the drawing, because she had red painted fingernails, and that was then the blood of the buffalo.

I had to go to the bathroom again, Mrs. Wanek came behind me again and held my cock, while I peed. Her light touch made my heart pound, and it stiffened a bit, standing firmly forward. I pushed my bottom back and forth a little and enjoyed it, how the cock felt in her hand. I was now pushing my cock back and forth in Ms. Wanek's hand very quickly. Mrs. Wanek took her hand away and I said, "Bath! Bath, breakfast, painting!" Mrs. Wanek slapped her forehead and

said, "Oh, I forgot, I have to bathe you before breakfast! I have to bathe you before breakfast!" Then she went into the room and turned on the water. I trotted along behind her with my fly open, half my cock still hanging out. Mrs. Wanek looked, but immediately took care of the water again.

"Together, together!" I said and she looked up. I repeated, "Bathing together, together!" She got a little out of step and went to the bed, straightened the bedding again, and then turned off the bath water. I was undressed and sat in the water. "Bath together, together!" I crowed loudly, Mrs. Wanek stood beside me indecisively for a moment, then she began to undress with her back to me and sat down in the water as well. She had a body almost as beautiful as Mother's, but no tuft of hair at all; her cleft was a pink, deep notch between two mounds. Her breasts were large and round, with small bright freckles.

We sat facing each other in the water, but she didn't actually know what she should. I said, "Washcloth, soap up!" She knelt up, took the washcloth and rubbed me with plenty of soap, washing my hair and face, ears and shoulders. Then she soaped my chest and shoulders. I reached out my little fingers and touched a nipple; she paused and waited to see what would happen next. I stroked the nipple a little awkwardly and looked at her cleft. My cock stiffened and now stood half out of the water.

I didn't let go of her breast until I was very aroused and leaned back; my cock was sticking straight out, stretching towards her. I looked at her expectantly, she looked at my cock and got red cheeks. After a while, she lifted my butt with one hand and carefully soaped my abdomen. Firmly she rubbed the butt, then the bag and very lightly and softly the cock. But no sooner had she touched it than I was struck by lightning and the mucus spurted out of the tip. Mrs. Wanek jerked back a bit and let go of the cock, giggled and said: "My God, that's not possible!" But I had to keep on squirting and squeezing everything out. Mrs. Wanek was very happy and giggled loudly, holding both hands in front of her face and laughing while I squeezed dutifully. Then I closed my eyes and remained lying while Mrs. Wanek quickly drained the water.

Mrs. Wanek dried me and laid me naked in bed, covered me and said, "Sleep now, my little darling!". Then she ran fresh water, took a long bath and then dried herself. She had a hair dryer with her and hummed with it for a long time until her hair was done. Then she sat at the table for a long time and read in her book. She checked to see if I was asleep, wrapped a bath towel around her body and sat on the edge of the bed. Then she began to pluck out any hair on her body at length; mother actually did this very rarely. I turned around and watched as Mrs. Wanek put one leg up on the edge of the bed and plucked out the hair on her calves. It excited me greatly when she then put up the other leg and I could see her cleft and the big pink mounds quite clearly. My cock swelled again, my heart pounded hard and I felt the excitement creep from my belly to my abdomen.

Quietly I slipped out of bed and walked all around, Mrs. Wanek quickly put her leg down and looked at me in amazement. I placed myself right between her knees and stretched my hard swollen cock towards her. Mrs. Wanek looked again at my cock, then she looked at me and asked asked, "Do you have to go again?" and I nodded. She tried to get up then, but I shook my head. "Don't you have to pee?" asked Mrs. Wanek in amazement. I looked her in the eyes and then looked down at my cock, stretching it out to her even more. I didn't dare say anything, didn't know what the right word was. I stretched it out even further and touched Mrs. Wanek's belly with the tip. She smiled all at once and said, "Want to squirt again, right?" and I nodded, yes, right, that's what I wanted. "Squirt please, Mrs. Wanegg!" I said artfully.

Mrs. Wanek pushed me back a little, then said, "Do you like to squirt?" and I nodded again, not knowing anything else to say. I continued to stand forward and again stood between Mrs. Wanek's thighs. Now she carefully grabbed my cock and held it in her hand, examining it. "It's big!" she murmured and reached down with her other hand, grabbed my sack and held it in her warm hand. Then she began to rub my cock rapidly, back and forth, back and forth.

The bath towel came loose and fell down the side, I looked at her beautiful body and leaned forward further, she was cuddling and caressing my little sack with one hand, rubbing my cock very quickly

and soon gasping with effort. Soon I was panting too, the tip of my cock touched the skin between her breasts, I winced and squirted out the semen in thick jets, it ran down from her breasts to the belly. She rubbed a few more times and it squirted again until soon nothing came. She let go of me and I took a step back, dazed. Mrs. Wanek got up and fetched a wet towel, carefully wiped the splashes from her belly and also cleaned my cock, from which it had still dripped a bit.

I lay down in bed and waited for her to tuck me in, then smacked a goodnight kiss in the air and said, "Nice one, Mrs. Wanek, nice one!" She smiled and kissed me goodnight too, then joined me at the edge of the bed. "You like to do the squirting, right?" she asked and I nodded. "When bathing?" she asked, and I replied, "It's nice, the squirting!" "You like to squirt a lot, don't you?" and I said again, "It's nice, Mrs. Wanegg, I like it two fingers times and then again" She smiled and said, "Now go to sleep, my little prince!" and finally covered me up. Then she put on a long, thin dress that was all open in the front, lay down in Mother's bed and turned out the light.

I missed mother very much. I lay there undecided and quiet for a long time, not daring to snuggle up to Mrs. Wanek. But in the twilight I saw shadows everywhere, maybe they were lions or buffaloes. I rolled around a bit, then rolled over to Mrs. Wanek and snuggled up. She stroked my head, I snuggled up to her and tried to sleep.

But I couldn't and couldn't fall asleep, my little fingers played with her nipples and I pressed my face against her warm body so I wouldn't have to see the shadows of the lions and buffalo. I felt her warm legs against my feet, kicked the thin dress aside and pressed myself against her side. Mrs. Wanek just lay there quietly and did nothing, did not gasp and did not rub her little cock like mother. I pressed my body against hers, slowly rocking my bottom back and forth and stroking her chest with my fingers until I fell asleep.

I awoke immediately as Mrs. Wanek got up very quietly, careful not to wake me. I panicked that she was going to leave me, but she just quietly walked over to the bench and sat down. I waited anxiously and tensely to see if she would leave me alone, holding my breath. But now she slipped off the thin, long dress and stroked her

breasts, slowly spread her legs and began to rub herself softly. In the dim darkness I saw that she was just rubbing her little cock and now fell asleep, calmed down again.

The next morning I was already long awake, Mrs. Wanek slept and slept and did not wake up. I watched her, the thin sleeping dress had slipped and I looked at her body, her breasts. The blanket had wrapped around her belly, her abdomen was naked underneath. I sat up quietly, slid down and looked at her cleft up close. It was much thinner and smaller than Mother's, it was naked and hairless, but I couldn't see inside, couldn't see the little hole because she kept her legs closed.

She turned and lay on her stomach, putting one leg over the blanket. Her bottom stuck out round and full, along the crease you could see the little wrinkled asshole and under it the cleft with the wrinkled, brown labia. I became very excited by this, lay down and bent over and played with my fingers on the glans. It was a nice feeling, then Mrs. Wanek turned around again and put one leg up, now I looked into her cleft. I stopped stroking and quietly crawled around her legs, then carefully lay down at her side.

Mrs. Wanek awoke and smiled at me in amazement, said, "Good morning, Jan!" and quickly covered herself. I whispered, "Gudmorn Mrs. Wanegg!" and stubbornly kicked the covers off again, carefully rolling back to her side, snuggling up to her and waiting until my heart was pounding to bursting. Then I crawled onto her belly and buried my face between her breasts, pressing my hard cock against her belly and rubbing my bottom back and forth. She took my head in both hands and looked me in the face, "What is it, little Jan?" and I replied, "Squirt please, Mrs. Wanek!"

She looked at me puzzled, then laughed and said, "But we already did yesterday, my little darling!" I said, "Don't think so, Mrs. Wanek, now squirting please!" She smiled again and looked at me, then asked, "And how, I ask you?" That was easy to answer, I crawled back down along her body, kicked a bit between her legs until she opened her thighs a bit, slid further until my little sac touched her cleft and straightened up on my knees so that my cock stuck out in front. Now

I waved my hands up and down and said, “There you go, Mrs. Wanek!”

Mrs. Wanek giggled, then looked along her body at my cock sticking out down there. She put a hand on it and mumbled to herself, gripping and rubbing a little, but not very hard. I lay down on her belly and closed my eyes, enjoying this game. The bag and the cock were right on her cleft, she was now pulling on it and I was enjoying this gentle rubbing. Finally Ms. Wanek had understood everything, she closed her eyes, rubbed very lightly and slowly pulled the skin back and forth.

I felt her thighs open slightly and pushed my butt forward forward, because I do not support her with my hand. Her cleft pushed back, so I backed away a bit again, but then pushed against it again. When she again pushed up, I slid a little further down, maybe that was better? Now my cock was just above the cleft, Mrs. Wanek rubbed and pressed it a bit against the cleft herself. Again she lifted her butt a bit and pushed up the crack, against the cock and rubbed slowly further. It did good, and it did good because Mrs. Wanek was pressing against the slit with the tip of her clit.

After a while I was already panting very loudly and slowly slid a little deeper. Mrs. Wanek sighed, the gap opened still a little and she slid now with the glans in this channel up and down, it was all wet and slippery warm. She rubbed and stroked with the glans in the gap more firmly up and down, I felt that she pulled my glans in the gap more and more often upwards and pressed firmly against her hump. She did this for a long time and sometimes sighed. I stiffened with a loud heartbeat and straightened up a bit. Mrs. Wanek rubbed the tip of my cock quickly and firmly on the clit for a long time until I began to squirt. I saw sparks before my eyes because Ms. Wanek was still rubbing my squirting cock firmly against her little cock until she winced and immediately stopped, pushing me back a little. One-two drops splashed through the air and fell onto her thighs.

I remained squatting on my knees, Mrs. Wanek, panting heavily, covered her eyes with her forearm and her body shook as if she were crying. I was very sad and did not know what to do. “Mrs. Wanegg,

don't cry please!" She listened, took her hand from her face and smiled at me, "I'm not crying, you stupid guy!" she laughed. I said affected: "Jan is not stupid, has only two fingers not and no arms!"

Mrs. Wanek sat up and took me in her arms, hugging me to her chest. "No, that's not what I meant to say. I sometimes say silly guy to someone when I love him very much, it's meant kindly and sweetly!" I snuggled up close to her and whispered, "Jan is a silly dear fellow, but Mrs. Wanegg is also a silly dear fellow!" Then she laughed and cleaned herself with a cloth where the semen had splashed. I watched very closely as she spread the cleft with her fingers and cleaned it with the cloth. Then she dabbed my cock carefully.

That day we were playing farm, I comforted the poor calf who was calling for his mother, but the cow had hidden on the bench behind me. But then I felt terribly sorry for the calf and I brought out the cow, both meowed and barked with pleasure and played Puss Purr. I then tried to explain it to Mrs. Wanek, but she was very stupid and did not understand very much.

She told me to stand up in the water and soaped and scrubbed me standing up while I had to turn around. As my cock stiffened, she looked over with a smile and nodded, "I see it, I see it!" She washed off the soap, and my cock now stood out all stiff and throbbing. She sat me down in the water, frowned and said, "So, what are we going to do?" and cradled her head. I looked up at her a little shyly because she was acting so unsure and said, "Squirt please!"

She smiled and said, "Yes, my little Jan, we'll do that, of course!" and grabbed my cock. I smiled happily and stuck it out. She rubbed it very quickly and then let all the semen splash into the water. She let the water out and dried me off, dressing me again.

Then she read a book, and we played again, the old bear and I, until evening. After the snack, she put me to bed and read some more, drank some of Mother's red wine, and then she was done. She

quickly undressed, lay back in Mother's bed in the long nightgown, and turned out the light. I had spent most of the time stroking the glans with my fingers and looking at her as she read, now I felt her warm body next to me and snuggled up to her. She soon realized as I rubbed my abdomen against her hip and felt for me. She stroked my cock very lightly and long and stroked my hair. Then she rubbed it quickly and let it all squirt out. I fell asleep almost immediately.

The next morning I woke up and I was alone, she was gone. I was afraid and fetched the old bear, let him snuggle up to me. Then I was still a little afraid and curled up under the covers, stroking my glans with my fingers. I almost thought I was going to squirt when the key was turned in the lock and Mrs. Wanek came in, holding two shopping bags. She stopped in the doorway, looked over at me and I kicked the blanket away a bit, curled up tight again and rubbed the tip of my glans with my fingers.

Mrs. Wanek put the bags down and sat at the edge of the bed, watching with a smile and nodding when I did catch my cock sometimes and rub it a bit. I said, "Don't go, now!" She smiled at me and felt for my cock. I lay up straight, spread my legs and let my cock stick out steeply. Mrs. Wanek embraced it and rubbed it very quickly, making me squirt almost immediately. She squeezed every time I squirted and squeezed out all the mucus. "But you have to squirt often, my little one!" said Mrs. Wanek and I nodded. Then she got up and said, "Now I have not forgotten: off to the bath!"

After bathing we played a little counting of cutlery, drew letters and after eating Mrs. Wanek read in her book again. I played for a very long time, then squatted on the floor under the table and played with the chickens and the calf. Sometimes I looked up and looked at Mrs. Wanek; looked under the table along her legs down to her underpants and that soon got me very aroused. I got a hard-on looking in and soon had my heart pounding again.

I got up and sat down on Mrs. Wanek's lap. She put the book down and asked, "What is it, Jan?" I looked at her from below and said, "Please squirt, Mrs. Wanegg!" Mrs. Wanek smiled and remained silent for a moment, then she felt for my pants and said,

smiling and shaking her head, “He’s standing again, your big guy!” She unbuttoned my pants and brushed them off completely, letting them fall carelessly to the floor. I lay in her arms like a baby, my little hand touching her breast as she reached for my cock. Now she was rubbing it, first slowly, then very fast. I felt her breast under my fingers and let it squirt up high. Then I stayed lying there for a long time and she tickled and stroked my cock and my little sack until the cock went completely limp.

Later we stood on the balcony, though I was very afraid of the depths and looked down to see if Mother would come yet. All of a sudden Mrs. Wanek said, “Down there she comes!” and I stared at the street, but all I saw were many, many people. We went back into the room, and a few moments later Mother came in. I rushed toward her and pressed myself against her body, tears streaming down my face.

I had my mommy back.

Mother and I now often stayed down for a long time, looking through the new book she had brought. It was already my third book, with lots of animals and pictures of the nests and burrows where they lived. With most of the animals she knew where they got the little animals, but with some she pondered and said very silly things, that the baby animals slept in eggs and then crawled out. I laughed, because we had already cooked eggs together, there were no little animal in them, really!

Mother now often went to work with Mrs. Wanek and then came back at night with a strong smell of red wine, staggered and plopped into bed. Sometimes Mrs. Wanek would come during the day and stay with me when Mother went to work alone. Frau Wanek would then often want to bathe me again, even though I had already bathed before breakfast. She would tease and tickle me until I was sitting in the warm water with my hard-on peeking out. Then Mrs. Wanek smiled and rubbed him very quickly, letting the semen splash into the water, and we played twirls with the white flakes in the water. I was very fond of Mrs. Wanek.

Mother asked how it had been with Mrs. Wanek and I said how dear Mrs. Wanek was when she bathed me and let me squirt. Now we often talked about it, because mother was very interested in it. Once we slept again for a very long time into the morning, mother lay there like that and stretched her bottom in the air, crossed one leg and snored. I looked at her butt hole and the cleft that disappeared under her tuft of hair. She woke up and we cuddled.

I remembered again now and said that Mrs. Wanek had been using my cock on her slit to rub. Mother pulled me onto her belly and took my cock in her hand, running it back and forth in her piebald hair and asked, "Like this?" I shook my head and said, "Don't think so, Mommy, Mrs. Wanek doesn't prick like that!" She paused and thought. I said, "With the cock up and down the slit, it doesn't sting like that!" Mother opened her thighs wider and was now pulling the glans up and down. I nodded and my heart thumped wildly, then said, "On the little hump, rubbing hard!" Mother nodded and sighed, rubbing the glans on her clit. It squirted immediately, and Mother stroked my head.

Later she asked again, and we talked for a long time about how it had gone with Mrs. Wanek. I also said that Mrs. Wanek had rubbed the cock on the little hump for a very long time until it splashed and then had not stopped, not until it twitched firmly and then she had cried, the stupid guy!

Mother said afterwards that it was quite fine, but then I should also try so long to hold back the squirting, then she would also have it quite fine like Mrs. Wanek. The next time I tried to hold back the squirting, but it came too fast again and mother smiled, saying that it didn't matter. But after a few days I understood and now she rubbed the clit with the tip of my cock until she winced. After that she quickly pulled my skin back and forth and I was finally allowed to squirt. That was very exhausting, but also very fine.

Then it was my birthday again and for the cake candle blowing Mrs. Wanek also came up, had her pieced glitter dress on from work and brought a box full of animals for my farm. Mother brought a book about the sea and lots of fish, I could imagine the sea as a big,

really big bathtub and was very happy because that was the wide world outside the balcony. There were many new high-rise buildings there again, and Mrs. Wanek said that this was an economic miracle, a “Wirtschaftswunder”. I nodded, because the new skyscrapers and construction cranes covered the pale winter sun more and more, and that was a wicked miracle.

Mother now often came early from work with a man and Mrs. Wanek. Then Mrs. Wanek took me with her, because mother still had work with the man. Mrs. Wanek then made me sweet lemonade and asked if I wanted to squirt now. Mostly I wanted to, although I had already let the mucus squirt out with my fingers in the afternoon in bed. But Mrs. Wanek was always happy because she had already drunk a lot and was very excited from drinking. Then mother came and went up the many stairs with me. I counted soon after twelve also twenty thirty forty, but mother said I must not omit anything when counting.

Sometimes Mother came up alone with the man, because Mrs. Wanek still had work and could not take me with her. Then mother kissed and hugged me very sweetly and said that if I stopped for a while on the balcony and looked at the skyscrapers, then she and the man would quickly do the work and we would have a little money again. Then she put on my warm jacket and I stood on the balcony and looked at the skyscrapers and was very afraid of the depth.

Sometimes I would also turn around and peek through the curtain gap, the man had laid down on Mother and his bottom was sticking out and he would squeeze her quickly. Mother would stroke his back and then they would get up and he would leave but give Mother some money and pinch her cheek very sweetly or even just nod when he left. Mother then got me back in really quick and I played at the table while she quickly sat in the bathtub and washed his slime away.

From now on I no longer looked at the skyscrapers and into the depths, but peered almost always through the gap. Sometimes, however, the man was the mean old Mr. Janitor, who then sat on the bed without pants, mother knelt between his legs and sucked his little cock, after which she rubbed him until the slime came out and she

wiped him off. She was always very serious afterwards and drank a lot red wine.

Mother was very embarrassed when I asked her why she licked the janitor's cock. She thought and said we don't always have enough money for the apartment rent, but when she does it, he doesn't scold and gives a rest. I asked her if she also wanted to lick my cock, but she said "Brrr!" and that it was very bad, she didn't want to do it so much. I was very angry with Mr. Janitor, because mother did not want the licking at all.

Mother asked if that was very bad for little Jan when she brought the men into the Apartment. I said that I was afraid of the depth of the city and the street. She stroked my face and said that I was a very dear Jan and that she loved me more than anything. Then I loved her more than anything and wiggled my little hands, threw her kisses through the air and we laughed heartily together. I told mother that the old bear always peeked through the curtain gap and watched the men squeezing or mama riding on the man. But I was also very fond of the old bear and pressed him to me I pressed him against me so that he would not be afraid of the depth of the street and the man who was pressing mummy. Mami turned a little red and sad, because now there was no other work and we still needed the money for life.

Mother made me a nest of quite a few blankets on the balcony, the chair was our fortress and she turned it away from the depths, so I looked at the curtain and waited, the old bear pressed against me, until mother came to fetch us both up again. Then we had hot cocoa and sometimes an orange or Christmas cookies, which I loved so hot. But usually Mrs. Wanek came and took us downstairs, where the old bear got lemonade and brown chocolate cookies, and so did I.

Mrs. Wanek would say how brave my mother was, doing everything she could to get us by in these bad times. I shook my head because I didn't understand anything, but she said that she was braver than all the knights in shining armor, scraping together every bit of money she could so that I would have enough to eat and warm clothes to wear. I nodded and said I loved Mother, even more than I loved the old bear or Mrs. Wanek, the silly fellow.

One day Mother stayed at the table again for a very long time, looking at the old photos with Dad in the box one after the other and drinking a lot of wine, crying a little. Then she came quietly to bed and I cuddled up to her and comforted her. She hugged me and stroked my back, my butt, and soon I had a hard hard-on. I loved mother very much and lay down on her belly, cuddling my face very tightly between her breasts and cried too, because she was still crying and sniffing a bit. We lay there and caressed each other and I rubbed my hard-on against her belly.

She reached down with one hand and guided it into the small bowl, I waited to see if she would let it slide up and down now, but she just sighed and rubbed the little nipples of her breasts, as she always did when she had drunk a lot and had become horny. I had to squirt soon though and jostled my hard-on back and forth at her cleft. She sighed with her eyes closed and lolling like the Tomcat Schnurr, who opened his paws meowing even though I was lying on top of her; all at once I slid in and my cock slid all the way into Mama's hole.

She immediately stopped and looked at me with big, blurry eyes. I felt it all warm and slippery, comfortingly slippery, and pushed in and out a little. Mother took my head in her hand and stroked my face; I smelled her breath, which smelled strongly of red wine. Her eyes watering, she stroked my back and then my bottom. I pushed in harder now and pulled out again, like Dad and the other men. Mother sighed deeply and said, "Don't squirt, little Jan, don't squirt inside!" I held it back the whole time and pushed harder and harder, mother sighed louder and louder and pushed me deeper into her by my bottom.

For a long time she held my head pressed to her chest and pushed my bottom, now she gasped quite loudly and sighed in between: "Dear little Jan, dear little Jan!" and I also whispered "Dear Mommy!" and continued to squeeze her. She murmured that this was very good and tensed up, her hole pinched my cock tightly, and now I could no longer and the semen splashed into Mommy, she pressed me to her by the butt and held me until I had calmed down completely.

We slept for a long time and I woke up and Mom was still lying there sleeping. I ran a finger along her back, to her buttocks stretched upward and continued running my finger along the butt crack to her slit, tickling the hair, and Mother murmured in her sleep. I stroked her labia and got the hard-on again. Mother murmured and kicked slightly because I tickled her with my fingers. Then she rolled over and murmured, "Good morning, little Jan!" and I whispered back, "Gudmorn, dear Mommy!" Then she looked at my cock and asked, "Was that good, yesterday?" I nodded and waited a bit, then said, "Want it again, Mommy, was very nice!" Mother shook her head and said she was the mother after all, she probably better do it by hand again and then really did it.

But one morning she gave in because I had stroked her awake for a long time and made Puss Purr. I begged and pleaded while she lolls all tight as Puss Purr, then she said sweetly, "Come on, Come on, silly!" and I rolled onto her belly. When my cock tip did not immediately find its way into her little hole, she helped me with her hand and put it in with a deep sigh. Then she said, "Hold back nicely and don't squirt inside, please don't squirt inside!"

So I pushed and pulled my cock, clenched my teeth tightly, and soon Mother helped me with a hand on my bottom to slide back and forth faster, we were panting harder and harder. Mother twisted and squirmed and gasped, so fine was it and I should squeeze even harder, she whispered. I did my best to squeeze her even faster and harder until the little hole pinched me tightly again. Mother cried out softly, moaned and pushed me back, my cock was all swollen hard and slipped out. Mother sighed loudly, "I'm so happy, little one!" and her body still quivered as Mrs. Wanek had quivered. I was still kneeling and holding back, a droplet already detached from the tip of my cock, when Mom reached between my legs and rubbed once-twice on the cock, then I could immediately squirt and all the semen ran over her warm belly.

Over time, I instinctively understood that men liked to come to her for squeezing, because the squeeze was very fine. For a long time

she only wanted to do it with her hand and not squeeze right away with me; it took many days before she finally loved it as much as I did. Now when I said “Please squeeze, Mommy!” we would lie down in bed, cuddle, and then I would push and squeeze Mommy. Most of the time I was able to hold back long enough, except when she had been drinking a lot, then she always pushed me hard into her until I had to squirt inside. Now she soon loved it as much as I did and we squeezed as often as we could.

Most mornings we stayed in bed and I squeezed her, often and often. Mother gasped and squirmed, whispering how much she loved me and I loved her too. I held back the squirting for a long time until she was finished and made me squirt hard with her hand. Some days she wanted it quite often and I sometimes agonized a lot until she finally finished.

But I much preferred it when she was very drunk and then squeezed me tightly inside her. Then I puffed like the bear or the buffalo and squeezed her really fast, mother squirmed under me and moaned softly. When she was done, then I pressed firmly further and she held my butt pressed tightly against her until I jerked and squirted and everything ran into her. It was nice to lie on top of her, panting breathlessly, and hear her heart pounding.

One evening mother took me down to Mrs. Wanek’s and she had to sit by the table and take care of my toys and books. Mrs. Wanek was already quite drunk and giggling when mother brought me to her. She was wearing a sparkly nightgown that, like the other one, was unbuttoned in the front, and she was drinking wine. When Mother had gone, Mrs. Wanek leaned back on the sofa and said I could come for a shot now. I dutifully followed and climbed over to her, sitting down next to her. She took off my pants and then immediately started rubbing. I sat uncomfortably and knelt up, my cock got close to her face. Mrs. Wanek opened her mouth and, to my shock, shoved my cock inside. It was warm, wet and her tongue tickled.

I said, “Mommy says that’s all ugh!” and Mrs. Wanek gurgled, she couldn’t find it. Then she rubbed the cock that was in her mouth and

sucked on it with her velvety soft tongue; it was so fine that it came right to me. I said, "It's about to squirt, Mrs. Wanek!" and she nodded, winked her eyes happily, and continued to rub firmly. I tried to pull it out, but she held me down with her hand, and so it all squirted into her mouth, and she kept licking wildly with her tongue while it squirted. Then Mrs. Wanek let the cock slip out of her mouth and spat the semen in the hand, wiped everything and laughed.

.

"Well, did that feel good, little Jan?" she asked, and I nodded. Then I said, pressing into the hole is also very, very fine. Mrs. Wanek stumbled, then she smiled and said, "Yes, of course!" and whether I could already do that. I said nothing, because mother had forbidden to talk about it.

We read and had breakfast again, although it was late at night. Mrs. Wanek drank wine and gave me a lemonade, plus a cake from which I had to cough because the crumbs stuck in my throat. Mrs. Wanek came around the table and patted me on the back so I could cough up the crumbs. Then she looked over my shoulder and said, "Your cock is still swollen, big guy!" I told her she was a love too and that I would like another shot, please! Mrs. Wanek smiled and put her hand on my cock, but I shook my head and said, "Squeeze in the hole, please!" Mrs. Wanek looked at me questioningly, I repeated again, "Push the cock into the hole, please!"

Mrs. Wanek got hiccup after hiccup and sat down on the sofa because of the hiccups, quickly drank a glass of wine and asked, "You like to stick your cock in my hole?" I thought for a long time whether that was the right thing to do, then I nodded uncertainly. Mrs. Wanek leaned back and said kindly, "Well, come on then, little Jan!"

I obediently got up and walked around the table, placing myself between Mrs. Wanek's legs and laying on top of her as best I could. She groaned and laid us both lengthwise down. I lay comfortably on her belly, rubbing my cock against her naked cleft. Pressing back and forth, pressing it into her cleft, trying to get it into the little hole. Mrs. Wanek mumbled and then helped it along with her hand, sighing

deeply when it finally went in. Her big eyes looked at me, “Is yours big though!” and I nodded, that was true, because mother kept saying it too.

But then she held her breath really tight because I was now starting to squeeze her quickly. She wasn’t holding me by the bottom, so I clung to her side as best I could with my fingers, pushing and squeezing as best I could. I should probably hold back for a long time with her too, so I kept telling my cock not to squirt yet and pushed hard and hard.

Mrs. Wanek closed her eyes and gasped loudly, taking a deep breath, and I lay with my face on her chest and heard how she soon got the palpitations. Her little hole slowly contracted tighter and tighter, I felt the clasp and how her butt was firmly shaking. Then she wiggled firmly up and down and screamed a little bit, I saw Mother standing in the doorway watching us with wide eyes. I smiled with my face distorted with effort and sent her a kiss in the air. Mrs. Wanek threw her head wildly back and forth and expelled the air with a snort, while I now pushed even harder. Mother came around the table, gently lifted me and pulled me out of Mrs. Wanek so the squirts wouldn’t flow in. She held my cock in the warm hollow of her hand and caught the drops so they wouldn’t fall on the carpet.

Mrs. Wanek was lying there with her legs spread and her crack open, still squirming, hadn’t even noticed Mother yet. Mother sat down with me on her lap and looked at Mrs. Wanek’s cleft, which slowly stopped shaking. Then Mrs. Wanek opened her eyes, and Mother said, “Irene, please leave the boy alone, he can get some!” I didn’t know what I could get, but Mother was very serious and Mrs. Wanek nodded with a red sweaty face that she had understood and pulled her long sparkly dress back into place.

Mother gently stroked me on the head and slowly dressed me. I was unsure because the two women were angry with each other and said, “Mommy, I love Mrs. Wanek very much and I love you too!” I snuggled up. “Did Jan do something wrong?” I asked again, pressing my head against Mommy because I suddenly felt like crying. Mother stroked my hair again and said softly, it’s all right, we all love each

other very, very much. Now I was satisfied and took the old bear from the table, pressed him against me and said that he was a very silly little fellow. Mrs. Wanek said we don't do that anymore, but that was a lie, because we did it all the time.

I studied dutifully in the new book, learned the whales and the herrings, but also the sharks with the sharp teeth that could even eat a buffalo when it came to the trough to drink. In the summer, Mrs. Wanek gave me a beautiful big bear, he became the chick from the old bear and the two quickly became friends. Mother kept encouraging me to teach the two to talk and so the chick had to learn to speak beautifully to its mother, the old bear. It was not allowed to bathe, because otherwise the fur could fall out, but it often lay down on the old bear and squeezed it very sweetly and for a long time. I too, hugged mother and Mrs. Wanek very tightly and lovingly, it was a very nice time and not so many men came to our apartment to squeeze mother anymore. But I did it mostly with Mother, because she liked it very much.

Many days after that I was with Mrs. Wanek, I stayed with her all afternoon because Mother had to go to work. Then Mrs. Wanek started pressing right after mother left, and we pressed the whole afternoon one after the other, she couldn't stop and sucked my cock during the break, that upset me right away and then we continued pressing again. In the meantime I didn't care that Mrs. Wanek screamed and howled quite loudly, while mother did it only quietly. Mrs. Wanek said that she was screaming a little because it was so beautiful. So I watched her as she tossed and moaned violently, but because it was beautiful, as she said, I went on and pushed her very hard until it squirted. But when we had already done it a few times, almost no more mucus squirted out, but Mrs. Wanek said it didn't matter and I should keep fucking her.

I was picked up by mother and when I got to the top I said contritely, "I fucked Irene today many times because it was quite fine, but I didn't get anything!". Mother had to laugh and nuzzled my head so that I was no longer contrite at all. Now I knew that it meant fucking properly. Mother said that I was a good boy.

She worked magic with her hand and had a new book for me, all glitter-wrapped, about cities and mountains and lots of forests. It was a children's atlas, she explained, with all the countries on it, including ones like Africa and the desert. I looked at the beautiful pictures of the deserts and the icebergs and penguins in Africa, asked why the dogs pulled the dog sleds through the snow and where the knight castles and the land of the fire-breathing dragons were. Mother had to search a long time before she found the castles and the fire-breathing dragons that spewed high fountains of steam from the geyser and sent glowing lava pouring down the mountain.

This was the best fifteenth birthday I ever had. I was now already much bigger than mother and in the evening, when all the cocoa was out and the cake candles were blown out and mother made a "Cheers, Irene!" and "Cheers Brigitte!" with Mrs. Wanek, I was also allowed to drink a small sip of the wine and then the whole glass, because we were all already laughing so merrily and Irene said, "Oh Brigitte, what more do we actually want for life?" and I had to cough from the wine. Then they were both very drunk and laughed because I wanted to drink another glass and already had very red ears.

I sat down on Mother's lap and snuggled up because I was very dizzy and because Mother was crying a little. Irene kissed mother on the mouth and stroked her very sweetly, then she said rather mumbly, "Brigitte, you are the bravest mother I know!" Then they drank on for a long time, and I sat on Mother's lap and felt my hard-on getting stiffer, and Irene kept kissing Mother in the mouth with the tongue.

I whispered in mother's ear, "Like to fuck now, mommy!" and kissed her ear. She winced because it tickled her very much, then whispered back, "In a minute, my darling, in a minute!" But Mrs. Wanek, the Irene, laughed and patted Mother's arm, "Don't do anything to yourselves because of me, it's okay like this!" Then she took me from Mother's lap and carried me to bed, although I was already almost too heavy for her. She undressed me and covered me up. Mother and she were still drinking, and I said impatiently, "Mommy, please want to fuck!" The two of them looked at each other, then

Mother came and sat with me on the edge of the bed. I writhed and squirmed under the covers and almost couldn't stand it anymore.

Irene also came and kissed mother again very hard and stroked her breast. Mother giggled drunkenly, then Irene stripped her naked too and she lay down in bed with me. Very quickly I rolled on top of her and put my cock into her vagina. Irene sat down at the edge of the bed and watched us fuck, stroking mother's chest and thighs.

Later, when I was already fucking Mother quite hard, she also quickly undressed and sat cross-legged on Mother's bed, watching us and rubbing her clit. Mother hugged Irene's hip and moaned, "My God, that feels good!" and gasped because I was fucking her very well. Irene stroked Mother's breast and quickly continued rubbing herself, twirling Mother's nipple with two fingers as she moaned softly and rolled passionately. I had to squirt now, mother pressed my buttocks with her hand against her and let everything run into her. Then I slowly rolled off her belly; Mother hugged me very gently.

Irene groped for Mother's cleft and rubbed her clit back and forth very quickly. Mother gasped as Irene stuck a finger in her little hole and firmly ran it in and out, then Mother came to the end, rolling groaning and moaning to the side. Irene looked up at me and gasped, "Come on, do it to me, little Jan!" and I looked uncertainly at Mother. Mother lay very soft and tired there and nodded mildly smiling.

I crawled over to Irene and knelt in front of her. My cock was still half flaccid, but still quite large. Irene rubbed it a bit until it was hard again and quickly directed it into the little hole. I was now lying on her belly and tried to hold on with my hands, thrusting hard. Mother reached over and supported me by holding my bottom and pushing forward. Irene squirmed and moaned quite loudly, but then I could take no more, knelt up and plopped my cock out as Irene's abdomen just began to waltz firmly. Mother kissed Irene firmly in the mouth and rubbed Irene's clit, she pushed her abdomen firmly upwards and groaned like mad, because mother was now jerking very hard and Irene's body twitched and quivered. Then Irene let out a loud scream and mother let go of Irene's clit only when she stopped twitching.

All three of us gasped and fell asleep tightly embraced, so beautiful was this birthday. In the morning, Mother was still asleep, but Irene was already awake and when she saw me awake, we tickled each other and stayed quiet so Mother wouldn't wake up. Irene drank a big glass of water and moaned, her head pounding like a hammer, then looked to me playing with my cock under the covers. Quickly she slipped under the covers to me and whispered, "Let's do it, real quick, while Brigitte is asleep!" I slid on top of her and fucked, but when she moaned loudly, Mom awoke and looked sleepily over at us. She smiled as I squirted hard into Irene's vagina, then went back to sleep while Irene and I caught our breath.

Mother was lying with her back to us and must have been dreaming sweetly, because she stuck her bottom out wide and sometimes rubbed her abdomen against the blanket she had wedged between her legs. Irene stroked her bottom and very gently ran a finger up and down Mother's buttocks. Mother mumbled a little and stuck her bottom out even more, I sat up and looked at her little butt hole. Irene stroked her more and more and ran her finger up and down Mother's cleft, teasing the labia on the side with her finger and stroking mother with the other hand over the buttocks, stroked her small asshole.

Mother spun around sleepily and put her bent leg all the way to the side, opening wide and stretching her arms out to the sides. "Puss Purr!" she murmured, lolling comfortably as Irene gently stroked her tuft of hair and clit again. Mother grunted and mewed as Irene now widened the cleft with her finger and rubbed the clit with gentle rubbing. Then she looked up and was a little confused, but Irene kept going and Mother closed her eyes again, murmuring pleasantly. Now Irene knelt between Mother's legs and licked the cleft with her tongue. Mother opened her eyes. "The boy, no, don't, Irene!" but Irene kept on licking and Mother closed her eyes again.

Irene now opened Mother's cleft with both thumbs, and now I saw that the clit was protruded like a very small finger. Irene licked around it and mother squirmed and lolled, Irene licked and sucked on this tiny little finger-hump and mother was soon panting, as if fucking. Irene sucked for a very long time and Mother's abdomen

was soon heaving violently, she jerked her legs violently and Irene had latched onto her clit and was sucking it hard and Mother was crying out softly “Oh my God, oh God oh God!” She yanked Irene’s hair and tried to push her away, but Irene kept going, as I did with her when she screamed and squirmed.

Mother nudged Irene’s head to the side, opening and closing her legs quickly one behind the other. Then she dropped her knees to the side and lay sprawled like the frog in my animal book. I watched curiously as her slimy, wet flesh quivered, twitched and trembled, but the clit was no longer visible. Irene wiped her mouth and laughed, “Hey, that felt good, didn’t it?”

Yes, that did mother good, because later, when I was sometimes already too tired to fuck, Irene and she kissed each other in the mouth, cuddled and sucked each other very long and sweetly and rubbed each other.

Unfortunately this birthday was not repeated very often, Irene was very poor like mother and had to work a lot to get money. Once, when mother had a man with her again and I was with Irene, there was a knock and a man looked in. Irene kindly invited him in and they whispered. Irene shook her head and said that the boy was a cripple, then she looked at me and pressed her lips together so that I wouldn’t say anything. I nodded and remained seated.

Irene sat me down on a chair in the corner of the room and whispered to me to sit still and not to move, not to say anything. I nodded and Irene went back to the table, sat down on the sofa. The man put bills on the table and looked uncertainly at me a few times, but Irene turned his head around again and played with her hand on his pants. Some time later she opened her long dress and took off her panties, sat down with her legs spread and waited.

The man lowered his pants and let his cock dangle out. The cock was not as long as mine and not as thick, but small and crooked. He stared at the naked Irene and rubbed his cock until it was quite stiff, then he bent over and stuck it in Irene’s vagina. She acted very mendacious and as if she was already very excited, in between she winked

at me and laughed a bit. The man fucked a couple of times, then Irene pushed him out and it spurted a little from his cock, but not much. Irene reached over again and rubbed him hard, but nothing came. Then he quickly put his clothes back on and scurried out again.

Irene squatted down next to the bathtub and washed her vagina quite conscientiously. Then she beckoned me to sit back down at the table. I drank lemonade and said, "Was tiny, the cock!" Irene laughed and said, yes, that was the usual thing, the man only had a little tiny one, and we both laughed. I said, "Why do you have to do Irene mendacious, all mendacious and winked?" Irene thought, then she said that men like it when the woman moans and gasps quite a lot, that's good.

I didn't understand and asked, "When Jan fucks and Irene moans, too?" Irene took my head in her hands and hugged me sweetly. "But no, my little one, you are the best! That's when Irene moans, because it feels so good!" I wasn't quite reconciled yet, "Jan his cock is big enough though?" and Irene laughed in my ear, "But yes, my little silly, yours is big and thick and fucks well, better than all the others!" She kissed me on the mouth and looked me in the eyes laughing and I was very happy and proud.

I got up and went to the sofa and we fucked very hard, mother came in and sat at the table, smoking some cigarettes until Irene was done. I smiled at mother and continued to fuck as hard as I could. Mother smiled and stroked Irene's hair sweetly as she moaned and jerked loudly and cried a little until it was all squirted inside. I remained lying on Irene's quivering warm belly, listening to her fast heartbeat and my cock still twitched a little inside her, it was very fine! Irene told mother what we had talked about and mother suddenly had tears in her eyes and said that Jan was her sweetheart. Irene gently stroked my head and said with a smile that she could feel exactly how it was still twitching a little bit in her vagina.

"You know, Brigitte, if we earn some more, we could take a trip with Jan one day, maybe even to the sea!" and Mother nodded, but then she became sad and said that there would never be anything left

to save and that she soon couldn't stand it all anymore. I was very sad because Mother was so sad and crying. Mother dried my tears and we left again so that Irene could go on with her work.

That evening we were both very quiet and mother cried a little, drank heavily and a lot and looked again at the old pictures with baby Jan, half read aloud dad's letters from the war and cried again. I was very quiet and let my tears run down my cheeks only very softly, so that mother would not be even more sad. I soon went to bed and undressed almost entirely by myself; Mother was amazed and laughed at how well I had learned to do that. Then she turned off the light and continued to cry, I cuddled up to her very tightly, but she didn't want to fuck now and cried a lot.

Later we fucked yet, she stroked very gently my butt and said quietly crying, I am her dearest one and all, and I said she is also my everything, how dear I would love her and gave my best while fucking. But Mom said, "Please be very sweet to me today, don't be so wild!" and then stopped crying because I made every effort and fucked her very gently and sweetly. When she had shaken and wiggled a bit and I straightened up to squirt, she held me very gently and lightly while I squirted softly and carefully inside her, not at all wild and hard. Now she didn't cry at all and fell asleep even before I did.

A few days later the terrible thing happened, and I always have to cry when it comes back to my mind. Mother let in the big man who had been with us a few times before and whom we had been expecting. Irene had gone to the sea with a man to work, so I couldn't go down to her, so I was already waiting on the balcony and quietly closed the balcony door from the outside, hiding behind the curtain as usual and peering in through the crack. We were afraid of this man, because he was so tall that he had to bend down in the doorway and always forced mother first to lick his cock and then to let him fuck her very hard. He then always pulled the cock out, wiggled it with his hand and squirted on mother's chest or in her face. But he paid good money for it, mother said.

He put the money on the dresser, Mother pulled the dress apart and knelt down, taking the man's cock out of his pants with a serious

face and sucking on it. The big man stood there staring at the ceiling, grunted like a pig and tore a bit at mother's hair, pulling her head back. They went to the bed, the man lay backwards, and Mother sat down on his big cock to ride it.

Mother had once told me that that was why she feared him so much, because he fucked her much too hard and she got dizzy, so bad the man wanted to fuck her. That's why she would rather ride him, even though she didn't otherwise didn't like that at all, just as much as she didn't like sucking cock. Often mother succeeded in riding and the man squirted quite hard inside her hole and on the butt, because he slipped out, the rough dog, but he then always went grinning, without fucking mother so badly. But if she didn't succeed, then she had to lie on her back and he fucked her really badly until she screamed softly and then he pulled out his cock and squirted on her with his hand. Sometimes, however, he would leave his cock inside and pumped everything firmly into her hole, so that Mama needed a long time afterwards to wash his mucus out of herself. He was a rough dog, she said, and we were afraid of the next time.

Now mommy was riding up and down on the man very fast and hard, I saw his sack bouncing up and down and the cock poking in between her butt cheeks. After a very long time mom got tired of riding and bouncing, slowed down and stopped. The man was furious and turned her backwards onto the bed. His cock stood large and powerful, the thick, dark red glans in front. Mom straightened up and tried to wag it with her hand. But he pushed her hand aside, pushed Mom's legs apart with his paws, and looked at her vagina for a long time, then he stuck it in furiously and began to thrust at her violently.

Mama had her eyes closed and her lips pressed tightly together, he thrust hard like a buffalo or a whale and mama was tossed back and forth. He was getting wilder and wilder and Mama was squirming and screaming softly with each thrust. I saw the man in profile through the curtain gap, saw his huge cock as he dripped into Mama's cleft and Mama writhing, so badly was the man fucking her. Mom was being tossed back and forth very hard and soon she was just whimpering softly, then she fell silent and he continued to fuck

her hard like a lifeless doll and I hoped he would soon squirt and disappear, the rough dog.

He straightened up, remained motionless and I saw his cock now twitching violently and he was pumping everything into Mom, although she didn't like that either. Then I saw the man's hand dart down and all the blood and he stabbed Mom and I screamed at the top of my lungs, tore open the balcony door and lunged at the rough dog and pushed him with my head away from Mama who was writhing on the bed. I slipped beside the man and kept screaming like a lion, and the man was screaming too.

Jumping up, I spun again and rammed my head into his stomach, pushing him away and back with all my might, and saw the man stumble back onto the balcony and set after him, bumping my bloody head into his stomach again — and then he toppled over the balcony railing, screaming, and disappeared into the terrible depths. I felt a sharp pain in my face for the first time and saw blood dripping down my nose onto the floor. I put step before step and carefully looked over the railing into the depths. There the man lay like a smashed doll on the ground, now some passers-by gathered around him.

Mama, Gotfatha, what about Mama! I staggered into the room, there lay Mama writhing in pain on the bloody sheet, whimpering. The blood ran from my forehead over my eyes and I felt dizzy, I couldn't help mom and Gotfatha, please, what could I do now? Completely dazed, I kept yelling "One blood! One blood!" and finally got the door open, ran forward to the landing and shouted, "One blood! The mommy!" until I just croaked hoarsely and the men came, green-uniformed knights, with rifles in their hands. One held me close while two others went ahead and pointed the rifles around the living room. Then white-robed men came and carried Mom down on a stretcher.

The policeman who had held me down helped me to stand up and looked rather amazed when he saw my tiny little arms. Then a man dressed in white came and stuck a lot of plaster on my forehead and made a soft wrap around it, then he said to the policeman that they would have to stitch it up right away at the hospital. I felt quite sick,

the policeman just took me in his arms and carried me down. I was afraid, but I was very dizzy and the policeman put me in his car, which drove very fast through the streets. I didn't quite get it and fell asleep a little bit.

Then at the hospital, a white-coated man came into the bright room where the policeman was waiting with me. He poked me in the arm, and then I got even more dizzy and almost fell asleep. The white coat pricked and pressed my forehead and then made a new bandage. Turning to the policeman, he said, "A smooth cut, heal soon." Then he pinched me kindly in the cheek and left. I looked after him and asked, "Where's Mommy?" The policeman said that Mommy was in an operating room and we could visit her later.

I was still dazed and nauseous, that's how scared I was. "Am Afraid, Mr. Policeman," I said winging my head and staring at the door. He thought and asked, "Your mother is just a few floors up, and she'll be fine soon, then you can visit her. What are you afraid of?" I thought how he could ask so stupidly and pointed to the door with one little arm, "The rough dog, Mr. Policeman, the rough dog!" He looked at me in amazement, then asked, "What rough dog, Jan?" The doctor had asked my name and how old I was, so now everyone knew. That I was twelve and still one hand.

I told the policeman that the rough dog was the big man who fucked my mother so badly and then fell into the dangerous depths. The policeman was very patient and smoked many, many cigarettes, asked more and more questions. Whether the rough dog had often been with mother, and also other men, but I didn't really know anymore, because mother had inculcated in me that I wasn't allowed to talk to anyone about work and men, and certainly not about our fucking, or fucking with Irene, because the others didn't like that and found it terribly bad. I said nothing and kept looking at the door.

But the policeman kept asking, and I explained to him that the rough dog had fucked the mommy quite badly, although she does not like it at all and screams loudly, but the man is very big and strong. Then I looked to the door, because I was very afraid. Now the police-

man said that the big man will surely never come back. He nodded very seriously to this and repeated, "He will never, never again!"

I believed it, "Then I am glad, because I am very afraid of the rough dog!" Little by little I told him everything, that he fucked mommy so badly and she didn't want it, she screamed and he suddenly stabbed her with the knife and I also screamed and headbutted him, but he stabbed me in the head with the knife. Then I paused and the policeman added: "And then he fell down from the balcony" I nodded and I was very sad because I remembered mommy and the blood and I cried.

The policeman wrote everything in his book and then went to make a phone call. Later he came back and said that the woman Sabine from the welfare would take me to a home. Then he turned around again in the doorway and came back, stroked my head and said, "You're a brave guy, Jan, well-behaved protecting your mom!" I beamed and asked for the hundredth time when I would get to Mommy, but he thought long and hard and said the Mrs. Sabine would take me to her later. He gave me another friendly pinch on the cheek, then went and left me alone.

I waited a long time, a woman brought me tea and bread, but I could not put the bread in my mouth, so she had to stay and feed me. Then came Mrs. Sabine, very old and wrinkled, listened to everything and was very sad when I told her about the rough dog, about the terrible fucking, how I pushed him and he flew off the balcony. And whether we could finally go to mother now. Mrs. Sabine sighed deeply and led me out by the hand, we climbed up and down many steps and passed many people and doors.

Then we reached a room, there was a bed and someone was lying on it covered up. Mrs. Sabine stood there with me, then a gentleman in a white robe came and seemed to me to be the Gotfatha, the one with the long beard and the black glasses. He said to us, "I'm sorry!" and pulled back the cloth, and there lay Mother sleeping. I ran over and hugged her, but she was all cool and didn't wake up. Mrs. Sabine dragged me away and said that mother was now in a better life and with the angels.

The Gotfatha was at first astonished, then he looked at me more closely and nodded to himself. "Your mother was very brave, but then she fell asleep, forever, and is with the angels!" He cleared his throat and covered the mother with the cloth again. I was dazed and in tears cried out to the Gotfatha, what should I do without mother? But he went out without a word and Mrs. Sabine said that she would take me to a nice home with the nuns and there I would have a nice life. I cried and screamed that I wanted to go to mother, but then she pointed again to the covered body and whispered that poor mother had had to suffer a lot because the bad man had stung her, but now she was gone, unfortunately gone forever and could not wake up, come to her Jan.

"Gone, like father!" I sobbed in despair and Mrs. Sabine nodded. I cried for a long time and she held me warmly and tightly, letting my tears drip onto her blouse. Then we were to say goodbye to Mother. I looked at Mrs. Sabine in amazement, but then said artfully, "Good-bye, Mother!" and cried again. She pulled me away by the hand, for she had another appointment, which I did not understand, but it meant that we both had to walk fast.

While we waited for the cab, Mrs. Sabine gossiped with the woman at the reception desk about the convent where we were going. The woman said that this convent was already a little strange, had broken away from Rome and was now a reception center for all sorts of sisters, those who opposed the church or otherwise refused obedience. Some are said to have broken their vows and not even secretly, just think! Strange is the convent, very strange indeed; in fact, strictly speaking, it would no longer be a convent at all. Mrs. Sabine sighed and said that this was true, but one had no choice as a caretaker where to take the children. Besides, because of her, the sisters may be anything but good nuns, but they are simply the only ones who have a place and a heart for the many orphans in times like these. And she didn't really care what happened at night, the main thing was that she could safely house another poor worm. Later she sat down with me in a car and the man drove us through all the streets, driving on and on, and then stopped in front of a very big house.

The Monastery

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

Surprisingly, the nuns were all dressed in black, not white like those in the hospital. Mrs. Sabine talked to the nuns for a long time in the office while I sat in the hallway waiting; it seemed very long to me, at least. Then they came out of the office and spoke kindly to me. Mrs. Sabine said that I would stay with the nuns for a few days until they went on. And the old nun pointed to the young, friendly nun and said, “This is Sister Veronika, she will take care of little Jan for the next few days, do you understand?” I nodded and grabbed Sister Veronika’s hand with my little fingers, for she smiled kindly and was so young, much younger than Mother or Irene. “I’m sure we’ll become good friends!” said Sister Veronika, and I nodded, although I could see that she had only a very small breast under her black dress, and if we were to become good friends, she would have to get a big breast like Mother or Irene.

I said artfully, “Goodbye, Mrs. Sabine!” and went hand in hand with Sister Veronika to the kitchen, where I got a fine dinner. Sister Veronika understood right away that I could not do much with my hands and that she had to feed me. She smiled sweetly from under her hood and fed me. Then I was given another cup of sour tea and then I ran again hand in hand with Sister Veronika through the corridors. She told me that there were some little boys and girls living in this home, here and here were the dormitories — she pointed with her hand left and right — but I was already a big man, so I would get my own room.

I said I was afraid to sleep alone, but Sister Veronika said that there had been a bit of sleeping powder from the Sandman in the tea and I would surely sleep well. I trotted along beside her until she opened a door. It was a simple, clean room with only a bed and a chair. Sister Veronika pointed to the bed and said, “Good night, Jan!” She turned to leave, and I called after her, “Please undress me, Sister Veronika!”

She turned and came back to me, helping me undress. She first wanted to send me to bed with my underpants on, but I defiantly persisted until she finally pulled my underpants down and turned red, when she saw my cock. She quickly looked away and covered me up. I sent her a goodnight kiss through the air and she smiled shyly back before turning out the light and closing the door. I was very afraid in the semi-darkness, my heart pounding with fear and only slowly calming as I curled up and stroked the glans with my fingertips until I fell asleep.

In the morning she woke me very early, drew the curtains and let the morning sun in. I blinked and said, "Gudmorn, Sister Veronica!" She helped me get dressed and said there was breakfast. I said, "First bathe, then breakfast!" She looked perplexed and asked what I meant. "Bath first, then breakfast, mother always does that! Otherwise I stink!" and then I cried because mother was still asleep and had to stay with the little angels. Sister Veronika comforted me and pressed me to her skinny breast; she was very sweet, stroked my hair and murmured, "My poor little darling!"

So we went into the bathroom. Sister Veronika let the water run in and undressed me in the large white tiled room where there was a bathtub and four toilets without doors and a large laundry basket, embarrassed she looked to the side as she took off my underpants again. She was obviously very afraid of my cock and always looked only briefly. My cock was already very hard today, because I had not fucked yesterday and it was already really pushing me. I stood next to the bathtub, my cock looking firmly forward and Sister Veronika didn't look at it the whole time or looked away right away. Then I sat down in the water and waited. Nurse Veronika rolled up her sleeves and soaped me up, rubbed me with a hard washcloth and especially cleaned my hands, firmly rubbing my feet and legs.

Her hand tentatively approached my abdomen, the washcloth passed infinitely delicately and carefully along the inner thighs and touched the little bag. Immediately the cock twitched. Sister Veronika pulled back the washcloth and soaped it firmly. Then she went again with infinite caution along the inner thigh and touched

the sack, rubbed it a bit, then tentatively embraced the cock with the washcloth to wash it.

In an instant, it squirted. Sister Veronika jerked back and straightened up. Another jet shot out of the cock, I felt a violent urge to touch me and grabbed the glans with my little fingers, stroked firmly and squirted out all the gushes. Sister Veronika stood sideways turned away, kept her reddened face lowered and looked under her eye-lashes at my strange actions. I said, "Finished, Sister Veronika!" and stood up, a few drops of viscous mucus still fell into the water while I waited patiently for Sister Veronika to dry me off. She still had a red Face and did not say a word.

Maybe I had done something wrong, anyway she was silent and led me to the kitchen where I got a breakfast. Then I sat in the play-room all day and watched the other children. But I kept aloof, because the children were afraid of me and I was afraid of them.

I didn't see Sister Veronika again until the evening, when she gave me something to eat. We smiled at each other and I awkwardly stroked her shoulder before we walked hand in hand to the room. As she undressed me and my cock flapped out of my underpants again, I said, "Squirt please, Sister Veronika!" and held out my hard-on to her. Again she was terribly embarrassed and shook her head vigorously, silently gesturing for me to lie down in bed. Again she was terribly embarrassed because my hard-on stood erect as she put me to bed. Then she sat down at the edge of the bed and stroked my hair.

"I'm a nun," she said, "and nuns don't do that, that ... with the cock. Do you understand that, little Jan?" I shook my head in the negative and asked, "And fuck?" Veronika turned very red, shook her head and looked down at the floor. I asked, "Why?" She thought for a long time, then said that the nuns had promised not to do it. I said that that was stupid, because I had to squirt, didn't she understand? But she shook her head and remained silent. "And what do you do?" I asked, because my hard-on was already giving me a great squeeze. Sister Veronica kissed me goodnight on the forehead, got up and went to the door. "I'm going to pray and think, Jan, then we'll see!" Sister Veronika turned out the light and closed the door quietly.

I writhed and squirmed until I halfway reached the hard-on and rubbed firmly up and down for a long time, squirting intermittently and continuing to rub gently until I was quite done and fell asleep.

The next morning Sister Veronika woke me cheerfully, pulled back the curtain and said, “Up, up! Hurry, hurry, little Jan!” I asked, “Good morning, Sister Veronika! Have you been praying about the squirting, Sister Veronika?” Cheerfully she said “Yes, I did, and we’re sure to have something there!” she said, and immediately lowered her eyes again, for I had gotten up and she had to look at my strong cock. She blushed terribly again, put a bath towel around me and we went into the bathroom.

She let the water in and undressed me, blushing all over as she saw my cock again. She told me to stop and wait until she came back. Then she went out and I waited. The water was running and I peed in the water. Then I waited again. The door opened and Sister Veronika came in with another nurse. She gestured for me to get into the bathtub and said, “This is Sister Maria, I’m sure you remember her, she works in the kitchen. She will do it.” Then she stopped and Sister Maria smiled kindly at me.

She was all old and wrinkled in the face, but was very kind, rolled up her sleeves and washed me a little. She smiled when she saw my hard-on, knelt down and took it in her hand, “Do you like it right now, little Jan?” and I nodded quickly, smiling back. Sister Maria was not at all afraid of my cock and remained friendly, grasping it tightly and rubbing up and down. I looked to Sister Veronika, she was standing behind Sister Maria, watching silently. I closed my eyes and leaned my head back, enjoying Sister Maria’s rubbing. “Tell me when it comes!” said Sister Maria and I nodded languidly.

When I felt it, I said, “Please, it’s coming!” Sister Maria pointed my cock into the water and rubbed it some more, holding it under the water, and then it splashed firmly, drifting away in little white flakes. Sister Maria held the cock under the water and squeezed it hard. I said artfully, “Thank you, Sister Maria!” and stood up. Sister Maria now left again, Sister Veronika soaped me up and finished

bathing me. Then she asked if that had been fine, and I said how fine it had been.

Now I spent the day again watching the children play. At noon Sister Veronika fed me and asked how the morning had been. I said that I liked being with the children, but now I would rather go to bed. Sister Veronika got up and we went into the room hand in hand. She undressed me and covered me. Then she turned to go. I called out, "Please stay, Veronika!" She turned around and sat back down on the edge of the bed.

I squirmed and writhed, kicking the bedspread away with my feet. I stroked the glans with my fingertips and smiled up at Sister Veronika, who blushed but remained seated with me. I smiled at her and arched my back quite hard, gripping the cock tightly and rubbing up and down as best I could. Sister Veronika watched me breathlessly, I looked up at her strained and rubbed as hard as I could. She bent over and took a close look at it as it squirted out the front. I squeezed it all out, to the last drop, and stretched again, sighing.

Sister Veronika dabbed the semen with a little cloth and covered me. Then she asked, "Are you feeling better now, little Jan?" and I answered, "Yes, Sister Veronika, now I'll sleep a little. Only my back hurts from contorting." She nodded regretfully and asked, "And then tomorrow, at bath time, squirt again?" I shook my head and said, "Yes, Sister Veronika, but maybe again tonight!" She shook her head and smiled, "You must be a bad one, you sweetie!" and very sweetly and kindly cuddled my hair.

I sensed that she meant the "bad" in a friendly way and grinned back. Then I asked her, "Going to pray again, Sister Veronica, tomorrow I want to fuck!" She flinched and became serious, "You know we nuns don't fuck... that we don't do that!" I said that this was quite stupid, because fucking is very beautiful, but Sister Veronica shook her head vigorously and left me. I slept a little, then I got up and started to count the ribs of the radiator, but there were too many. I counted and counted, but I couldn't get it done.

Then, when I heard someone walk by, I opened the door and looked out. A nurse I had never seen before stopped and looked at me, took a long look at my little hands and fingers and at my dangling cock, then asked what was wrong? I said that Sister Veronika should come back and dress me. Sister Veronika came a little later and took me to the big playroom. I discovered a great book and leafed through it as best I could. There were again many animals, small and big, also crocodiles and snakes. I told Sister Veronica that I liked animal books. She said she would come back in the evening and let me continue reading the book.

In the evening she fed me and we laughed as I told her how crocodiles had their babies, and then she laughed again and said the crocodiles laid eggs from which the babies hatched. We laughed a lot, because I had never heard anything so silly, because crocodiles don't look like chickens, and Veronika laughed because she thought it was so funny. I hugged her and pressed my face against her bosom, thinking of Mother at the Gotfatha and cried for a long time. She let me cry it out and let my tears drip on her black frock, soothed me and said it was time to go to bed.

While undressing, I asked her if she wanted to fuck, but she shook her head and smiled again, saying I already knew she wasn't allowed to! I chattered blithely on that my cock was stiff again, something had to be done. "Of course," she said lightly, "just do it, little Jan!" I lay down and the cock stood upright, Sister Veronika sat down on the edge of the bed and looked at me expectantly. I arched my back a little and stroked the glans with my fingers, then said, "The back still hurts!" and let go again.

Sister Veronika looked at me big. She blushed when I said, "You do it, Veronika!" She hesitated and looked at me with flying breath. "What, right now?" she asked, and I nodded. "Please do it, dear Sister Veronika!" With a pounding heart, she pulled up her sleeve and gently grabbed my cock. I stretched it out even more and pushed my bottom a little up and down, sliding my cock back and forth in Veronika's hand. She remembered how it went and gently rubbed up and down. "Please a little harder, dear Veronika!" I said and she obeyed.

Her sleeve flapped and her breasts jiggled up and down under the black dress, she was soon panting with the effort, but she did it quite right and all at once it squirted up high. Her hand jerked back, agonizingly a stream flowed out and I gasped, "Don't stop, keep going!" She carefully reached down onto the slime-wet cock, rubbed firmly once more, and a few more drops squirted out. Then she wiped the slime off my cock and off her hand. I said artfully, "Thank you, Sister Veronika, that was very good!" and lay straight down, lolling to sleep. She covered me and pressed a long kiss on my forehead, then she turned off the light and left.

The next morning, when we were dressed and walking hand in hand to bathe, old Sister Maria came to meet us, she had already put in warm water and was ready to bathe me. I was about to say that Veronika could do it quite well herself, but Veronika shook her head and put a finger over her mouth. I kept silent and let Sister Maria undress me. Sister Veronika stood in the background and pushed her hands into her sleeves, while Sister Maria now took off my underpants and stroked my cock a few times with her hand. I sat down in the tub and waited.

Sister Maria immediately reached for my cock and began to rub it firmly. Then she said, "Veronika, come closer, take another good look!" Sister Veronika stepped behind her and looked over her shoulder. Sister Maria was now rubbing really fast, she was really good at that, and then I said, "It's coming, Sister Maria, it's coming!" Now she held the cock under water and kept rubbing, it started to splash and again the mucus swam away in white flakes. Now Sister Maria squeezed the cock a few times to get the rest of the mucus out and let me go. I said, "Thank you, Sister Maria!" and leaned back, closing my eyes.

Now Sister Maria turned and said, "Veronica, kneel beside me and try!" Sister Veronika stepped forward and knelt down, rolled up a sleeve, reached into the water and put her hand around my cock. I was amazed, because it certainly didn't squirt again that quickly. Now Sister Maria said, "Rub!" and Veronika lifted the limp cock out of the water, rubbing it back and forth so that it just splashed. Then Sister Maria said, "Squirt!" and I squeezed hard, but of course noth-

ing came, my cock hadn't even gotten hard yet. Sister Veronika pretended to squirt and pushed my cock deep under the water. Then Sister Maria: "Push!" and Sister Veronika pushed dutifully. I liked this game! Sister Maria stood up and nodded. "That went quite well!" and began to handle the laundry in the clothes basket.

I let Sister Veronika soap me up and asked, "When do you bathe, by the way? actually, Veronika?" and she remained silent, continued to lather and soap me up. Sister Maria looked around after a while and said, "Well, tomorrow again, tomorrow is our bath day!" I saw as Veronika was a bit annoyed and continued to ask, "Bathing together, are we bathing together?" Sister Veronika shook her head.

Nurse Maria came over to us. "Do you think we all bathe together?" she asked with a grin. I nodded and said to Sister Veronika, "That's very funny, I'm very good at bathing together!" Sister Maria thought while Veronika continued to scrub me down. She looked at me and shook her head vigorously. Sister Maria now knelt beside her, washed me too, and spoke at length to Sister Veronika, for she also wanted to bathe together. Then she got up grumbling and went again sullenly to her laundry basket.

When she had gone and Veronika was drying me off, I asked why she had a black dress on and Sister Maria had a brown one. Now Sister Veronika smiled and said she was a nun who had taken vows and Sister Maria was not, she was a simple sister. What that means, I asked. Veronika thought, then tried to explain that she had promised, like the other nuns, to stay in the convent forever and to obey, and that she herself had to remain very well-behaved. "The one about not fucking?" said I, and she nodded. "Then Sister Mary may go away, from the convent?" I asked, and Veronika nodded. "And fuck!" Sister Veronika shrugged her shoulders. "Don't know, little Jan!" I nodded, proud to have understood something so difficult.

At noon Sister Veronika could not come, Sister Maria fed me and took me back to the playroom; she had to go back to the kitchen and had no time to put me to bed. I read with the other children in the picture books and explained to them how it is with the animals and how they get the little ones. After a while they left me standing there,

shouting in confusion, one boy scornfully saying that I didn't even know that, that I didn't know anything, actually. I cried for a long time, thinking of the cold, sleeping mother who was now with the angels and of the Gotfatha who had simply left her under the cloth, with the angels.

In the evening, Sister Veronika again fed me and put me to bed. I looked her in the eyes for a long time and wiggled my bottom, after a while she rolled up her sleeve with a sigh and slid her hand under the covers. I immediately kicked free and enjoyed it, from rubbing I soon became very excited and squirted. Now Veronika continued until I was done. "Thank you, dear Veronika!" I said as she dabbed me clean and wiped her hands.

Veronika was still sitting on the edge of the bed and wanted to talk. "The Mother Superior has ordered me, to do everything for you, so feed food, study and put on clothes, but also to go with you to the bathroom, bathing and ... that." I asked, "Squirting, too?" Sister Veronika looked at the floor, then said a little uncertainly, "Yes, squirting too, I think!" She smiled sheepishly with her sweaty, red face and said, "I've never done this before, Jan. Never done that before, Jan, I have to get used to it," and I asked her to get used to it quickly, because I was very fond of her.

Then I asked curiously who the Mother Suwearrior was. She improved, "Mother Superior!" and said that she had been sitting in the front of the office when I arrived. I said, "The old nun with the fat silver cross on the necklace?" and Veronica nodded. I smacked her a big goodnight kiss through the air and closed my eyes.

The next morning we went to the bathroom again, Sister Veronika carrying a thick towel and a laundry bag in her other hand. When we entered, Sister Maria was just running the water and had already opened her headscarf. She had short, light gray hair and very many wrinkles on her face and neck. Now she undressed me and told me to get into the water, then she took off her robe completely. She was very fat and bacon-wrinkled and had a very light gray tuft of hair between her legs.

She now also got into the tub, sat down opposite me with her legs spread and told Sister Veronika to hurry up at last. Sister Veronika did not dare to hurry, so Sister Maria told her not to do so, they had also bathed together week after week. While Sister Veronika turned her back to us and undressed, I stared at Sister Maria's tuft of hair. There was a deep, red gap and I could also see her little hole very clearly.

Sister Veronika covered her breasts with her crossed arms and came over to us. She was slim and slender, had very small, pointed breasts and short-cropped blond hair, a small light blond tuft of hair between her legs, but her cleft could only be guessed at. Sister Maria pulled me forward by the shoulder and told Veronika to sit behind me. Veronika got in and I sank back, onto Sister Veronika's lap.

Sister Maria had noticed that I had been staring at her little hole the whole time and was getting a very hard cock from it. She grinned and asked if the prince wanted it now? I was confused at first, but guessed what she meant and nodded. "But I like fucking even better!" I said, and she looked at me in surprise. "Yes, really?" she asked, and I thought that this was a stupid question after all and nodded vigorously.

She smiled to herself, shaking her head, and reached forward onto my cock; her cleft and hole widening as she leaned forward. Then she rubbed away firmly, her whole fat body jerking along. I felt Veronika's body quivering along under my butt. This went on for a while, then I squirted, and Sister Maria quickly held my cock in the water so that the flakes could swim there. Maria pressed and asked, "Was it good, my little prince?" and I nodded. Then I leaned against the shivering Veronika and closed my eyes, her body felt so good.

Now Sister Mary washed herself with all zeal, soaping herself and rubbing the soap on her body. Veronika in the meantime also scrubbed me and soaped me up, washed me very lovingly and tenderly. Then she told me to get out of the bath, Sister Maria also came out of the water and put a bath towel around me.

Sister Veronika, still trembling, washed herself, soaped her chest and legs with the washcloth, and then washed everything off again; then she stood up in the bathtub and stopped facing the wall, put her arms away at her sides and waited. She was trembling and shaking all over. Sister Maria soaped her back, then pushed her shoulders forward and pulled her hips back until Veronika stretched out her buttocks and cleft all wide open. Then Sister Maria reached into the butt crack with the washcloth and rubbed there really hard, sliding forward deeper and rubbing Veronika's slit clean as well. Veronika gasped loudly and squirmed at this firm rubbing, stretched her buttocks even further out, quite wide open she stretched her cleft towards Sister Maria.

Now Sister Maria put the washcloth in the water, splashed water with her hand on Sister Veronika's legs and buttocks, then rubbed her butt hole and slit with her hand until Sister Veronika was panting heavily. Sister Maria's finger drilled deep into Veronika's buttocks to her clit, rubbed again until she gasped and cried loudly and came to the end. Then Sister Veronika straightened herself up with a red head, got out of the water and wrapped the bath towel around herself. She dried me off and dressed me quickly.

Sister Maria had meanwhile sat down on one of the four toilets and I heard her pee make, then she farted so loudly that it droned only in such a way. Sister Veronika turned her back to me and got dressed, now I looked back again and saw that Sister Maria had her hand between her legs. Sister Veronika became very embarrassed about this, grabbed me rather violently by the shoulders and pulled me out, there she quickly finished putting on her habit. Silently we went into the large playroom. She said that she would pick me up again in the evening and left, because she had to go to school to work.

At noon, I got Sister Maria's lunch, and I told her that I saw her still in the bathroom, rubbing. She quickly said "Shh!" and looked around, I was also afraid and looked around, maybe the rough dog came again after all. But it was nothing, and Sister Mary smiled conspiratorially again and asked in a whisper what I was doing after dinner. I whispered back, "I want to go to bed!" and took another spoon-

ful of semolina porridge. “And fuck!” I said with my full mouth and smiled at her. She was very nervous and said again “Shh!” but again no one came. Then I ate everything dutifully and she wiped my mouth.

After dinner I got up and she took my hand, we walked to the room. Sister Maria went waddling along and kept looking around. Once in the room I said, “Please undress!” and stood. Sister Maria undressed me and felt my cock, which was already swollen so tight again. “Please fuck, Sister Maria!” said I and stretched my cock out to her. She inhaled sharply as I touched the cowl with my little fingers and lifted it a bit. She sat down on the edge of the bed and flipped the robe all the way up so that I could see her tuft of gray hair and the pink cleft could be seen well. My cock tightened even more from this and throbbed.

I positioned myself between her legs and said, “Please, have to hold me!” Sister Maria grabbed my shoulders and pulled me forward, my cock sliding into her cleft. The little hole was very small and tight, the cock didn’t go in right away, but I squeezed my cock in and then smiled into her wrinkled face.

The fucking pleased her well, she soon understood how to hold me and we fucked very quickly. I asked, “Is it good?” and she nodded with her eyes closed. “It’s coming, Sister Maria!” I shouted because I was already finishing very quickly and she hugged me very tightly as I squirted and let it all trickle into her. I sighed deeply and said, “Thank you, Sister Maria!” She pulled her robe back into place and put me to bed. In the afternoon, Sister Veronika took me to play and count. When she put me to bed after supper, she asked how it had gone today, and I said cheerfully, “Good, good fucking today!”

Sister Veronika turned quite pale, then she said that I was probably just making a joke. But I shook my head and stuck my cock out at her. But she didn’t feel like it today, sat silently next to it and left me to do it alone.

For the next few days, Sister Maria rubbed me only very briefly, then she called Veronika forward, who now had to kneel down and

roll up her sleeve. She rubbed very carefully and Sister Maria always talked into her what she should do. Veronika made me squirt under water and let the flakes float away; she kept rubbing until it stopped completely. Afterwards I was washed and then Sister Maria said that Sister Veronika could now do it alone and that she would not have to come with me tomorrow.

But that was a very thick lie, because after lunch she brought me back into the room and stripped me naked, tickled me and propped me up with both arms on the bed with her frock turned up and my bottom stretched out. I already knew this from Irene and pushed my cock from behind into her little hole, which was very troublesome because it was so small and tight. But this time she liked the fucking much better and she reached between her legs with one hand and jerked the clit until the hole began to pinch and I squirted everything inside again. She continued rubbing the clit until she slumped forward and lay there quietly for a moment, then she said that little Jan can fuck very well and she wanted to come again tomorrow at noon.

In the next few days, Sister Veronika bathed me in the morning, because Sister Maria stayed away, as she said she would. At noon, when Sister Veronika was working at school, Sister Maria would come along after lunch and we would have a great fuck, usually bent over the edge of the bed or the chair, rubbing the little clit at the same time, which she liked very much. In the evening Veronika came again and usually left me to do it alone, so that I would learn it, for later. She often said that it was better to be able to do everything myself. But sometimes I asked her, because it was too tedious for me alone, and she let me gently squirt into her hand.

Then came the bathing day again. Like the last time, Sister Maria was already waiting for us, running the water and was already half undressed. She quickly undressed me, while Sister Veronika undressed with her back to us. Stealthily, Sister Maria rubbed my cock a bit before I got into the water. Then she also got into the water and I looked at her cleft and the little hole again. She grinned and showed it all because she was a dear little prankster.

Then Sister Veronika was also undressed and sat behind me again. We splashed and splashed each other, Sister Veronika and Maria tickled me and I laughed until I ran out of air, and stood with my hard-on between the two in the water. “Well, look, what have we here?” said Sister Maria with feigned astonishment, holding my hard-on in her hand. “What are we doing, really?” I said artfully, “Please squirt, Sister Maria!” and she nodded. I looked at Sister Veronika, who smiled at me and nodded affirmatively with a shrug of her shoulders.

Sister Maria began to rub, I slowly got down on my knees and moved my cock closer and closer to her, she rubbed and pulled me to her at the same time. All of a sudden I slid forward. My cock immediately found her cleft and I put it into her hole as fast as I could. I heard Veronika call softly, “But Sister Maria!” And looked back while fucking. Veronika had her hands in front of her face. I kept fucking and it splashed loudly, Sister Maria pushed her vagina towards me and Veronika blinked between her fingers curiously, her mouth made a big O. Sister Maria kept her legs spread wide, had grabbed me by the butt and pushed my cock firmly into herself, in and out. I saw that Veronika was looking fascinated at my cock, which kept pumping and disappearing into Maria’s little hole. I spread my legs even more so that she could see everything and then I had to squirt. Sister Maria held me pressed into her and was very happy because I let everything run into her; Veronika was now shaking like a leaf and whispered again and again, “Oh no, oh no!”.

I stayed on Maria’s belly for a moment, then we all started washing. Veronika washed me very gently and was a little distracted, I had to tell her that I did not have only one leg and she had to wash the second one too. She smiled and said, sorry, I forgot all about that and I thought, how can you forget a second leg? Sister Maria finished first and lifted me out of the bath, hung a bath towel around me again.

Sister Veronika was quite nervous and washed herself very quickly, got up immediately and stood with her face to the tiles. She was trembling all over her body and pushed her bottom out wide by itself. Sister Maria soaped her up very firmly with the washcloth, Veronika stretched her bottom very far back and Sister Maria soaped

her bottom and cleft very firmly. Then she put away the washcloth and continued to soap with her hand. Veronika trembled and groaned and cried a little. Sister Maria put a finger in Veronika's asshole and pushed a little, so that Veronika trembled more and sighed.

Maria pulled the finger out of the asshole again and stroked firmly up and down the clit. Veronika sighed and trembled all over, went even more to her knees and now held on to the taps. She stretched her bottom out very far, sobbing and circling her bottom in the air, so that Sister Maria could reach in even further and finally found Veronika's clit. Veronika trembled, moaned and cried and slumped forward, tossing and turning. I stood beside her and stroked her head with my little fingers, "Don't cry, sister Veronika!" Her bottom jerked back and forth for a long time until Sister Maria stopped. Then Maria dressed herself silently and went out with the Laundry basket outside.

I waited, shivering, for a long time until Sister Veronica slowly came out of the water, dried me off, and dressed me. Then she turned her tear-stained face to the wall and got dressed. Silently we walked down the hall, but she was mistaken and took me not to the playroom, but to my room. She looked up in surprise as we were already sitting on the edge of the bed. She reconsidered and we remained seated for a few moments.

"We nuns don't want to do anything like that," she said, "we promised not to fuck, not to play with us down there." She was silent for a long time, looking through the floor. "And also to abstain from anything that gives pleasure to the body!" I looked sadly at the floor, because she also looked sad, but I did not understand. Then she continued, "I hold back all the time. All the time, but sometimes it overcomes me, floods me like a wave and I can't do anything about it. Especially when I watch you or now before when I see your fucking. Sister Maria shouldn't do it, but it's not as strict for her as it is for me. Black robe, brown robe, you remember." I nodded, I had already understood that. But why Sister Veronika wasn't allowed to do anything at all, I didn't understand at all. She looked very sad and cried a little. I stroked her arm and her bosom with my little fingers and said again and again, "Don't cry, Sister Veronika!"

But she still continued to cry a little. I wanted to be quite brave and said, “Mustn’t rub Jan anymore when it sloshes over you, mustn’t cry because of Jan and fucking!” But she smiled at me with eyes wet with tears and shook her head: “No, dear Jan, I didn’t mean it that way. You are a very poor man and I will help you as long as you need me!” I nodded with relief and yet rejoiced because I had been so brave, I very poor.

So many days passed, Sister Maria came almost every day and fucked me, she had less shyness now that Sister Veronika knew. Sometimes when Sister Veronika came in in the afternoon, I would stop in fright and wait for her to close the door again so it wouldn’t flood her. The next bath day I didn’t fuck Sister Maria and winked conspiratorially at Veronika while flakes spurted out of my cock under water again.

Sister Maria rubbed her today no longer so hard while bathing and also did not make her gasp. In the evening I asked Sister Veronika if that was not very brave because I did not fuck in the bathroom and Sister Maria did not make her cry today. She stroked my hair and said that Jan was her very best friend. She had only one other friend besides me, the Christ. I was very surprised, because in the monastery the little wooden men had been nailed to the cross everywhere and they called that the Christ. I distrusted the thing, because also the Christ with his nailed little arms was a Cripple like me.

When we had finished fucking at noon, Sister Maria took me to the big playroom, where Sister Veronika was usually already waiting and studying hard with me. She showed me a book with all the letters and I got paper and pencil and drew squiggles and zigzags and the capital B. The old bear came to mind and I cried bitterly, for he was all alone and from the balcony it went far into the dangerous depths down.

The old nun from the office with the glittering cross around her neck, the Sister Superior I think, came into the playroom and called out, “Jan, visitors for you!” I didn’t know what it was and remained sitting with my mouth open. Sister Veronika nudged me in the side to get up, the old nun smiled sternly and said, “Shoo, shoo, come

along!" I dutifully followed and walked behind her, into the office. There sat Irene and a funny, colorfully dressed man with a big moustache.

I cried out joyfully and rushed at Irene, hugging her tightly and crying, letting my tears drip on her neck, which ran quite merrily between her breasts into the cleft and disappeared under her sweater. Then I was allowed to sit on her lap and they talked about me for a long time.

Mr. Kalle and Irene had just come back from the sea now and had heard the terrible thing. They wanted to take me right away, to Mr. Kalle's big new apartment, and Irene showed a letter from Mother, where she had written to Irene that she should take good care of me when she was no longer here. But it didn't work right away, the old nun said, playing with the cross that hung around her neck, the welfare office and the police and others had to be asked. Irene promised to take care of everything and to visit me again.

The old nun smiled sternly at me again, then she mumbled, what do I think about this? I didn't know how to ask the police and the other office, so I said, "Don't know, old sister, have to ask police!" She smiled grimly and asked again, "Don't you want to live with Aunt Wanek?" I nodded quickly and fiercely and held Irene's neck very tightly, never letting go. The old nun smiled softly now and folded up her writing book. I was allowed to walk with Irene to the gate and admire Mr. Kalle's new car, which was all purple and had white-red seats and no roof, but very long wings in the back. "A Fleetwood," Mr. Kalle said winking in his deep voice and I winked, because Mr. Kalle loved Irene very much and patted her bottom kindly as we walked out of the convent and the old Sister Superior coughed because she had choked.

Sister Veronika cried a little bravely, then she shook hands with Mr. Kalle and Irene. "I'm sure he'll have a great time with us!" said Irene, and then she hugged Sister Veronika and held her very tightly. I gulped as they drove off with squealing tires and felt for Veronika's hand. When we went inside, I saw her tears and said, "Don't cry, Veronika, I'm still here!" Then I said to her that if one day my little

arms become longer one day, that I would also hug her as sweetly as Irene.

I studied hard now and counted pencils until my head was dizzy, but Sister Veronika urged me on, we wanted to surprise Aunt Irene Wanek with how much I had learned in the meantime. The days passed, then came again our bath day, and this time Sister Maria pulled me onto her lap and reached all around me, I stretched my cock towards Sister Veronika and Maria rubbed very firmly from behind.

Sister Veronika stared at me and became quite restless as Maria rubbed quite firmly, aiming the tip of my cock at Veronika. The harder she rubbed, the more she pushed me forward, almost touching Veronika with my cock. She rubbed and pushed me forward until my cock touched Veronika and the first jets splashed onto her chest. Then Maria quickly held the cock under water, where it made white flakes again.

Veronika stood up and faced the wall, very hard trembling. Sister Maria quickly got out of the water and just let me sit. Maria just rubbed Veronika's clit today, I sat in the water and looked up from below between Veronika's legs, who began to cry again and circled her bottom, panting. I looked at Sister Maria's finger, which was rubbing Veronika's clit very quickly. I stood up as Veronika slumped more and more, burying her tear-stained face against my neck, resting against my shoulders, and crying some more. Nevertheless, she stretched out her little clit in demand, letting Maria to continue rubbing her clit with a pinched face. I bravely supported her until Sister Maria stopped, because Veronika was now twitching so hard that I felt it too. Then I stood motionless for a long time and Veronika held me tightly, pushing herself against me so that I could feel the quivering and undulating of her body.

Afterwards, however, Sister Veronika was no longer so sad and went with me to study. After lunch I was very hot and she tucked me into bed. Sister Maria stuck her head in the door, but today we couldn't fuck because I already had a high fever. Sister Veronika remained sitting next to me and fed me and gave me hot, bitter tea. I

slept all day and dreamed that the Gotfatha had come and tapped my breast and afterwards listened to it with the rubber tube. I slept long and soundly again and Sister Veronika sat beside my bed reading her little book. The buffaloes and lions ran grunting up and down in the desert, making dust fountains and a whirlwind with their running, a crocodile laid an egg and it rolled and rolled over the balcony and burst in the dangerous depths.

I awoke cheerfully and looked around; it was still very early because the sun was not yet shining behind the curtain, and Sister Veronica lay in her black habit beside me on the bed and slept, smiling in her sleep like the dear little child in the Christmas manger. Her habit had slipped all the way up over her knee and she held one leg bent. I looked at her for a long time, then gently tugged at the frock and pulled it all the way up, to the belt, stroking her little tuft of blond hair and soft, downy cleft.

Infinitely tender and careful, I stroked her thighs upward and looked into her face because she was smiling in the dream. I very gently pulled her leg and she followed my finger in the dream and opened, hesitantly opened her cleft. I very carefully felt inside and stroked her with my little finger, very gently. She opened her eyes a bit and lolling, but she continued to sleep smiling and I searched carefully in her cleft until I found the clit. I stroked it very lightly and Veronika smiled in her dream, I stroked the little clit, but Veronika was already trembling and woke up immediately.

“But Jan, what are you doing?” she asked sleepily, lolling like the Puss Purr. I sped up and now she was shaking all over again, panting softly, “Oh my God, oh my God!”, stretching her arms out to her sides. I felt that the little clit liked to be rubbed, so I went on faster and Veronika trembled and then twitched quite wildly with her abdomen, while some tears ran down her laughing cheeks. Quickly she closed her legs and pulled down the robe again, turned on her belly and hid her face crying in the wide sleeves, while her body was still a little bit flowing.

Cautiously, I pushed her frock up again and looked at her beautiful, round buttocks. My cock already swollen to bursting, I lay down

on top of her. She immediately half turned around, I slid up and down and said, “No, I know, not fucking!” She was still quite distraught and pushed me back, but I had already rubbed my cock between her butt cheeks long enough and had to squirt immediately, squirting on her butt hole and draining all the mucus over the cleft.

“Jan, please don’t ever do that again!” she said wanly, looking at me from the side. I nodded still quite out of breath and it also never happened again. The fucking I did only with Sister Maria; Veronika did nothing, only on bath day Sister Maria had to rub her clit firmly. When I fucked with Sister Maria in the bathroom, Veronika always got very excited and stood trembling with her bottom stretched out against the wall. Sister Maria just laughed and said, “It’s only good for you, Sister!” and then did it.

Then Sister Veronika was very happy that I was well again and had no fever. We learned again and then again Sister Maria came to fuck on some days and Sister Veronika was a little angry about it and always went out quickly to wait for me in the playroom.

I learned a lot and was already counting the days until Irene would come again. That was then always a loud hello, when Irene visited me. But she brought sweets for all the children and the old nun scolded her kindly and very sweetly, then she was allowed to distribute it to everyone and they children sang a song they had learned about a coachman on the yellow wagon that rolls and then rolls and then rolls. I think.

Then I sat on Irene’s lap and Sister Veronica talked to her for a long time that I should learn more and Irene had everything explained to her, how the letters went and how I could remember the ten and twenty when counting.

At lunchtime Irene was allowed to stay and when Sister Maria brought the food to the table, I winked at Irene and pointed to Sister Maria, and then Irene whispered, that she was an old hag! I did not understand her, but I whispered back defiantly that she likes to fuck quite fine and I do too. Irene continued to feed me and whispered

with a grin that it was my business. I pressed the old bear she had brought to my side and he too said that it was our business, yes.

So many more days passed, but one day I had to spend half the morning in the office of the old nun and wait until Irene and Mr. Kalle came. From today I was allowed to live with them, all papers were now in order and she leafed through them for the x-th time, then she looked up sternly and smiled at me. “My dear Jan, today you may go with Mrs. Wanek, she will take care of you like a mother. But you are always welcome to visit us whenever you want!” and then I jumped up, danced around in a circle and shouted quite loudly that this would be a wonderful life, with Mrs. Wanek and Mr. Kalle!

The old nun shook her head sternly and looked at me out of very kind eyes, “Yes, wasn’t it a bit nice with us, too?” and I paused, puzzled. “Yes, it was nice!” I murmured and looked at Sister Veronika, who smiled at me with her bright blue eyes and let a few tears roll down her cheek. The tears ran down her cheek and dripped onto the small breasts under her habit, which was now even now became even blacker where the tears fell.

I reached forward a shoulder and carefully dabbed a tear from her cheek, balancing the drop on my crooked finger until it fell to the floor. I squatted on the floor and writhed like the worm, dabbing the fingertip into the tear and drawing a wet V; our secret letter, which was for Veronika. Veronika sobbed and blew her nose twice really hard into her handkerchief, trumpeting like the little elephant in our animal book.

Irene had to cry now too, Mr. Kalle was a little annoyed and grumbled, “Oh, girls, you’ll get me all worked up!” and the old nun looked at him quite tearfully and sternly and Mr. Kalle quickly held his hand in front of his moustache.

Sister Veronika accompanied me once again to the big playroom so that I could say goodbye. The children did not care for the crippled Jan, but I artfully said, “Adjöh!” and went to my seat. Sister Veronika took my favorite book about animals all over the world and gave it to me, “For you, my little darling, and keep on learning!” I screamed

with joy and danced around, because it wasn't my birthday at all and yet I got a present!

Then I ran into the kitchen where Sister Maria was working on the pots and everything was full of steam. I leaned against her very tightly and said, "Adjöh, dear Sister Maria!" And she had already been crying the whole time, howling and blowing her nose in her apron, and now she was howling again. Then I ran out to Veronika with the book, we walked down the long corridor for the last time and Mr. Kalle was already waiting outside in his purple Fleetwood. I was allowed to sit between him and Irene and we dashed through the shower wind with our shirts flapping until we slowly turned into a maze of streets and then climbed up into Irene's new apartment.

It was a nice big apartment with a large living room, with a sitting area and the big bed, then there was a small room where Mr. Kalle had stacked his many radios and washing machines in boxes, and a second small room, that became my room. I put the old bear on the window sill and said, "This is our Room, it's beautiful as hell!" because Mr. Kalle always said to the hell. The old bear growled and said he didn't want to sleep alone.

Irene looked at Mr. Kalle and then said to me that he already knew about it and it was no problem if I was afraid and sometimes slept with them. The old bear and I rejoiced and danced in a circle once again. Irene had fetched all my learning things from the old apartment and had made a small pile, with the Veronika's animal book, there were now five. The old bear and his chick bear sat peacefully united at the window sill and howled, because they were so happy after the long separation and because now Veronika would not come anymore.

Mr. Kalle said he still had to leave, because of the Tscharli's bling, and it was funny that he spoke so strangely, not like Mother or Irene. But I soon got used to his bad words and actually he was the first dear man I met. He was Irene's friend forever, and she didn't have to work so much now because work so much, because Mr. Kalle was quite a savvy fellow and brought enough money for all three of us, as Irene said.

So Mr. Kalle hissed off after the snack and said as he was leaving, I should not always say Mr. Kalle so artily, but just Kalle and I nodded and said, "That would be great, for Christ's sake!" Kalle went down the stairs laughing and Irene made me a lemonade and put on a long glittery night gown. Then she lay down on the bed and I sat with her and she asked how it was in the convent. I told her about fucking and bathing, and how Sister Maria always upset Sister Veronika and then she howled because Sister Marias rubbing the clit was so fine.

Irene hugged and kissed me, then she undressed me and we fucked very quickly and sweetly. Irene had calmed down again and beamed, then I drank the lemonade and she asked again about fucking with Sister Maria and I told everything again. Irene sucked on my limp cock until it stood again. Now we fucked slowly and long, Irene had to gasp and squirm very hard, but I was far from finished and continued until it came.

Irene had noticed that something was bothering me and asked what was wrong. I searched for words and then asked if Mr. Kalle, if Kalle knew about our fucking or if we were keeping it a secret? Irene stroked my hair soothingly and said that she had told the Kalle everything about us and that he was a fine fellow who didn't mind if we fucked each other. I went to the old bear and soothed him too, because the Kalle, that was a nice man for the three of us, the hell!

In the evening we ate quite good things, Kalle turned up the TV and the two drank a lot of wine, I the lemonade and stared at the screen. I had never seen a TV before, how all the people went around there in black and white or spoke from the loudspeaker. When the terrible reports came and the tanks were driving around and the Negroes were falling down shot to death with rifles, I howled and hid in my room. Kalle turned off the stupid TV box and then I came back.

Kalle and Irene were drinking quite a bit and cuddling on the edge of the bed, I was sitting with the old bear at the table and explained to the little fool that Irene and Kalle were very fond of each other and now they would fuck. Kalle looked up and said, "A clever little fellow, our Jan, for crying out loud!" and laughed in a booming voice. They cuddled for a long time and took an awfully long time to awkwardly

undress each other. I giggled that I would soon faster than they could, but they just grinned and continued cuddling.

Irene now pulled Kalle onto her belly and I joined them, sitting down very nicely at the edge of the bed and pressing the old bear to my side, because he wanted to watch too. Kalle had a beautiful cock like me and was already stuck in Irene's little hole, then he pushed in and out a few times and then he was done and squirted right away inside when Irene moaned very hard. I sat there for a long time waiting, until they stopped panting so hard.

Irene looked at my pants and said the little guy was pretty baggy, wasn't he, Jan? I nodded and then Irene undressed me. She rubbed the cock a little, then I lay on top of her and we fucked while Kalle smoked a cigarette and watched. But I had to squirt very quickly because Irene was still full of Kalle's mucus and that was quite slippery. Then I fell asleep between the two.

Kalle slept or grinned when Irene and I fucked already in the morning, he waited namely always until dinner, after drinking he did it then. I now learned words like fucking and screwing and that was fun, when we said screwing, fucking and haggling and tickled and rolled us in bed until we had to laugh tears.

I studied a lot after breakfast and counted silverware, but it was still too much to finish counting. Irene went shopping every morning and sometimes brought me a small sweet. She would then drink a little glass or two and often wanted to fuck, but I didn't always want to because I was still tired from the morning and also desperately wanted to learn, I had promised Veronika. Because promised is promised and Veronika fucked also not because she had promised. And when the wave sloshed over her and Maria had to rub her little clit, it was the same if it sloshed over me and instead of learning I rather fucked Irene until she was all dull and soft.

So Irene also learned a lot with me, because she had promised Veronika, but only when she could no longer screw. Then we sat together at the table and looked at the pictures of the deserts and the icebergs and the geysers that spurted steaming from the ground.

Again and again we practiced counting and remembering ten and twenty when it was not yet over. But that did not and would not always work out.

Kalle and I fucked quite fine with Irene and loved her both, and I said, “Kalle, my fine boy, to hell!” and there he had to laugh out loud that he almost coughed up. But after that he always slapped me kindly on the shoulder and repeated after me: “Jan, my fine boy, to hell!” and almost laughed himself to pieces and I laughed myself too. We were a damn fine family, us. And when Irene moaned and rolled all great, then Kalle said she was rolling with pleasure, and I liked that word, pleasure.

Irene’s friends sometimes came to visit and then she gave them coffee and a glass of wine, but inculcated in me that I had to be secretive about Kalle and washing machines and fucking, and then I sat in my room and leafed through my textbooks. The girlfriends smoked and gossiped and sometimes screeched loudly because it was very funny. But I kept on studying and showing the old bear the animals of the whole world, and he said that the females screeched like the penguins when they hopped into the cold sea of ice.

One of the girlfriends Irene especially loved was Anni. She was small and slender and came from Africa. The first time I was scared and had palpitations because she had a very dark brown skin and a head full of funny black frizzy hair. But she spoke like us and actually had not been to Africa for a long time. Kalle said she was a devilishly horny piece and I thought so too. The friends drank coffee and laughed a lot, while I looked at all the animals in Veronika’s animal book, which lived in Africa and ate grass or other animals.

Then I had to go once, Anni had just fallen asleep, and crept in quietly and said to Irene, I have to go once, urgently. She got up quietly and we went into the toilet and when we crept back, Anni was awake and smiled kindly at me. She got up and went naked to the kitchen to bring me something sweet. I sat on the edge of the bed with Irene and waited, snuggling up and stroking Irene’s bare skin. When Anni came back in, I didn’t want to leave Irene and stroked her great.

Irene undressed me and leaned back, pulling me onto her stomach until my cock reached her cleft. I looked at her questioningly, she nodded, "Anni can see that!" and closed her eyes. So I fucked her and Anni sat down next to us and watched. When I was already fucking hard and Irene was tossing back and forth, I noticed that Anni was stroking her clit and had gotten very greedy eyes. After the squirting she stopped and said: "The little one can do it but damn good!"

Irene now breathed more calmly again and said to Anni that the Jan can do it twice, and Anni said she didn't believe that. Irene now grabbed my cock and sucked it a little, the cock needed a bit more of sucking and then stood again. Anni was impressed and stroked it very sweetly. Irene stopped sucking and told Anni she could fuck me now.

I was afraid of her black skin and the pink flesh in her cleft, but Irene stroked me gently and said, "But you like to do it, Jan?" and I nodded, still unsure. Then Anni pulled me on top of her and with one hand put my hard-on into her little tight hole. Anni put her arms to the side of her head and I fucked her now, but then I looked to Irene and she saw that she had to support me by my bottom.

Anni finished much faster than Irene, panting and moaning loudly and squirming back and forth, but I kept fucking and fucking, because the second time it took longer for me to squirt. Irene quickly pushed me out of Anni's little hole and said, "Don't squirt inside there!" Some drops now ran out of me and remained on Anni's thighs peck, white mucus on black skin. Anni's heart was beating wildly and the light pink nipple trembled to the rhythm of her heart-beat. Slowly she calmed down and then whispered, "Goddamn, that was a fuck!" Irene looked at me proudly and then said from above to Anni: "Well, do you believe it now?" and Anni nodded quite dazed.

When she had gone, I asked Irene what was wrong with Anni? She did not understand me right away. I thought for a very long time how I could ask, "Why do you push Jan out of Anni, why not squirt her in?" Irene now understood and said that Anni was still very young

and could have children, from semen. I understood nothing at all and looked to the floor. “Yes, do we want that?” asked Irene and I also asked, “Yes, do we want that, to have the little ones from Anni?” Irene said, that’s why I must not squirt the semen into Anni, because Anni was only 16 and didn’t want any little ones yet. Now I had understood. Something like that, I think.

“And what about Irene?” I asked, looking into her eyes. She looked back firmly and said she couldn’t have children because she had once been very ill. “But now you have Jan, don’t you?” I asked sadly, and then she took me very sweetly in her arms and said that Jan was her very-very dearest child. Yes, what the hell, I said, and I cried because I thought of the poor mother with the angels and my heart ached.

Slowly it became quite motley, because Anni was now sometimes very long with us and Kalle came and we all drank until they were drunk and all fucked together. But Kalle gave good attention like me and pulled his cock out of Anni quickly, then Irene took his cock and let it squirt quickly. Or I fucked in the afternoon with Irene and then she sucked Anni’s clit, I lay down exhausted next to it and looked at everything up close.

Irene whispered that Anni had the biggest clitoris of all, and the clitoris, that was the little clit. I didn’t believe it right away, but then they lay down next to each other and then I saw that Irene really only had a small clit and Anni had a bigger one that stuck out a bit and was as long as a red-painted lady’s fingernail. So that was the clit. It was quite exciting when Irene took this clit between her lips and sucked on it for a long time, until Anni was already tossing around restlessly, hiss around, and that was it, done and basta! Anni cried out softly or gasped very pressed and jerked her slim butt around very hard until she calmed down again.

Sometimes I touched that amazing clit with my little fingers and palpated it, it was firm and flinched if you came on too hard. But I learned to be very careful and Anni really liked it. Very much she liked it when I fucked slowly with Irene, then she squatted down next to us on the bed and rubbed with her finger so fast on the clit that I could already get dizzy from watching and she gasped almost imme-

diately and was immediately finished, off and basta! Irene and I watched it smiling and then came our best fucking. Anni sometimes stroked Irene's nipple and rubbed it between two fingers and I fucked Irene that she almost had to go out of her skin, as she sometimes said, because Anni's breast rubbing was so fine.

Kalle was now often away for several days and brought gifts and quite a lot of bills for Irene. The TVs, radios and washing machines in the boxes had all already been picked up by the men and one of them patted Irene's bottom kindly with his paw, but Kalle was very annoyed and said, "Hey boy, first pay, then grab!" And the stupid boy pulled in his shoulders and made to get away, because Kalle was good at hitting and sometimes flattened the whole store, which I didn't quite understand. But then no one pawed at Irene's bottom without paying. And we winked at each other and Irene whispered, "That's a whole guy, my Kalle!" and I nodded, hell yeah!

Once, I just fucked with Anni and it hammered hard on the door. Irene gathered her Night dress together and asked who it was and I fucked Anni still quite firmly. Then Irene opened up and a big guy came in and shouted around, he wanted to have more money! Then he gawked, we fucked quite fine and Anni squirmed with pleasure and the man gawked like a penguin who had never seen fucking.

Then Kalle came rushing up the stairs and scuffled with the big man, but Kalle was the more skillful and hit him quite hard. I watched the two and Anni twitched and squirmed because she really liked to fuck me and was almost done. I had to squirt urgently and now Kalle gave the man a full blow on the nose and I squirted in Anni, who trembled quite violently and pressed me firmly inside. Then Kalle kicked the man with the bleeding nose out and pushed the door shut.

I looked at Anni, befuddled, and said, "Sorry, splashed inside!" and Anni gasped and squirmed in amusement. Kalle had quickly undressed, pushed me aside and immediately continued to fuck Anni, because she was so dull and soft and that excited him a lot. Then Irene came and knelt behind him, rubbed his back and shoulders to keep him fit, so that he remains fit. Then he had to squirt and Irene

pulled him out, squirting everything on Anni's black belly with her hand and Kalle liked it madly, hell!

But no little ones came and Irene was happy and Kalle said, there we were but lucky, and Anni nodded, she was also happy. But that was a lie, because when Irene was not there, Anni said, please-please fuck very hard and supported me on the butt and I fucked her as hard as I could. Anni screamed quite loudly with pleasure and we made it quite long, because she liked that, but she held me by the butt while squirting and then everything ran into her vagina after all, but she undulated quite firmly with pleasure while I was squirting and said nothing to Irene and I did not either.

But there were no little ones growing in her belly, you would have seen it immediately, because she was a head shorter than me and quite thin and slender as a crop. I looked at her belly again and again, but there were never babies growing in it.

Sometimes Irene was disappointed when Anni fucked twice at once, and it came like this. First I fucked with Anni, but when we were with Irene, then not as wild and great as when we were alone. Then I said that it comes now and then Irene pushed me down and made it with her hand that it just splashed. I had a little break and calmed down, then it was Irene's turn. But sometimes something intervened, a job in the kitchen or a phone call in the anteroom. Then Anni said: "Let's do it quickly!" and we fucked very quickly. Now if Irene still did not come back, Anni rushed me to fuck even faster and then held me tight so that everything squirted inside.

When Irene came back and was disappointed, then we cuddled very long and sweetly with her and then Anni fucked her, rubbed very excitingly her little clit and Irene was then still happy and moaned with pleasure. But that didn't happen often, because mostly Irene was only gone for a moment and then it was her turn to fuck. So we had it good and all got along with each other. Kalle laughed sometimes and said, "Jan, my boy, but you are a rapid-fire shot!" and thrashed me on the shoulder and I was then quite proud, the hell!

After many years or weeks, Kalle and Irene had to go on a trip and Irene said we could take Jan with us, but Kalle said, “My boy, no offense, but you have to stay somewhere for a few days!” and they thought a lot, because when Kalle said something, it was so, basta, even for Irene. I cautiously asked if I could visit Sister Veronika, and they both looked at each other. “Such a clever little fellow, that Jan!” said Kalle, and slapped me on the shoulder again, so clever I was already then!

Then he went straight to the telephone in the anteroom and talked to the monastery and was first very annoyed. Then he lied to them, how much I longed for the other children and often had to cry, but that was also a lie, because I cried only when I had to think about mother. Then Kalle hung up and grinned sourly: “It’s a deal but I had to promise two grand bills, for the new children’s home!” Irene said it was money well spent and good for the kids, and Kalle said he didn’t give a shit, but he grinned and didn’t mean it.

I was already excited and could hardly wait until we drove to the monastery. Kalle bragged mightily with his white and red leather purple Fleetwood and honked at the traffic lights when beautiful women stood on the sidewalk. Then he nudged me in the side and pointed his chin at the woman. I said, “Mighty snappy bee, hell!” and we both laughed loudly and heartily.

In the convent office, Kalle gave the money to the old nun, who greeted me with a nod and quickly put the money in the drawer. Then the door opened and Sister Veronika came in, I rushed up to her and pressed tightly against her, she hugged me and we both cried some small tears. Kalle said, “Bye, Jan, I’ll pick you up again in three days!” and then he thanked the old nun because he could now visit the old mother with his wife, she just nodded to him briefly and went back to reading in her writing book. I did not know that Kalle had a wife and an old mother at that, but I kept silent.

Nurse Veronika said that my former room was occupied, but she had put up a second small bed next to hers if I wanted. I was pleased and said I never liked sleeping alone and feared the shadows of lions and buffaloes. We immediately sat down in the big playroom and Sis-

ter Veronika had to marvel right away because I had learned so much with Irene in the meantime.

In the afternoon she showed me her small field in the garden, where she had and took care of many beautiful flowers. One little plant she showed me was called Jan, and I was very proud. Then we had dinner, and Sister Maria smiled at me very sweetly and waved her eyes, and I waved back. Then we went to Veronika's room and I lay down on the second bed that was in the corner. Sister Veronika told me to wait a little because she still had to pray. I sat up, Veronika knelt on a small wooden stool and looked at me. Veronika knelt on a small wooden stool and looked up at the nailed Christ, silently moving her lips and letting the black wooden beads of her necklace slip through her fingers. I had never seen praying before and admired her because she had learned it all by heart.

There was a knock, Veronica said in amazement, "Yes!" and Sister Mary came in. Sister Veronika and she whispered sweetly to each other, it was somehow about Sister Maria not being able to go into her room with me because there were too many people there. Veronika got angry and shook her head several times and knelt down again on the stool in front of the Christ and had to cry. Sister Mary hugged me very sweetly and whispered that she had thought of me very much while she undressed me to go to bed.

Sister Veronika whispered loudly, "Sister Mary, please don't!" and "Sister Mary, please go now!" but Sister Mary didn't listen at all and flipped up her robe. I knew of course all the time what she wanted and looked at Sister Veronika, but she had her face buried in her hands and was whispering praying up to the nailed Christ.

I didn't make Maria wait any longer and lay down on her belly, pushed my cock into her and we fucked quite pleurably. Sister Veronika prayed louder the louder we gasped and looked up at the nailed-on Christ, then she looked furtively over at us again and looked away again. She became very agitated, now trembling very much and praying quite loudly in the foreign language. Sister Maria was fidgeting with pleasure and Sister Veronika said very loudly that we had to stop, but right away! Then we stopped, but right away, and

sister Maria had to go very quickly, although we had not yet finished fucking.

I lay in bed and dozed off, Sister Veronika prayed to the Christ for a long time and the wooden balls just rolled through her fingers. It didn't seem to want to end, but at some point she finished praying and quickly changed her clothes, slipping into a long white nightgown, and I admired her beautiful slender body as she was undressing. She turned out the light and I heard her continue to whisper her prayers. "I'm afraid, may I come to you?" I asked softly and when she didn't answer, I crept quietly to her bed and slipped under her covers.

Sister Veronika lay stock-still there and held her hands in front of her chest, rolled with the wooden beads and whispered further their sayings. I lay there very still, still excited and horny from fucking, and felt the warmth of her body; she was now trembling as usual only on bath day. Minute by minute her trembling became stronger and soon she was shaking quite strongly, but she kept the wooden balls pressed tightly in her hands. I wanted to calm her down, so I reached out to her with my fingers, felt on her chest and felt the nipples, which stood out stiff and firm. I already knew that from Anni and Irene, that would be a good sign of horniness, they always said.

Veronika was trembling even more now, I sat up and felt down her body, had to lean far forward until I got the shirt properly in my crooked fingers and slowly pulled it up. Veronika whispered even more excitedly and shook like a leaf, carefully I pushed her legs apart and she obeyed me, like in a dream. I leaned very sweetly sideways against her, my little fingers felt softly and slowly along her inner thigh upwards, tickled a little the hairs and caressed her cleft. Trembling and panting Veronika opened her thighs, my little finger searched groping and found the small, hard clit. Oh Irene, oh Anni, how I thanked there for your apprenticeship!

Veronika turned groaning and moaning on her belly, stretched her arms away from her sides and began to slowly gyrate with her bottom, so I started again and followed her movements, teasing the clit very gently and at the same time getting faster with her, until she

moaningly stretched her bottom quite far out, flowing and pumping passed and hid the face in the hands with the wooden ball chain sobbing up.

But already I was on her bottom with my cock, rubbing it quickly in the crease and squirting. I comforted her sweetly afterwards and wiped away her tears, and she sighed how sinful she was and shivered because it had done her so good. I thought about how stupid it really was with her promise for a long time until I fell asleep.

In the morning I awoke to find Sister Veronica already kneeling on the stool before the Christ, whispering again. I sat up and waited for her to pause, then I asked, "Please, Sister Veronica, sit with me!" and moved aside so she would have room. She was undecided until I asked again, "Please, Veronika, come and do me!" Now she stood up first and came closer smiling, then she sat down on the edge of the bed.

She was soft and a bit sad, but bravely she took my cock in her hand and soon made me squirt pleurably, hugged and hugged me very sweetly and sadly, then we got dressed. I gave her a kiss on the cheek and said, "Good morning, dear Veronika!" Bathing was omitted, because we wanted to learn very quickly right away today.

We looked through all the animals and I drew with the pencil the capital letters M for monkey and S for snake and the B for the buffalo. Then I said that the B actually belonged to the old bear, but now there are just the buffalo, the wild beasts. Then I cried because I had to think of Mother with the angels. Sister Veronica comforted me and said that my mother had had a sad life and death, but now she was safe in heaven and rejoicing in her big Jan.

After lunch we went back to the big garden and I learned about the flowers and the roses and the other weeds that needed to be plucked out. Later we counted all the crayons and Sister Veronika found that I could remember the ten and twenty quite correctly if it went on. It was already dark when we went to her room after dinner.

Once again, Sister Veronika knelt on her wooden stool, praying silently and rolling the wooden beads through her fingers. She immediately shook and trembled a little, and I knew why. But no one came, so she slowly undressed me and quickly dressed in her white night robe, turning out the light. She lay there shivering and she was so hot that she was sweating terribly. Then the door opened quietly and Sister Maria scurried in. She noticed that we were already lying in Veronika's bed and slowly came closer; Veronika silently whispered her spells and held her hands folded in front of her chest.

Sister Maria reached under the covers, felt my stiff cock and wanted to pull me out of bed. But then Sister Veronika awoke from her trembling dream and whispered energetically that Sister Maria must go, it was already too late and we were already asleep, but that was a terrible lie. Sister Maria murmured back a little, then disappeared again as quietly as she had come.

“Didn't fuck today!” I said reproachfully, and Sister Veronika stroked my hair soothingly, over my face. Then she stroked my body, but stopped at my cock and let herself sink back down. I was bitterly disappointed and said that she had now screwed up everything and she cried a little and turned to the wall. I was very sorry and I stroked her back and bottom so she would stop crying, but she cried and trembled and shook all over again because I stroked her bottom so finely.

She stretched her bottom out to me very firmly, and I stroked it even more firmly, pulling the nightgown higher and higher bit by bit as I did so, then pushed it all the way up over her back. She groaned and sobbed and stretched her butt very firmly towards me. I rubbed very finely the butt fold and felt her butt hole. She pressed it towards me, a little finger slid in and poked a little, she whimpered and trembled with pleasure.

I lay down behind her and my cock probed her bottom, slid into the butt crease between her cheeks and rubbed a bit on her butt hole, from this she quivered and trembled even more. When my cock accidentally slid a little into her cleft, I felt her eagerly straining against it, but I remembered that she had promised not to fuck and quickly

slid it back into the butt crease and into the butt hole, where I thrust and thrust.

She liked that very much, because she wiggled along firmly and when he slipped out, she tried again and again to catch my cock with the slit and to get him into the asshole after all, where I pushed very gently. Veronika continued to shiver and shake, she had to gasp and pinched my cock with her bottom until she came to the end howling and quivering. I drove in gently a few more times until I had to squirt and paused to let it squirt in slowly.

We stayed like that for a long time, then I gently pulled my cock out of her bottom. We cuddled together and both cried together for a while longer. Later Veronika took me in her arms and cradled me. I was almost asleep when she whispered in my ear, "Oh my God! Again the waves of lust have carried me away, the sin of unchastity has almost made me forget the vow! I have fallen and it has hurt very much to hurt you, but I get up again and continue to follow your light! See my tears of repentance and grant me again the grace of your love!" Tired and exhausted, I loll about and whispered sleepily, "Yes, Veronica, I see your tears of repentance and grant you my love!" She fell silent, puzzled, and I fell asleep comfortably warm in her arms, for only true lovers speak like that.

When I awoke, she was gone. I waited, then she came back after a long time, she had been at the early mass, I already knew that. There they were all together and prayed together to the Christ, who had to be a devilishly great guy, because all the nuns loved him!

Veronika bathed me, but this morning I didn't feel like it and wanted to learn something quickly because Kalle was supposed to pick me up in the afternoon. The book of deserts and icebergs we went all the way through, the geysers I could already almost completely by heart and made up the penguins that jumped from the ice floe us deep blue sea of ice. At lunch I whispered to Sister Maria, who brought the food, that I was very sorry because it was already too late. She smiled and said that it didn't matter, that she loved me very, very much and would be happy if I came to visit again. Sister Veronika said with tears in her eyes, "Forgive me, please!" and I said

at the same time as Sister Maria, “Yes!” and then all three of us laughed merrily, only Sister Maria did not.

Kalle was zigging-zagging through the streets again, chattering away that he had made quite a bit of money with Irene had earned quite a lot of money this weekend and now I would get a whole mountain of learning books, also certainly a new one with the animals of this world. I was bouncing in my seat with joy and Kalle said, “Just be happy, little Jan!” When we got home, there was a long feast with good food and drink; I was insanely happy that Irene was back.

That’s how it started, because a few days later Irene’s friend Dagmar came to visit. I played well-behaved with the old bear and learned with him, looked through the pictures in my new book and chewed chocolate cookies, when Irene was called and went away briefly, while Dagmar stayed and should pay attention to me. She came over to my table and watched me study.

Then Dagmar sat down at the edge of the bed and asked if it was true that I had one as big as they say. I nodded and continued learning, but Dagmar stubbornly said she wouldn’t believe it until she saw him. I dutifully got up and went to Dagmar’s bedside. “Must unbutton my pants!” I demanded, waving my little arms so she could see they were too short. Dagmar nodded and took off my pants.

The cock hung at half-mast and wasn’t very big, but Dagmar said, “Uh-huh!” I said, because she obviously didn’t know anything, “Must rub or suck, then it becomes really big!” Dagmar hesitated at first, then she rubbed it gently, and it grew and grew, and she got very restless and churned back and forth on her bottom. “And, can already what, little one?” asked the woman Dagmar stupidly, and I enumerated: “Fuck, fuck and fuck”, but then she looked and held her hand over her mouth while laughing.

“Do you like it?” asked the silly woman Dagmar, and I nodded, but sure! She stood up and dropped her skirt, then sat down and leaned back. I lay down on top of her, crawled onto her belly and told her to prop me up by my bottom so I wouldn’t slip away. She put an arm around my waist, and then it was on like a fire. Dagmar was panting

more and more and tossing her head back and forth as the key was turned in the lock and Irene came home. I smiled to Irene and continued, Dagmar was already quite dull when I finally squirted and was finished.

Irene put my pants back on, then sent me back to my room. Dagmar drank another glass of wine with Irene and left. Irene let me tell her everything and she told it in the evening also to Kalle, who had to laugh out loud and said: "Yes, our Jan with the rapid-fire rifle!" Then they drank for a long time and laughed about the stupid Mrs. Dagmar and I was also allowed to drink a glass of red wine, but it tasted good, but it also tasted very bitter.

Mrs. Dagmar must have really gossiped, because a few days later another woman came to visit. She was very old and rich in gold, with chains and rings like the queens. Anni came too and the three of them drank coffee, I got a lemonade. Irene went away, and Anni took me to the bed and undressed us both.

She whispered in my ear, "She likes to watch us fucking!" and then we fucked and Anni pulled it out quickly, letting it splash on her black belly. Then she sucked me very sweetly and for a long time and the old woman sat by the table, rubbing secretly under her skirt and thought that we could not see it. I liked that very much, because Anni could suck very finely, and I loll about, because the old queen looked over at us all the time.

Anni whispered that I should please-please fuck her again very wild and hard! Nothing better than that, so we fucked very hard and wild. Anni was already shaking violently and clawed tightly my buttocks because she was about to finish and had to scream a little. I still continued wildly as she had said and then Anni had to twitch for a long time and was already quite dull while I squirted. Anni didn't let me out again and spread her legs even more so that the old woman could see how everything squirted bump by bump inside. Then the old woman went away and Anni waited with me for Irene. Anni told her everything scaldingly except for the last squirt, but only so Irene wouldn't get upset. Then Anni went back to work. Of course she

didn't say anything about the money she had gotten from the old woman.

Another day another woman came, Irene and she whispered softly, then Irene nodded and said loudly that she wanted to do something in the kitchen, that I should keep Anja a bit of company. I looked at her questioningly, but she pinched my cheek and said that the woman was Anja and she would like to do it. Then she went into the kitchen, I sat down and waited.

Anja came to me and hugged me sweetly, then whispered in my ear that she wanted to be sweet with me. Conspiratorially she reached into my waistband and slowly took off my pants. I already knew what she wanted and said she had to support me by my bottom so I wouldn't slip off. Anja quickly let her clothes slide to the floor and lay down on the bed. Then we started to fuck, but Anja didn't hold me tight, so it didn't go well. Irene, who had been standing in the doorway for quite a while, came over with a wry grin and pressed me down hard on my butt. Anja was very embarrassed at first because Irene was watching us doing it; but it was all right, Anja soon moaned and tensed up, then looked up at Irene like a bleating calf while I continued to thrust firmly. Irene quickly pulled me out of her as I squirted. She held my cock tightly and let the devil splash after splash slap Anja's belly; then she pulled me back on. Later they talked a bit and Anja left.

In the evening, Kalle slapped his thighs while laughing until he watered. Then he said, "Jan, today you earned your first money!" I didn't understand right away, but Irene had conjured up a piggy bank, a little pink porcelain piggy bank, with a green shamrock in its mouth and a tin lock on its belly, and there Kalle now stuck a folded banknote into it. "You got this from Anja because you fucked her so fine!" I looked at both of them and felt quite proud.

My first own money!

Lena

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

The weeks and months passed. My day was pretty regular as things like eating, sleeping, or bathing were routinely scheduled as well as diligently studying. The work was sometimes exciting, as Irene and Kalle often brought new women into the apartment. Some I already knew over time and was happy every time Dagmar or Anja came. The piggy bank became fat and round and had to be emptied every Friday.

Kalle also came up with new things like filming when Anni visited me. Often he tried to direct Anni and me nosy around, what we should do how and when. But we usually got going at some point and then we fucked so that it just cracked! Poor Kalle could then only continue to shoot or put the camera with artificially played despair from the hand. Not infrequently, however, he tore down his shirt and also the pants, knelt impatiently next to me until I was done and then made it quite wild with the Anni, gentlemen!

.

Irene did not like to be filmed, but she liked to fuck insanely. Often she and Anni lay next to each other, Kalle and I above them and the poor bed cracked that you could get scared. But they were very sweet and fair to each other, she never begrudged him Anni and he never begrudged her that she had so much pleasure with me.

My working hours shifted noticeably into the week; Friday, Saturday and Sunday the women had to be at home with their husbands and therefore could not come to me for secret doings and fucking. Sister Veronika then had the idea that I should simply spend my days off, as often as I could, back at the convent, since she still had much to learn with me.

In addition, many war refugees came and Irene and Kalle had their hands full in the dance hall. Soon I learned to go ahead to the

red light and take one of the buses out to the monastery. I had received a card from Irene with the address of the monastery and Kalle's dance hall on it. When I got stuck, I showed the driver my card and he was able to deliver me correctly. Nevertheless, I preferred to go with Kalle and his Fleetwood, because we two real dare-devils had much more fun driving than when I went by bus.

Once Kalle and I drove one evening through a glaring light and afterwards I only remember that a child's voice whispered in my head that Kalle's fan belt would not make it much longer. I said: "Kalle's fan belt won't make it much longer" and Kalle looked over at me at an angle: "What do you think, little Jan?" I looked at him big and said, "I don't know, Kalle, the voice says your fan belt won't do it for long!" Kalle looked at me rather stupidly, but kept silent and said nothing. But the day after next, in the evening, he whispered to Irene that I was hearing voices and that the fan belt had actually snapped in the afternoon, for God's sake! Did she understand that?

The convent was also flooded with war refugees, many sisters had left and only a handful remained with the Mother Superior. Kalle cursed contemptuously and once said, that's what they got for it, they should have stayed with Rome, these godless women, now the convent didn't even belong to the church anymore, but I didn't understand. Sister Veronika could not really explain it to me either, but it had to do with obedience and not obeying the Mother Superior to do, but the promise not to fuck wanted to keep Veronika nevertheless necessarily further.

Anyway, the convent was full of strangers coming and going and the sisters had to slave for two, Irene said. But she and Kalle also had a lot to do in the dancing shed; once I was allowed to ride with Kalle when they took a truck up, but then Kalle said, "Boy, no offense, but it's easier if you stay home next time, okay?" and I nodded, "Okay, Kalle!" because he was the head boss and then that applied to Irene and me, too. Kalle needed the truck shops and the containers and the washing machines and televisions, because a lot of people were coming all the time, for whom all this was provided.

Sister Veronika liked me even better than before, because when she had to send Sister Maria away from the convent and I told her that I now had no one to fuck, she smiled and said she would pray and surely find something. On the upper floor there were only the Mother Superior and Sister Veronika, the two others slept downstairs with the children in the refugee dormitories. When we went to bed and Sister Veronika had finished her prayer on the wooden stool, she came to bed trembling and quivering as usual. She whispered, "Are you still thinking about my promise, little Jan?" and I said, "Yes, Veronika, the stupid promise about not fucking." She nodded and said that it wasn't really fucking if I squirted in her butt, and if I liked it better than with her hand, that would be fine with her. I thought out loud, "It's already really better with the butt than with the hand. Besides, you too like that better than the other way!" Thus the situation was clarified.

Veronika lay down on her stomach, spread her arms wide apart like a crucified woman, and lifted her butt. From that day on we could assfuck as often as we wanted and she quivered, trembled and cried because she loved it when my little fingers rubbed her clit so she came to the end quite wonderfully in the process and so did I because it was almost like the real fucking after all and I loved Veronika crying just as sadly as she loved the nailed-on Christ. When I asked her, she said it was not the same as fucking, she had made her promise after all! I did not understand the difference, but I was just the little stupid Jan.

During the week I dutifully did my work and had a lot of fun with the women, Irene and Anni, with whom I mostly only filmed or fucked when Kalle and Irene had invited a large company to watch. I learned well and taught everything to the old bear, who looked forward just like me to Friday afternoon, when it went to Veronika by bus. Veronika was always very happy and sometimes we disappeared mischievously early in her cell, when I needed it very, very much or she whispered secretly in my ear that she wanted to shiver right now. But we kept everything a great secret, honestly. The popes in Rome would never know, but also no one else.

The new Sister Theresa had been there for a few weeks, she was small, fat, round and very, very sweet; she came from somewhere in the East. She was still wearing a dark blue habit, because she had not yet made the promise, but I noticed how quickly she had made friends with Veronika and replaced Sister Maria on bath day. She was very, very skillful in rubbing Veronika's clit and Veronika let her do it any morning. That was when I was still in town a lot and that was when Veronika didn't bathe not with us on weekends.

Once we had just provided the refugee children with snacks and I asked Sister Theresa if she liked to bathe together? Sister Veronika looked up from washing dishes and shook her head, but I saw it too late and Sister Theresa asked with her funny accent what that was. I was unsure because maybe Veronika didn't want to talk about it after all, so I said, "It's a bath day, where you bathe and wash together and everything!" Sister Theresa looked uncertainly at Veronika and then said, "But Sister Veronika and I always bathe together!" Oh, she blushed a little bit!

Sister Theresa, I already liked her very much! The first stranger I met, who had a funny accent and was so sweet and friendly that my heart just flew to her! I had red ears when I helped her to carry something heavy in spite of my much too short arms, she was as young as Anni, but just a round chubby and looked very funny in her frock. Sister Veronika told me that I should not adore Theresa so much, that she would become very embarrassed! Of course, I immediately asked about the blue robe and about how it was with the promise, but there Veronika became rather violent and meant, the Theresa is not however for fucking there, dear Jan! I swallowed and promised to be sensible, but that was quite a lie, because Theresa and I later fucked and we took a bath together, didn't we? And that came so.

I was Sister Veronika so long in the ears that I would like so much to bathe with her again together, until she agreed, yes, next Saturday we two would bathe together. I whispered this to Sister Theresa and told her to keep it a secret. I was very happy, because that would certainly be a great surprise for Sister Veronika, but then she asked me

what I was so happy about and then I told her. There she first wobbled her head and pretended to be angry, but it was only played.

Then she said, that does not matter, that is already right so and has again a little smiled. I then said that we have bathed earlier also with the sister Maria, whether she had forgotten that? No, Veronika answered after some thought, she had not forgotten, she bathes now with Sister Theresa. I thought about it, then I asked in a conspiratorial tone whether she was also bathed by Theresa as finely as by Sister Maria? Veronika blushed and was silent at first; then she nodded mutely. By then I knew everything and was looking forward to Saturday.

It really was as I had thought it would be. We met all three in the big Bathroom. I was the first to be put in the water, then they both undressed and joined me in the big tub. I sat again on Veronika's lap and looked at the pretty little Theresa, who was really a swift bee naked, gentlemen! The Kalle would have winked there certainly violently, the hell, if he had seen us there in the bathroom!

First it was still very new for all of us and we washed and splashed funny. But then the sister Theresa looked more and more often to my cock, which was swollen and I turned to Veronika, that I wanted to please squirt now! She delayed it for a very long time, but then reached forward and made me squirt. Sister Theresa got quite out of her mind while watching and grinned up to both ears when it splashed out under water and swam away in small flakes.

Sister Veronika had long since gotten the strong trembling and quivering and now placed me next to the bathtub to dry off, then stood up and faced the wall as before. Sister Theresa already knew quite well what that meant and how she had to do it and made Veronika tremble, shake and cry very sweetly and quickly, when Theresa rubbed her clit and then rubbed her a second time. This took much longer and Veronika shivered, shaked and screamed at the End. Veronika dressed me and whispered with tears how sorry she was and Sister Theresa whispered back that it had been good, hadn't it? Then we scurried out. The day's routine began.

I went to the flowers on Sunday morning to clear away the weeds, Sister Theresa came later to help. Sister Veronika then had to go to the refugees to work, I stayed alone with Theresa and we talked a bit. I asked her if she would take off the promise about not fucking, but I had to explain fucking first because she didn't seem to know the word. Then she blushed and said, yes, she also wanted to become a real sister, a nun, a sister too. Then we talked about bathing together and I asked if she already knew about squirting. She lied, No, she had seen it for the first time, but she had already heard how it works. Wouldn't Veronika also rub her clit after the bath? At first she didn't want to say anything and only blushed a little, but then she said no, but after the promise she might, now she does it herself and only very rarely. But that was a real lie, because she did it often, but every night and with big pleasure, she said, but I only found that out later. Then she explained to me that Veronika never does it herself because of the promise and for that there is another sister who helps her little clit, like me, as if she had no hands of her own like me. And Veronika liked it two times.

I already knew that and said I thought it would be better if Sister Theresa did it herself because it is always an advantage if you can do something yourself and you do not have to be helped by others. But the fucking, that would be my favorite, and if she wanted, we could do it together. But Sister Theresa was still a little red in the face and quickly said, no, no, no, she wanted to make the big promise later on and was not allowed to. I nodded and said, yes, I've heard that one too, the stupid promise.

The next weekend Veronika was very sweet to me, after the squirting in her asshole we lay very gently in bed and I asked that we would like to bathe together again. But it went only the following weekend.

This time I drove back to town with Kalle. He had brought a whole trunk full of canned food for the refugees, because the Mother Superior said that a whole big guy like him could also do something for the poor pigs and Kalle didn't like to be ordered around by her, but then he did. He just didn't like the stupid feeling when she barked sternly and seriously "Thank you!" and smiled at him sweetly and

tenderly with her eyes. On his way out, he usually growled that the old goat was still getting to him, for crying out loud.

He asked on the way home if I had heard anything again about the fan belt, I listened and then said I didn't hear anything. "No," said the little voice in my head, "there's nothing wrong with the car, but Kalle's watch had stopped, did he know?" I asked Kalle if his watch had stopped, and everything was okay with the car, the little voice would have said. Kalle laughed out loud and said, what a stupid thing to say, everything's okay with his watch, what the hell! But then he was still unsure and looked and it was of course broken.

Irene became quite weak and had to sit down when Kalle told everything and said that Jan hears voices again and the clock had stopped. I comforted Irene very sweetly and stroked her chest, she should not be afraid, I do not hear voices now. Later, after the joint groping and fucking, everything was forgotten again and Kalle mumbled while falling asleep, he would still ask the watchmaker, how I could know that, the hell! But I was already dreaming of Veronika and Theresa and bathing together.

A few days later, the little voice spoke up, just as I was learning through the animal books with the old bear and eating an apple. "I'm Lena," the little voice said, "hopefully you can hear me now?" I nodded and said aloud, "Yes, Lena," and was a little startled because my voice sounded so loud and Lena's voice sounded so soft in my head. Then there was a long silence, and then I turned the page, and there, in the middle of the jungle under the waterfall, now sat a little long-haired girl in a white, translucent nightgown, smiling at me. I have never seen a naked girl smile in my book and was about to close it, when she held up the pages with her hand and spoke directly to me.

"Hey, I am Lena! Don't you like me?". What was I supposed to answer? "How did you get in my book, ha?" Lena scratched her head, then said, "You are the only one who can see and hear me. I'll be with you from now on, advising you in everything and teaching you things you don't know yet — I'll be your friend, if you want."

I thought. I already had a friend, the old bear, actually. Then there was Veronika and Theresa, and I had parents too, Irene, Karl and Anni. Anni maybe not, but she was perhaps rather the best Friend of Kalle and Irene and of me.

“I don’t know!” said I. Lena smiled, then she said I would think about it still think quite differently, she would teach me everything and I would be able to learn everything.

“You mean I wouldn’t be the stupid Jan anymore, who can’t count and can’t write or read properly?” Lena looked at me long smiling, so that I was already quite queasy, then she said, “Yes, but only if you want it right!”

.

Then I sat and thought for a long time, looking at the little girl in the Jungle scrub looked at, which was completely naked under the translucent robe and had a dear figure. She had no pubic hair, her slit was clearly visible and when I looked intensely I could see the tip of her clit between her labia. She was certainly younger than Veronika and Theresa, perhaps younger than —

“I’m sixteen,” Lena said, smiling broadly. “How do you know what I’m thinking?” I asked, puzzled. “Because I’m inside your head and can see everything there; what you see, feel and think. Except when you specifically say you want to be alone.”

Then I was very amazed. I had a little naked girl in my head.

I looked at her pubis for a while longer, then said I had learned enough now and closed the book.

The next weekend I sat all Saturday with Mother Superior, she had become very ill and Sister Veronika and Sister Theresa had to deal with the refugees all day. I was able to help out by bringing her water or other little things to her bed or pulling the blanket up to her chin when she fell asleep. In general, there was so much going on now that Veronika had only a short time for me in the evening and

our game was off; tired and weary, she did it to me quickly with her hand and immediately turned to the wall to fall asleep.

The Mother Superior was still very ill and lay in her bed almost all the time, so I was allowed to sit next to her and study. That was fine, because there I could ask her when I wanted to know something from the book, and she was terribly clever and knew everything, although she was already so old. Once she accompanied me limping and leaning on a stick to the bathroom because I had to pee. She held my cock into the toilet and let my water run, soft and warm her hand held my cock. She was not at all afraid of my cock, which felt pleasantly comfortable in her warm palm and began to awaken.

I asked her if she had also made the promise not to fuck like the Veronica and she nodded with a grin, yes she had. “But playing with your clit, you do, don’t you?” I asked. She vigorously pushed the fore-skin back and forth a few times so that the last drops would come out, slowly shook the drops from my cock, shook it long and conscientiously so that it awakened a bit more, still thought long and finally said, “No, not anymore, I’m pretty old, too old for that!” She held my cock without the slightest hesitation as I pushed my hard-on back and forth a little in her hand. “And let the cock squirt, that you do?” She looked thoughtfully and musingly at my cock, which was traveling back and forth in her hand as if in a warm tunnel, acquiescing to my thrusting for a few more moments. I quickly darted back and forth and almost felt it coming. Then she shook her head and smiled, “No, little Jan, that too not!” She held my cock until I squirted and waited patiently for me to finish squirting. She wiggled the cock intensely so the last drops fell. She slowly and awkwardly tucked the cock into my pants, even though I would have loved to squirt a second time right now, then we walked back to her bedside where she lay down groaning. I asked her later nothing more.

I sat there dutifully and studied again in my book, feeling myself from minute to minute hornier and waited impatiently until the Mother Superior had dozed off. Then I contorted myself acrobatically, got rid of my pants and devoted myself to my poor cock, which had been neglected for so long. I must have made a noise, because Mother Superior half awoke and breathed, “But what are you doing,

little Jan?" I turned a little so that she could see better what I was doing, but she didn't seem to like that either, because she said, "Oh stop it!" and "Go, please do it somewhere else!" but I was already so engrossed that I couldn't go anywhere else like that. She protested some more, then fell silent, closed her eyes, and dozed off again.

Later, however, she blinked over secretly and watched as I struggled — hell again — like a twisted worm, finally coming to the end and squirted. I took a cloth and wiped it all away, contorted myself like a snake again, and put my pants on reasonably neatly. Mother Superior lay there wearily, pretending to wake up only now, and asked, "Do you like to squirt often, little Jan?" and I answered truthfully that I did it as often as I wanted, and that was certainly a couple of times or more per day. But so alone I almost never have to slave away, sometimes I have the fucking, because I have not made the stupid promise, to the nailed Christ.

The Mother Superior listened to this frowning, then she asked, "And, what else?" I thought, convulsively considering what was secret and what was not, and that one must not lie to the Mother Superior so easily, and said, "Mostly Veronica does it to me with her hand, Venerable Mother!" For I had learned what her proper name was. She laughed chuckling and said that of course she knew that, and that was the end of the matter. But I should please not do it at her bedside. Please. I nodded, yes, all right. "It just made me want to pee, because it was so fine squirting in your hand" I added, hoping that it would make her more friendly. But she only looked even more serious, and I was now a little uncertain.

"Remind her that she used to do that too!" Lena's little voice advised me. "You said, Reverend Mother, that you don't do that now, but you used to, you had that pleasure too!" said I defiantly, trying to look at her sternly too. She stumbled, then smiled: "Well, well, my clever little fellow! Yes, that's right, I was still young then and felt the urges. But now I'm old and I don't need that pleasure anymore." She thought for a moment, then mused, "Since I stopped following the Roman popes with my convent, most of the nuns have left. What has remained are those who were transferred here because they could not cope with their urges — as I used to be. Still, we try to keep to our

faith and our vows, even though we are all just little sinful people.” She closed her eyes and that was the end of the subject. “Well done!” said Lena’s voice in my head, and I whispered silently that that had been a swell idea of hers, thanks!

In the evening, when Veronika lay down with me, I told her. She immediately stopped shaking and trembling and again asked excitedly what exactly had happened and what exactly had been said. When I told her about the nuns who had left, she looked quite serious; then she muttered to herself that indeed only the fallen angels had remained. She thought it was a real nonsense with Lena’s voice, but otherwise she seemed to find the whole thing rather amusing and caressed and hugged me, how cleverly I had mastered the situation. Veronika grinned and said that her face she would have liked to see, when after peeing I wagged my cock back and forth in her hand until it squirted! I only had to promise not to squirt in the room of the sick Mother Superior, because that was not appropriate, then we teased and loved each other as usual.

In the morning we went bathing together. But no sooner were we sitting in the tub than the door was quietly opened and Sister Theresa asked if she could come to us, please. Sister Veronika seemed annoyed at first but then said yes and Theresa joined us in the tub. After the tickling and splashing, I knelt in the middle again and asked Veronika to do it now. Veronika waited a while, as usual, then nodded and just started, when Sister Theresa asked if she could do it, she wanted to learn it too. Sister Veronika got a little upset, but I said, “Yes, please!” and then Veronika had to nod too. So I turned around and sat on Theresa’s lap and she did it to me, although Veronika was quite jealous. Theresa pressed me against her breasts with one hand, peeked over my shoulder to the front and rubbed quickly with the other hand, holding my cock above water so she could see everything exactly as it squirted through the air in a high arc, right into the water in front of Veronika, whose lips were already quivering suspiciously.

I washed off quickly, then got out of the tub and stood still with the bath towel draped around me. Veronika was about to get up to face the wall, trembling, when Sister Theresa leaned back with plea-

sure and looked at her very, very sweetly, “Please, Sister Veronika, do me now!” Veronika had to think for a long time, but Theresa asked again and again, lolling hornily and lasciviously in the water, feeling her cleft and rubbing her little clit. After some time Veronika carefully grabbed between Theresa’s thighs and did it to her, clumsily and very hard. She was already trembling with passion and shaking like a leaf, but Theresa took great pleasure in it and rejoiced at the end, it was so nice! At last, Veronika still stood there leaning against the tiles, stretched her buttocks far out and soon came to crying, trembling and quivering end under Theresa’s tender fingers upon her clit, then Theresa made it a second time.

While dressing, I whispered again to Sister Theresa that I liked fucking very much, even better than getting it done by hand, but only if she wanted to, because of the promise of course. She smiled quietly and shook her head as we got dressed.

On the bus ride home, I talked to Lena for a long time. She was there now as a matter of course, sitting next to me on the bus, but she calmed me down right away and said that no one but me could see her, so she didn’t need a ticket. Then she told me that the first thing she wanted to do was to teach me how to read quickly, I should ask Kalle for the newspaper tonight.

Kalle was blindsided. Never before had I wanted to look at a newspaper and now I cheekily claimed that I wanted to read it. He laughed and said, “Well, read it!” Lena said, “Troop reinforcements arrived north of Nuremberg — Munich surrounded!” and Kalle fell out of all clouds when I repeated this heavy sentence fluently. I went into the small room to the boxes with the washing machines and began to read the newspaper with Lena. Kalle and Irene were arguing in the kitchen and probably for the first time in his life Kalle got a little slap in the face from his wife. But then Irene looked in and left the room with a rather pale face, because now I could read properly.

From now on I studied with Lena, and I learned quickly and everything.

On Friday, the bus took me again to the monastery behind Reinbek, on the road to Lübeck. The flow of refugees had broken off at short notice and there were very few people left. Sister Veronika had a lot of time for me and was surprised that I was reading a newspaper. When I read some lines aloud to her, she was silent for a long time and asked since when I could read. I said only since last week, that the little voice was called Lena and would teach me to read. Veronika took me frightened to her breast and cried for a long time and very desperately, I should please not talk about voices, it frightened her terribly. Then we cried and made love fiercely, as we had not done for ages.

Saturday at noon, I crept away from the sleeping Mother Superior, went to my room because I had to squirt so urgently. No sooner had I struggled out of my pants and started stroking my cock than the door opened quietly and Sister Theresa came in. She blushed embarrassed when she saw me rubbing the cock and wanted to run away again, but I told her to please stay and sit next to me. She quietly obeyed and sat on the edge of the bed. I gave her a firm kiss and felt her breast with my small fingers. She did not resist and closed her eyes. I caressed her for a long time and noticed the good sign, the stiffly swollen breast teats. Carefully I stroked and caressed her thighs through the cowl, then slowly pulled the cowl higher. She looked at me briefly, then closed her eyes again. I leaned against her so hard that she had to lean back, lay back, and lay on top of her. I pushed and churned up and down with my belly until the cowl slid higher and higher. She shook her head, but then, blushing, she dutifully pulled the frock up over her belly.

“No, please don’t, Jan!” she whispered, opening her legs very slowly and almost imperceptibly. “Please, yes, dear Theresa, I want to fuck!” said I, rubbing my body on her naked belly. She shook her head and whispered, “No, please don’t!” and held me by the back, holding me pressed tightly against her and slowly opened her thighs wider.

“Yes, please, yes!” I said and searched for her cleft with my cock. Sister Theresa tilted her head to the side with her eyes closed and held me very gently, directing my back with one hand until I found

the cleft with my cock. “No, please don’t!” she whispered, but her dear, chubby body relaxed and yearned toward me, her hand directing my cock through the cleft into the little hole, her hymen tore apart instantly when my cock went in gently and deeply, and then we fucked for a long time. “Please don’t cum inside!” still whispered Theresa, then she gasped a little, and when it came to me, I dutifully pulled out the cock, pushed it against the cleft from the outside and let the semen splash into her dark frizzy hair.

I was still lying on her belly, quite tired, when her hand slowly crept to her cleft and quickly rubbed the clit. I was shaken back and forth on her belly for quite a long time. Theresa’s face contorted as she came very fast and hugged me very tightly. Then she relaxed to catch her breath.

“It was very nice, Jan!” she whispered, and I whispered back that it was very nice for me, too, and that we could do it like that all the time now. But she shook her head and murmured that it should never happen again. But that was another lie, I knew that right away. We talked for a long time, Theresa wanted to know everything about me and also how it was with me and fucking and squirting. I told her almost everything that didn’t have to be kept secret and Theresa whispered that she does it often and often with her little clit when it pushes her very much, every night. And that it was also a big headache for her, because it would be difficult with the convent and the promise. I comforted her a little, because all the nuns I know do it, one this way and the other that way, because the ones who stayed here were the fallen angels. I was proud that I had remembered that. She wondered if bathing together was not merely a circumvention of the promise. Later, we scurried quietly out; she to the dining room and I to the sick Mother Superior.

At dinner, I glanced briefly over at Sister Theresa and made a sign to her with my eyes, how beautiful it had been. She turned away and continued working. Later Veronika and I went to our room, Veronika first prayed for a long time on the wooden stool and then asked how my day had been today. I told her about Mother Superior and about reading and learning with Lena. Then I had to brood for a long time, which I never had to do before. Finally I asked, “Can I tell you some-

thing because you are my very dearest Veronika, but what might make you sad?” She looked at me firmly and said we had enough trust in each other, I should tell her even if it made her sad.

I told her and she got sad, she cried and cried until I joined in and cried too. When she snoozed in between and just didn’t cry, I asked her why she was crying. She scolded me a dear little fool and said that she was only crying because she loved me so much. I didn’t understand that right away, because I loved her too. Lena also cried a little, and that made me insecure. Lena breathed, that Veronika has you quite insanely dear and if you fuck another girl, you dumbass, then it hurts her, damnit!

I replied that Veronika was not allowed to fuck and that fucking was very nice after all. Both nodded and Veronika said, “Forgive me, I was unfair, of course you can do what you want to do” and cried again. Then I said that if she had to cry so much, then I wouldn’t fuck Theresa anymore, but I had to fuck at work. Veronika slowly stopped crying and said, no, go ahead and I said okay.

Then we held each other again and I held sad Veronika too, because Lena made me grow new long arms. Veronika kept her eyes closed and no longer cried, enjoyed the embrace and whispered that I was a good boy because I loved her so much and trusted her so much. For a long time I caressed her and then we did it again as usual, and when she was asleep I wanted to see again how my new long arms looked, but they were not there at all. Lena smiled sweetly and said that only I could have felt that, the arms were not really there, but it would have made Veronika happy.

Over the next few months, we all made love as often as we could, the best time was with Veronika, because we loved each other so much with our hearts that we had to cry, but sometimes I liked fucking with Theresa a lot too, hell too! Once, when we were both sitting at Mother Superior’s in the afternoon, I had to pee quickly and Theresa went along to help with the pants, holding my cock while the water drained. “Oh, nice and stiff he’s gotten!” she said in the middle of it, smiling and rubbing a bit. I felt the pleasure immediately and asked her if she didn’t want to fuck me right now, but she just shook

her head and did it very quickly with her hand, letting the sperm flakes splash merrily into the toilet. Then we went back to Mother Superior, who was still asleep and we giggled mischievously, because she had not noticed anything.

Veronika no longer cried, made love to me every evening with the greatest pleasure, because for she the pleasurable splashing in the asshole was most beautiful, and if she cried now, then with joy and pleasure. Sometimes she was so confused that she then still went naked to the wooden stool and prayed to the Christ, giving thanks for this beautiful feeling and then weeping bitterly because of the stupid promise.

Lena and I sat one afternoon with Mother Superior, who was deep in dreams and tossing and turning, the blanket and nightgown gradually slipping. Lena said that Mother Superior would not live much longer, soon she would have to go to the angels, and I cried, thinking of Mother, who was also already with the angels. Lena said she was dreaming something of fucking. I had to smile a little again at the thought. Then I said very quietly to Lena that perhaps the Mother Superior should have a nice time before she left. Lena looked at me for a long time, then said, "She dreams of having the clit rubbed," and smiling, she went to the Mother Superior, felt under the blanket for her, and the Mother Superior sighed deeply and happily in her sleep as Lena gently did it to her with her fingers. Mother Superior bent her knees and the blanket gave the sight to her old cunt. I watched very closely how her clit became stiff and hard when Lena rubbed it. There was a quiet, serene smile in her trembling sigh as she came to the end of her dream. Then Lena covered her up again and we read and continued to learn.

Later the Mother Superior began to gasp loudly, I became frightened and Lena said I should go and get Veronika now. I ran into the courtyard and looked for Sister Veronika, which I usually never did. "The Mother Superior is gasping very loudly, and Lena thinks she must soon go to the angels!" I whispered to her, and she startled. Quickly she went up the stairs ahead of me. Arrived in the room she saw immediately that Lena was right.

We knelt beside her bed, Veronika praying half aloud. The Mother Superior awoke. "I am leaving soon, Sister Veronika, and I leave you a house that has broken away from Rome forever and stands all alone. You are the strongest of all, I leave you in charge." Sister Veronika kept her head lowered and wept silently. The Mother Superior stroked my head with her hand and whispered that I should take good care of the sisters. "And no foolishness, little Jan!" she said sternly, and immediately smiled again. "I had a beautiful dream, little Jan ... " I said, "Yes, Venerable Mother, I know: of having your clit wonderfully!" and she looked at me with wide eyes, wanting to ask something else. Then her head sank back and she looked at the ceiling in amazement.

Veronika cried even louder, reached for her hand, felt for a pulse, to Mother Superior's cheek and neck, then put her fingers on her open eyes and closed her eyelids. "The Venerable Mother has passed away!" she said softly, for the other two sisters and Sister Theresa had now entered. They knelt down and then prayed aloud together.

When I took the bus home that evening, I was very sad and smiling at the same time, because she had had the pleasure with Lena one last time. Kalle and Irene had already heard and loved and comforted me very much, I felt they were the dearest parents I had ever had, except Mother perhaps. Irene was very, very tender and soft towards me these days and transferred this love and softness to both of us while fucking, which seemed more beautiful than ever to me in this way. The Venerable Mother was already a strict beast, Irene said, but she did a lot for me and for the monastery, which now no longer followed the stupid rules of the popes in Rome.

Because of the increased turmoil of war, I now did not have as much work and did not earn as much, but Kalle laughed that it was okay and I should go quietly back to the Veronika, he would just sell a few more TVs, hell!

Sister Veronika now had even less time for us, she had now become the Venerable Mother and had to run a convent with two sisters, a novice and a lover. Up to a hundred refugees slept in the basement and outbuildings every night and moved on to the north the

next day. There was so much work that she and Theresa now had other things on their minds than Jan, the lover. Veronika now had much more to do because she had now become the Reverend Mother. Sister Theresa took care of the many refugees, perhaps also because she spoke Polish. Now Veronika assigned Sister Karin or Sister Agnes to give me a hand.

Sister Karin always shirked, because she was also almost as old as the Mother Superior and also very lazy. So Sister Agnes had no choice but to go to the toilet with me when it was necessary and neither Veronika nor Theresa had time. She was not yet that old, but she had a terrible fear of a man's cock and thus made everything very complicated. Up to the toilet there were no problems, but the closer we got, the more cowardly she became. Then I stood expectantly in front of the toilet and waited. Finally, Sister Agnes unbuttoned my pants, looked away and, groping insecurely and muttering to herself, took my cock out. If I hadn't then stood so that it was aimed in the right direction, who knows if we wouldn't have peed against the wall.

She waited with her face averted until it stopped splashing, then groped around without looking until the cock was taken care of again. Apparently she just couldn't look at a cock. This groping around excited me properly, but we were already packed up again and could leave. The next time, however, I got her, because little Jan is not stupid! Then, when the splashing stopped and she began to grope around again, I told her to hold still, I wasn't done yet. "And keep the cock nice and still, otherwise it won't work! it won't work!" I commanded, and she nodded, rather confused. Seconds later I mewed that she should take it properly in her hand and hold it straight. Startled, she ducked and grasped the cock properly. Now I pushed it quickly back and forth, and she asked if I was done yet? I grumbled, "No, hold still!" and she obeyed. She could guess what was going on, but couldn't see it because she looked away tensely. Then I wiggled very quickly in her hand back and forth and squirted with a pleasant grunt into the toilet.

.

“Ready, wipe!” I said, and Sister Agnes now had to clean the cock with paper, so she had of course also to look a little and became red as a tomato. She then tried the next few times to quickly pack the cock, but I made her to hold still. She was frightened and a terrible coward; I only had to command her sharply and she obeyed my command, and she obeyed and held still. It took a few days for her to hold still of her own accord when I wiggled in her hand, but she turned terribly red when I squirted, drew in the air sharply, and rolled her eyes skyward. I teased her mischievously by going to the bathroom more often than usual and rubbing my cock in her hand, even when I didn’t want to squirt at all, a good dozen times. I simply enjoyed my power to make her heart-pounding blush, gloating over her feigned horror when she held a hand pressed to her wildly thumping heart, rolling her eyes and gasping short of breath when I really got going.

The next time, I whispered that she needed to rub the cock. Agnes shook her head decisively and had to fight with herself for a long time until she finally pulled tentatively on my cock. She had to look closely and her face turned hellish red as I gave her precise instructions. She anxiously held the cock between her thumb and forefinger and pulled back the skin, her pupils dilating as the glans came out. Quickly she pushed the foreskin forward again. She began to sweat pathetically, but dutifully tried to pull the skin back faster and faster. The more the glans swelled and stayed out, the more timid she became. I ordered her to rub harder, but she couldn’t manage more than a slight tug. Unnoticed, Sister Karin had come up behind us and grumbled at Sister Agnes that the poor guy couldn’t do it himself, so she should try harder! Agnes was scared to death and now stood there completely frozen. Old Karin resolutely stretched out her skinny hand past Agnes and did it, quickly and finely. Breathing heavily, Agnes stared at the cock in Karin’s hand and winced as a few drops splashed heavily into the toilet. Then it was over, because Sister Theresa had more time for me from now on.

I often sat in the room of the old Mother Superior, who now lay buried in the flowerbed and had gone to the angels. Lena told me to search the bookshelf, and after some rummaging we found what she was looking for: the annual calendar of the daily newspaper. In it, the

events of the past years were collected at the end of the year. Lena wanted to explain to me how it had come about with the war.

As I sat there with the book on the table in front of me, I asked Lena if learning could wait. She smiled and said it was okay, she already knew what it was about. But so that I wouldn't struggle myself, she wanted to do it by hand. I countered that she couldn't, she was kind of there and not there, wasn't she? "Wait, wait, Jan!" she breathed and sat down next to me, unbuttoned my pants and took out the cock, which soon splashed rejoicingly. "But how does that work?" I asked breathlessly afterwards, "you're only in my head after all!" "No," said Lena, "I am in your head and at the same time with you, really with you, if you only want it."

I didn't understand. But I had splashed wonderfully fine and now I wanted to learn. Lena began to explain everything to me. Moreover, she promised that I would understand and retain everything, that I would become a clever and smart little wretch if only I wanted to. Yes, and how I wanted it! Now Lena's lessons began, and everything I didn't understand she immediately explained: what America was, what a president and a governor were, for example.

The terrible thing began in 1963, more precisely on November 22. There a criminal plot against the American president had led to that devastating attack, in which the president's wife, the beautiful and delicate Jacqueline Kennedy-Bouvier, was literally torn apart by the bullets of the assassins, as were the governor of Texas and a body-guard literally torn to shreds. The president suffered a bullet through the head that cost him an eye. The injured brain soon healed completely, John F., as he was now called, wore a black eye patch from then on. But the terrible thing was that from the intelligent statesman, jovial bon vivant and loving father an evil, vengeful beast had become.

At the annual commemorative ceremonies on November 22, every speech flashed through the sheer hatred of everything and everyone who opposed him. The assassins were mercilessly investigated, a general and several officers had to commit suicide and the shooters were executed immediately. Since some of the death squads came

from Corsica in France, America occupied Corsica and never released it. Some came from the city of Marseilles; John F. had the mob there mercilessly massacred, hundreds died, only a handful of smaller hangers-on escaped. He became the victorious commander who soon occupied all the states of North- and South America and made them America. Whoever is not for me is against me, John F. quoted from the Bible, and because many were against him, he flattened them all.

John F. raged on, and when the Soviet Union became critical of his actions in 1967, he merely nodded grimly and ordered planes and warships deployed. By the end of 1968, there was no longer a Soviet Union. America now stretched from New York to Alaska to Poland, to Mongolia and China, from Seattle to Mexico to Cape Horn. John F. built his empire, dealing terribly with all who disobeyed his laws. First it was the real criminals who were murderously persecuted and killed, but then it was also all those who did not dance to his tune. As sorry as I felt for John F. because of his shot wife Jacqueline, I understood that he was about to go too far and not be able to stop.

Then he had bad luck, damn bad luck even. In mid-1969, one of his favorite projects, the landing on the moon, had succeeded. The astronauts were poking flags into the lunar dust, reading from the Bible and jumping around in fun. As they were about to take off for home, a rocket flew from somewhere into their lunar landing craft and burst it into a thousand pieces. What had happened? One puzzled around for months, did not understand yet that this had been a rocket, then the technicians driven forward furiously by John F. were ready again and started the 2nd moon landing enterprise. Shortly before they touched the lunar soil, it made another neat bang, and the poor astronauts were pulverized. While they were still searching for the remains with the best telescopes and cautious scientific explanations for this new bad luck were voiced, discovered a non-commissioned officer squatting in his bunker in Alabama, staring at the moon with a telescope, discovered little fiery dots of light — dozens, hundreds, and thousands that had been fired from the far side of the moon (the Dark Side of the Moon) toward Earth.

Now everything was clear, meteors were, of course, a professor in Pumpingdale in the state of Wisconsin had always said so. So, the

meteorites flew then already very symmetrically and orderly, but one breathed on, because with meteorites one knows oneself nevertheless already for centuries. They fly around and usually burn up in the earth's atmosphere, but not these. They flew on in orderly formation and landed in southern Africa, in Australia and in the Pacific area; soon turned out as small spaceships.

Large, mechanical soldiers spilled out of them, building small, ugly, impregnable bunkers. Some mockingbirds in the newspapers mocked the big, clumsy fellows of space steel, who were probably not of biological origin and sometimes looked rather clumsy. Ugly, inelegant launch pads sprang up around the Southern Hemisphere in a matter of days. To the astonished world could be shown blurry black-and-white photographs taken from distant ships and reconnaissance planes, which showed showed ugly, short launching pads that could not compete in the least with the sleek and elegant structures of the Americans. Until they started firing.

Without us having the slightest idea who the enemy was, we had World War III. John F. raged for only a few hours, then the first bombs hit the Northern Hemisphere. The Electromagnetic Pulse (EMP) destroyed all the computers in the world in a millionth of a second. Major cities such as Washington, Calcutta and Shanghai were reduced to dust and ash in minutes. Los Angeles, Miami and London no longer existed. The second carpet of bombs vaporized Rio and Lima, Tokyo and New Delhi. A broad belt of bombed-out cities of millions and far more than than two billion dead adorned the new shape of the earth. Then the mechanical soldiers of the Darx, as they were soon called, blew up the launching pads that had become inoperable and headed north.

This has been going on for four years, Lena said. The Darx soldiers are moving north, spraying everything with poison and covering the cities with bombs, killing almost the entire population. The bombs are only partly nuclear, many destroyed conventionally. Some were also poison bombs, some even spray a poison that triggers the "ice sickness": the person begins to freeze from the inside after 24 hours to death; only a few do not take the poison, almost all die. But those

who survived are captured and hidden in large underground prisoner camps. What exactly happens to them, it is not known.

Lena paused thoughtfully. The Darx had changed their strategy from one day to the next. They picked out from the population the weak and easily influenced, bewitched them with a special poison, and turned them into will-less zombies we called Dreamers, because they were like dreamwalkers; they all head north, hypnotized, and murder, rob and plunder whatever they come across; they wreak havoc. In the meantime, she said, the mechanical soldiers were sending the Dreamers ahead and were themselves merely managing the prison camps. The strange new poisons and diseases worked for them as well as the hosts of the Dreamers.

Earth's armies could have done next to nothing against them; soon the warships, air forces and armored divisions were pulverized. The constant nuclear explosions kept triggering an EMP, so that everything that had worked electronically was just useless junk. Already in the first month of the war, any organized resistance of the armed forces had flagged, were military structures were in the process of disintegrating. All that remained was for the people to organize themselves like guerrillas and oppose the superior force. But the Darx did not seem to have planned in their basic concept to crush a counterforce that had been fragmented into the smallest units. Rather, with the surrender of the "world ruler", but there was not such a ruler, but hundreds of smaller and larger earthly rulers. The disorder of the guerrillas completely upset the concept of the Darx. The war lasted not the one planned month, but already 4 years.

It had become evening, Lena gave me time to digest all this. Veronika stepped into the dark room, made light and asked if everything was okay with me. I was teary-eyed and said that I now knew everything about the war, that Lena had explained it to me. Sister Veronika looked around conscientiously, then sat down next to me and said there was no Lena and what I knew about the war. I told her about the Darx and John F., about the destroyed Cities and the Dreamers who, as if hypnotized, were killing everyone in the North.

Veronika listened to me silently. Then she took my head to her chest and hugged me fiercely. “I don’t know what’s wrong with you, little Jan, but you seem to be able to understand everything. It’s all true what you know about the war. And I don’t understand this miracle, even this morning I wouldn’t have believed you could read a whole sentence, and you apparently read through the history of the last 10 years in three hours!” Veronika held and hugged me and cried. I tried to comfort her, but she said she was crying with joy. Now learning with me had a new meaning.

I said that it was the Lena who had helped me so much. She looked at me in wonder, then shaking her head said, “There is no Lena. It is Lord Christ who performed a miracle on you!” and I defied that it was Lena after all, she had read to me and explained everything and the miracle was perhaps that I could understand it, I, the stupid cripple without arms!

Veronika hugged me again reassuringly and said that I didn’t have arms because my poor father had been radioactively contaminated during the war, in an atomic bomb explosion in Siberia. And that’s why I didn’t grow any arms and only eight fingers, that’s why I’m like this — she faltered and paused. “What, what ‘so’?” I asked.

Veronika pondered, searching for words. “That’s why you haven’t gotten any smarter for over twenty years, been a little kid in your head. And probably your strong drive, your big strong cock comes from the atomic bomb,” she said sadly, “because that’s also something that sets you apart from the others.” I listened, but Lena was silent at first; then she looked straight at me and said, “Yes, she’s right.” I didn’t immediately know why, but I began to cry.

Lena added tonelessly, “And because of the atomic bombs, there are these many mutated people who survive the poisons of the Darx, that will also be your fate. That’s why I’m with you now.” Veronika asked, “What is it, Jan, are you hearing voices again?” and I nodded, then Veronika continued, “This is perhaps also something that is because of the atomic bomb,” but Lena immediately shook her head and so did I, but Veronika could not understand either of us then.

I asked her to turn off the light because it was blinding me and I didn't want to be seen crying. We then sat in the dark room for maybe another hour, whispering and crying, but Veronika should not see that I cried. When we later went into the cell Veronika, for once, skipped praying and we lay in bed entwined, lost about the war and my short little arms crying.

"Maybe you don't believe me about Lena," I said, and Veronika nodded in the dark. "Before the Mother Superior died, she dreamed once again of bathing together and the pleasure of it, lolling comfortably in her dream. Then I asked Lena to give her the pleasure one last time, and Lena did it with her. Lena went and rubbed the clit of the old woman, I have seen it with my own eyes, she had a wonderful finish like you when Theresa rubbed your clit. She experienced this beautiful pleasure once again before she died," I said. Veronika remained rigid and stiff, kept silent doggedly. "I am telling the truth, Veronika, please have Trust!" I begged, hugging her as best I could with my Atombombs-little arms.

I told her everything I had spoken to the Mother Superior at that time, when I absolutely had to squirt next to her sickbed, do you remember, Veronika? Then she told me herself that she knew the pleasure of the clitrubbing since her youth, she also knew about both of us. I waited and thought about what else I could say. "She never said that it was bad, the pleasure, only that she was already too old for it." I suddenly saw Lena shaking her head. "No, don't ask me to do it!" she said, without Veronika being able to hear us. I thought once more that Lena could prove her existence, if she could also

"No," Lena decisively interrupted my thought, "I don't do it!" and shook her head again. Then she disappeared.

Veronika asked again how it was with the Mother Superior, and I told her. This time she listened again quite attentively and began to tremble and shake in the middle of it, because I had paid good attention, when Mother Superior was dreaming of screwing and lolling when Lena went to her and did it with her clit. I had paid close attention when the old, emaciated thighs parted and the wizened clit was gently massaged and caressed by an invisible hand. I described that I

could see the old cunt and the old clit during the whole caressing and described everything in exakt Observations. I asked Veronika if she wanted it now, because she was already trembling so much, and she nodded with closed eyes. I caressed and cuddled her for a long time before she stretched her ass out to me and we made love. I fucked delicately and gently in her butt, because she was so quivered and trembled that I was scared and afraid. I rubbed her clit like Theresa and she came in a loud, long scream. She immediately fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

In the weeks that followed, I was with Irene and Kalle less and less often; they had a lot to do with all the boxes and business and could not quite appreciate my awakening thinking. Kalle was amazed badly when I gave him a hint here and there about an existing or upcoming technical defect. Lena answered to Kalle's and my questions that this was one of the finger exercises for eight-year-olds where she had learned it and that it was actually nothing special. But she wanted to talk about herself another time. Kalle mostly shook his head and said that it sometimes scared him what my voice was talking about.

Initially it confused me that Lena now no longer disappeared during sex, but stayed; she said because I wanted it that way. Also, she sometimes helped out as a good spirit when someone was having trouble and didn't want to go right away. She understood a lot about sex and about the clits of women, but also about my cock when I was just alone on me. Then Lena made me excited and hard and made me squirt like no one else. Only Veronika she did not touch and left us alone, because she thought that would be our thing, there she would not have to be around.

Totally different with Sister Theresa. She actually belonged to those hard going Women who did not and did not come to the final pleasure when fucking. I loved to fuck Theresa, but for her it was not enough, I might try so hard. Theresa only got off well herself with her little clit, after fucking she always rubbed for a long time until it came to her. She whooped when Lena helped invisibly for the first time during our fucking and teased her little clit, my Gentlemen! She was so happy that it had worked that she pressed me against her for min-

utes. From then on, Lena and I winked before it came to fucking, and Lena turned out to be Theresa's secret master.

Veronika stepped into the room once unintentionally and saw us, saw sad and excited Theresa whooping. When Sister Theresa scurried out with her head high, she immediately lay down with me and wanted us to do it, no, she turned on her stomach, just in the butt please, my promise, you know! I just poked around a bit because I had just squirted, then I stroked her clit very gently and tenderly until she finished. She cried for a long time and sniffled, how nice it must be for Sister Theresa! I kept my mouth shut and did not mention Lena's role.

Once I asked Lena how real she actually was. I could feel her and touch her and yet she was not real, I felt that. She said that she was so real that I would squirt if she did it to me, wouldn't I? Yes, I replied, but I was thinking if I could fuck her too. She thought a little, then she said, no, not yet. I had already become a little wiser and thought to myself, that is, later once. Lena blushed a little, looked down and then nodded. So it was, sometimes I spoke or thought it only, but Lena always understood.

My view of things was slowly changing. The women who came to Jan the lover and stealthily pressed the money into Irene's hand, now seemed to me to be rather poor hussies who had no husband or only a very lazy husband, and who secretly and furtively let themselves be fucked by a cripple, in order to at least have a little bit of the illusion of lust and passion. I suddenly noticed things like shame or embarrassment that I had never noticed before. I noticed that many a gold chain was just cheap trinket and many a finely dressed lady in her nakedness was a poor, unhappy creature. I obediently did my job, but I began to think about these women and their small, fleeting pleasures; none quivered and loved as Veronica did.

Kalle and Irene were the dearest parents I had. Through all the reading and studying I realized all at once that Kalle was a little pimp and contraband pusher, albeit a very dear one. The World War had torn him out of his development before his graduation, had robbed him of all illusions and made him a tough guy who nevertheless had

a good core — though strictly reserved for the family. Irene was an aging love servant, who stood more and more behind the bar or pimped younger girls. She herself only sought pleasure with Kalle, Anni and me.

I loved them both because they had stood by me when I was still the very stupid guy and still understood nothing of this world. I loved them because they never fooled me and took me as I was; first as the retarded kid and now as the awakening boy. They did not know that I could now read and think. I understood how much they clung to the little lies of their existence when they separated work and private life. I now actively gave more power to our shallow screwing, seduced Irene and Anni into cheerful screwing and loved them because they had been my salvation and family. At least so I could thank them, and their amazement at the new spring feelings was real.

Irene had split the dancehall in two, into a small dancehall and a mighty cool pub. The pub had been her dream and now she had achieved it; Kalle kept the dance shed going and did his small and big business on the side. Sometimes a box of hand grenades could get between the TVs and washing machines, but he never knew anything about it, the wise guy. After all, he gave me more and more smaller tasks when someone had to pick something up. He nodded with satisfaction when I showed him in the evening which boxes or crates had been picked up, how much was still in stock and that the cash register was correct. Kalle sometimes grumbled that he could rely on me, hell!

The population was very unsettled, in addition, abstruse rumors circulated, which made everything only worse: the invasion began in Africa and the first Dreamers were Africans, so now it's the turn of the blacks! We soon had to hide Anni with us, because she was African, even though she was born in our country and had never been to Africa. But she, like many others, was suspected in the street-car, jostled and once almost beaten up. Kalle said nothing when she told it, but he silently made a small hidden nest in the small room, between the boxes full of stolen goods and cleared out my toys and study things. Then he looked at me and I knew what he wanted to hear. "Sure, I don't really need the space. I'm happy to have Anni

safely housed with us!” Kalle nodded affirmatively, hoisted his paw on my shoulder, and pinched his mouth together because he had to twitch the corner of his mouth, moved. He knew no fear and hit even the roughest motherfucker one on the mouth that the rinds cracked, but when it came to his family, he was soft and lovingly concerned.

Lena now sat with me for hours and explained everything I read. I grinned when I read about the crocodiles and the eggs: I had screwed that up pretty stupidly back then! Lena urged me to learn history above all, to understand how people had lived in the past centuries. I should read as much newspapers as possible, because it was important to know how things stood on a daily basis. My math skills were still pretty weak, but it was enough for everyday life. She liked my humor and also when I sometimes imitated little Jan. I was 24 now, so “three times all fingers!” Lena laughed and hugged me warmly.

My questions about her where from and where to she answered just as little as the burning question of what was to become with me later or what she actually had in mind for me. “We’ll talk about that some other time!” was her standard phrase. I remained curious, but I had to learn to be patient.

Kalle sometimes shook his head in feigned exasperation when I gave him another book order. “School books he wants! Yes, where should I get them from, maybe rob the schoolyard?”, but then he brought in with a grin everything that the schools offered. From the Stone Age to the Romans, plant and animal science, chemistry for middle schools. The Little Chemistry Studio, Automotive Mechanics, and The Little Diesel Engine Book.

Mechanics, machines and Leonardo da Vinci’s sketchbook. Plants, animals and chemistry, physics and astronomy. History of space travel. The history of the Etruscans, the Franks, Charlemagne. Lena put aside everything related to art, music, and literature, including language textbooks. “I’ll teach you one language, that’ll be enough for everyone!” she muttered when I asked her why. I was left alone with my curiosity, as she told me to read the textbooks diligently and thoroughly.

Sometimes she would tell me to take a break and rest in her lap. When I put my head in her lap, I always fell asleep immediately and dreamed that Lena was going over everything with me again. Often she would put her hand on my head and close my eyes; then I had the feeling that a warm and powerful current was flowing over me. After these dreams, I woke up and always felt wiser than before I fell asleep. She nodded and said, yes, these were learning dreams. And what I perceived as laying on of hands was one of her healing methods for my poor brain.

When I was still little silly Jan, I didn't have much besides flipping through picture books and playing with the old bear. Curiosity and excitement were mainly around sexuality, as I was apparently very libidinally inclined. This had remained, I always remained little Jan in this regard. Lena laughed broadly and asked with a grin if I was uncomfortable. I denied, of course.

So it also happened that on one of these long afternoons I pushed away my book and lay down on the big bed. The urge crept up my loins like a hot lava flow. Lena came closer and asked if everything was all right; but I knew that I didn't have to answer because she knew everything that was going on in my head anyway. I thought I would like to see her naked. Lena nodded, stripped off her long white dress and lay down next to me.

She still looked like the little 16-year-old girl, even though we had known each other for so long. "I'm not getting any older," she added, "I look the way you want to see me." I had to think about that for a long time. Slowly it dawned on me that she resembled a girl I had clung to as a child when life hurt me. The girl I had the first and most beautiful childhood memories of. Yes, that beautiful, long black hair, that gentle, shy face with the light gray eyes, that soft, warm body with the gently curving little hills and curves, the little black curl between her legs.... ..

Mother!

Lena gently stroked my crying face with her hand and whispered, "Yes, my little Jan, maybe this girl is like your mother to you. If you

want it.” I hugged her and felt a force connecting us warmly and strongly. “Nevertheless: I am Lena. That’s the truth!” For a long time I lay there with my eyes closed, caressing her with my crooked, powerless fingers. In a strange way, a circle had come full circle, I was connected to her and myself again, even if this may sound strange. I groped for her, felt the familiarity of this body and cried. Lena let me take my time and lay very still, stroking my face and later my cock, letting me fall asleep gently after the squirting.

I had a strange dream.

As always, things went haywire in this dream — ever since I had learned the new Thinking had begun to learn, the dreams were no longer as clear and simple as when I was just little Jan. I saw my mother cuddling and caring for me as we lay in the bath or in bed; I ate apple after apple with the old bear and watched mother leave. Irene read to me and explained all the animals, how they lived and hunted or cared for their young. Irene and Kalle got into the old Fleetwood and drove to the sea, Irene waving a colorful handkerchief for a long time until the car disappeared at the end of the road. Then I sat in the garden of the monastery and guarded the flower beds so that no one would cut the beautiful roses, but a fierce wind came up and blew everything away until only dust was left.

In a square, a monk in a long black robe stood and gave a speech. People gathered around him and then ran wildly because bombs were falling. The monk stayed behind alone, drawing water with a bucket from a deep well and put out the fire. Military cars circled him in tighter and tighter circles, he stretched out his arms and hurled fiery lightning at them. He leapt from balcony to balcony, from rooftop to rooftop, until he disappeared into the sky. The earth opened up and all the jeeps along with the soldiers plunged into the depths. The monk floated back down from the clouds and landed on a mountain, went through deep shafts and mines and then exploded, the whole mountain collapsed. The monk burrowed through the rubble and came to a castle where he went into every room looking for someone. Then the castle also exploded and the monk disappeared.

I awoke and wanted to ask Lena what it meant; but she shook her head and said that we would talk about it later. The dream scared me a lot, and Lena stroked me soothingly until I fell asleep again.

The bus only drove more meaningfully towards the city, through the many closed roads and ruined houses it had to take unplanned detours and finally got stuck. The bus driver knew me already for years and meant, if the little Jan goes there up to the corner and then along the long street, then he would come to the Zoo through the large garden, where the Zoo was and there was already the Kudamm, on the left the second in was the Rankestraße, there would be Kalle at home. Take care, my boy, he said and got back on. I nodded to him with a dry lump in my throat and started walking. Twice I had to turn back, because the large park had many exits, but then I found the Kudamm, Rankestraße and then our pub. Kalle and Irene were very happy that I had made it home well despite this adventure.

Lena whispered that they should pack quickly and disappear, because tomorrow at noon, Berlin would be bombed. I just helped Kalle, who carried the boxes into the basement and checked off box after box on his list and said, “Kalle, the voice says you should pack and get out, tomorrow at noon there would be a crash and Berlin would be bombed!” Kalle grumbled that he had already thought that, but tomorrow? No, he laughed, in ten days or two weeks at the earliest. No, cried Lena, tomorrow! I said, “Kalle, Lena is shouting that it’s already noon tomorrow, but really!” Kalle looked at me again very skeptically and shook his head. “Boy, you know better once again!” and then we let it go. Still, he whispered to Irene for a long time that evening, while Anni and I rolled around on the bed, tickled and did all kinds of mischief, until we became horny and started fucking.

Irene stroked Anni’s back, lost in thought, and asked if I really meant it and had been serious about tomorrow at noon. I nodded and said that the voice had never been wrong before. “Please pack quickly and leave while there is still time!” Irene looked sad and said they couldn’t, they couldn’t pack that fast. Kalle said that there was certainly still a week to go, that I shouldn’t panic. I remained silent and stroked with my fingers over the scratchy hair bristles on Irene’s pubic area, because if she didn’t shave for a few days, then it

scratched properly. Irene then held Anni and me left and right and cried a little. I heard what she was thinking and how her thoughts were excited and desperate like caged birds in a cage.

“Yes, this is our last night, Irene,” I murmured and she looked at me, startled. Lena breathed, “Take it easy, my boy, it’s all right!” Irene sobbed and shouted that Kalle should come at last, and he came over from the table grumbling sullenly and lay down next to her. Irene held on to him, sobbing, and cried wetly down his shirt collar, Anni shivered and was on the verge of crying too, howling and pressed herself against me, seeking warmth and comfort. Kalle comforted, kissed and hugged Irene until she cooed like Puss Purr and then they fucked quite lovingly.

Later, when Kalle was already snoring and Anni had put out the light, I stroked Irene very sweetly and gently until she pulled me on top of her. This time we slept very long and sweetly together, I whispered in her ear what a good second mother she had always been and had saved my life. Anni snuggled up to Irene and rubbed her clit devotedly until we all came to the end. Lust and sadness mixed with tears, sweat and semen.

I was the only one who didn’t sleep that night and wandered restlessly up and down. Lena sat at the table and watched me; I kept looking out the window into the night and at the slowly creeping dawn. Then Lena said it was time, because there weren’t many buses going to the monastery anymore. Quietly I gathered my clothes, contorted myself like an acrobat, and got dressed. Lena guided my hand as I clumsily wrote on a piece of paper, “Farewell! I will stay in the monastery, your loving son Jan.” Standing once more by the big bed, I looked at the beautiful bodies of my family and stroked Irene’s cheek once more. Then I quietly went out and hurried to the bus.

Sister Veronika was completely surprised when I reappeared. “I didn’t expect you so soon,” she said, “what happened?” I thought and then told her about yesterday. She shook her head again in disbelief when I told her about Lena’s warning and nodded when she heard about Kalle’s reaction. I mentioned that about our last night only briefly, but she reacted very harshly, as she does every time, and

asked if it had been necessary. Affected, I said that I wanted to give Irene a real pleasure with the beautiful fuck. I concealed the screwing with Anni, because Veronika was already so angry. Veronika said, Irene had probably still a dozen others and did not have to fuck with little Jan, but now I bucked and kept silent, because she did not want to understand that I should never see Irene again.

I walked away from her without a word, into the garden, way in the back to the flowerbeds I always tended with Sister Theresa, and asked Lena to leave me alone for a bit. Then I cried and spread my tears on the leaves of the rose and the little flower that Veronika had once planted for little Jan. I was no longer interested in the busy hum of the monastery; I thought of Irene and Kalle, of Anni and the old bear I had forgotten with them. I sent a quick, fervent thought to Irene not to forget the good friend as they ran away. Then came the first flash.

I looked up. Now there were several flashes over the city, then I heard the distant rumble and roaring. So these were the bombs I had read so much about. Lena rushed toward me between the flowerbeds and shouted from afar that I should get Veronika and the others from the monastery! A long moment of fright passed, then I dashed off and ran through the middle of the flowerbeds towards the monastery. Had Kalle and Irene left in time? Had they not forgotten that they had to be far, far away by noon? Blinded by tears, I stumbled up the steps and banged on Veronika's door with one shoe, pushing it open roughly. Veronika was sitting behind the desk and looked up in amazement. "What's up, why are you running like that?" she asked, getting up.

"Berlin is burning! The bombs!" I shouted confusedly, grabbing her frock with my little fingers. "Come quickly into the garden, you can see it there!" Veronika ran after me, trying to tame her headscarf, which kept trying to flutter away as she ran. I stopped by our flowerbed and pointed my head to the south, but it was not necessary. The city was ablaze, you could see that right away. Lena warned that we should all head north in case the monastery was bombed. I told Veronika, but she gruffly waved me off and ran back to the monastery. All the refugees, the children and the sisters had to go to

the cellar, but I said we should go north immediately, not to the cellar. Veronika became quite loud and told me to go out. Then she followed with some men who were leading the refugee convoys and Sister Karin. I stood by the flower bed and looked at the clouds of smoke to the south.

I think there were eight of us standing there staring at the columns of smoke. The Men were whispering to each other, I was standing next to Veronika, holding onto her cowl. I looked at her very sweetly until she became gentle and soft again, forgetting that I had contradicted her in front of everyone. "Will never see Irene and Kalle again!" I sobbed out, and Veronika suddenly understood everything, took my head to her chest and gently stroked through my tangled hair. There was only a short, shrill whistle as the bomb fell and tore the monastery into a thousand shreds. The shock wave knocked us down and then dirt, stones and dust pelted down on us.

For a few seconds we lay motionless. Then I remembered Theresa. I jumped up and ran to where the monastery had stood before. This ruin couldn't be the monastery after all! I looked around and saw that it was. I cried out because all the children and refugees, Sister Agnes and Theresa were gone, torn apart and buried under the rubble! Veronika came running breathlessly and held my head to her chest in mute horror. I whimpered that Theresa was now dead too like everyone else and felt the dry sobs in Veronika's chest.

The men came and looked in the basement, but they found only bodies and all were dead. We desperately searched for Sister Theresa but did not find her. Some of the men were crying and screaming for their wives or children, the others were the tugs. They tried to grin despite their fear of death and joked that they would probably not earn anything from this trek. We trudged around in the rubble for a long time, then Sister Veronika said we had to move on, perhaps north. The men gathered whatever food they could find or dug up in the garden, as well as water and a few bottles of schnapps, then we set off.

We marched for a long time through the mixed woods and fields until evening came and the men were looking for a place to spend the

night. Next to a dilapidated shed they made a campfire and we sat around it, silent and hungry, for the food had been used up. The men drank liquor from bottles, talked loudly and crudely and got into a murderous mood. Lena plucked me by the shirt and whispered, "You have to leave! Now!" I whispered it to Veronika, but she didn't understand me. Lena made me jump up immediately and run away into the bushes. Sister Veronika immediately woke up from her lethargy, came after me and looked for me. Lena slowed down my run a little so that Veronika could find me. Then, exhausted, we sat down in a hiding place and waited. We froze and sat close together until it got completely dark. Lena whispered that she had to go back to check on Kalle and Irene. Sister Veronika scolded me grimly for running away and wanted to return immediately, but Lena touched her forehead with a finger and Veronika remained sitting, paralyzed, seeing and hearing nothing. I was amazed that Lena could do that.

I startled awake from half-sleep when I heard the shouting. I crept forward crouched to one in the bushes and looked over to the campfire.

The drunken men had grabbed the old Sister Karin, torn off her frock and now two or three held her down while one by one they fucked her, quickly and hastily. Sister Karin screamed and screamed, but the man kept fucking quickly. Then the next, and so one after the other, because no one lasted longer. Sister Karin screamed mainly in disgust, not in pain, because the guys squirted as soon as they started to fuck. Then they caught their breath, panting, and left Sister Karin alone.

Sister Karin had stopped screaming during the pause and looked up at the older man, who was now slowly approaching and kneeling between her legs, hugging her and stroking her kindly. He spoke softly to her, nodding as he did so, probably to wipe away the unreality of this insane situation. He gently laid her on her back, stroked her breast a little and opened his pants, giving Karin and himself time. She looked with wide, puffy eyes at the the cock, which he slowly and deliberately pushed into her little hole. She clenched her teeth and didn't make a sound, because he was a gentle and good-natured man, had stamina and feeling. Old Karin softened at his first

slow thrusts and held onto him with her eyes bulging out as he thrust very gently; sometimes thrusting her old womb at him full of longing. He continued to fuck slowly and deliberately, stopping sometime later, letting it run in quietly and pulling his cock out gently. Karin sank back disappointed and I think she smiled a little anyway. Then he detached himself from her and stood up.

The others, who had been standing around curiously rubbing their cocks to get them stiff again, now pounced on her almost simultaneously, scuffling doggedly until one won. Immediately Karin cried out again, then she really did not want to be fucked and if, then certainly not by so many men. The one who had fucked her so gently quietly grabbed his bundle and went out into the night without a greeting.

The guys had almost nothing left to drink, but performed very roughly and goaded each other as to who could again and again. Sister Karin had stopped shouting and endured being fucked while crying softly, the guys no longer had to hold her. Indiscriminately they pushed and fucked with the old woman and who could, splashed boastfully, pumped and pumped hard, so that all could see it. They stopped only when the fire had burned down completely and even the last could no longer. The men talked dirty for a long time, then one by one they dozed and fell asleep. At some point, my eyes also fell shut, I crawled back, cuddled up to Veronika in our hiding place and warmed myself.

At dawn, Lena woke me up. I woke Veronika and we went to the shed where sister Karin was lying. Lena whispered that we had to be strong now, but need not be afraid, the men were already gone, over the hills. I told Veronika as we came closer, and with a loud cry Veronika threw herself to the ground next to Sister Karin on the floor. Sister Karin was lying in a pool of blood, the guys had cut her throat. Veronika screamed and sobbed, and I couldn't find a shovel anywhere with which to bury poor Karin. So we made a small burial mound and stones over her corpse, then we walked a little further. Veronika sat down and cried. Lena told me to go back and get Karin's frock.

Lena said I was thinking the right thing and touched Veronika's forehead with one finger. "Forget all that!" she whispered inaudibly and Veronika immediately stopped crying. She looked around freshly and cheerfully and said that we had to take the way north now, I should hurry up! Speechless and grateful, I looked at Lena and hurried to run after Veronika. We hiked all day, drank from a small stream and slept at night in a dense bush, which Lena showed me like the stream before.

In the morning I said it would be wiser if I put on the frock, for as a Spiritual sister with lover we would get through nowhere. Veronica thought, then allowed it before we went on. We found later along the way some discarded backpacks with rotten food, but there were some slices of bread not yet spoiled, which we ate greedily, some we took with us. At noon we had a rest again, because Veronika had aching feet from the long hike. Again we found a place next to a stream, where we drank and ate the last bread. Then Veronika fell asleep at my side.

She woke up after two hours sighing and trembling and looking up at me happily. "I had such a wonderful dream!" she said, feeling for my legs. Lena winked at me and disappeared. Veronika felt the cock under the frock and said, there is our hero, something must be done! I was still terribly tired and weary from this adventure, but also from the terrible events. "Yes, I have to pee" I said, and Veronika pushed up the cowl, held the cock and let me pee in a high arc in the grass. Her warm hand continued to hold the cock long after I had finished, looking me smiling and knowing in the eyes and stroked it gently with her hand until a thick, hot stream spurted out. Breathlessly I buried my face on her chest and fell asleep.

We hiked north for three or four more days, at night seeking out dense brush or even a shed with Lena's help, and slept. Lena was silent all the time, except when she told me where we should go next, and disappeared in the evening to leave me alone with Veronika. A few times Veronika's hand stroked me awake again after I had fallen asleep, and that's when I felt the drive above her "crashing together in waves" and she wanted to assfuck. It was a blessing that she had

forgotten the terrible thing and again wanted to make love to me sweetly and gently. Afterwards we wanted to sleep.

She looked once from a small hill to the horizon and said that the strip back there was the sea and in front of it was the city of Lübeck. I said, please let's go further north, the city of Lübeck was not in our plan. Veronika was silent, but since the bombs on Berlin and the monastery she said nothing when I relayed what Lena — the voice — told me. We walked along a small stream and found a small abandoned house where we took a day's rest, for in the kitchen we found usable food, water, and to top it all, a sleeping chamber. We forgot about the war and the flight and cuddled in bed all day, stroking each other and I did her assfuck, making her clit quiver and twitch with my little fingers. We were happy and cried about the war and slept it off, stayed in bed for a day and a night and did nothing but love and pleasure.

The next morning it started again, without warning. Lena tore me from my sleep and screamed, they had discovered us, nothing like out! So we ran head over heels, but after a few minutes we heard soft plop!s and the whistling of a bomb hitting in the middle of the forest in front of us. We cautiously groped our way through the fog, Lena desperately was looking for a way out, but we had to either go forward or back. "Back," Lena screamed, "back, you can't go through the fog, it's poison!" "Don't breathe the poisonous fog!" I shouted to Veronika. Immediately I turned and ran, thinking that the fog was colored yellow because that's what draws black outlines on the surveillance screens, but Veronika wasn't as fast as I was and swallowed a lot of the fog. Lena asked, puzzled: "How you know about the yellow fog and the surveillance screens?", but as much as I thought about it, I didn't know. Lena nodded and said that we would have to talk about it later. Panting and coughing, we arrived back at the little house, because I had to run back again to drag Veronika out of the forest.

I was only a little out of breath, but Veronika had red-veined eyes, coughed and spat and vomited. Then she sat down, quite tired, and asked me to leave her alone for a moment. I went with Lena to the front of the house and peered into the forest to see if they had found

us yet. Lena felt for my head and touched it for a long time. Then she said that my brain seemed to be opening up and releasing power, great power. So I would also have read in her mind why the smoke was colored yellow.

I looked at her sadly and said, “She has ice sickness, doesn’t she?” Lena looked me in the eyes for a long time, then hugged me comfortingly. “There’s nothing we can do, it’s over!” I remained sitting on the doorstep for another hour, crying and thinking how I could save Veronika; but little Jan knew purely nothing. Lena came back after a while and sat down next to me. “I was able to distract them a bit, they are not looking for us here anymore” she said and I nodded gratefully. Then Lena told me to go inside; Veronika would need me, very much, because this was her last day and she knew it. She shook her head as I asked her to stay in my mind and disappeared.

Veronika had curled up on the bed and was dozing restlessly. I lay down next to her and looked at her sadly while she slept. Restless, she awoke and groped for me, clutching me and crying softly. “I have the ice sickness,” she sobbed, hugging me desperately. “I know, Veronica, I want to do everything to save you, because you are the dearest thing to me!” She continued to sob, and after a while she said that she had already cared patients for enough times and that so far everyone had died after 24 hours. I nodded and now I was crying too.

I brought her water and a second blanket from the living room, covered her warmly and lovingly. Veronika told me to lie with her and warm her. I took off the robe (the robe was practical, I realized) and lay with her, hugging and warming her.

“My life is over, I will die soon” breathed Veronika after a while. I said nothing and kept my eyes closed so she wouldn’t see my sadness. “I want to sleep with you, really sleep” Veronika suddenly said and cuddled up to me. I was alarmed. “The promise...” I began, but she looked at me with crystal-clear, wide-awake eyes and said immediately: “Until I die, I promised. And that’s exactly what I’m doing now, dying. Slowly and insidiously. Jan, I want it, I really want it now!”

I didn't know what to do; I couldn't ask Lena and I couldn't ask Veronika, because she had her firm opinion and I warmed her because she was already shaking and trembling. I guessed that it could not yet come from the ice sickness.

"Come" she said, "come, little Jan, love me as you can love me!" and little tears beaded down her beautiful face. I stroked that beautiful and dear face for a long time, catching the beads of tears with my little fingers and spreading the salty liquid on her cheek. Slowly she stopped crying and looked at me with such a clear and radiant gaze that I felt completely different. Slowly she pulled me to her, sank back with a sigh and gently pulled me onto her belly.

My cock had become stiff (and I suspected that this was Lena's doing), my head lay between her breasts and I stroked a nipple with my little fingers. Veronika sighed deeply and whispered, "Warm me, my little man, let me feel your closeness while I can still feel something!" and slowly and shamefacedly spread her thighs. My heart gave a little leap and I felt a tremendous, hot force pour out of me as my cock slowly and carefully slid into Veronika.

I had certainly stuck my cock in a cunts hole a thousand times before, but this time it was very different, this time it was brand new, this time it was Veronika; I guessed that "holy" must be just that.

Veronika drew in the air sharply, when I tore her hymen carefully and sensitive, then smiled under closed eyelids and listened inside. "This is my first time, my little Jan!" she whispered and shook like a leaf. I concentrated to the max and fucked her, we harmonized wonderfully and soon she was quivering with joy and pleasure as I slowly and sighingly squirted inside her. We looked into each other's eyes for a long time smiling, I just let my cock stick and we waited until it was ready to fire again. I laughed and whispered that Kalle had sometimes called me "Jan with the rapid-fire rifle." Then I continued with fucking my dearest love. "We want to love each other to the end!" she breathed, and held me crying, laughing and orgasming violently. "Heat and love me until the moment I have to go!"

I loved her, like a drowning man, even though it was she who had to die today. But I had no one left in this world but her, and if she went now, I was all alone on my own. I watched Veronika and felt her growing weaker and weaker, felt the icy cold rising in her and fucked her gently, warming her with my body. We whispered in love as if she was not dying, and again and again my cock grew big and strong anew and we fucked to our hearts' content. Veronika sighed and moaned how nice it was that she could experience this with me after all. "I warm you, my Veronika, because you are the sweetest and dearest in the world!" I whispered and she smiled. "If you love me, I won't feel the cold at all" she breathed and stroked my back where she supported me. "You are my husband now" she said wanly and closed her eyes.

Then I had to call Lena to help me. I screamed in my head for her to come tentatively closer. "My dick is getting lame!" I complained, and Veronika looked at me in amazement. "Not at all, dear man!" she said, reaching between her thighs. Sure enough, it swelled up again. I thought, "Thank you, dear Lena!" and loved Veronika all over again. Miraculously, my cock kept getting hard and we made love until evening and late into the night, Veronika shone in every orgasm and laughed more and more happily with her eyes, although her body became more and more dull and tired.

I felt my seed flowing into her in little tiny jets and at the same time I felt my heart power flowing warmly into her. All at once I knew that we had made love for the last time. I was finished, chafed, and just couldn't get it hard anymore; she lay there dull and tired and almost unresponsive. I held her in my arms and rubbed her clit like crazy, this should give her a little bit of warmth. Veronika had orgasm after orgasm, wept in quiet pleasure and screamed silently, when I could give her clit another orgasm. She became quiet and didn't react to my rubbing anymore. I remained lying on her cooling body crying, screaming inwardly for Lena.

"You have to say goodbye" Lena said sadly, "she has to go soon". For a long time we were silent; Lena knew she should not see my tears and looked out the window. I dragged myself to a chair and crouched down, I cried and howled in my mind that I loved Veronika

like nothing else in this world and just wanted her to have the pleasure until the end, as she had wished. Lena looked at me for a long time, then went to Veronika. I closed my eyes and wished she would stay invisible, leave me alone with Veronika's dying.

It was quiet in the room, nothing could be heard except our thoughts. Veronika called out to me, no, she wanted to call, but it remained only a thought, because she already could not speak. I got up quietly and crouched down at the head of the bed. Her cold, white hand lay like a lost flower on the sheet, I took it delicately in my crooked fingers, warmed and caressed it. Veronika moved a little, confusedly imagining that someone was gently playing with her clit and squeezed my hand in surprise. Under half-closed eyelids she looked at me, looked at me shyly, while she felt it happening to her, as if by itself, with an invisible hand.

I smiled and nodded encouragingly to her. "Just let it happen!" I whispered, stroking her ice-cold hand full of sorrow. "Veronika, I give you all my love, pleasure until the end!" I could clearly feel it when her little clit quivered under Lena's caresses, then she lay quietly again and relaxed. Again and again I pleaded with Lena, silently holding Veronika's hand as her little clit whooped in small, gentle orgasms. "Love and pleasure to the end, my love!" I whispered, dabbing the tears from the corners of her eyes with my little fingers and kissing her, looking long and lovingly into her slowly breaking eyes. I laid my head against her chest as she trembled and shook one last time in an orgasm and then gently fell asleep forever.

Lena gave me time until the sun was already quite high. I awoke blinking and saw Veronika lying there quietly asleep. Then everything came back to me, I cried loudly sobbing and stroking her cold body. I took her robe from the chair and carefully covered her with it. I took the silver chain with the Christ Cross, the sign that she was the Venerable Mother, and when I slipped into Karin's habit, I hung that silver cross around my neck. If someone should ask me, for devils sake, then I would just be the lover of the Venerable Mother, basta.

At the door I turned once more and looked at Veronika. She would lie here, until the people found her and reverently buried her. "No,"

Lena said, “set the house on fire!” I looked at her uncomprehendingly. But my indignant protest immediately faltered when I saw the image in her mind: barbarians entering the house and desecrating the beautiful corpse, raping my Veronika with dirty cursing as Karin had been done a few days ago. Blind with rage and anger, I looked for a lighter or matches, but I found nothing.

Lena looked at me firmly and said, “Set the house on fire, you have the power if you just want it!” I stood motionless, feeling only emptiness in my mind. Lena gingerly lifted one armless sleeve of my frock up. I closed my eyes and felt new arms growing. Terrible anger and rage at the abusers twitched through my brain, drove through my shoulders into the new arms and hit like a bullet. With a dull bang the bed ignited, the curtains and the whole house burned all at once. I shielded my face from the flames and ran out into the open, terrified.

The sleeves of the frock dangled empty. I had no new arms, that much was certain. Lena postponed it again until later, urging me to leave quickly, for the pursuers were closing in. I ran through the forest and came to a small hill. I caught my breath briefly and turned around. Down there, the fire with the thick column of smoke, that was Veronika’s grave. I cried a little and waved once more in her direction, then rushed on, blinded by tears. Lena rushed me on, and she knew her way around.

I needed two days to get out of the forest, and four days to get to the great river and the sea. Exhausted, I sank to the ground on the shore, for here my journey ended. I could neither swim nor there was any other way to get to the other shore. “Wrong,” Lena said dryly, “you can cross the river if you just want to!” I was about to get angry at this incomprehensible answer when an image flashed through my mind of standing on the shore, stretching out my arms and floating across.

Lena said nothing, but helped me stand up, and again I closed my eyes, felt my arms grow, and stretched them out carefully. For a moment I thought I saw the river rushing by below me, but when I opened my eyes I was still standing on the bank. “Wrong,” Lena said

with a smile, “on the other bank!” As I looked around, I almost felt dizzy: on the other bank.

Lena pointed to a large rock and told me to go there, there would be a cave where she was waiting for me with a warm meal and where we would stay and study for the next time. She disappeared before I could answer anything to this nonsense. I set off, stood at the foot of the rock and saw the cave entrance, unreachably high. The rock surely rose 30 meters perpendicular to the cave entrance. I closed my eyes and wished I could get up there. I wished it to myself completely firmly, I wanted to go up there absolutely, no matter what the cost, since Lena was my only connection to the world. I had to go up, up! Lena coughed behind me and asked amusedly, “Where else, up where?” I opened my eyes and saw that I was already standing in the cave entrance. Under my feet the rock dropped straight down to the sandy beach, in front of me the wide, gray-blue sea, and in my stomach a new, sinking feeling. The depth. The power. And because I was “up there.”

Unsteadily, I joined Lena inside the cave, a bird sizzling on a the spit. “Some kind of seagull, also do not know so sure” Lena growled, blinking in the acrid smoke. I was all weak kneed and hungry, which really hurt. And a thousand questions.

“Drink something first, back there” Lena pointed to the back of the cave. I obeyed and drank the cold, clear water. Rainwater that over the rock and the sloping ceiling into a small depression had trickled in. “Right!” exclaimed Lena silently, smiling proudly at me. Then I sat back down by the fire and pulled my cowl up a bit so I could warm my legs. Lena said she would answer some questions for me until the bird was through, for it was tougher than one would would assume.

“A few people have a much larger brain capacity than anyone else. It lies fallow, and if it is not used, that is, if it is not opened, then it cannot develop its power. You have been considered a fool for many years, no one has been able to unfold your brain, although you had become a valuable mutant due to nuclear contamination. Your arms and hands, the Fingers — a failure! Your excessively libidinous sexu-

ality — likewise. But your brain, that is one of the kind worthy of a great magician. No, don't interrupt me now. Your brain is full of tremendous power."

"Little Jan could only use a tiny little part, and that wasn't very much. You were thought to be retarded for a long time, even though the majority of your brain just lay fallow. I have used our old healing methods on you, and you can already use a larger part of your brain. You can see me, you have learned to read and think, sometimes you can already hear other people's thoughts. Anger and rage have released the power in you and you set the house on fire with just a thought. You flew over the river and up here into the cave. Those are the facts, and we're only at the beginning of that developments."

Stupid and dazed, I sat there trying to understand every word she said. I knew it had all happened, but I couldn't, perhaps wouldn't, grasp exactly what it meant. Lena left me alone with my thoughts and handled the spit, tasting the tough bird and commenting, "Hmhm!" The smell of roasting meat rose to my nose and Lena handed me a hot piece of bird on a stick. "Hold it all the way at the end and turn your head — then you can take a bite." I ate and threw the gnawed bone into the fire. There were still so many questions unanswered, and I sat by the fire, warming my legs, my thighs, and feeling that old familiar tug in my loins, so good did the warmth do me.

Lena smiled and said that I would of course forever remain a bit of little Jan, of course, as far as my libidinous cock was concerned, and winked insinuatingly over at my companion. She gnawed on her bird's leg and sat across from me by the fire, my hungry eyes gliding over her white robe to her legs, onto the black frizzy hair, and my cock announced itself unmistakably. Lena grinned and said, damn it, she was going to finish the bird first, for all the heavens!

I laughed because that made her sound a lot like Kalle. We both laughed because we were holding our legs up to the fire for warmth while unabashedly looking "under each other's frocks". Lena's pussy seemed so exciting to me, as if I had never seen her naked before, and my cock meanwhile peeked cheekily and throbbing between my

thighs, warmed itself also at the fire and let me think ever more urgently of squirting. But then the bird was finally plastered, and Lena sat down next to me, nestled her young-girl body firmly against me, and stroked my leg. Her hand slowly slid up my inner thigh and delicately touched my cock.

I felt her thoughts, in which she was already gently rubbing my cock and letting the semen squirt out in a thick stream. But I was full and lazy and wanted to fuck now rather, much rather than that Lena made it to me with her hand. Lena sat up first puzzled when this thought went through my head, then she hugged and kissed me, the first time in the middle of the mouth, tongued in it like Anni and cooed. She took off my robe and laid it like a blanket on the floor, then she let her white robe slide to the floor and lay down on the frock. Her nudity was no longer little-girlish, but lascivious and demanding. The wild gasping and impatient beating of the heart of the female jaguar, which with she impatiently follows every move of her chosen one.

I snuggled next to her and caressed her little chest with my little fingers, Lena lolling and stretching and looking at me with glittering eyes, dreamily stroking her little clit. “Mommy, want to fuck!” Little Jan whispered in my head, and Lena, smiling, pulled me to her, helped put my cock in her hole with her hand, and we fucked hastily, quickly and excitedly. Blissfully I stroked Lena’s and mother’s skin, caressed her and mother’s lips and felt my semen flowing softly pulsating into them. Mother, Irene, Veronika — I sank down on Lena’s belly and fell asleep crying softly.

I dreamed of Anni and her little pale pink breast lashes, the half-closed eyes and the wonderful gurgling moans that turned into deep cooing when she had an orgasm. Theresa’s racing finger that made the little clit quiver. My cock was hard again and I half awoke, penetrated Lena again and fucked her, long and wild. Lena held me gently and lovingly embraced, teasing my cock and cheering me on until I squirted hard and strong. Now I was wide awake and hugging Lena as best I could; I was grateful for how natural and arousing she was letting this adventure develop for me. She covered us with a blanket she took from somewhere and gently kissed my eyes.

I fell asleep immediately.

The Adept

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

We lived in the cave for almost a whole year. Lena was always conjuring up treats, but from day one she taught me to roam the woods and gather edible herbs, berries, and fruits. She taught me to use my crooked and powerless atomic-fingers more effectively and to do difficult things like fire making with well-coordinated fingers, toes, and teeth. It amazed me what I could do on my own by now, even if some of it seemed like a circus act.

In painstaking detail work, I made a bedstead of bark, ferns and moss in many weeks, and when it was ready, I stayed two full days with Lena to inaugurate the masterpiece accordingly. I knew, of course, that Lena was as sparing with praise as a Scotsman with his shilling, but as I lay happily and sweatily beside her and almost dozing off, I said my “Thank you for all this!” loud and clear. For once I really wanted to say it, not always just think it.

Lena had gone to neighboring towns a few times, bringing back books and newspapers that soon filled the back of the cave. Rudi Dutschke, a German, had been installed by the Darx as President for life and deftly maneuvered between Scylla and Charybdis. The revolting zealot had become a mature, serious man trying to hold together a shrinking empire in ruins. In Moscow, in the state of East Russia, Vladimir J. Lemonosov succeeded John F. Kennedy, who had died unexpectedly and under mysterious circumstances, becoming the first European president of the United States. In occupied France, the terrorist Lucien Le Loup held on as president of a shadow government, and in the remnants of London still ruled the aged King Philip, since the queen and her court had fled to Iceland. In Rome, the popes resided (the Africans had enforced the simultaneous installation of the Archbishop of Lagos) and did clever marketing for the time after.

Wave after wave, the Darx sent the Dreamer, transformed into zombie-warriors, northward, but could not overcome the swamps

that had formed in the remnants of the Northeast Sea Canal. Scandinavia had been fully developed into a fortress and successfully defied superior forces, as did Scotland, where the Caledonian Canal formed a natural aid to resistance. Water and cold — on this all commentators in the newspapers agreed — were the Achilles heel of the Darx. Our cave was close to the German-Danish border, where the streams of refugees from southern Europe had been gathering and the refugees had now been living in massive camp cities for years. If Lena's history lessons had not passed me by completely, these camp cities were modeled on medieval structures and, at the same time, were equipped by the Scandinavians' technology and modern weaponry.

Lena explained to me what the power in my brain could accomplish. The first thing I had to learn was that it was very easy to fly. I closed my eyes and wanted it, really wanted it, and then I was there. I was there. Once we made a jump even to Africa, standing in the middle of the sand sea and I was sweating terribly. After minutes, we jumped back over two thousand kilometers, because the Darx satellites close to the Earth had already spotted us. Lena laughed, because now the telephones would run hot in the monitoring room, and that because of two biological lumps in the Sahara, which did not belong there and were also immediately no longer there. There a poor dog got a juicy rebuke, gentlemen!

To get into the systems of the Darx like Lena, I could not yet, that was still much too difficult for me. Instead, she taught me everything that was related to telekinesis. At the beginning I was still very uncertain, but Lena said that this was one of my strongest abilities, because I reminded her of Merlin, whom she sometimes mentioned. I had read about him and was actually convinced that he was a mere legendary figure. Lena corrected me and said that the many fairy tales and some of the miracles he is said to have worked, yes, they would have come about through constant passing on and retelling and affirmations. "But Merlin really existed, he was so much like you!" she said in a tone of conviction. "And he couldn't get enough of fucking!" she added, giggling. Her teacher and she would have developed his power, just as she was now developing mine. Of course, mind-reading, hypnotic commands and Telekinesis in the 5th cen-

tury were perfectly suited to let him live on forever as a powerful wizard. “But,” Lena sighed, “you humans with your urges are strange! He met his fate because of his love for Nimue, who had become the tool of Morgane La Faye and lured him to his death.” Lena was silent and wept to show me her sorrow for Merlin. I cried a little, too, so she wouldn’t feel so alone. In the same way, we cried for hours later when she told me about Joan of Arc, whom she had loved very much. — Of course, I didn’t ask for a long time why Lena said she was 16 (“if I wanted it that way”), when she had already known Merlin and Joan of Arc ...

Telepathy. Teleportation. Telekinesis. I didn’t really grasp these words until Lena looked up briefly from her favorite activity of grilling tough seagulls over the campfire and said I should lift down that boulder up there, there was a small natural chimney behind it where the smoke could better dissipate. I looked up at the rock and saw no chimney far and wide. Lena, who sometimes looked 60 and not 16 when she was grilling, growled, “Wanting, you just have to want it right!” I strained my eyes even more and saw nothing. But, yes, now I could sort of “see through” the boulder and dimly guessed the chimney behind it. It made a sharp bend to the upper right in the middle of it. “Yes,” Lena commented, poking at the fire to help spread the embers, “now you’ve got it!” I looked back at the rock and knew I would never, ever be able to move this thing the size of half a truck, even if I “flew up it.”

“It’s easier than reaching your own cock” Lena whispered to herself with a smile, but I heard it anyway. Curiosity, ambition and fear of being ridiculed gripped me. I closed my eyes and wanted, wanted very badly for the boulder to fall. Of course, nothing happened, and when I opened my eyes, I saw Lena, who had quickly extended her hand and magically stopped the boulder above me, because otherwise it would have crushed me quite easily.

“Gee, Jan, you’ve got to watch what you’re doing!” she scolded. Then she said, I should take over the rock now, she had to keep grilling, otherwise the cattle would burn. I stared at the boulder, but she still couldn’t let go until I finally mustered all my strength and directed it through my crooked fingers. With a jerk, it lifted a little. I

turned it carefully and let it float through the cave. What a feeling of happiness! Slowly I turned it, maneuvered it through the mouth of the cave, and then gave it a tremendous push, sending him splashing far out to sea in a high arc. A fishing boat was just nearby and almost capsized. I had to swallow hard, because I almost killed the poor fishermen unintentionally.

Lena blinked her eyes as she always did when she read someone's mind in the distance. Then she said I was getting something new to learn, we had to go to the fishermen. At the same time she grabbed me by the empty sleeve and we jumped into the fishing boat. Lena said, "Put a finger on the fisherman's forehead and command him to forget the incident with the boulder and you!" The two fishermen stared at me with their mouths open, holding their breath in shock because they couldn't see Lena. I reached out a little finger, touched the forehead of one of them and thought, ordered him to forget all this, immediately. He sat down and rowed off quite easily, without looking at me. Lena nodded with satisfaction that it went quite well. Then I had to touch the second one, but he flinched. Nevertheless, my finger touched him lightly when I ordered him to forget. He sat down apathetically and let me row him home. Lena and I flew back to our roasting bird.

In the following weeks Lena came back once from a trip to the next village and said that the fisherman had not completely forgotten everything and now we had a legend about a mysterious Monk throwing rocks into the sea. The other fisherman had not only forgotten everything, but had not had any more gout attacks since then. I had to think of my dream at the time, and Lena nodded, yes, that was from the dream.

In the weeks and months that followed, I practiced telekinesis as often as I could, moving from one place to another with ever greater ease. I learned to throw stones out to sea using only mental power, and to destroy them before they hit with a mentally re-fired bolt of fire. Lena said that I was already very good at it. Now she took me more and more often to the surrounding villages, where the people soon got used to the monk, who appeared and disappeared here and

there. I had to learn to command with my thoughts and was soon quite good at it. Only my urges I still shared with little Jan.

Once I read the thoughts of a fisherman's wife as I walked across a field and discovered her curiosity and her rising desire to do it with the mysterious monk. I ordered her to a secluded shed where we fucked pleurably. Then I touched her forehead and thought she should forget everything. Lena sat in front of the shed and said with a grin that I probably had enough variety now, and that was true. After so many weeks together, I sometimes thirsted for other women I met in the small villages. Only once Lena interfered and said no, because this girl was a mutant and I should leave her alone.

Not infrequently Lena reminded me not to forget learning and practicing, because with the change grew my drive and desire, even the desire to hunt. Sometimes I also forgot to command the forgetting properly and so slowly the legend of the gaunt monk grew steadily. None of the women would have admitted anything, no, they certainly do not, but one hears, there would be something to it, that the monk quite un-monkish ..., well, you know!

Sometimes I helped an overturned cart or a stuck truck again so that not only the healing arts, but also the tremendous strength of the monk flowed into the legends, although some other stories reported that he had no arms at all. Sometimes Lena thought for a long time and quickly erased one or another memory in people. Overall, though, she let me do what I wanted to do.

Strictly, however, she watched over my progress. Somewhere, someone had decided that I had to do a certain daily workload of reading, telekinetic exercises and the observation of the time events to complete. I obeyed silently, even when Lena instructed me in all sorts of tactical games and descriptions of battles. Why this or that one should have stood there and not there, how to set traps cunningly and how to recognize cunningly set traps or avoid them. And then again and again technique, technique, technique. I had long since stopped asking what all this was for. I knew the answer: about that we talk later once.

The awakening Jan experienced an adventurous and fun time with little Jan. Lena's sexual ingenuity, her lust and her arts of seduction were extraordinary and inevitably cast a spell over me. Nevertheless, she withdrew again and again to let me hunt for pleasure. She instinctively suspected that this was the right thing to do for little Jan. She smoothly threw my burgeoning concerns about fairness to the wind and only said that I should do what I wanted and not hurt anyone in the process. About it, and only about it I should think, not about fairness.

Curiously I rummaged in the thoughts of the women, if I strode in the localities around in the evenings. Magically attracted me their lustful thoughts, fucking became the fulfillment of secret desires. Not infrequently I groped through a dark bedroom and quietly loved the woman, while the man snored next to her unsuspectingly. Some women were full of longings, but many lived empty and listless, thinking of everything else but sex. I passed them by as they passed me by.

A few I visited again and again because they wanted to be loved intensely. Most were afraid of their thoughts, I let them forget everything again, until the next time mostly. Only two or three wanted to live through it consciously and honestly. Here I relied on Lena's good knowledge of human nature and left the choice of forgetting to her. There were many strong women in this terrible time who did almost superhuman things for their families, but only a few who also stood by their longings and desires. Or whose cultural being allowed it.

A bright girl had overheard that the monk sometimes visited her mother at night. She listened and watched us fucking, she felt her excitement rising and rubbed her clit lustfully. She had already tried fucking with the neighboring boys, but had not found any real pleasure in it. She much preferred to lie on her bed, lost in thought, and play with the clit herself. Once, when I had already left her mother again and was still sitting in the grass outside the house for a few minutes, I heard her curious, cautious-lustful thoughts that came to her while she lay in bed and secretly masturbated.

Cautiously, I approached her bed and stroked her; terror and lust twitched up, then all at once she embraced me. I stayed with her and we fucked each other. Meike, as she was called, was like Sister Theresa a “hard going” woman and could not climax so easily. I stroked her clit with my fingers and thought of exciting and arousing things, tried to transfer this to her mentally. To my greatest surprise, I succeeded and she experienced a surprisingly violent orgasm.

Lena was already waiting outside the house when I quietly slipped out. “That worked out just fine!” she said and hugged me. “This is a major step forward in our training, because now you can practice putting your thoughts, your will into the thoughts of others. But remember, don’t hurt anyone!”

She also said that this girl had slight mediumistic abilities, but only very weak ones. Any mutant would have a hundred times more capacity than her. Still, I should practice it. So it happened that in the next time I was mainly busy with Meike.

I tried to lure her out of the house with this new mental ability, and when it succeeded, we made love fiercely in the grass. When I was out elsewhere at night and felt her already in bed and masturbating, then I quickly sent her some lustful thoughts and felt her whooping come. Once she was sitting in the kitchen with her mother cleaning vegetables when I received her lustful thoughts. Immediately I reacted, reinforcing them as I did so. The mother was astonished when, for no apparent reason, her daughter suddenly became sexually aroused and closed her eyes. Perplexed, she observed how her daughter came to orgasm with violently heaving bosom, gasping and groaning.

I felt her own arousal rising rather than her and thought intensely that I was stimulating her clit. Very firmly and concentrated I thought about it, rubbing the clit of the Mother in my mind. Astonished and paralyzed by horniness, she experienced her own orgasm, trembling and quivering as she had not done in a long time and also did not notice that the daughter was looking at her in wonder and knowledge. It took a few days for the two of them to stop blushing when they looked at each other.

Lena praised how good I had become at it and how strongly I could develop my strength. Soon, she said, I would be as strong as Merlin at 16. I was proud, because Merlin had also become my hero. Now I avoided the village for some time and buried myself in the cave, learning and practicing obsessively, because Lena's praise had become important to me. Lena smiled at my eagerness and became again the little girl who played with my cock and made it squirt or was the lascivious girl who wanted it or was the lascivious, demanding female jaguar who had nothing but repeated mating in mind and demanded it with ferocity. I could learn better, she once said, if I were relaxed.

One evening I was wandering through a fishing village and picked up a mental cry for help, very faintly audible but clearly addressed to the monk. I followed my hunch and quietly entered a house. The whole family had gathered in the child's room, a sick child was feverish in bed, and next to the bed an old woman was fiddling, who had evidently called me. "How did you get in?" roared the fisherman, but the old woman bade him be silent with a stern look. "You heard me," she murmured in amazement, then nodded to herself as if to say yes ten times. "She takes the wrong herbs" Lena murmured, and I asked the old woman what kind of herbs she used. "Hawthorn harms the child" whispered Lena and I told her to just leave the hawthorn out. I listened further and said that so much would strengthen the heart, but only once a day, and for the little one a third is enough. Then Lena told me to put my hand on the child's forehead.

I knelt beside the bed in my long robe and felt with my crooked little fingers through the thick fabric for the little boy's forehead. "Feel what it has!" commanded Lena, and I felt. Very slowly I had the image in front of me that the child had a thick, red dumpling in his throat. Lena nodded in confirmation and whispered that I should make it go away, that I should just want it to be firm. I closed my eyes, and the child reared up, then sank down unconscious. The old woman pushed me aside and grabbed the child's forehead. The fisherman misunderstood everything and jumped on me. He wanted to beat me up. I was afraid and thought to myself that I would push him back. He flew all over the room, crashed into the opposite wall and remained sitting on the floor, gasping and bewildered. The old

woman hissed angrily at him, then listened intently into the child, smiled, and turned to the fisherman's wife, "He's breathing much more calmly now!" Then she looked at me and raised her eyebrows questioningly. Lena said, the child would sleep for a whole day and then wake up completely healthy. I whispered this to the old woman.

I huddled on the floor for another hour, the women tended to the child and then were calmed. The old woman came to me and whispered, "So it's true, you can heal!" I nodded a little uncertainly and remained seated. I didn't understand myself how I had been able to do that and especially how I had been able to slam the poor fisherman against the wall; I wasn't the husky Kalle after all, hell!

The old woman gathered up her bundle and turned to go. At the door she turned around and looked questioningly at me. I quickly got up and followed her. The fisher family hardly noticed our going. "I am Nana," the old woman said as we walked down the street, "I am a doctor!" "Midwife," I corrected after Lena's instruction, "you used to be a midwife. Now you try to help people as best you can. Right?" Nana walked wordlessly beside me for a bit, then shook her head in wonder, saying she didn't understand. We were silent until we reached her house.

As we entered, Lena said you'd better get out of here now and grinned wryly before disappearing. I was about to ask her what I was doing there, but she was already gone. Nana put her things away and put out a cup of tea, which I didn't touch; I didn't want her to find out that I didn't have arms! She worked for a while and she sat down at the table. She looked in amazement at the clay cup with tea, which stood untouched in front of me. Slowly it dawned on her. "You don't have arms!" she said in amazement and almost choked on the next thought. "Oh, would you like some tea?" and I nodded. She took the clay pot and gave me a drink. I looked at her more closely. She wasn't actually very old, but the ragged clothes and neglected-looking hair combined with the weathered, embittered face gave her something old and witchy.

Lena was not there, yet I caught a thought stirring deep down in her mind. "No, I don't have a problem feeding or dressing myself, I

manage quite well.” She snapped eyes widened as she realized that I was reading in her mind like a newspaper. “No, for masturbation I prefer to have a delicate female hand!” I feigned impudently and had to grin, because the good Nana was now actually a little blushed.

Confused, she waved one hand in the air and said, “Never mind, I wanted to know rather know who you are and what you’re up to!”. I grinned and said nothing to her thought, which she struggled to suppress. I felt as if Lena was whispering to me not to tell too much, just a little, legend and all. “My name is Jan, I live a bit further up in the forest and I go to the villages to be among people sometimes. I’m getting ready for an important task and if I can help people with my powers, I do. It’s just very embarrassing for me what kind of stories people tell each other about me!” I paused and waited.

Nana wasn’t thinking about fucking anymore; individual events were swirling in her head; the monk lifting broken trucks out from the ditch; the monk who heals the sick with the laying on of hands and knows about herbs; the fisherman who flies across the room as if hit by a giant fist. The monk of whom some women whispered furtively behind their hand that he was a horny goat, and what a one!

“That’s true,” I said lightly, “but I always make sure I’m wanted. I’m not doing anyone an injustice!” Nana was silent. “You’re reading my mind again!” she said indignantly, and I looked at her questioningly. “Don’t you want it? Then I’ll just listen to what you say!” Still, that was a lie, because I heard what she was thinking as much as what she was saying.

“But I am not a monk,” I added, “I used to be Venerable Mother’s lover before she died. Since then I have carried her cross, although I think nothing of the popes in Rome or elsewhere!” A long silence followed, then Nana asked, “But how do you heal?” I pondered. I didn’t know, but I did want to say something sensible. Lena’s thought, wafting from afar, admonished me not to mention it. People would not understand if I heard voices or spoke with the invisible Lena, learned from her.

“I don’t know for sure, Nana. I have strong powers, for healing, lifting carts or hurling attackers against the wall. When it’s necessary, sometimes I have the powers. Sometimes I can’t do anything, but I don’t know why!” I heard Lena draw in her breath sharply, for I was at the limit of what I was allowed to say. But Nana didn’t ask further, instead she went to a shelf and handled the herbs she collected there. I went to her and we discussed the herbs for probably an hour or more. There was much I didn’t know, but some things she didn’t, such as how to make a healing tea from the dangerous mulberry for stomach problems.

She grew tired, and I said I would go now and come back some other time. Then we wished each other a good night and I went out through the closed door. Inwardly I smiled at my prank, for she stared at the closed door in bewilderment. I stopped in front of the house and waited until she had gone to bed. After a while I returned quietly and squatted down beside her bed, waiting for a while as she thought about it all the time. “Yes, Nana, I want to fuck you too!” I whispered, feeling around on the blanket for her. She was not surprised, but at first she angrily dismissed the thought, thinking that she was too old and what-do-I know. I persisted in my stroking, until her curiosity grew stronger. Then I lay down with her and we made pleasurable love.

Later, I sometimes went with her to visit the sick, helping when I could or shrugging my shoulders regretfully when I could do nothing. Lena often said that nothing could be done and the old Nana did something for the sick person. But each time my mistrust evaporated when Lena asked me days later to take another look at the healthy patient again under the magnifying glass. I then felt the black, mist-like traces that always meant cancer and death. Then Lena said that to cure such was not right; they were destined to die. The good Nana was very annoyed when I could not help and explained to her that this sick person was already too sick and destined to die; usually she asked angrily if I was the good Lord who knew everything! I was very sad and tried to make her understand that I just had my suspicions. About Lena I could not tell anything. Old Nana then thought and sighed, it could be so, but she would fight as long as she breathed. Our disgruntlement did not last long. Soon it was clear to her that my

suspensions were becoming a certainty. Now, almost daily, we went our evening rounds or moved from village to village to treat minor and major aches and pains.

When I told her later sometimes about this or that amorous adventure, she would grin and joke that I was a horny goat! And if during our excursions to collect herbs or during the tedious preparation of teas and powders the urges of little Jan flooded me, she smiled kindly and did it to me with her hand. Fucking she wanted only very rarely and thought I should stick to the younger ones, she was already an old woman! When I then said that it did not matter at all, she said, yes, maybe so, but she would rather have someone she loved like a girl in love and not just fuck at random, if that's what Mr. Jan wanted! I was astonished, because I had not really thought of that. In love! Was I ever in love?

Lena sat with me at the edge of the forest and said, we want to see how strong I already am. I obediently closed my eyes and listened to the village, looking for Meike in my mind. "She's reading and she's half asleep" I said and looked over at Lena. She nodded. Then she sent me her thought that I should move her here: "It's time for a little lovemaking, don't you think?" I thought hard again about how she would fly here and land softly on the mossy ground of the clearing. In a fraction of an instant, a blur of light twitched through the dusk, and then Meike lay beside me, wondering and gathering up her skimpy nightgown.

I gave her no time to think and suggested to her that she was already highly aroused and near to the climax which would come. She actually squirmed after a few seconds and experienced a surprisingly fast orgasm. I paid no attention to Lena, but slipped as nimbly as I could out of my frock and lay down on top of Meike, still feeling her subsiding orgasm and fucked her quickly and hastily, letting her — barely that I had squirted — slide right back into her bed.

Lena applauded and said that yes, I had become a master, even if I had let little Jan act. She had noticed the doggedness with which I had completed this exam task and told me not to tense up so much. But I was discontented because she had to criticize something

again. Lena comforted me that everything was okay, I had mastered this task excellently.

Somewhat later we visited Meike again, who was thinking that it would have been a wonderful sex dream, had fallen asleep exhausted. Lena unobtrusively withdrew as I sneaked to Nana's house afterwards and carefully lay down next to her, seeking warmth, comfort and closeness. Before dawn, I awoke and quietly woke her to sleep gently and sadly with her. Then I went back to my cave.

Lena sensed the burgeoning crisis and left me a few days of learning and practice and stayed a little in the background. I slept and dreamed and let myself drift in the wet sand from the surf waves. My sadness and loneliness had surfaced unintentionally and suddenly, sending me into crippling depression. Lena watched me from afar and was always there whenever I needed her.

She sensed that I was missing Mother, Irene, and especially Veronika. So she was sometimes Mother, sometimes Irene, and always Veronika, although we both knew she was Lena.

Mother sometimes lolling on the beach like the Puss Purr and making warm and soft love with her little Jan, patiently rubbing his cock when he felt like it or letting him gently squirt inside, falling asleep at her side.

Irene first drank another glass of red wine before taking my cock in her mouth, sucking and sucking greedily. She thought nothing of fucking on the beach and mostly retreated into the soft moss in the clearing to fuck with little Jan. Sometimes she also came as Anni, who wanted to fuck fast and wild and cooed loudly and deeply at the climax.

When Veronika was there, I cried terribly long and heartbreakingly at first, until she went to wash herself in the beach waves and then came up to the dunes trembling and quivering. The dry gagging in my throat subsided as she lay down like a crucified woman with her arms spread wide and stretched her bottom out to me. Assfucking, she liked that very much, still does! I loved her, loved her with all

my heart and smiled happily when our tears mingled at the end. Sometimes she would turn over and really make love to me, delicately holding my back as I gently came inside her.

I really missed Sister Veronica. As a lover of the Venerable Mother, I felt closest to her. I began to put on the heavy silver cross again. Veronica — I wanted to have her with me always.

Lena gave me time and left Veronika with me for a long time, weeks, months, maybe years; I don't remember. Veronika beamed and blossomed since the stupid promise no longer applied to her. She laughed and cried with brightly shining eyes when I gently poured myself into her. In the course of time she became more and more often a demanding female jaguar, loving me with the subtlety and greed of Lena.

I awoke. Lena was sitting on the edge of the bed, holding me close. Gradually the dizziness faded and I was fully awake, but terribly dull and tired. "No, you've been sick for a very long time," Lena said, getting me something to eat and drink. I slept for quite a long time and dreamlessly, until one morning I awoke completely fresh and alert.

Lena, who never slept, was lying next to me waiting. I looked around our cave and remembered everything again, Mother, Irene, Anni and Veronika.

Veronica. I felt the old familiar tugging in my loins, felt the cock covetously awaken. Lena bent over me and whispered in my ear that I was still much too weak to fuck. Apparently the journeyman had been fasting for a very long time, because she stroked me and let the jet spray high before I fell asleep.

I was given salad of medicinal herbs and tiny drumsticks of grilled seagulls. Smelled the acrid smoke again as Lena tearfully fretted with the fire and went on to her old-wives' ranting. We both laughed heartily at her daily, favorite Cabaret "How to grill a seagull over an open fire?".

On the second day I was already thirsty for action and full of vigor again, but Lena was smart and knew that it would take a few more days until I was fully recovered. Since I didn't believe her, she seduced me on the spot, so that I lost my hearing and sight and fell asleep almost unconscious. When I woke up again, she smiled and said it would be better if I took the time I needed.

When I finally got up, the first thing I did was look for the silver cross and hung it around my neck. I resolved never to take it off again. Lena left me alone with my thoughts all day and didn't come back until late at night.

"Lena, I need to know why I'm here. Why I'm learning, what my purpose is!" She was silent for a long time. I was determined to find out. Nothing could dissuade me. The dream during the long, severe illness was not out of my mind, I had to know who she was and who I was, and above all, what I was for.

Lena sat down very close to me by the softly crackling fire and nestled her young girl body against me. Today I don't remember what we spoke and what we only thought. Only that she told me everything. I hope that I remember everything and that I can reproduce it correctly here. [Command: the Memomail-check with security level 5 now has to check from the beginning again, skip the rest of the memomail, final command!]

Lena thought of the big, wide universe, black as night, with millions of little white dots swimming in it. I will try to explain everything to you, Jan, in the words you understand. We are a very ancient people living far out in space. We have spread out on artificial planets that we have created in the course of time. Each of our sub-peoples owns or manages a part of the universe, a sector in which there are many galaxies. We are not like humans, but rather spiritual beings in your terms. We live as an individual about three thousand earth years. You experience me now as a 16-year-old girl, I took your conceptions as a pattern for my appearance, because our concepts of time are different. I am now according to your terms about 2000 earth years old and will enter my final stage with about 3000 earth years. I exist like you not for the first time in my world — only you

have to think in very large periods of time. The death, as you understand it, concerns biological matter like that of the people, nevertheless there is also with us after the final stage a stage of the long rest, after that each of us returns anew to his people; I to mine and you, small Jan, to yours. You'll understand it maybe one day.

The people to whom I belong are also responsible for this galaxy as guardians of this sector, therefore also for the earth. I and some others are responsible for the earth exclusively, we must ensure the smooth functioning of this area. Since we are not material in the earth sense, we have been accomplishing this for centuries with the help of mediumistic people through whom we use our power, whom we influence and to whom we lend abilities so that they bring about changes in our sense. Those whom you regard as magicians, seers or exceptional people are tools chosen by us, because we as spiritual beings cannot directly effect anything in material terms ourselves. We proceed in the same way on other planets, with the living beings there. And inhabited planets there are millions, believe me, although humans are a unique race.

When I tried to explain this to Merlin at that time, I did not really succeed; Nostradamus and the clever Cagliostro understood some things, but failed because their knowledge went far beyond the culturally conceivable. Your time will not understand you either, so it is better if you keep it to yourself.

Our people have become an excellent merchant people in millions of earth years. No other people but ours trade, we have achieved by cunning, guile and wars that we are the only ones in this part of the universe. All other peoples are dependent on our supplies, in return we receive from them knowledge, power and technology, which we then use. We supply all materials and beings you can imagine, we are the great hypergalactic department store, if you will. Our people are divided according to their tasks: some research and discover new delicacies and specialties, others grow, plant or harvest, others provide intergalactic transportation. My people are responsible for overseeing the development and safety of the specialties of this sector.

Would anyone like to throw a big party on Alpha Centauri, with some asteroids burn up as giant fireworks: we deliver, promptly and free of charge. If someone wants to offer a wine made of pressed alcoholic worms, tender thighs of dragon embryos or intoxicating drugs made of the tears of cosmic owls to his guests: we deliver! Our supply is almost inexhaustible and our deliveries keep many worlds going. Some underdeveloped worlds, like Earth, provide the raw material, specialty, or delicacy that is demanded elsewhere by more evolved beings and delivered at a good price.

Our researchers discovered a few million years ago in your era that a certain species of ape on Earth could be evolved by genetic manipulation. The first prototypes of humans aroused great interest among our customers, they were perfectly suitable as servants, workers or simply as objects of observation for empires: Humans who lived their lives in an invisible cage being observed, just as you humans keep hamsters or guinea pigs in cages. In addition, people could be used for many things, from slave labor in mines to artistic, serving as musicians or actors. Some peoples love the slightly sweet tasting human flesh. Most popular, however, were people who lived like goldfish lived in the aquarium and could be observed in their life cycle. The child's rooms of all galaxies soon became full of our invisible cages where humans live and are gawked at by the curious children of our customers.

But there was one problem we couldn't solve. More accurately, we weren't interested in solving the problem because it would have hurt our human commodity business. The problem is that humans only reproduce on planet Earth. On other planets, in other galaxies, they are completely barren. No, no, they fucked eagerly and lovingly, of course, like on the good old Earth, but they were infertile. That was good for our business, that created new demand.

We, the guardians, had to see to it that mankind on earth developed slowly and steadily, that enough people were there for the export and that nobody disputed us this right to the raising and to the trade with people. Where it made sense or was necessary, we intervened in the events. Since we are not material in your sense, we exercised our powers through medially inclined people. We controlled

and inspired Caesar, Alexander the Great, Merlin, Nostradamus and Jeanne d'Arc, Ragnar Eriksson as well as King Harald Bluetooth or the Goth King Guiscard. We traveled with Richard the Lionheart and Christopher Columbus, whispered into the Prince Henry the Navigator's thoughts as well as those of Magellan and Roald Amundsen. The list is long, for Albert Einstein and Otto Hahn heard our whispers as did Isaac Newton or Lamarque, who, incidentally, was much closer to the truth of genetic inheritance than his adversary Charles Darwin. We did not intervene everywhere, in order not to let mankind develop too fast; we watched your cruel wars calmly, because we knew that humans could not stand it without anger and hatred. So far, so good.

Lena paused, for I had, with increasing horror, grasped the meaning of her tale, largely at least and was now trembling in panic. She stroked me begrudgingly and gave me time to slowly regain my composure. After a while she continued.

Over many millennia we nurtured and bred humanity, allowing it the freedom of movement, which it needs to thrive. We took the goods, namely the sperm and eggs, from where people themselves did not need them for their own reproduction and exported them after fertilization, frozen and in super-fast transport boxes. We were so careful in our harvesting that we never disturbed the people.

But some of our people, who were soldiers and colonists and were dissatisfied with their share of work and income, developed an impatient, reckless piratical spirit. They wanted to make quick money, that's what you would call it. Forty or fifty Earth years ago, they discovered that it would be more lucrative for them to exploit the Earth along with the specialty of man himself, quickly, greedily and ruthlessly. That they would leave the earth destroyed and desolate afterwards, was indifferent to them. They were soldiers and not breeders or traders.

The first thing they did was to make reconnaissance flights with their best customers, showing them the Earth and the people. Some of these flights were observed by the earth people, but this was dismissed as UFOs. Once such an exploration flight with the potential

clientele crashed in New Mexico, the Roswell story made some headlines. But soon the Darx, for that is what they were, tried to mentally influence the authorities. They succeeded only partially, because they did not have the good training in it that we, the observers, had.

Next they built huge bases on distant space stations, set up a proper supply chain as a trade route, and lastly, in the 1960s, established a base on the far side of the Moon from Earth, the “Dark Side of the Moon,” as you already know. The rest is quickly told. John F. Kennedy had his astronauts land on the moon in June 1969, the Darx suspected they were discovered and went over to the merciless attack.

Their fighting machines might be good warriors, for the devastation they had wrought was enormous. But with bombardments alone you cannot subjugate anyone; so they tried to use our mental techniques and chose the most suitable ones: simply, they used special drugs to make them docile or aggressive. With this force they destroyed all resistance and made as many prisoners as they could and shipped them to their prison islands, which they built in space around the Earth. They collect sperm and ova in great quantities and export the embryos created by artificial insemination at incredibly low prices. My people are concerned and have specifically charged me with taking action against the Darx.

I had slowly awakened from my torpor and thought about it all again. “The Darx, they’re from your people?” I asked. Lena nodded unhappily. Yes, the Darx were of her race, of her people, if I will. But she belonged to the part that had awakened humanity, bred it, and let it develop in peace. The Darx wanted to destroy them, to make her silver as fast as possible. That thereby a whole species would be wiped out, maybe even the whole planet, doesn’t matter to them. Planets there are still some millions in reserve.

Despite this, I wanted to know more. “The people you discovered were still apes, as you said. How did they actually become humans?” Lena felt the lump in my throat and thought long about a good answer. Yes, humans were the best evolved apes, they were like all animals without the “consciousness” component and also had no ge-

netic device at that time, learned, experienced and gave their experience to their descendants. This was however indispensable, in order to develop slowly to higher beings.

The explorers of her people at that time had already enough of always exporting only rare species of animals like saber-toothed tigers, cave bears or dinosaurs. They wanted to create something new, and the marketing people were excited by the idea of offering as a commodity a race slowly evolving from animals into higher beings. It was a captivating thought to create, over millennia, a race that would become different and more interesting from generation to generation and becoming more interesting. Researchers were sent out in large numbers and began frantically their experiments until everything fell asleep again after the initial euphoria. The most dogged researchers, not wanting to give up, became lonely and withered away in their high-tech laboratories spread around the globe.

One of these researchers responsible for the development of the earthlings was a rather crazy and drug-addled guy who loved to secretly copulate with the female monkeys in monkey form, which was still frowned upon in his time because it was considered that one decently does not stoop to the level of lowly creatures. You would also be considered quite twisted if you fucked with monkeys today. Likewise the spontaneous genetic experimentation was strictly forbidden — rather, the researchers had to fill in forms, submit applications, and fudge long budget lists in order to conduct a genetics—experiment. Our researcher was a bit far from the mark, whistling at the academic rules of the game, screwing feverishly the female monkeys and doing his wild series of tests. Apart from drugs and playing chess on the net, he was left with only the female monkeys to spice up his average life.

One day, out of sheer boredom, he analyzed the genetic coding of a certain species of monkey and saw that essentials here, namely the genetic device to pass on learned, experienced and give experience to their descendants, was missing — clear, but now he also saw where! Now he put all his academic ambition to develop this. He stole genetic material from other more highly developed beings, compared them with those of the apes, experimented and thought a lot.

After a long series of experiments, he had succeeded and was now able to manipulate the genes of female monkeys to pass on learning genetic material. He became an eminent researcher, received many awards and a lifetime high premium that enabled him to continue his secret research until he passed into the terminal stage to indulge his secret passions. His students developed a genetic brake with which the speed of transmission could be accelerated or — which was wiser — slowed down. As a precaution now also nearly all animals of the earth were provided with this genetic device, since one counted in the marketing directorate on an ebbing of the interest in humans after some year millions and wanted to throw then intelligently becoming animals on the market.

.

So the humanity began to evolve. Where they reached a dead end, we gently intervened. We made use of shamans, sorcerers and seers to help people move forward; artists, explorers and discoverers, as well as kings, founders of religions and generals were our preferred tools. Our work was very slow, but efficient and concerned about humanity — our raw material. We did not want to hurt anyone, one of our highest commandments.

Lena smirked as I thought of the book title, “From Hand Wedge to Atomic Bomb.” Then she became serious when I thought about the multiplication of her people. No, we do not multiply like humans. We multiply spiritually, knowing that it is always the existence of someone who is manifested again in our descendants. Our relationship with them is not like yours with the children, but we consider them as pupils entrusted to us. My teacher was my father in your sense, but I felt him as my teacher. The carnal desire is something that our people no longer know, like many other highly evolved species do.

Your next question is easy to answer: I am Lena. You wanted me to be the 16-year-old image of your mother, so I became Lena. For you I am bodily and fleshly actually present (I grinned), but no one else can see me. This bodily and fleshly pattern is like a real human being, but only for you to experience. You don’t fuck with inanimate matter, you fuck with a pretty young girl. It’s that easy.

As for the Darx and your task, that's harder to explain. To do this, I must remind you again that my people cannot act materially directly. If I want to create a hammer, I have to give one person the thought to work a piece of metal until it looks like a hammer, and another to work a piece of wood so that the hammer has a handle. I create a hammer through these people without being able to take it into my own hands.

The second important thing is that the mental effects of my people and those of the Darx interfere with each other, cause strong interference, and we cannot influence each other directly because of the complicated genetic relationship. Neither they nor we can override the barriers implanted here. The Darx can inhibit my work by strong mental interference fields and vice versa. When sister Karin perished so miserably, Darx were in the vicinity and controlled the area mentally. I was largely paralyzed and rushed to Kalle and Irene to stand by them. At the bombing of Berlin and your monastery as well. Your depression could only break out because my forces were not sufficient to lift the mental interference fields of the Darx, which they had erected over the northern border. In the end, I am always the strongest, but it often takes a few days, according to your calendar, for my mental control to overcome their mental control, to trump that of the Darx. Unlike me, however, the Darx cannot mentally control people with highly mutated powers like you, they absolutely cannot control them mentally.

This brings us to your task. You have heard that I cannot directly affect the Darx. So I have chosen you to be my tool, my hammer. I have to stop the Darx, otherwise they will destroy the whole humanity, maybe even the whole earth. So don't think that I am robbing you or forcing you to do something that you don't want. You want mankind to survive, humanity survive. I know it, I have researched you thoroughly.

We will stay here for some time and practice your skills. You will then be infiltrated into the central control of the Darx-supply chain via the chain of prison islands, bringing ruin to the Darx. The further you advance into their territory, the less I will be able to keep contact with you, the more you will have to stand on your own two feet and

have to decide for yourself. If I venture too far, I could be eliminated by the Darx; my existence would be like my task too early and without result. But if you succeed in reaching the supply chain, then you can eliminate the Darx and would ensure the survival of mankind. I don't want to hide that it is not very likely that you will survive this adventure. What I can promise you is that one distant day your and my descendants-existence will meet again.

Lena paused. My head was smoking and my heart ached all at once. I didn't want to be raw material, in the invisible cage living observation object or sweet-tasting delicacy. So many things cleared up; how often had I thought why Lena had not intervened here or there — now I knew: she could only intervene where I could. She needed me as a tool; without a tool she could do nothing. Her weaknesses and her failures in some situations were now clear to me; if the Darx-front was close, then she was weakened. Now she had trained me to finish off the Darx. Lena was watching over Earth and would do anything to accomplish this task. It was about humanity, not about little Jan. I wanted to crawl away and cry, because after fulfilling my task I was superfluous and dead. That with the distant existence remained completely unclear to me.

Lena let me doze off, warmed me with her body and stroked me gently, so that I fell asleep relaxed. I was infinitely glad that she was not some slimy space-monster, but a dear little girl.

So sweet, like Mother.

The Last Battle

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

I awoke abruptly at dawn. Lena had started the fire and was handling our luggage. I smelled the fresh flatbread all the way over to the bed and sat down by the fire to eat breakfast. I knew that we would finally leave today.

Seriously and purposefully, she packed everything into the small bundle I usually hung around and carried; carefully she stowed the small explosive bodies that I had made together with her over the past weeks and months. They were hardly bigger than a coffee bean, and yet they could set off an explosion that would turn an entire neighborhood into atoms. I didn't understand everything in detail, of course, but this much I realized was that they were actually only detonators that could be set to certain materials, which then functioned as actual explosives. That material was the specific metal of which the Darx spaceships are made of. Skillfully, Lena had shown me how to connect the beads into a chain and attach a wooden cross to it. Then she tied it around my belly so that it looked inconspicuously like the rosary of a monk.

I stood at the mouth of the cave with the bundle around my shoulders and waited until Lena had put out the fire. Then she came closer and laughed out loud. "Jan, you're one of a kind! We're setting out on the greatest adventure of your life and you think of nothing else!" I stood there rather sadly and absent-mindedly, thinking only of Nana and Meike and the other girls and women. Defiantly, I thought I would say a quick goodbye to them, my way. Lena sat down on a ledge and closed her eyes.

I let my thoughts wander to one village or another. Like a breath of air, my thought blew into Nana's house and kissed her tenderly, caressed her body and said goodbye. Nana half awoke and thought of me, felt the farewell and the softly whispered goodbye. Then the thought wafted on, down to the beach where Meike's house stood. Meike awoke from my caress and tossed and turned restlessly; to-

morrow she would wake up and consciously feel my parting thoughts consciously. I still thought of many I wanted to remember and said goodbye, leaving behind shreds of thoughtful fog. In the morning they would all wake up and feel that I had gone in love and peace.

I blinked and looked out to sea. Sister Karin's frock I had mended perhaps a hundred times, but I had not been able to part with it. It was a good frock, a loose frock, for Karin had been somewhat plump and now it billowed around my gaunt body, reinforcing in the people who saw me the feeling that this monk was special. Veronika's cross sometimes flashed in the folds, the belt with the rosary of wooden beads and the wooden cross emphasized the unrealness of my appearance. I was ready. I thought, now I should know what Lena was going to do concretely.

"In the camp Neu-München the big council of the camp will meet this morning; they will discuss their situation like every month, some cowardly politicians will give their contentless blah-blah and then everything will be the same again. Today, however, they will be surprised. Because you will already be there waiting for them and will give a fiery speech. They will assemble a commando and attack the southeastern base of the Darx, near the former city of Lübeck. You are the only one who knows that this is a suicide mission and that you will be captured. The important thing is that you will be deported to a prison island in space." I looked around once more in the cave that had become my home for many months, then I closed my eyes and stood in the council hall of Neu-München.

Lena told me to stop, and shortly thereafter servants entered the locked room to get everything ready for the meeting. They were startled to see the gaunt monk standing motionless in the dim light in his wide-slung robe and ran down, alerting the councilors. Gasping, the first thick-waisted men came rushing up and stood indecisive in the doorway.

I made my incendiary speech, repeating everything pathetically and darkly threatening, just as Lena had in mind. The councilors were pale and embarrassed, for they thought nothing of fighting and attacking; it was much more convenient, after all, to do business in

the camp, to distribute and receive small gifts, and to quietly increase one's influence, power, and, of course, one's fortune. But the castle captain and some of his fighters were veteran fighters who had long been impatient for a military assignment. Although in their former lives they were bank clerks, traffic policemen or cab drivers, now they were warriors who thought only of revenge, attack and liberation.

The castle captain took a few steps forward and pathetically bent one knee to me; then he raised his Swedish laser pistol and vowed to follow me wherever I led him. Almost without exception, his warriors now stepped forward, also bending a knee and shouting that they would follow me as well. The councilors had quickly composed themselves and looked at each other briefly, then their spokesman said we could leave with their blessing for the good of all the camp's inhabitants.

I wordlessly ordered the castle captain to organize everything and meet his men at the east gate, then I disappeared. Lena let a bit of mist bubble up to make it look a bit more mystical. A murmur went through the crowd, then everyone shouted and ran around.

I had to sit on my stone by the east gate for a long time until Castle Captain Lauritzen arrived. However, he had mustered 6 groups of 40 men, they were equipped with homemade weapons and some with high technology weapons from Sweden. I told the castle captain that I would keep silent from now on and that I would only keep mental contact with him. He was to cover the 100 or so kilometers to Lübeck as quickly as possible and to divide the crews well. We had to establish a semi-circular cordon around the Darx-base and then attack in the morning. Castle Captain Lauritzen was at first surprised that he heard me, although I had remained silent, but then his professional coolness won out and he nodded. Quickly he gave his instructions and the trek started to move. I jumped ahead with Lena and spent the night in the bushes next to the ruins of the burned house, staring gloomily ahead of me and silently holding a silent weeping with Veronika, who lay buried somewhere under the rubble. Lena had withdrawn understandingly and left me alone with my grief.

The evening of the day after next, we reached Lübeck. I told Lauritzen that the men should keep quiet and not make a bonfire. We would have to rest and sleep, for tomorrow at dawn our attack would begin. The timing was strategically important. Then I told Castle Captain Lauritzen to call a meeting for the night with his most trusted men.

Drizzle, fog and the omnipresent mire made life difficult for all of us. On the other hand, the very damp and fog were our allies, blinding the Darx's satellite reconnaissance and preventing scouting parties from being sent out. They didn't like the wet, the Darx, they really didn't.

I walked with Lauritzen and his men a few steps into the forest to a clearing. There I laid out my plan for them. Fifteen to twenty men were to enter the fortress as an advance guard, I would fake a nasty looking major attack with my weapons at the start, so that the Darx would be on the lookout for anything but a handful of poorly armed men. Only when we had taken and blown up the central computing unit of the base, we wanted to give the signal to our people to attack, because our only chance was the fight man against man or man against combat robots. If we did not capture and destroy the control center, we would not have the slightest chance.

Lauritzen was thinking. I whispered to him in my mind that he should give command to Johann Münzer by proxy if he accompanied me. Lauritzen nodded and replied that he had already thought of that. I smiled at him and told him in our silent conversation that Münzer had received a special order from the councilors anyway and was thinking of nothing else, how best to retreat and save his skin, the cowardly piece of shit. Lauritzen grinned and nodded that he understood. Lauritzen had managed the ground operations of a small airport in a former life and so leading, but also the problems with recalcitrants and traitors were not entirely new to him, as he grinned.

Johann Münzer was surprised when he was appointed deputy and Lauritzen said that if he did not give the attack signal from the fortress within two hours, Münzer should quickly and unobtrusively retreat with the men back to Neu-Munich. The attackers were quickly

found with sixteen men, Lauritzen and myself. Then the orders were passed on to the group leaders. The men talked quietly with each other for a long time, checked their weapons, and soon there was silence fell on the camp.

Lena and I sat alone in the forest for a long time, discussing details for the upcoming attack. Above all, however, she instructed me in further details, how I would have to proceed on the prison islands. Now she relentlessly cleared up my too earthly conception of the prison islands. "These are space stations, but most comparable to your hospitals, where the Darx take sperm and eggs from the prisoners and send them off." The farther I ventured, the less we could keep in contact. How I would get from prison island to prison island, she didn't tell me; that was her job, I should just trust her. It was clear to me that I did not need to ask further. "Just try," Lena said seriously, "someday turn around and get back to an Earth base. It would be nice to have you with me again!" she said softly, embracing me tenderly. We slept close together on the forest floor, holding each other one last time. Then dawn came, and I went down to the clearing, to Lauritzen.

The small attack force was ready, all of them had modern laser weapons. Lauritzen asked if I wanted a weapon as well, looking at the empty sleeves of my frock. I smiled and told him I had enough weapons on me to blow up half the fort. He didn't believe a word I said and kept silent. Then we quietly scurried off, he with his men towards the base, I as announced to a small hill to the west. He was to wait until I had started my fireworks, then he was to crack a gate on the south side and enter. I would wait for them there, we were then to enter the control center together. Again he asked back how it was with the fireworks, and I just said he would experience a real fireworks, you would not be able to overhear it, hell no!

On my hill I waited until they got very close to the south gate. Then I concentrated together with Lena and hurled firebolts with all my might at the north and west sides of the base. As if a thousand bombs had hit, there was a thunderous crash and the solid concrete walls cracked open. Out of the corner of my eye I observed that Lauritzen and his crew jumped up and ran bravely toward the gate. I

closed my eyes and jumped to the inside of the gate. I angrily swept aside the fighting robot standing there so that it crashed against the wall and remained motionless. Then, with the last of my strength, I hurled a bolt of fire into the gate, which cracked and collapsed with a groan. I had completely spent myself and let myself fall flatly to the ground, half buried by the burst gate.

Lauritzen came and picked me up, carrying me to the side, to cover. The bewilderment was still written on his face as he wiped my smudged face and knocked the blast debris from my frock. "Well, how were those fireworks?" I asked, smiling tiredly. He thought two more fireworks like that and there would be nothing left of the base, but I shook my head and said I had no more power, had shot all my ammunition.

His men surrounded a Darxian fighting machine and with a well-aimed laser shot one paralyzed him. Then they fired at it until it shriveled into a lump of space junk. We got two courtyards ahead with this tactic, but more and more battle robots were coming at us. One by one they fell.

Lena whispered to me to stick to Lauritzen. I clutched him as best I could with my little fingers, trying with mental strength to blow open one door, then the next, until there were two of us standing in a long corridor. Although he struggled valiantly, the pursuers came closer and closer and soon we reached the end of the corridor. Behind us, the last of Lauritzen's men fell. I was just about to mentally push open the corridor door when it opened and three fighting machines faced us, with two pursuers behind us. There was complete silence for a few seconds, then a well-aimed shot from one of the combat robots swept the laser rifle out of Lauritzen's hand.

A croaking tape voice from the loudspeaker of a fighting machine announced to us that the fight was over and we were prisoners. We had to go along with them. Lauritzen and I limped along. Lauritzen groaned and gasped because the shot had probably broken his hand. I tried to take the pain away from him as best I could, but I wasn't really fit myself.

Then we sat in a small, semi-dark room for three days and two nights, getting precisely every three hours two cups of water and a bowl of indefinable porridge. Lauritzen noticed that I could not eat and wanted to feed me. I shook my head and awkwardly took out my small leather pouch, which contained my travel provisions of berries and wild fruits. We slept most of the time; when Lauritzen began to speak, I immediately ordered him to be silent again, since the room was apparently constantly bugged. He understood at once and kept quiet. I regained my strength a little and then tried to heal his aching hand with the laying on of hands. I succeeded only half, nevertheless he felt better now.

On the third day, a combat robot appeared and stopped in the open doorway. Probably ten minutes passed before its loudspeaker began to crackle and an unpleasant voice began to question us. Who and from where and where is our base, where are our fighting machines that destroyed half the fort? Lauritzen was a tough guy and persistently silent; he didn't know too much either. I did babble that we were coming from Neu-München, but where that was exactly, I didn't know. I also didn't know our combat units, because I would have been with the advance guard that had blown up the gate. More was not to be gotten out then also from me, the machine croaked down still another long time their eternally same questions, then it was silent.

We both thought that we would now be locked up again. But after a while the loudspeaker switched on again, and the voice informed us apathetically that we were imprisoned as terrorists and would be taken to the prison island, where we would remain until we were no longer fit for use. I asked what happened to our men. After a pause, the voice replied that only the two of us were fit and were the only ones who could be used. Then the speaker went silent with a final crack.

The battle machine's taped voice ordered us to follow it. So we were taken to a bright room where we were told to put on bright clothing. I protested, saying that I had no arms and could only wear my robe, besides I was a religious monk who had to wear his own

uniform, for life. Not quite great thinking, but I had to avoid being separated from my rosary or Veronica's cross.

The battle machine thought for a long time, then hummed a single "yes" from the loudspeaker. We had to sit down in a narrow elevator, which immediately began to move. Soon it became so fast that we ran out of breath; one by one Lauritzen and I fainted.

While I was awakening, I heard Lena whisper very briefly. "Well done, Jan, station one reached!", then she immediately fell silent again. I was lying on the brightly tiled floor, and two Dreamers were just pulling the unconscious Lauritzen rudely out of the elevator. They woke him rudely and maneuvered us into a large, bright room. We waited and waited, but nothing happened for a long time. Then a Dreamer came in, brought us water and the obligatory porridge. Then she put a form on the table and left.

We drank, Lauritzen ate the porridge and fed me a little. Then he read the note and very thoughtfully put it down for me to read. We were welcomed to Station One, which was for harvesting and exporting genetic material. We were expected to cooperate, and anyone who refused would be eliminated immediately, as would those who failed the medical test be eliminated immediately. If we were women, eggs would be taken from us; if we were men, we would have to provide a sperm sample that would be tested. If the tests were successful, we could count on the good will of the benevolence of the High Council and spend a long, fruitful time in this breeding facility.

Lauritzen looked at me uncertainly. "Rumors do circulate among us in Neu-München about it, but I have always dismissed them as silly gossip. Now I am unsettled — what do you think of it, Jan?"

I considered how much I could tell him. Lena was persistently silent, so I decided to go into detail. "I've known for a long time that these stations exist in space, because there are several. Healthy men and women are held captive on it, their sperm and eggs are exported frozen to the Darx home planet, where they are bred into humans and sold as servants or slaves. This is the real reason why the Darx

invaded Earth. I had hoped never to fall into this captivity, but now we must choose between death or life as captives, as sperm donors!”

Lauritzen bowed his head and thought. “We’re probably dead anyway,” he reasoned, “because if we fail, they’ll throw us out into the black void. Better dead then!” I pretended to think long and hard and then said I would believe in my liberation to my last breath, fight for the liberation of the earth, and if I were condemned to imprisonment I would hold out until I saw a way to escape. Cautiously I ensnared Lauritzen, but I sensed that he was not yet really determined to survive.

And he had no idea of my special rosary.

The Dreamer-sister came back in and placed two round plastic bowls on the table in front of us. Then she kindly told us to pour our semen into the little bowls and she would come later to get it. Then she turned to leave. I called her back.

“Sister, there’s a problem!” Astonished, she looked at me and said she was a doctor. “The problem is that I can’t do it alone, I don’t have arms” I said quietly, bobbing my little fingers a little under the frock. She apparently only now noticed the empty sleeves of my frock. Her face became serious, then she said then I would be unsuitable and unfortunately I would have to be sorted out. “No!” I shouted, “I don’t want to be sorted out, I am a good sperm donor, my sperm is very good and healthy! I just need to be helped!” At that time in the forest before Lübeck, Lena had recommended that I choose this tactic, because it might be a better way for me to make contact with the guards. The doctor was silent for a long time. “I want to live!” I begged with all falseness, “I don’t want to be sorted out!” Another little push, another little begging, and she was already half softened. I sat down with my legs wide apart and pulled my knees up a little so that the frock slipped up and she saw my cock. With that, half of the mountain had already been climbed.

Without paying attention to Lauritzen, she pulled up a chair and sat down across from me, pushing up my robe and taking my cock in her hand, cradling it in her hand with an expert’s eye. Then she nod-

ded as if in affirmation and began rubbing. I said, gasping, “It’s about to come!” whereupon she picked up the small bowl and let my seed into it. Expertly, she stroked and squeezed it all out into the little bowl. Then she grinned and said that it would be seen how good my sperm was.

Lauritzen had watched her jerk off and become aroused. Two souls were fighting in his chest. I begged him to be reasonable after all and think of tomorrow. After some internal struggle, he unbuttoned his pants and released his prisoner. He only had to rub a few times, then he squirted into the bowl and gave it to the doctor who had been standing next to him. Then he turned his face away.

For the next hour we were silent. Then I said to him that this was the right thing to do and that we would find a way to get out of this mess. I understood his shame only too well, but it would be completely out of place here. He should see this as soberly and strategically as if one of the men went into the bushes to pee during a military campaign. What else it was not — at the moment at least. Lauritzen understood me, but he had great inner inhibitions to overcome, I felt.

After about an hour or two, the doctor came back and said we were medically all right and could stay in the ward. We were now led into a large hall, from which many doors led to the individual cells. There were six to eight men in each cell. As we were pushed into our cell, the men nodded, but hardly spoke to each other. Lauritzen briefly introduced himself and me, inquired about the identity of the others, and then everyone fell silent again. There were some newspapers, but of the very dingy variety, with many color pictures, and some of them were browsing through them. Otherwise there was nothing in the cell.

Then I asked my seatmate how this was going. He was an older, strong man and a bit bearish. After a while he thawed, especially since Lauritzen had praised me as a miracle-working monk with extraordinary achievements in the resistance — and he was known to some, at least by name. The man described that every afternoon a Dreamer came in with the ominous little bowls. Since the men had

become somewhat jaded during their long imprisonment, a rule had been introduced that whoever came the fastest would be allowed to fuck the dreamer the next day. That would be a worthwhile incentive for everyone and stimulation enough for everyone else to “donate” as well. The man laughed and said we would learn that quickly enough.

We were given regular water and some porridge, which was apparently very nutritious, because the men were all in very good shape. A few hours later, a Dreamer came to bring us the bowls. She looked around the circle and asked who it was today? One of the men stepped up to her. She let the white gown slide to the floor, lay naked on one of the mattresses and looked up at him. He quickly took off his white robe and lay down next to her. They stroked and aroused each other until he had become quite stiff. Then they began to fuck. The other men watched them, some already masturbating, some still taking their time, then one after the other squirted into his bowl. After that the dreamer got up and put her smock back on, collected the little bowls and went out again.

Then she immediately came back and said that one small bowl was empty, who was resisting? I came forward meekly and said that I had no arms and could not do it myself. Surely she would realize that? She looked at me completely unimpressed and left.

Later she came back with the doctor, who immediately recognized me. They exchanged some words, the doctor left again. Then the dreamer sat down next to me and took my cock out from under the frock. She rubbed it expertly and deftly caught the spurting sperm in the little bowl. The men laughed good-naturedly and muttered something about special service and extra charge for service. We all grinned and I pondered how I was going to make it to the next station.

The days went by very monotonously with no real variety. The men had organized themselves well and divided the fucking brotherly-fair; everyone who wanted, came to it. Lauritzen was soon integrated, only little Jan was not. This did not upset me, because I had an idea. The eight or ten or so Dreamer women who came to the cell day after day for harvesting were mentally influenced and hypnotized

to varying degrees by the drugs of the Darx. I carefully scanned all of them during the harvesting and decided one day to suggest to the weakest one without words that I could not go on like this; I wanted to talk to the doctor. She did not notice anything about my telepathic influence, but after delivering the bowls and the obligatory chemical shower, went to the doctor to give her the message.

It took a few days for the Dreamer to pick me up and take me to the doctor. I waited in her room until she entered with the Dreamer and the “incomplete” crop from our cell. The doctor asked apathetically what was wrong with me. I said it wouldn’t be right for me to be masturbated in front of the other men. I was quite offended by it in my religious attitude and wanted it to be done differently. The doctor thought, then asked if I should have the dreamer here do it. I agreed.

Now I was fetched daily into the doctor’s room where the respective Dreamer “treated” me. At the same time, I explored the thoughts of the doctor, who was not often there at first. After a few days, however, she stayed in the room and I felt how, with all the blockage in her bewitched brain, she nevertheless became aroused. Now I changed my tactics.

When it was a weak dreamer’s turn, I refused and suggested she stop and ask the doctor (miserably) for assistance. She was astonished at first, but she had to fulfill her top priority, so the doctor sat down with me more and more often and did it herself. As well as it succeeded, I heated her thoughts until she became aroused and lustful. Soon she sent the dreamer away, made them stay away at all. Now I manifested the thought of fucking one of the dreamer-guards in her brain; the desire to fuck really wildly soon became an obsession. But this obviously clashed with other blockades the Darx had erected against the promiscuity of the crews, so she got into true distress.

That left her with little Jan, didn’t it?

Day after day I drilled and lured further into her brain, felt one day her momentary weakness and touched her forehead with a little finger. I urged, begged and commanded her to fuck me now, here

and now. Torn by conflicting influences, with a quivering lip and beads of sweat on her forehead, she let go of my cock that she had just been rubbing and sank powerlessly backwards. She turned her head to the side with closed eyes and surrendered, giving in to her desire. Little Jan only had to crawl onto her belly and stick his cock into her little hole, because she had not worn any underwear for a long time. She wore for long no more underwear, because she sometimes still liked to play with herself after the daily harvest game. Like a drowning woman she clung to me and sucked me greedily into her.

My cellmates and Lauritzen initially wondered what was going on, but I asked everyone to let me do it and not ask any questions, I was working on an escape plan. Lauritzen was the first to understand and eagerly helped convince them. My reputation as the leader of the last attack, of which Lauritzen told many and many times, helped not inconsiderably that they asked no further questions. I looked meaningfully at the ceiling and muttered, "Bugs!"

So it came to pass that from now on I pleurably fucked with the otherwise serious and dismissive female doctor. We solved the harvest problem by letting her gently drip the semen from her vagina into the bowl afterwards. Nevertheless I let her daily afterwards forget everything again until tomorrow, because she had to function as usual during the day in all areas, the Darx expected that from her just as from any other well-oiled machine.

My influence on her grew stronger the more often we fucked. More and more often I found my way to her thoughts, slowly but steadily planting in her mind the thought that would take me to all stations. She took the thought hesitantly at first, but then her desire demanded more and more strongly that she think of a way, find it and in the right place skillfully.

Simply put, she was to make a control trip to all the stations, to be accompanied by two specimens, No. X and Y (Lauritzen and myself, of course) for study purposes. Although the idea met with complete rejection at first, she thought about it more and more often. Two months passed until one day, after our pleasure, she snuggled up with pleasure and said that our trip would probably be approved af-

ter all. She had complicated medical facts to investigate and wanted to do a comparative study of the entire supply chain here. The supervisor, Darx, had already all but agreed.

In the cell I now asked Lauritzen and the men to sing in the choir — not unusual, since singing was frequent not only in the men's wing but also in the women's wing. When they looked, I looked up at the ceiling again and muttered, "Bugs!" Then they understood and had Lauritzen and me in the corner whispering, while they were belting out shanties and other songs merrily and loudly. The Dreamer, who was keeping watch at the hall entrance, came by briefly and checked on us; but he grinned broadly and trolled off again.

In short broad strokes, I informed Lauritzen that we were both going on a long trip with the doctor soon, and that he should please keep playing along; he was enlisted as a soldier of Neu-München. He grinned wryly and said that by now he didn't care if they fiddled with his John. The main thing was that I had a plan and that it would work. I said he could rely on that and then we sang along, because who knows who was watching us.

A few days later, a Dreamer took me to the women's wing to wait for the doctor. I sat on my stool and didn't move. Through the half-open cell doors I could see some of the guards fucking the women. But I did not have the impression that they had to use force. When the doctor came, I asked her directly about it. She said that she would periodically remove the mature eggs from the women. Since the guards needed variety, the women were sometimes given stimulant drugs after the procedure so that they could have fun with the guards. She walked back to the cell with me, and we stopped in the doorway.

The woman, who was lying on the floor mat, was visibly enjoying fucking her Dreamer, while two other Dreamers stood by waiting and the other women squatted impassively on their beds. Then they were finished, the second guard opened his fly and lay down with the woman, who hugged him hornily and fucked him almost without transition. The third guard could not wait any longer with his hard-on in his hand, now also interfered and fucked her asshole. The

woman whooped loudly and I noticed how my doctor was now getting a little restless. When they were done, we left quickly.

In the doctor's office, we immediately got down to business. As we lay next to each other, exhausted and tired, she said that we would be allowed to leave in four days; we would tour all 11 wards. She was so excited about her assignment to do this study that she didn't even think about where this thought had even come from.

Impatiently, Lauritzen and I counted the days. Sure enough, on the fourth morning, the guards escorted us once again to the showers, then we waited for a long time in a transport room until the doctor along with our luggage and prepared for the trip with us. We sat down again in this kind of elevator, which accelerated so furiously that we humans quickly lost our senses.

We were at the next station. The doctor was taking her samples, having men masturbate in droves and collected their semen in small, inconspicuous boxes, which she conscientiously labeled. She made her records of the daily routine and the food situation, how often people were allowed to shower or briefly roam freely in the large hall so that their muscles did not atrophy. In the women's wing, she removed those women who were just carrying a ripe egg, with a long snake-like device whose function she followed through a microscope. Lauritzen and I became a little aroused when we saw the many naked women she was treating throughout the day.

As we retired to our quarters, I again occupied myself with her thoughts and made her so voluptuous that she fucked both me and Lauritzen pleurably. The stay lasted several days, then we left for the next Station.

Not to forget that in the evening I mentally ordered her and Lauritzen to fuck extensively and for a long time, and after the pleasure to fall fast asleep while I was sneaking out. I looked for the place that Lena had described to me quite precisely and pulled a wooden bead from my rosary. More skillfully than I ever thought possible, I disassembled the device behind the wall paneling that connected the communication wires. I scrupulously examined the material of the wall

paneling and set the fuse, then actuated the activator and inserted the tiny thing into the device. Lena had dealt with the Darx a lot and knew they would never look there. Then I slipped back, to Lauritzen and the sleeping doctor.

On the next stations again the same rituals. Men obediently squirted their sperm in bowls, women to whom eggs were carefully removed. Interview of the men about fucking with the dreamer women. Patiently she noted that many men preferred to just fuck and not deliver their sperm by masturbating. Interviews with the women about fucking with the guards. For this, the women wanted their own rooms, since watching was torturous for the others and embarrassing for themselves afterwards; moreover, relationships or love affairs should be allowed instead of or in addition to the stimulating drugs. Everywhere a flat monotony, altogether little hope and little prospect of deliverance. Questioning of the guard- and technical personnel, as well as medical colleagues, all of whom had been ordered from above to support our mission to the best of their ability. The doctor wrote and wrote whatever she observed while masturbating or fucking, noting and annotating whatever caught her eye. She was really absorbed in her work, even though by the evening she had become numb on the one hand and aroused on the other. Particularly exciting for her were the dreamers who screwed the women. Afterwards, she usually rushed back to her quarters, where she tore off her clothes; now it couldn't go fast enough for her! When Lauritzen was in a real competitive mood and we outdid each other, I postponed forgetting until the morning. She enjoyed the competition of her two cocks very much.

In the evenings then, however, we mostly rested, Lauritzen and I taking turns fucking the doctor, whom I put into a voluptuous daze each time. Lauritzen enjoyed sex with her so much that I often left it to him alone, since I was tired of the nightly sneaking around and tinkering with my little crooked fingers. Lauritzen had sometimes heard me sneaking back; he only raised his eyebrows briefly, but sensibly kept his mouth shut, "Bugs!" I just blinked at him and went to sleep. In the morning, when he put on my cloth and put the rosary on me, he paused, but I looked at him sternly and ordered him to be silent. He lowered his head and thought hard, but didn't say a word.

When we visited the last station after weeks, the doctor heaved a sigh and said that this was the last one. I shook my head vigorously and said, no, there were two more: the one we had started from and the very first one on Earth. She had to think hard, then she had to admit that was right. Nevertheless, she had a problem, she had to argue this extension, still argue upstairs. I let her flounder until the second evening, then I gave her the excuse, which of course I had been carrying around in my head for a long time.

Not only had she collected sperm samples and eggs, conducted interviews and compiled data, but also treated many minor illnesses, since she was a doctor and not every ward had its own doctor. The wards held about eight hundred to a thousand prisoners, so minor medical things did have to occur quite frequently. So, since not only the quality of the sperm and ova in the wards had to be examined, but also the living conditions of the prisoners and the operating staff, she had to get a complete picture of the care of these medical incidents and their care. Complete, however, meant investigating the two initial points to be examined as well. This especially because the initial stations were on or near the ground and could not be as clinically purely compartmentalized as the stations farther out.

In the morning, of course, she had forgotten everything again. But it occurred to her that the higher-ups needed to be informed that she needed to get a full picture of the medical situation, especially on Earth Station, and I grinned: won!

Two days later, we were done with this station and traveled back to the starting point. After getting off the elevator, which was probably a very fast space capsule, Lauritzen pulled my robe and cingulum into place; with a meaningful look he looked at the rope, from which only four or five small wooden beads and the large wooden cross dangled. I admonished him to keep his mouth shut and only whispered, "Fireworks!" He widened his eyes, then grinned crookedly and went on his way.

We were greeted in the station with complete apathy, no one seemed to have us missed, no one showed any reaction that we were back. I already believed that I had messed up my mission, when the

doctor showed up at noon and told us to be ready for the next day, when we would go back to Earth and complete the study. At night, when everyone was already asleep, I mentally whispered to Lauritzen that he should prepare himself inwardly for the finale; because we would stay on Earth for good. Tomorrow.

Early in the morning we drank and ate, then the guard picked us up and had us wait in the Doctor's room. The doctor came with her collected notes and went with us to the elevator; a jerk and the fainting: then we were back on earth.

I don't know how long the flight lasted or where we actually landed. I assume it was Earth, where we visited the last station. The prisoner station was just being developed here, there was only the Admissions Office and the medical fitness test, which was still being done here on a grand scale. We had to wait everywhere for a long time until we could go with the doctor to do the examinations.

It ran here, as already x times before. Maybe with the difference that the newcomers still smelled completely different; I closed my eyes and smelled the sea, the forest and the grass, earth and the rain. I definitely knew, now we were on Earth.

Desperately, I tried to contact Lena in my mind. She didn't answer, I felt nothing but emptiness when I thought of her. Not a whisper, not a tentative tug on my sleeve. Lena was not here, or Lena could not make herself known. Only slowly did I allow the thought that perhaps she was no more.

Lena.

Wherever you are, I wait for your sign.

In the evening I lay on the bed, exhausted and panting with a pounding heart, while Lauritzen was lustfully engaged with the doctor. She whooped and bit him a little in the shoulder when the door was burst open and two guard robots with activated weapons entered. We were stiff with fright and dutifully followed as they ordered us to come along. Then all three of us ended up in a cell.

For hours nothing happened until we were called in for interrogation, first together, then individually. One thing had become clear to me after the first conversation over the loudspeaker: Lena had detonated the bead capsules after our arrival on Earth, all space stations had been blown up and destroyed. The Darx on Earth were cut off from their headquarters, and the whole chain of trade that had been painstakingly built up was ruined. I managed to elicit from the Darx that they were abandoning Project Earth and moving on to the next Projects. Only a small unit would remain on Earth for a while.

Lauritzen nodded sadly and said that thousands of people had perished on the stations. I was silent for hours, crying to myself, for I had not considered that, had not consciously thought about it. We had won and yet lost so much. When I regained my speech, I told Lauritzen that the fireworks might have saved the Earth. But we were lost, the Darx would destroy whom they could catch.

We survived the individual interrogations despite all the pain and the recurring torturous questions. The Darx changed tactics and drugged us, locked us in a cell and waited. The drugs stimulated us so much that all three of us almost fucked our souls out, then they separated us into three open cages lined up next to each other, where the lust that this drug ignited almost ate us up, but we could not do it to each other. We endured this torture for several hours, although Lauritzen and the doctor lay naked like wild animals pressed against the iron bars and copulated through them like madmen. I retreated to the last corner of my mind and went in search of Lena.

I tried to jump. I could concentrate as much as I wanted, I couldn't get a millimeter. I wished to be there or thereabouts, but in vain, it didn't work. I tried to make mental contact with Lauritzen and the doctor, but only managed to get the doctor, who was locked in the middle cage, to put her butt against my bars and begged me insanely to finally fuck her. Despite my aching limbs, I crawled over and fucked her while Lauritzen watched us with bloodshot eyes and groaned like a mad gorilla that it was his turn now! I had to keep fucking greedily and insatiably, trying at the same time to concentrate and counteract the drug. The image of the desirous and animal-

istic whimpering doctor, running howling from side to side to be mated here and there, slowly brought me back mentally.

I had to find Lena! I called and called in my mind, but received no response. I lay down concentrated on the floor and fell asleep, frozen in this meditation. I became indifferent to what was going on around me, I dozed off and saw only our cave, the clearing in the forest and the beach where we had sat so many times. I wished more than ever to be there.

I don't know if I was there afterwards or not. I only saw Lena in my imagination. She was sitting on the forest floor, looking at me calmly. "We did it, little Jan! You did!" she said. "The chain is broken, the invasion failed, all the logistics gone to hell! They will not recover from this blow for many, many thousand years!" Then she softened and saddened and said that we would not see each other again because she could not get through the remains of the mental Darx defenses. But one day, our existences would meet again, I promise

The image faded. I looked up and caught sight of the doctor lying motionless in her cage, snoring. Lauritzen was sitting by the bars, looking dully over at the two of us. "All right, old fellow?" I asked him mentally, and to my astonishment heard him reply. "Yes, dear Jan, they gave us a good going over there, those ass rats. But we kind of won, although neither of us looks like it now, do we?" I could guess his grim smile in the half-light.

Their chain of commerce is completely shot, I replied, likewise they can't continue the invasion of Earth so easily for some thousand years. But the three of us, we're probably gone too, or pretty soon.

Lauritzen nodded. "When the cataclysm broke out and I lost my family, that's when I first died. Then I became a warrior and died many hundreds of times fighting the Darx and taking refugee stretch after refugee stretch from them. On the wards we both went through hell, no, also through heaven, in both respects. If now our fireworks should have brought the final decision, let them roast me quietly over slow fire; we have won, that will be my last thought!"

Our dialogue grew quieter and soon died away as we both fell asleep from fatigue. The next morning we were able to shower again and were moved to a common cell. A guard robot stood in the door, his loudspeaker continuing the interrogation. I was pleased to find that neither the guard robot nor the loudspeaker was working flawlessly, and the distant cracking and crashing were signs that the Darx must be operating from a very distant base. But they didn't let us think for long; the interrogations began again.

The doctor was herself again, namely a hypnotically altered Dreamer who was completely absorbed in her task and knew nothing about what had happened, swearing highly and sacredly that she had carried out the investigations solely on behalf of the High Council. How she got into the embarrassing situation with these two men, she could not explain. No matter how cleverly the Darx might ask, she did not deviate a hand's breadth from her text. In the end, she even suggested that they had been drugging her all along in order to get her to repeatedly copulate involuntarily with these beasts. Annoyed, her counterpart broke off the interrogation.

Lauritzen admitted everything he knew and everything that had been said out loud. He had taken part in an attack against the fortress near Lübeck, had become a prisoner and had been taken to the breeding farm in space. There he had been taken together with me by the doctor. The carnal procedures, he thought, were part of the rituals on the breeding farm, so he didn't think anything more about it and just did his best with the doctor. (I couldn't help but notice his broad, inward grin). Otherwise he had done nothing wrong and was horrified at the torture he had been subjected to in the last 24 hours. He also said he was now sure he had been drugged into doing all that, as seen yesterday. Again, the voice in the loudspeaker ended the interrogation rumbling and threatening.

He did not interrogate me. He only informed me that I would be transferred to solitary confinement until I got my fair trial. It had been proven that I was the leader of the terrorists and therefore no further interrogation was necessary until the trial. The loudspeaker buzzed for a while longer, then cracked a few times and went silent.

Lauritzen and I sat silently next to each other and chatted. I was careful what I thought, because I couldn't know if the Darx didn't have some way of scanning our thoughts. Nevertheless, I told him a children's story in which little wooden balls played a role, little fireworks and monks who were sneaking around at night. Lauritzen grumbled that he already got that. "You have to understand about the fucking," I said, "because that was the only way I saw to get the doctor to make the round trip." Again he mumbled that he also understood that. And funny it was, hell too! I grinned and said to him, my foster father Kalle would have always said that.

Now I was a bit worried because I couldn't get in touch with my half-sister Lena, the secret mastermind of my fireworks. But she had become the most important person in my life, I said, and that if I died before him, he would please send a message to Lena Ohnehand, as we called each other. Lauritzen nodded and asked me to inform his brother or someone else in Neu-München if he had to be the first to bite the dust. I thought about sending Lena a message over the Net-O-Net. Lauritzen nodded affirmatively, yes, do that, my boy!

The doctor now broke her silence and asked what exactly had happened. I groped for her thoughts and stimulated her very violently. Startled, she retreated to a corner of the cell. I said that the effect of the drug had not worn off and that it was still a danger to us because it made us do this. She shook her head and said that as a medical attendant she was forbidden to approach the prisoners in any way. Every night, however, Lauritzen and I would crawl up to her and have our way with her, even though she was nearly perishing with fear.

It didn't matter, because the three of us were dead anyway.

Epilogue

by Lena A. Lien © 2023

“Memomail as an addendum to: Jan Ohnehand, for his sister Lena Ohnehand.

My name is Franz Lauritzen and I was castle captain in Neu-München when your brother Jan showed up at our house. We joined his venture, which unfortunately failed in Lübeck. We were ambushed, which only Jan and I survived. We were sent to a breeding colony in orbit, where we lived as prisoners for several months.

After our return to Earth, your brother Jan was accused of being responsible for blowing up the trade chain. I wish it were so, at least then he would be a hero. I don't know about you guys out there now, but if it's the way I think it is, then I know it's good the way it is.

Jan and I were transferred to this wing almost two years ago now, where we live like the other prisoners as penalized people. I came to know Jan as a clear-thinking strategist with excellent skills who showed no fear in battle and became a good friend over the course of his captivity.

After his so-called trial, I did not see him again for several days. One day he was completely broken and transferred to our prison wing. He had been tortured and badly beaten. Obviously, that did a lot of damage to his health, because now he is retarded like a little boy who sometimes babbles to himself and doesn't always know exactly where and who he is. He mentions you and his wife Veronika often, thinks of you all the time, and I suppose he wants me to say hello to you both. He still wears her cross and your rosary with the three beads and the wooden cross over his robe.

Unfortunately, he has completely regressed mentally to the level of a six-year-old, so I can't talk to him much anymore. He talks to me like a child and I try to be a good father to him, although that is very difficult in captivity. With his disability, eating, etc. are a bit compli-

cated, but we all stick together here and get him through it together. Thank God he has kept his strong constitution remained, which is of vital importance in a kennel like this one; in that respect, please don't worry.

After the long time I have been imprisoned, I don't have much hope that we will be released. But Jan looks at me sometimes with bright shining eyes and says:

“Lena will come, Lena will come for me!”

Farewell, wherever you are.

Franz Lauritzen, Prisoner 745612, Headquarters Earth.

End memomail.”