
Jack X. Faber
Veronika's
sexual
desires

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The Seduction of Veronica

by Jack Faber © 2022

In the mid-1950s, 1954, Jack had asked his mother about his father over and over again. She contorted her face and mouth and one day said he had been a British spy who had been executed in 1941. Their marriage was invalid; he had left his wife and child in England, she learned afterward. She had been deceived by him like everyone else, she concluded bitterly. Later, she never spoke of his father again until her death.

Veronica was a naive, uneducated girl and orphan, she entered the convent as a novice at 12. She worked mainly in the food store and in the convent kitchen, cleaning the washing facilities and the 5 bathtubs once a week. She was content with the circumstances and never felt that anything was lacking. She was very obedient and did all the work satisfactorily. The sisters liked the quiet little one and taught her everything that was needed to know as a cook. She received no education except for a few hours of religious instruction in elementary school.

Veronica had no idea about sexuality. Sister Mathilda, her caregiver and roommate, was about 20 years older than her. She had given her a rudimentary explanation of monthly hygiene with her first menstruation, but never went beyond the purely technical. Veronika had never seen another human being naked, neither woman nor man.

That was not so true, but Veronika had erased all that from her memories. First, there was Father Anselm. The Catholic priest came over twice a week from the nearby men's monastery to hear the confessions of sinful sisters. After confessions, weather permitting, Anselm would go to the nearby stream to wash his cock. All the convent women pressed their noses to the windows to watch him do it. Sister Mathilda and Veronika too, she had to tell short-sighted Mathilda exactly what the Father was doing, twice a week. He went to the stream, took off his sandals awkwardly and flipped up his smock, tucking it into his belt. There's something sticking out in front of him, Veronika said uncertainly, and Mathilda squinted her eyes and said it was the cock. Now he washes the cack

very quickly, back and forth and Mathilda clarified, he jerked off. Veronika used the words imitatively, not knowing their meaning. He is still jerking off, Veronika answered the impatient Mathilda. Now too, but much faster, Veronika said. And now he's squirting into the stream, she said excitedly, he's still jerking off and his cock is squirting into the water. Mathilda nodded meaningfully and Veronika said that Mathilda agreed with that. Now it's just dripping a little, the priest shakes his cock a little, Veronika said. Then the Father got into the water up to his calves and washed his cock with water. Mathilda pulled Veronika away from the window, work was calling. But completely naked Veronika had never seen Father Anselm, although they watched him jerk off twice a week.

The other was bathing Friday in the morning. Friday, because in the evening Mathilda had to go to the men's monastery to clean the chapel and do the monks' bidding. When she grew up, she would like to clean the chapel and do the will of the masters, the stupid child babbled, and Mathilda was furious and scolded, you don't know what you're talking about! The two of them sat in the bathtub, facing each other. Mathilda was very tall, with a Rubens-figure and the largest breasts Veronika had yet seen. There was no soap in these wartime times, the lukewarm water was completely transparent and Veronika could see the deep hole in Mathilda's pee hole clearly. They washed each other and Mathilde checked each time to see if Veronika was still a virgin. Veronika didn't know what it was and what Mathilda was looking for in her pee crevice, but the explanation that she was still thankfully innocent was enough for her. She was thankfully innocent, that was a good feeling. She loved to wash Mathilde's big breasts, and when she grew up, she wanted to have such big fine breasts, too. Mathilde laughed, the lords monks loved those breasts too. She did so with pleasure and Mathilda closed her eyes, it was so fine! Veronika was sure one day she would grow breasts and a clitoris like Mathilda's. Since Mathilda had shown her the clit, she searched underwater for Mathilda's clit and rubbed it exactly as Mathilda had instructed. First slowly, until it was hard, and then very quickly, until Mathilda sighed and jerked, trembling, and her hand stopped.

Mathilda opened her eyes. With one hand she reached into her hole herself and jerked off for a long time with quick movements until she had enough. She didn't care that other sisters were

watching her from their bathtubs, shaking their heads. Hypocrites, she muttered, goddamn hypocrites! Veronika didn't like to hear her swearing, but Mathilda was right for once. She had been able to observe time and again how the hypocrites jerked their clits just as vigorously and just as long as Mathilda when they thought they were unobserved. Veronika, of course, always watched them from her hiding place, all jerking off in the bath water, some quickly and briefly, others for a very long time. The few young novices like herself did not jerk off, they had not yet grown breasts and clits. Some of the younger sisters had big, ugly bellies and a baby in there, and they jerked off in the bath water all the time. Then when the baby came out, it went to the orphanage and the mothers were slim and beautiful again and could sneak back into the men's monastery. In the evening she always told Mathilda which sisters had bathed and jerked off. Mathilda always wanted to know that in detail.

After drying off, they both sat naked in their shared cell, Veronika was allowed to sit astride Mathilda's naked lap and fondle her naked breasts, deep hole and especially clit for as long as she wanted. Mathilda especially liked the stroking of her clit very much and told her in whispers what she had had to confess. There were only two things, but Veronika never understood either of them. The first was that she did "it" every night, and the second was that before the chapel cleaning, she lay naked on the bed all Friday night at the will of the dozen monks, Father Anselm was always there too. He giggled there at every confession. He was the one who found out from the beginning that Mathilde loved to fuck. So he ordered her to come to the priests every Friday evening. Veronika didn't understand a word, but she noticed how much the tickle stroking excited Mathilda. Mathilda, moaning, enumerated the names of the monks to her invisible confessor. Mathilda had to uncover her breasts at the end of the confession, Father Anselm opened the wooden grate and caressed her large breasts while repeating the Ego-Te-Absolvo a dozen times. His hand also caressed her sex extensively until she climaxed, when there were no sisters waiting to confess. Sometimes even more, Mathilda had to reach over and "do it" Father Anselm with her hand. In the confessional! Mathilda shuddered, in the confessional!

Mathilda was already highly excited when she confessed to Veronika that Father Anselm was fucking quite excellently, Aaah! Veronika had to get off Mathilda's naked lap at this Aaah! and sit

nestled next to her, but was allowed to put her face on Mathilda's naked body or her naked breasts. Mostly, though, Veronika squatted on the floor, right in front of Mathilda's hole, and was allowed to watch as she rubbed her pee hole and clit fast and hard. Mathilda's clit was always very small at first, then got a bit bigger and quite stiff. Veronika always watched the clit very closely, it only came out half an inch and was inconspicuously small at first, but as Mathilda's fingers kept teasing it, it became stiff and pointy. Veronika watched very carefully as Mathilda's fingers rubbed the clit from side to side, then up and down again. She became quite excited when Mathilda's finger became fast and faster, then Mathilda pushed her ass up and higher. She would make a loud hissing sound with her lips and slump down. This was very exciting every time. When she was done, Mathilda would drop backwards on the bed and pull Veronika on top of her. Veronika liked this the most, Mathilda pressed their naked bodies tightly together, rubbed and cuddled them very affectionately and rubbed their pee-pee gaps very tightly and long against each other. She pressed her clit on Veronika's cleft and searched if Veronika already had a clit too, then she rubbed clit and clit together until quite a lot of flashes came, dozens. Mathilda had demanded that she moan pleasantly when the clits rubbed together pleasantly and call out "Now!" when she had the flash. So Veronika moaned again and again when Mathilda pressed her to her buttocks and called out several times, Now! So they had a wonderful and horny afternoon rubbing naked on each other and getting lots and lots of flashes. Veronika loved these Friday afternoons very much, and the body rubbing lasted at least an hour. Then Friday was over, they got dressed and Mathilda dabbed a few drops of perfume under her chin and under her armpits. The perfume was always well hidden under her mattress and Veronika was not allowed to tell anyone. After that, Mathilda went over to the men's convent smelling good and Veronika started scrubbing the bathtubs clean. Friday was the only night when she slept alone, pressing one hand on her pee-pee and also squeezing her legs all together. She tossed and turned as she did every night before falling asleep until the little flashes twitched through her pee slit all the way to her legs, she loved that and Mathilda didn't mind.

When Veronika first saw Mathilda's big hole, Mathilda asked her to take a good look. Veronika curiously pulled the hole apart and looked inside. It seemed to be wet and very deep. Mathilda

was very proud of her hole and Veronika complained that she didn't have a hole like that. Mathilda laughed and said that was good, she should have promised the abbess that the little girl would remain innocent. Just wait until you are as old as I am, said the 36 year old, when you have had about 400 peckers in your pussy like I have, then you will also have a nice big cunt like me. The 14 year old didn't understand a word, was that being to will? Yes, it was 400 or more, Mathilde repeated, Friday night there must be a dozen monks waiting to plow around in my pussy with their wieners. She paused and Veronika said with downcast eyes that she also wanted to go on Friday and let the monks plow with their wieners in her pussy. No way, Mathilda raged indignantly, you lose your virginity when a wiener pokes into your pussy, and from squirting you can have a baby! Ugh! Squirting, Veronika asked, trying to put the pieces of the puzzle together, squirting like Father Anselm in the brook? Mathilde nodded affirmatively and Veronika shuddered, that must be disgusting! Of course Veronika always asked how it had happened on Friday and Mathilda told her everything truthfully, although Veronika didn't understand a word, except that the monks stuck their peckers into Mathilda's pussy, in out and bang, then they squirted in her pussy. Veronika wanted to know exactly how it was for her, how the wieners poked in her pussy. Mathilda was in her element and told ramblingly and piggy talked how the monkies waited dutifully one after the other to fuck. Most fucked fast as bunnies and and squirted loudly panting. How disgusting, Veronika said, rolling her eyes, then Mathilda continued her tale. Most of them lined up again after fucking to get another turn. Veronika wanted to know where the splattered went, Mathilda laughed up, it just trickles out again. Disgusting, said Veronika, the wieners dipped into the splash of the others, yuck! Every time Veronika wanted to go to the men's monastery and stick the wiener in her pussy and let it squirt, but Mathilda was furious and scolded, she was still too young for it, it would come soon enough! Veronika liked the piggy talk of Mathilda very much and brought the dug in of the *Schniedels* (cocks) in her *Fötzchen* (cunt) again and again on the Tapet. Mathilda already wanted to answer something, but she kept silent, it was probably enough of the sexual enlightenment.

Mathilda had explained to Veronika exactly how confession went. With her heart pounding, she went into the confessional, at first a terribly constricting place. Father Anselm looked at her

through the bars until she calmed down. Well, what do you have to confess, my daughter? Veronica stammered that he was not her father. Father smiled and said that was how he addressed everyone at confession, they were all daughters in the faith. Veronica nodded, although she did not agree. Well, what sins do you have to confess, he asked and she stammered, none, Father, none! He asked after a while if she touched herself down there? No, never, only before going to sleep. And how? She explained to him exactly how she pressed her hand on the pee-pee slit and clamped it with her thighs. Then she would roll back and forth until the little flashes came and then she would sleep. Before he could drill further, she added that Sister Mathilda knew about it and approved. He was speechless and time passed. What could he do, he mused aloud, and Veronica blurted out, ego-prayer still missing, nibbling at her frock and exposing her young-girl breasts. Father Anselm smirked and murmured, oh Sister Mathilda! and opened the grate. He good-naturedly groped her small breasts and muttered the Ego-Te-Absolvo several times, and Veronika could see quite clearly that he was clutching the stiff cock with his other fist. Then the confession was finished, she pulled the robe into place and left. In the evening she told Sister Mathilda about the confession in detail and was surprised that Mathilda laughed so heartily that tears ran down her cheeks. Veronika murmured bitterly that the adults did not understand anything and never went to confession again.

It was also exciting when Mathilda got a thick pus pimple on her labia. She was too fat and couldn't see the gruesome pimple. She took off her frock and lay naked on the bed. She explained to Veronika how she had to squeeze the pimple. She had to reach deep into Matilda's wet, warm hole with four fingers and push up the pimple from below to squeeze it out with her other hand. Veronika gasped with effort and Mathilda with horniness, finally the pimple began to pop and Veronika thoroughly cleaned off the pus and blood with the towel. She noticed another one and wanted to express it too, but Mathilda laughed and cooed, No, that's my clit! Veronika did not understand a word and did not move. I need the clit to masturbate, Mathilda said, but Veronika shook her head in denial, she didn't understand. For a few moments there was silence, then Mathilda touched the thing with a finger and wiggled it back and forth. First very, very slowly, so that Veronika could see exactly what she was doing. Faster and faster. Mathilda gasped

with exertion. Faster still. Mathilda's abdomen twitched as if she were giving birth. She didn't stop until her hole was flapping open and closed like the mouth of a dying fish. Only when it stopped flapping and the hole remained wide open was Mathilda finished. Did she understand, Mathilda asked, and Veronika shook her head in the negative. Mathilda mumbled to herself while getting dressed, why the child did not understand anything like that. Veronika immediately forgot this episode. She never thought of Father Anselm and Sister Mathilda again when she had to leave the convent.

During the war, the convent kitchen supplied the old people's home and the two orphanages until the money ran out and they could not get any more loans. The convent had to close, the sisters went to other convents, the novices were released from all vows and had to fend for themselves. Veronica, soon to be 22 years old, was very lucky. An aunt, to whom she was only distantly related, took her in as a nurse. The old woman owned a large townhouse in the villa district of Unterhaching, and Veronika cared for her until her death a year later. The aunt had no children or other relatives and had left her the house and a considerable amount of cash in her bank accounts.

The large amount of money in the bank came from the aunt's deceased husband, who was an ardent Nazi and had extorted the large amount of money from the Jews. He attacked the Jews with his three thugs, squeezed all the money from them and put it into his own pocket. His gang of thugs took all the valuables and jewelry, then they raped the wives and daughters as they pleased. And he made a tidy profit from the sale of the apartments and houses of the Jews whom he had had transported to Poland. The aunt had never been a Nazi, she just wanted to be fucked by the neighbor once a week and sent Veronika for a walk during that time.

Veronika liked very much to go for a walk once a week when the dear neighbor had come. He always came on the same day at the same time, because that was when his jealous wife went shopping in the city. As soon as he lay down in bed with dear aunt, she stayed there until dear neighbor lay down on dear aunt under the blanket, put his wiener in aunt's pussy, and the two of them wiggled very tightly. Veronika lifted the blanket up to the neighbor's ass to check that Mr. Neighbor had really stuck his wiener in the

pussy and was not just pretending. Mr. Nachbar liked it very much when Veronika watched him rub his dick and winked mischievously. Sometimes it was the aunt who rubbed him stiffly. Veronika watched very closely that the pecker was going in and out of Auntie's big hairless hole, just as Mathilda had described it to her. The neighbor proudly showed off his cock and celebrated the insertion very slowly, so that Veronika could see everything very clearly. She stayed with the fucking for the first few months, pushed the blanket up over the neighbor's ass and bent over to watch very closely as the wiener slowly and firmly drove in and out of her aunt's pussy. This usually lasted 20 or 30 minutes, then Mr. neighbor began to gasp and moan. I'm squirting now, Ilse, I'm squirting! he gasped and squirted very laboriously. Veronika loved to watch them, but when the aunt became sicker and sicker after a year, she didn't want Veronika there anymore, although the dear Mr. Nachbar did want her to. Veronika nodded when the aunt gasped that it was all right, he was already doing it right, and that she should finally go goddamn now. She wished them a nice fucking, went off and fed the poor sparrows in the park.

She talked to the bird folk and told them that she was only there because auntie really wanted to be fucked once a week. The sparrows did not understand that, so Veronika had to explain to them, he put his pecker in auntie's pussy and they wiggled. No, she contradicted the sparrows, I have seen it myself many times. She was always there in the first year, because she didn't know Mr. Neighbor well yet and always looked under the covers to make sure that Mr. Neighbor was doing his job properly. She was also ready to intervene if he hurt the sick aunt. But she always felt sorry for him, because he had to make an insane effort to squirt in the pussy. He groaned like the old lumberjack and gasped in agony, I'm squirting now, Ilse! and squirted all strained.

The aunt gradually told Veronika her life story. The dear neighbor fucked with the aunt for a long time, even when the aunt's husband was still alive, but spent a lot of time in the party headquarters and watching the war and fucked with Ilse only in passing. She had given her virginity to the neighbor, Heinz, at 15 and fucked him ever since until now. At 17, they were going to get married because she was pregnant. But she suffered a miscarriage in the 4th month and almost died. Therefore she could never have children of her own and the relationship with Heinz became diffi-

cult. At 18, she was conquered by her future husband, a four-haired party comrade of the first hour, a formidable warrior in a smart uniform. But his wiener was even shorter and thinner than Heinz'. The first time she saw the huge warrior with the much too small dick naked, she laughed hysterically. Their first times were almost like rape, he prevailed and they got married after ten days. He wanted to fuck and squirt in the evening, hastily and quickly, that was it. He had to squirt, but if she needed anything, he didn't care. She became an addicted, obsessive masturbator at that time. They were both younger then, Ilse and neighbor Heinz, and they fucked as often as they could manage. Her husband at the time didn't play much of a role in it, Ilse let his brief fucking roll off her like rain, and he never knew that her heart always belonged to her neighbor. Their marriage vows were not worth the paper, her husband wasted his seed on raping Jewish women. Ilse detested her husband who robbed the Jews, raped their wives and daughters, and sold their houses after sending them to their death. She knew what was happening firsthand from day one. She didn't cry for him for a second when he put a bullet in his head the day after the beloved Führer. His party comrades praised him for how bravely he had followed the Führer to his death. Ilse later learned from an eyewitness that he whimpered, howled and cried in fear for hours. One of his female co-workers, whom he had brutally raped so many times, simply could not stand the cowardly whining any longer, resolutely brought his lame hand with the gun to his temple and pulled his finger through on the trigger. Well, that wasn't so hard, you cowardly carrion! she screeched loudly before shooting herself in the mouth.

Now the neighbor always hastily set off to await his jealous wife with an innocent expression, hungry for time. She had every reason for her jealousy, because she visited her retired hairdresser in the city to fuck and get fucked and was able to keep it secret until now. There was often little time for shopping, the hairdresser got the money for his services. When the gentleman neighbor had gone, Veronika washed the aunt's pussy until the splashed was gone and dried her pussy. The auntie was very grateful to her and sent her out anyway, because when she jerked off after being fucked, she didn't want Veronika there. Only when she was finished and Veronika listened at the door to hear that she was done, was she allowed to come back in and dry the little hole and the reddened clit again.

Veronika was annoyed that the sparrows jumped away and did not listen. She scattered a handful of grains, then the sparrows came again, pecked and listened again. So, the auntie masturbated mostly in the morning and again in the afternoon, every day, often for hours. Since she was confined to bed, there were only two things for her to do, smoke, drink tea and jerk off. If Veronika remained silent and did not move, the aunt did not notice her and she could watch her jerk off. The aunt uncovered herself until she was completely naked, pulled her knees up and unfolded them. Her little hole was much smaller than Mathilda's, her pubic hair had all fallen out and her body was very wrinkled all over. Her pubic, her sex was just ugly. Her clit stood out mostly stiff and dark red from her vulva, it was visibly highly aroused and quite sore from all the jerking off. She jerked off just like Mathilda, only much slower and she took a very long time. In the end she only wriggled a bit and was very grateful that Veronika was right there and dried her hole and the reddened clit. As time went by, she didn't care if Veronika was present. Meanwhile, the aunt needed two bottles of booze a day to drink her tea. The dear neighbor, who did everything for the aunt, brought booze in quantities and disposed of the empty bottles. He also got the hay-flower ointment that Veronika applied to her aunt's sore pussy and clit. When the aunt was drunk, Veronika had to smear the clitoris very firmly with the ointment and was not allowed to stop rubbing it in until her legs had wriggled very firmly and for a long time. Aaah, that was good, stammered the aunt and drank on.

In her last four months, the aunt could no longer fuck, she coughed miserably when the dear neighbor lay on top of her and squirted in her pussy. Gradually she saw that fucking no longer worked, the neighbor still came and groped Veronika's pussy while masturbating. The second time she had no underpants on and was naked under her skirt. She hoped the dear Mr. neighbor would finally put his wiener in her pussy. But far from it! Although Veronika had laid down next to her aunt ready to fuck, had flipped up her skirt and spread her legs, the dear man did not get his thing hard. Under the watchful eyes of the terminally ill, he rubbed and squirted on Veronika's cleft from afar. After a few times he managed to stick his soft glans into her vaginal vestibule, rubbing and squirting through the little hole in the hymen into Veronika's pussy. The aunt shouted to him that Veronika was still a real virgin and he must not dishonor her under any circumstances, ever! The

neighbor feared the aunt's angry flashing eyes and fearfully watched over Veronika's virginity. Thank God the aunt intervened, she rubbed Veronika's pussy while Heinz stuck in her hymen and masturbated. The aunt made her legs twitch and she got the little flashes. Ilse stopped masturbating Veronika when he started to squirt and held his wiener. That was the real reason why Veronika let him do that to her, because her aunt's rubbing put her in the highest pleasure. Veronika disgustedly wiped off the disgusting squirted with the tail of her skirt. He soon learned how to push his pointed, thin glans all the way through the hole in the hymen and squirt it into her vagina. The aunt held his wiener very still as he squirted. It was very important to him and the aunt that his squirt squirted into her pussy and nothing missed. She told Veronika that the squirting was very good for her pussy. He did this for four months, once a week, sometimes more, until the aunt died. It was disgusting and arousing at the same time, Veronika fantasized about it every night when she rolled around. The silly little birds didn't understand a word, of course.

Veronika told the poor, hungry pecking sparrow folk how badly the aunt was doing because she was smoking like a chimney and her lungs couldn't take it anymore. On her last day she died in an instant while jerking off. She wriggled for a long time while jerking off, coughed like crazy, and continued to rub her clit obsessively even after orgasm. She stopped coughing and breathing. She remained lying in her unchaste position, the red clit facing forward like a howitzer and stayed that way. Veronika rubbed her pussy and sore clit dry, but her aunt did not move and stared into the future with a blissful smile. Veronika's first thought was how ugly she looked, how stupid and unchaste her erect clit pointed to the ceiling between her bent knees. Veronika rubbed her clit as hard as she could for quite a while, squeezing out the pent-up blood. Auntie didn't make a sound, and Veronika didn't stop until her clit hung limp and wrinkled. Veronika put her legs down decently, crossed her arms saintly and covered them neatly. She called the family doctor from the neighbor. She did not cry, because the aunt had died in the middle of jerking off with beautiful feelings.

Neighbor Heinz really took care of Veronika. He organized the funeral, accompanied her to the notary when the will was read. He went with her to the municipal office to sign the house over to her and to the bank so that Veronika could get the aunt's accounts. He

simply owed it to Ilse; he was thoroughly decent. He came week after week, of course, to squirt into Veronika's pussy. But she didn't want to be there just to squirt in, and demanded that he rub her pussy with one finger. Her legs twitched and wriggled wonderfully and she felt the little flashes. She loved that very much. Before his squirting, he let go of her pussy. As long as his cock was still narrow and not quite stiff, Veronika didn't stop him from penetrating a little deeper through the little hole in her hymen and pretending to fuck. But he always had to pull his cock out to the glans as it grew. After all, they both still had their aunt's voice in their ears, he was not allowed to dishonor her. Only one thing bothered Veronika, when old Heinz squirted laboriously and strained, he still called, Ilse, I'm about to squirt! and Ilse, I'm about to squirt! although she was not the Ilse, because she had died.

He learned how to insert his old, thin cock into the little hole and how to keep it immobile in the vagina to squirt. He rubbed Veronika's pussy and the wriggling of her legs and the flashes in her twitching pussy were enough for the old man to squirt without fucking. Veronika always let him squirt as long as he rubbed her pussy quite vigorously and made her legs wriggle. He enjoyed this very much and waited obediently until his cock had swollen down, only then he carefully pulled out his flaccid thing. Veronika always checked afterwards with the little pocket mirror to see if the little hole was still there as usual and not torn. It went on for almost a year until his wife found out. Loud screaming. Shattering porcelain. Heinz sitting in the rain on the concrete steps. In his underpants. Freezing. Cursing because cigarette and lighter were wet. He didn't come back after that. She was very lonely and complained her sorrow to the birds in the park.

Veronika cooked a dozen meals a day for one of the orphanages, and it was always Jack who gave her a hand with the food distribution. So Veronika's bond with the bright Jack, who had recently turned 14, soon developed. She often talked to the orphanage director about her cooking and daily life, looking for meaning in her life. The wise director assured her how valuable and how meaningful her midday meals were. Veronika promised to keep cooking as long as she had the money for food. The director did not ask how much money she actually had, but only asked if she could continue cooking for the whole year. Veronika thought only briefly, because

she herself did not know how much money she had, and nodded that it would surely work out. But Veronika wanted to achieve more in life, that was soon clear. One day, the director brought up the idea that Veronika could adopt one of the children after all.

Veronika thought about it for weeks and asked the director daily for advice on how she could do it in concrete terms. She also asked Jack, of course, what he thought. So it came about that she went to the town hall with Jack and the director and adopted Jack.

Jack was happy to get out of the orphanage, to have his own room and to go to school regularly. He judged Veronica correctly. The woman was naive and uneducated, had a spacious house, money in the bank and wanted to be a good mother to him. Even before the adoption, they spent some time together and told each other their life stories.

Jack didn't even have to haggle for her to take him out of school and into high school. He had always wanted to be a doctor and needed a high school diploma, Latin and Greek to go to college. Yes, she said enthusiastically, that was a good plan! He was very smart and had written down every step needed for this, but when he handed the sheet to Veronika, she blushed and said that unfortunately she couldn't read. Jack reacted very confidently and didn't let his surprise show. All right, he said, no problem! We'll go everywhere together and do everything together, I'll read everything to you and write. But the first thing she had to learn was how to sign. It took all day before she could write her signature perfectly. Jack said he was going to teach her to read and write soon, it wasn't very difficult.

They went to school together, where he nimbly filled out the forms and had them signed. Likewise afterwards at the high school, he filled out all the papers and had them signed. Then it was done, he was to come for the entrance exam in three days. He was given some pieces of paper with instructions on how to prepare for it. Finally, the director asked if Veronika was Jack's mother. No, she said, but Jack quickly corrected that she was his adoptive mother. He rummaged in his school bag and presented the certificate to the principal. The nodded after reading it carefully and making notes.

Jack studied for three days and two nights, went to the exam and passed with ‘excellent’. He was accepted into the fourth grade and was assured the fifth was already too far ahead with the material. He was dissatisfied only for a short time, but he was firstly admitted to the Gymnasium and secondly in a grade whose material he knew for the most part. That was perhaps a good start.

He had helped with the shopping and cooking in the mornings, accompanied Veronika to the orphanage and helped with the distribution. In the afternoons he taught her conscientiously and she learned quickly and very thoroughly. Quite soon she was able to recalculate the return money while shopping and was soon able to read the daily newspaper. After dinner he went first to the bathroom, bathed daily — what a luxury! He got up after washing and masturbated, Veronika was already standing under the bathroom door, naked except for her underpants, watching him as she did every evening. He rubbed right after the first squirt and after some time squirted the second time. When he was done squirting, he went to her for the good-night kiss, the director had expressly urged her to do so. She hugged him, briefly pressed her lips to his and wished him a good night. He immediately understood that she could not kiss. He also noted that she didn’t seem to notice his nakedness during the goodnight kiss. He had suggested that the bathroom door remain open because if one called for help, he or she could not be heard. Veronica thought for just a moment and nodded that was true. Then she got into the bathtub, daily bathing had stimulated Jack and it seemed more correct to her than bathing only on weekends as in the monastery. She got into the bathtub unaware that a spy was crouched outside in the dark watching her naked. Jack took a close look at Veronika’s body every night.

She was not a particularly beautiful woman, but pretty she was. She was slim, about a head taller than him. Her breasts were medium sized and very firm, the nipples had pointed nipples and were light pink. The pubic hair above her cleft was quite sparse and dark, about the color of her dark hair. He could not see her cleft well from a distance. There was also a little hair under her armpits. She had no belly and under her breasts her ribs were almost visible, overall she was slim and lean. Her nicely curved back ended in a flat, small bottom and then went into long, very thin legs. Jack thought her friendly face with the small nose was half

nice, but it was a very kind face. Her dark eyes matched her hair color, dark brown or black. He noticed that the skin of her body was strikingly white, only her face and slender hands were a bit darker. He remembered that she had been a nun and had spent her life wrapped in long robes, hence the flawless white skin. Jack felt guilty, but he had to keep looking at her compulsively and watching her bathe.

Even in the first few hours he had realized that she had a kind, gracious and very loving character. All right, she was naive, uneducated and unfamiliar with everyday things, but she was inquisitive, a quick learner and possessed a natural cleverness. Jack decided to teach her the lack of schooling over time. Silently, he was very surprised that the convent had not taken care of the education of the novices. In school he had only ever heard that the monasteries in the Middle Ages were excellent places of education, the only ones. It was a disappointing and confusing realization.

She couldn't miss his nakedness! She stood every evening in the bathroom door and watched him curiously masturbating. During the evening masturbation in the bathroom the decision matured in him to seduce Veronika properly. Step by step and very carefully. The next day he dared the first step and masturbated not in the bathtub. She stood under the bathroom door as usual and was very surprised, because he usually masturbated every evening and squirted twice. A strange feeling came over her, somehow she guessed what would come now. He had rubbed his cock stiff, but he did not continue. He got out of the bathtub and embraced her, prolonging the goodnight kiss. She had stripped down to her underpants as usual, she was going into the bathtub right after. She felt his erection, which he pressed against her pubic area. Instinctively she reached for it and instantly let go. For the first time she seemed to look consciously at his naked body, her eyes lingering on his stiff cock, which he had not made squirt today. Is everything all right, she asked sanctimoniously, staring at his stiff cock. Everything's fine, Jack said provocatively, haven't you ever seen a naked man before? She shook her head and lied, no, never, and she had never rubbed a naked cock either. She blushed shyly, because she didn't like to lie, but Father Anselm appeared in vague images and of course the neighbor Heinz, who had to be rubbed frequently. He refrained from laughing out loud and looked at her kindly. Yes, that's what I look like and that's my dick.

He took her hand and clasped his cock with it. The cock is for peeing and fucking. She didn't understand that,

Veronika lied further, curiously fingering his cock, what is fucking? Jack had never fucked before and only knew theoretically. He briefly summarized the technical side of fucking and showed her the technical by wagging his cock back and forth in her hand. Veronika knew exactly what was going on and didn't bat an eye. She had decided to play the clueless one, she was excellent at that. Better a naive saint than a dirty piglet! He held her hand and formed with her hand the tunnel in which he darted back and forth. With his other hand he slipped under her panties, pressed her buttocks to him and greedily palpated her ass cheeks and ass crease. His fingers sought their way along the back of the ass crease to her sex and palpated her sex carefully. Veronika directed his thrusting glans to her cleft and inwardly cursed that she still had her underpants on. She unobtrusively pulled the underpants down quite a bit, exposing her sex. She straddled her legs ever so slightly and her sex opened automatically. Maybe he could insert his cock into her as carefully as the neighbor Heinz? But then again, her boy's cock was much too big to fit through her little hole.

His glans kept bumping against her labia. Jack almost went crazy when his glans touched the naked labia and rhythmically pushed through. She controlled the glans with her hand and let him thrust in between her labia. He kept churning in her hand until he squirted in her hand. She had already guessed that he was about to squirt and held the glans between her labia. The semen splashed over her wrist and over her labia. Veronika held his cock between her labia as the boy stopped squirming when the squirting started. Go ahead and squirt, squirt! she breathed and rubbed him hard. She pressed the glans firmly between her labia and let him finish squirting there. He stared dumbfounded and aghast at his glans stuck between her labia and squirting in. She had apparently unintentionally pressed his glans between her labia and in there he squirted! Madness! She waited until he was done squirting and squeezed the cock a few times. Veronika wiped the semen and her wet hand on her panties and dropped them carelessly to the floor.

She grabbed his cock anew and her hand mimicked the rubbing, wondering if he wanted to be rubbed again? Jack shook his head sadly. The naive saint asked, why do they do the fucking? and just kept on rubbing his cock, some drops spilled out while rubbing after all. He replied, firstly to have children and secondly for the physical fun of it. Adult couples did it every evening with each other, every day. Screwing was simply a part of living together. Veronika thought, “But that isn’t screwing?” the dirty piglet asked innocently and kept on rubbing and rubbing him hard. Jack shook his head, it’s not screwing. Veronika leaned her head against his chest and looked down. She rubbed his glans in the exact spot where Heinz, the neighbor, had rubbed it, on top of her pussy. Her legs started to shake as she rubbed the glans really hard, she felt the little flashes in her pussy and writhed. After a few big flashes it was over, she straightened up again and rubbed his cock vigorously. She pressed the glans between her labia and silently chafed him. It took a very long time, then she realized that he was going to squirt now. She pressed the recalcitrant glans into her vaginal vestibule and rubbed him quite vigorously. Again she breathed that he should squirt, he squirted instantly and she stroked his head with her free hand. She let him finish squirting and abruptly stopped rubbing his cock. She hugged him tightly. For minutes she pressed her horny wet sex very tightly on his cock, which she still held. She had made him squirt twice and he had had enough with that otherwise, she thought. She very slowly let go of his cock, kissed him goodnight once again and wished him a good night.

They left the door between their bedrooms wide open at night, as if to hear cries for help, Veronika had understood that. He watched her in the twilight as she lay naked on the bed every night. She pressed one hand on her cleft and clamped it with her thighs. She lay awake for a long time, rolling from side to side until her abdomen and legs twitched briefly. Only then did she cover herself and immediately fell asleep.

The next night he didn’t masturbate again and pulled her by the hand into the bathroom. He took her hand and put it around his cock. Rub me, he said, guiding her hand until she understood. Rub, she asked innocently, rub like yesterday? Jack nodded. Making the squirt? the naive saint asked and he nodded impatiently. She asked him what he thought it was all for. He patiently explained that this was the way to squirt out semen when you didn’t

have a girl and therefore couldn't fuck. A man needed this every day, one had to squirt out the semen, by screwing or rubbing together. She listened attentively and nodded, she understood that now. Fucking or rubbing, I understand that, so I have to rub your cock, she said resignedly. She took off her underpants and stood even more wide-legged than yesterday. She wedged his glans firmly between her labia and rubbed it. No, don't push it in! she warned softly and continued to churn. His glans bumped into her vaginal vestibule, that's how far she let it go. He held onto her shoulders and her breasts and squirted. She breathed softly for him to just squirt quietly. She let him finish squirting and asked if he wanted one more and just kept squirting. Again she rubbed his glans on the right spot and got small flashes and finally a big one that went through her pussy. During the flash she had curled up twitching and after the last flash she straightened up again. She was chafing his cock anew, enjoying his fingers feeling her pussy very delicately. He had felt his way along the crease of her ass until he reached her sex. He explored it lustfully and squirted as his fingers palpated her pussy. His cock going limp, he kissed her goodnight and went to his room.

It repeated night after night, she chafed him twice and made him squirt. She got her flashes when she rubbed his glans over her pussy. She left her pussy open all soft, his glans didn't even go in an inch. His cock was definitely too thick to penetrate her. She found that out every time she squeezed his glans into her vaginal vestibule. She saw her fantasy fade away from the wiener into the pussy. It was so easy with Heinz's little cock, but it certainly couldn't be done with Jack's thick one. She clearly felt his semen spurting in thick jets through the hole and running warmly into her vagina. That was something completely different than the thin little watering from neighbor Heinz!

They often talked about the rubbing and fucking in the evenings, she couldn't hear enough about that. She liked to talk about how she felt during the rubbing and squirting and told him how beautiful the flashing in her pussy was. She was the one who always brought up fucking and wanted to know everything in great detail. She loved his way of talking about sex, learning from him all the vulgar words and picturing everything. She used to make him piggish and talk vulgar stuff. Usually they laughed until they

had tears in their eyes. Veronika was very proud of how well she could play the clueless and naive saint.

He could hear and see through the open bedroom door that she was tossing and turning restlessly before falling asleep, but he still had no idea how to push the game further. After that, she tossed and turned in her bed to no end, sighing and moaning until it twitched. The streetlights illuminated both of their bedrooms and she watched him masturbate as well, while she thoughtfully tickled her labia. He deliberately didn't cover himself so she could get a good look at him masturbating.

Jack decided to take the next step. He called her into the bathroom to soap and wash his back. She took off her panties as a matter of course and got into the bath water with him. It was quite strange for both of them when their naked bodies touched. She washed him carefully and he returned the favor, soaping her back and washing her whole body. Veronika's tenseness eased only after a while, for it disturbed her to see him standing naked beside the bathtub, working her back. His stiff cock wiggled next to her face and it was strange yet exciting. She would sit in the bathtub and he would bend over her from the front and wash her back. He stood in front of her in such a way that he could press his wiggling cock back and forth on her face, on her lips, over and over. She flinched at first when the cock touched her lips as it wiggled. Later she found it fun and horny to snap at his glans with her lips, she liked this game of catch more and more every minute. She playfully grabbed his glans with her lips and they both laughed when she grabbed it with her lips. She initially turned away in the bathtub as Jack masturbated standing in front of her. He, however, poked his glans luringly between her lips and wiggled his glans right in her mouth. She was soon laughing gleefully and snapping her lips at it. She succeeded again and again and laughed happily.

Playfully she held the glans with her lips as he squirted at the exact moment she had grabbed the glans. She stumbled for a moment and wrenched her eyes open, semen running out of the corners of her mouth left and right. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, the semen had long since lost its disgust. They both laughed boisterously and continued to play the lips-catch game for quite a while. He squirted again later and she let the semen ooze out of her mouth, letting it drip onto her pointed

breasts. The naive mermaid emerged from the waves of the bathing sea and snapped his glans with her lips.

She loved this game, for as a child she had rarely played. It didn't seem to bother her that his glans was still wet and excited and dripping. She was really into the game of snapping and she pursed her lips when it came to squirting. They both paused and she pressed her lips very tightly around his glans. He rubbed the cock and squirted. She let the semen drip out of her mouth and spit it all out, rubbing the semen off her tongue and out of her mouth with the towel. They played the game of snapping over and over and he always squirted between her lips. For her, it was part of it now, even as she chafed and rubbed him. Finally, she always took his glans between her lips and let him squirt into. She always let the semen run out of her mouth. She played this for a few days or longer, usually two or three times an evening, as long as he could squirt. They talked about it later, but she saw the whole thing only as a game, the sexual component persistently ignored by the dirty little piglet.

During one of their next conversations, he boldly said that almost all women would let the semen squirt into their mouths when they squirted, and swallow or spit out the semen if they didn't like the taste. He then spent probably half an hour explaining how a blowjob went. Veronika's eyes widened, she kept interrupting him, and he had to repeat and explain again. But she still didn't dare to take the cock all the way into her mouth or let it squirt deep into her throat. She played around his cock with her lips, he loved that, and only squirted into her mouth at the very front.

Soon she dared. She opened her mouth very wide while rubbing his cock and that excited him so much that he squirted almost instantly. Juicy jet shot into her mouth, the rest on her breasts. She carefully closed her mouth and tasted the cum with her tongue. He looked at her curiously and she said it was a little salty but tasted good. She swiped the semen off her breast with a finger and licked it off her finger. Yes, it tastes very good! she stated. The following evenings she let all the semen squirt into her open mouth, after squirting she got a little braver and licked the rest off his cock. He praised her how fine her lips licked the glans. Very, very fine!

When rubbing, she took his glans between her lips and opened them a little when he squirted. Often he put his hand on her head and very gently made fucking movements, which she allowed. She puckered her lips, pressed them tightly around his glans, and let him fuck and squirt between her lips. She smiled kindly and was proud, because this was something he obviously liked very much. She willingly let him fuck her mouth from then on and swallowed his cum, but she was careful not to let him go too deep into her mouth while mouth fucking. They talked about mouth fucking in the evenings, so they knew quite well about each other's desires and ideas. Often they talked about how mouth fucking was like fucking. She always wanted to know exactly how it felt to him. But she ignored his hints that they could try it. She always got all horny while mouth-fucking and couldn't do anything with her arousal. At night, he held his breath to listen to the sounds coming from Veronika's bedroom and watch her. She had one hand pressed between her closed thighs and was tossing and turning. Her half-suppressed panting grew faster and faster, and her legs twitched wildly until she stopped. Suddenly it was silent, as quiet as a mouse. Shakily, she breathed in and out until she calmed down, then tucked herself in and fell asleep.

Finally, he got a schoolmate to explain what was missing. She was very arrogant and proud but pretended to be sexy and frivolous like no other. No, she didn't want to show it to him, only explain it theoretically. She told him everything about female masturbation, that girls rarely did it and only a few did it daily, and that men and boys couldn't do it to girls because they were too impatient and too rough. How she knew this she would not say, but that she was an exception, in fact she did it daily before going to sleep and often several times a day. He kept questioning her until she told him all her secrets. In return for her openness, she wanted to see and touch his cock. Here, behind the gym, there was no one. She looked at his cock and felt it thoroughly, then rubbed it. She seemed to know exactly how the handjob went. He let it happen and squirted into the grass. She was so excited that she pushed her panties aside and unabashedly masturbated in front of him. He looked very closely and understood the theory in practice. After her orgasm, she somehow triumphantly showed him the clit, which would be the most important thing in female masturbation. Why she no longer had a hymen, she did not want to tell, as much as he drilled with questions. But she was happy to show him a sec-

ond time how she masturbated and agreed to let him lie down in front of her and watch the masturbation up close. Now he knew how to help Veronika. Watching, he had gotten a decent erection and drove around between her legs until she gave in and let him fuck her. While squirting, she pulled his cock out so late that he had already squirted most of it in. After squirting, she took off her panties completely and generously granted him to fuck her again. It took a long time this time and she was very aroused before he squirted. She masturbated very quickly and he squirted everything inside her again. After her orgasm, she immediately pulled out his cock and jerked it quite vigorously, but he couldn't squirt anymore.

He took it upon himself to teach Veronika how to masturbate now. She was in great turmoil due to his breast stroking while rubbing, her heart was pounding up to her throat and her face was red with excitement. After she licked his glans bare with her lips, he said he wanted to show her something new. She had to lie backwards in the water. He gently spread her legs and felt her labia. She gasped fearfully and looked spellbound at his fingers. Her gasps became more violent as his fingers stroked her labia, searching for her clit. It was goddamn hard to find, but he found it. Gently, he pressed on it a few times and watched her reaction. She gasped and panted with arousal, the image of Matilda appearing in her mind. Now, put your finger right there, he urged her, right there! and gently pressed on the clit. She put her hand on her pubis, the index finger groped for the clit and found it immediately. Ah, at last! At last she had grown a clitoris, a tiny one though, just as her breasts had grown, they were also tiny to begin with. She saw Mathilda's clit in front of her and automatically knew what she had to do.

Nonetheless, she dutifully followed his instructions. Gently circle the clit, then touch it. Gently, not hastily. After a few minutes, Veronika said she had a strange feeling in her abdomen, which she usually only had when she tossed and turned at night, until her abdomen twitched quite firmly and her legs wriggled. Yes, he said, that's good! Then she should rub the clit very finely, first slowly and then faster, as the clit wanted it. She followed obediently and suddenly stopped, I have to pee, she cried, ran next door and splashed long and loud. He beckoned her to get back in the tub, we're not done yet! She came and picked up where she left off. She

gasped anew, her finger rubbing faster and faster, and she let out a soft cry as she cringed and orgasmed. It took a minute for her to calm down. He said this was the new thing he wanted to show her. She smiled happily and said it was never this strong when she had rolled around in bed. That was your way of releasing your sexual tension so far, lectured Jack, who was now at the end of fifth grade and had paid close attention during the loose talk of classmates. It means masturbating, he added, and she repeated the word several times. When you're lying in bed at night and you're sexually aroused, masturbating is much more intense than rolling around. Veronika nodded and said, much better! And because there is no water in bed, you have to wet the finger and clit with spit, he remembered masturbating schoolmate.

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That night he heard her quite clearly. He strained his eyes to make out anything in the dim light. She was lying naked on her bed, spreading her legs wide apart. She rubbed her cleft and clit several times with saliva. Her wet finger squelched and squelched in her pubis for what seemed like an eternity, then she sighed deeply, her legs flapping frantically like birdcalls, and he heard her stifled cry. She had learned it and that made him quite proud. From now on she would do it when she had rubbed him and swallowed his cum. He tried it too and succeeded, he had copied her style exactly. Someday he would tell the schoolmate that boys can do it quite well too. Veronika let him masturbate her over and over again, it was so fine to do nothing herself, to think of nothing and just feel the rising excitement. Soon she was no longer ashamed when she peed while orgasming and it ran warmly over his hand. Jack smiled that it was natural and she should not be ashamed of it. Blissfully, she poured herself over his hand and twitched and trembled in orgasm. He widened her labia and watched very closely as it squirted out of her tiny hole. It squirted right in rhythm with her orgasm and he let it splash over his hand. He smilingly assured her it was quite all right and could be washed off with water. So it remained, when he masturbated her in the bathtub, she squirted in bursts as she orgasmed and let it spurt out in a very relaxed manner. He looked at it with alert eyes and then carefully washed her off.

For Veronika it was all new and she found it great, exciting and horny. They talked at dinner mostly about sex, rubbing and semen swallowing and masturbation. Veronika slapped her forehead with the flat of her hand. She was silent and stared thoughtfully at the tabletop; it would have been better if she had known about masturbation then and had not had to roll around until she fell asleep. Rolling, of course, had always ended with a firm twitch in her abdomen, but that was nowhere near as powerful and liberating as the real orgasm. Jack said that almost every woman and almost every man masturbated every day, that was so. Of course, so did Sister Mathilda and the priest who read the masses. Veronica stared at him in amazement and Jack nodded in confirmation, yes, all of them! How Jack just came up with these two was mysterious magic to her. She had even more respect for Jack than before.

Veronika then told him all about the monastery. Father Anselm, who twice a week stood in the little stream, jerked off and splashed in the water. Bathing with Mathilda, who went to the men's monastery every Friday, so that the little monks stuck their wieners in her pussy and squirted. That she spied on the hypocrites jerking off in the bathroom. The beautiful rubbing together of her clefts when she lay naked on Mathilda, the many little flashes. The confessing and showing off of the breast. The pus pimple and Mathilda's clit. The auntie and the neighbor who moaned to God's mercy when he squirted into her pussy. That she watched them from beginning to end, until the aunt did not want her there anymore. That the aunt sent her out the door for masturbating at least twice a day and wouldn't let her watch. That she then dried her hole and clit after masturbating. How the neighbor squirted over her and later into her pussy. Jack listened to her attentively and probed until she had described all the secrets to him in natural, often piggish terms.

Jack turned 16, was one of the best in school, and he hit puberty. His voice deepened, his dick thickened, and his sparse pubic hair became a thick bush. He now examined Veronika's pubic area and hymen more often. It was quite thin, almost transparent and had a large hole. They talked about screwing every day, even though they both already knew everything about it. Veronika used to tell with shining eyes about the neighbor's wiener, how it went in and out of the aunt's ugly pussy and squirted with unspeakable effort. This was one of her favorite stories, because it was the only

time that she had seen the fucking herself and felt the neighbor's nasty squirting in her vagina. Veronika, however, was not yet ready for screwing, she blocked every time he brought it up specifically. He felt the fierce desire for it and could have fucked her x-times already, but he knew it wouldn't have been right, that it would have been like raping her. He was abundantly aware of how important mutual trust was and that he would have to wait until Veronika was ready for it.

Every day Jack talked about how mouth fucking was nice, but that real fucking was even nicer. As before, she blocked on the subject and steered the conversation to studying. Last year, with Jack's help, she had managed to pass the external exam of the elementary school and was preparing for the middle school leaving certificate. Last year, the orphanage had also gone to public hands and her cooking was no longer needed. However, her resistance to think about screwing gradually subsided. He kept talking about conception and contraception. He drew up a circular lunar calendar of 28 days, recorded the days of her menstruation and on the opposite side the days ready for conception. Veronica nodded, understanding exactly what this calendar meant. They were both pleased that her menstrual cycle worked punctually and absolutely reliably. It radiated a great confidence that they could prevent an unwanted pregnancy.

In the days that followed, she remained silent when he spoke softly about getting laid. She instinctively understood that his badgering was not evil. He never said it, but she found his love warming and confusing at the same time. When she returned his French kisses, the arousal rose hot in her abdomen and visibly confused her, urging her to masturbate immediately, though she always postponed it. It was he who had brought her out of ignorance. It was he who insisted that she take the exam and was proud of her certificate. It was he who introduced her to the mysteries of sexuality and gave her daily physical ecstasies. She was flooded with gratitude and dropped the block. She didn't care that the bathtub was overflowing as she quickly latched onto him. She returned his French kiss with great fervor and pressed her body against his. She shook her head decisively, not wanting to mouth fuck now. Another intimate French kiss sealed her decision. Come, she said softly, let's do the fucking!

He said nothing and swallowed a few times. They dried themselves hastily, he took the towel to her bedroom. He spread the towel out without a word before she lay down. He didn't lie down on top of her right away, though she spread her legs willingly. He lay down next to her, it had to start slowly, he knew that very well. He kissed her on the mouth and all over her body. His hands also caressed her all over her body at the same time and she held her breath in surprise as his mouth enclosed her labia and his tongue gently touched and licked her clit. He had never licked her before, but he kept going and going, his tongue becoming a masturbating finger. He listened to her breathing and excited gasps and matched her rhythm. Even in orgasm, he continued to lick, even though her thighs pressed quite firmly against his head. Her orgasm lasted an eternity and her abdomen continued to burn brightly as he continued to lick her very gently. He felt how hot her body was burning, how highly aroused she was and stopped licking.

Now? he asked in a whisper and she nodded with her most beautiful little girl smile. Now he knelt between her thighs and whispered for her to guide his cock. She reached for his cock and guided it into her vaginal vestibule, then let go as it touched the hymen. They looked steadfastly into each other's eyes, both listening to their physical sensations and feelings. Infinitely slowly he pushed forward, the hymen stretched for a very long moment and tore. Her eyes widened and she stammered, yes, yes! She closed her eyes and smiled as he pressed the full length of his cock deep into her vagina. He started fucking very slowly and increased the beat. Her body swayed along with his beat. He stroked her face and they looked into each other's eyes. I'm about to squirt, he choked out and squirted. Yes, she said, go ahead and squirt! It took long seconds for the rhythmic squirting to stop. Veronika's orgasm erupted the moment he said he was about to squirt. She pressed her fingers to her clit, her whole body raging and undulating as he thrust and squirted. Her orgasm continued even as he pulled out his cock and lay exhausted beside her. Mouth open into a silent scream, her head jerked back and forth, her finger rubbing her clit hard and choppy as her orgasm continued for another two minutes.

He listened to her for two minutes and she told him how it had felt to her, but he drifted off. She fell silent when she realized it

and stroked his chest. All the cringe-inducing stories about deflowering hurting like crazy were wrong. She was tense as a bowstring, waiting fearfully for that pain as his cock slowly entered her. She felt quite clearly that the hymen was stretching and straining, for what seemed like an eternity. But it didn't hurt at all, and when it tore, she felt only a tiny sting. The tension immediately disappeared and she was very relieved, yes, yes! she stammered, because now she had become a real woman and Jack could finally fuck her. She knew nothing about being in love or making love, but she loved Jack and loved him more than before. She was confused by the feeling, but at the same time felt that it was beautiful and satisfying. On the towel there was only a tiny little spot of blood, as small as a coin.

The time of mouth fucking, rubbing and masturbating was more or less over. They fucked each other every day and the mouth fucking and masturbating was only during the period and the days when they were ready to conceive. As the months went by, the foreplay became shorter and she actually thought it was a shame that the fucking didn't last very long. They talked about it quite openly and he said there was nothing he could do about how long it took him to squirt and that his dick went limp after squirting. He couldn't delay squirting and was totally wiped out after squirting. What he could do was lick her to orgasm every time before fucking. And he felt it was right for her to masturbate after squirting if she still needed it. He really tried hard to lick her to orgasm and she usually masturbated after squirting because she rarely climaxed while fucking anymore. They both felt balanced and satisfied with their sexuality.

The janitor repaired the drain in the kitchen and then he laid Veronika prone over the kitchen table, then he fucked her. Veronika did not resist, on the contrary, she enjoyed his thick cock very much. In the evening she told Jack, who was very angry and wanted to go to the police. But Veronika did not want that and asked him not to do anything. Jack calmed down and she told him everything, including that she had enjoyed it. The janitor had left his cock in her vagina after the squirting and was stroking her buttocks. She felt that after some time his cock became quite hard again and then he fucked her a second time. Her arousal rose like a rocket this time and culminated in a wonderful climax. He patted her ass kindly and pulled up his pants. Jack was annoyed and

ashamed of his envy at the same time. He nevertheless lectured her super-teachingly about the wrongness of rape. She understood that it was wrong from the janitor, one was not allowed to fuck a woman just like that. She promised not to let anyone fuck her in the future if it bothered him that much. Jack felt very guilty and uncomfortable, because he fucked case by case with his girlfriends behind the school and never told Veronika.

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Jane Seduces Jack

by Jack Faber © 2022

Jack was going to leave the letter from England until after graduation, but after a week, curiosity won out. It was surely something important, official. The crest on the envelope was stunningly ornate, and the two lions with entwined tails laughed mockingly in his face every day. Open me up already, coward! Veronika, who had passed the intermediate school leaving examination six months earlier and had problems only in the foreign language English, was plagued by just as much curiosity as he was, but he insisted on waiting. The addressee was given as his full name, Jacob N. Crawley. Very strange.

The Matura-exams were still two weeks away. Jack and Veronika only slept together every two or three days, they were both studying like maniacs and so they rarely had time to screw. For Veronika it was no problem. She masturbated every night before going to sleep, regardless of screwing. Jack usually only noticed it when he was half asleep. If he felt like it and Veronika's masturbating produced a good erection, he would fuck her while she was masturbating, which she loved. Often he would just sleep away, studying made him very tired. He had turned in excellent work during the first week of exams and wanted to keep it up. On Sunday evening he folded up his books and picked up the thick envelope. Veronika, he called, come! She came rushing in, naked and sweaty with a flushed face. Jack immediately apologized sheepishly, for his call had apparently interrupted her masturbation. But they had agreed to open the mysterious letter together. She pulled up a chair and sat down next to him. He could smell her arousal, trout and vanilla, smelling like during licking.

Jack read aloud and translated aloud, since Veronika's English was not so good. The law firm of Figgs, Ferguson & Willis had been retained by the British Home Office to research him and represent him in court in the will-s matter as the son of Nicholas J. Crawley. He had been traced through the school authorities, copy enclosed. His father, months before his unmasking, shortly after Jack was born, had telegraphed a last will and testament to his employer, Brit. Home Office, cabled, copy enclosed, that he be-

queathed all his belongings to his natural children Janet and Jacob in equal shares. His wife received a legacy of £25,000 per year until death and £20,000 for the child. Since his widow Naomi Crawley had died about four months ago, the Home Office had set things in motion.

Jack interrupted and said to Veronika that it was strange that the Home Office was involved, spies would be more the responsibility of the Foreign Office or the War Office. He did not understand this. Jack kissed Veronika and said that the tension was over, his fear of the content was also over. He was glad to have a sister and that his father had acknowledged him in writing as a son. He was silent for a moment and Veronika said it was good and reassuring. She nibbled on his earlobe, which she liked to do when she was in a sexy mood, and slowly stroked her labia and clit, which he could see out of the corner of his eye. He cleared his throat before continuing.

On the occasion of the death, they had checked the deceased's accounts and found that, first, she had sold all of her husband's properties and put the proceeds into her own account. Second, she had withdrawn more than the £25,000 annually, averaging just over £45,000. In addition, she was withdrawing £20,000 a year for Janet's needs, which was fine. The law firm of Figgs and the like had taken the whole thing to court because the mother, Naomi, owed Janet and Jack nearly £300,000, which she had unlawfully taken. In addition, the court found that all of her assets went to the two children because all of it came from the sales of the properties. Janet's mother had no assets or income of her own. Janet, for her part, had appealed for the £300,000 and threatened to sue if she did not get justice. The law firm of Figgs and the like asked for one or two proposed dates when Jack could travel to London to settle his affairs in person. It might be helpful if he moved into the home of Nicholas J. Crawley to send a clear message. Then followed the address in Hampton, London. Sincerely, Figgs & blah blah blah.

Jack wiped the beads of sweat from his forehead. That was strong stuff, gentlemen! He cast a sidelong glance at Veronika. He needed a passport, a ticket, and money. He would send a letter to his new sister tomorrow and one to the law office. He looked Veronika in the eye and found that there was nothing more to dis-

cuss today, she was just horny as hell already. Come on, he said, let's go to bed! Veronika looked at him from below, her gaze florid and horny. Do you like fucking? she asked teasingly and he nodded, though his thoughts were tumbling around in his head. He left the light on the nightstand burning and watched Veronika's masturbation with increasing pleasure. It was another one of those nights where he got another erection after five minutes of resting and watching. Veronika was very pleased with the second fucking as usual and reached her x-th orgasm shortly after he had squirted. He immediately fell asleep, deep and dreamless. Veronika continued masturbating until she fell asleep.

The next morning he quickly ran to the bank to ask for the conversion rate of the pound and then to the municipal office for a passport. That would take about three weeks, he would still need two good passport photos from the photographer and his mother would also have to come along, since he was not yet of age. Then he went back home to study. By evening he had drafted the rather short letter to the law firm, leaving only the dates open. The letter to Janet was longer, mentioning the inheritance matter only in passing. He was pleased to have a sister and to meet her. He told his resume in honest, frank terms, leaving out only the sexuality. He announced when he would be in London, approximately, and that he would send her a telegram as soon as he knew the exact dates. He was very happy to have a sister, he assured her several times, and that she would be happy to know her as well.

The next 14 days flew by, and he studied late into the night and shined on his exams. He did what he had impressed upon Veronika months ago. Everything other than the current material was put aside and full concentration was on the exam. He succeeded quite well. He and two girls passed 'cum laude' and he celebrated that with Veronika in one of the best restaurants in town. They treated themselves to a delicious meal with appetizer, main course and dessert. They drank two bottles of wine and went home by cab. He had graduated from high school, had grown up overnight, and was in a car for the first time in the life. That night they fucked as often as they could. He couldn't keep up with Veronika's orgasms, of course, but toward the end he surprisingly had a third erection and fucked Veronika laughing and gasping. They cuddled until they fell asleep.

In short, everything went like clockwork. He got the passport, the notarized declaration of Veronika to travel to England, the ticket, the exact train schedule. He sent the telegrams to the law office and to Janet. Veronika had gotten him a lot of English Pounds and opened a bank account for him, he was to live on it until he received his money from the inheritance. They slept together during the day and at night until they left, building castles in the air about what he could do with his inheritance. The bigger the castle in the air, the longer they laughed and built new ones. They discussed all the details, he would call the Goldener Hirsch inn every Friday evening at 7 and report back. He inculcated Veronika not to fuck with strangers and to keep up the contraceptive calendar scrupulously. No, he was not jealous at all, she could fuck anyone who was not a stranger. Of course, only if she wanted to do it herself. She liked it when he talked to her about screwing and used filthy expressions. For hours they went through all the acquaintances and imagined how she would fuck everyone.

It took him more than two days to get to London. The ferry ride across the channel was an unforgettable experience, a wonderful sunrise on deck in a completely smooth sea. The steam locomotive pulled into Victoria Station more than an hour and a half late. He hurried to the agreed meeting point at the cab stand at the south exit, of course Janet was no longer there. He spoke to her on the phone, she advised him to take a cab. It should not cost more than £6. He took the cab to her place.

It was an ancient, beautiful house, with a well-kept garden in the front and to the back he could also see a large park. He rang the bell and heard the clack of high heels, she opened for him. Hello Jack, she said and extended her hand to him. They shook hands, he took a step forward and hugged her. She wanted to recoil at first, but then returned the long hug. She invited him in and led him up the curved staircase. She showed him to his room and suggested they meet back downstairs in a few minutes. While he put down his suitcase and hung up the new suit in the closet as per Veronika's instructions, Janet prepared a snack downstairs with the help of Rose, the housekeeper, and waited for Jack.

He came right down and sat across from Janet at the table. She thought he must be hungry after the long trip, which he confirmed. He declined the drink and asked for a glass of water. Janet

called Rose and ordered lemonade. They ate and drank, talking little in the meantime. Janet lit a cigarette and waited patiently for him to finish. He poured himself another glass of lemonade and sat back, then thanked her for hosting him. Janet wanted to know how long he would stay. He said he didn't know yet, but he wanted to handle the matter with the law firm and the court. Smiling, he added that medical school started on October 1, and everything should be settled by then. This brought them instantly to the central issue, her father's will. She said that it was okay for her what the father had decided. That they shared the inheritance fifty-fifty, that was quite all right. That they shared the inheritance of the house, this house, was also okay with her. I wonder if he was thinking of selling it, Janet said. Jack was a bit caught off guard and said he hadn't seen the house yet and no, he didn't have an idea yet. Selling was only the very last option after all. After all, she lives here, doesn't she? They were silent for a moment, then he asked if she wanted to tell him more about herself, the house and about her parents?

She nodded and said that they should sit comfortably on the sofa. She was eager to tell him everything and stood up. He looked at her intently, she was tall like him, very slim and had immensely long legs, the longest he had ever seen. He could see no sign of a bra under her sheer white blouse, so what he could make out was all nature. She had a slim little butt under the miniskirt, that was in fashion at the moment. Only her torso was strangely short, and only now did he notice that she had a hump. While standing up he had already noticed that she pulled her shoulders back, now he understood. She had noticed his glance and put a hand on the hump. I'll call him Robert, she said, smiling unhappily, then sat down on the sofa. He sat down in the armchair opposite her and relaxed. She lit a cigarette and began to talk.

The house was over 200 years old, built by the Crawley family and had always been occupied by the family since. Her mother had had both the roof, windows and doors replaced 10 years ago, as well as the plumbing. She had not lived to see the electrical system repaired. She looked at him sharply. That's why she had appealed the £300,000. The father had said nothing about maintaining his family home, but the mother had spent the money on just that. She looked at him inquiringly. He scratched his head and said he had no idea what this renovation might cost. She made a move to

get up and bring in the paperwork, but he waved it off. Tomorrow, okay? She nodded and went on.

Her parents had married in 1935 and she had been born in 1939. So a good two years before him, she added and he nodded, he already knew that. Married life — she looked him straight in the eye, the sexuality — just never worked. Her mother had no desire for sex at all and he could never come to terms with that. He invested his fortune in real estate, gambled and won really big at the casinos. He bought land and houses in the country and kept meticulous records of it all. He never told about his work for the ministry, her mother only reported that he often traveled for weeks. Even in her old age, Naomi, her mother, spoke only well of him and greatly regretted their separation. It was her fault, Naomi told Janet, she was heavily pregnant and aggressive at the time. During a very nasty argument about the lack of sex, she threatened to leave him. He calmly stood under the door and said she needed to stay in the house and raise his child. He would leave and make sure she and the child made a good living. He never came back.

Janet asked if he could tell about his parents. Jack replied that he hardly knew anything. He stared between Janet's thighs at the flashing white of her panties. His father had met his mother, Hermione, as a typist in a Nazi-ministry, but she was not a Nazi. When she became pregnant in 1940, he married her immediately. When he was five months old, the father was arrested and after a few days shot as a spy, there was no grave. The mother had a hard time, being the wife of a spy, and of course lost her job. She went cleaning by the hour and did not find a job as a typist again until 1943. The chaos at the end of the war mostly spared her and she died when he was 13. She spoke of his father only once just before she died; she was bitter and never forgave him. But she was a good, loving mother and gave him a happy and carefree childhood, for which he was forever grateful. She never let him feel that he was the son of a father she despised. He was always her child, never his. Janet, after a few minutes of silence, said it was a great pity they didn't know more about what her father had really done. It was conceivable, she said with a look in Jack's eyes, that he was not a spy and had been falsely accused. Jack mused. It was possible, he said, but he doubted that the British or the Germans would release any documents to that effect.

Jack was surprised that Janet made no effort to conceal her panties and stared at the breasts clearly showing under her blouse. Not wanting her to get the impression that he was constantly staring only at her breasts or at her panties, he glanced toward the dark windows. It might one day become possible, he said, to find out more about her father. He was willing to do that, but first they would both have to finish the inheritance matter. Janet nodded in agreement and asked if he wanted to have dinner. He nodded and she went into the kitchen. It took him a minute, then he went after her. The housekeeper had apparently already left, he said questioningly, and Janet confirmed Rose came at 7 p.m. every day and left at 4 a.m. in the afternoon, on time. They fixed the meal together and carried it back into the great room, where they ate and chatted. They carried things into the kitchen, and Janet held him back when he wanted to wash the dishes. Rose does that, she said, and went back into the room, to the sofa. I always drink some wine in the evening, she said, and he shook his head in denial. He got himself a glass of lemonade and sat down across from her.

She brought up the bathroom. It was right next to his room and her room was on the other side of the bathroom, she said. That way they could both go to the bathroom at night too, each from his side. He asked if he could take a bath before bed, he was so used to it. And after the long journey it was also high time. She laughed affirmatively and that she always showered or took a bath in the morning before Rose came. He grinned, that was a good thing, he usually got up between 7 and half past seven. Rose prepares breakfast at half past seven, so be on time! Janet laughed and he nodded, he understood.

Jack said he was very pleased to have found such a kind and pretty sister, he had expected a bitter, angry sister after the correspondence from the law office. Pretty, you think, and what about Robert? she asked with a serious look. Oh, I haven't seen him in a long time, he said glibly, the guy is always making himself invisible. She laughed that he was buttering her up, but her look said that he had given the right answer. And, she asked, you speak perfect English, how come? He told her that he had just graduated *cum laude* and had learned English quite well in six years. He had to explain the 'cum laude' and she listened with her mouth open. She had only had good and average grades and was preparing to study fashion and textiles. With the Robert, she probably wouldn't

have many opportunities to find work. She currently worked two days a week for BBC in the science department. He wanted to study medicine, Jack said, he knew next to nothing about fashion and textiles. They chatted for probably another hour, Jack getting his fill of her breasts, long thighs and panties. She made no effort to escape his horny looks, on the contrary! With increasing intoxication, Janet touched herself more and more often, thoughtfully caressing a breast or sliding a finger under the panties and mindlessly playing with the hem. He sometimes thought he saw her cleavage. Janet ended the evening after the fifth or sixth glass of wine and they went upstairs. He quickly unpacked his suitcase and travel bag while the bath water ran in. He quickly undressed and sat in the tub. He really, really needed it now.

He flinched when he heard the latch and Janet enter. She was naked and sat down on the toilet without a facial movement. She looked at him curiously and kindly and pried. He tried to hide his erect cock in the water after a few moments of marveling at her nakedness and Robert, but the water level did not hide the cock. She wiped her pubic with toilet paper, stood up and stepped to the bathtub. He didn't miss an inch of her naked body as he looked at her. She looked at his muscular body briefly and then at length at his cock, which he could not hide. She nodded appreciatively and said very kindly, glancing at his cock, she also did it at night before she went to sleep and sometimes in the morning when she showered. She nodded at him with a mischievous grin and left. Had he misheard or had she said on the way out that he could watch? *You may watch,* she had whispered. Or was it just imagination? Completely in the dark, he waited a few minutes and finished. He slept deeply, dreaming of Veronika and Janet, nonsensically.

Night he woke up. Janet was really a pretty girl, her face was very pretty and looked aristocratic and very noble with the sharp-edged nose that was very much like his own. The black hair contrasted with her bright, mysterious eyes that shone light gray or light blue. Her torso was clearly too small, the Robert deforming her shoulder blades to either side. She had nice medium sized breasts with small pink nipples and a slim, shapely body. Her bottom was small and ran out into long, thin legs. She had only a tiny black bush above her pubic cleft. Her pubic area was not as full and bulging as Veronika's, he had not been able to see anything more detailed. Her fair skin was flawless and without any birth-

mark or pimple, it looked velvety and silky. She seemed to have no problem showing herself naked. He scolded himself, she was his half-sister after all! He fell asleep again.

Jane, as Janet preferred to be called, showed him the house, the park, and the well-stocked wine cellar. Then she showed him her mother's papers, regarding the renovation. He calculated twice, it was about £295,000. He confirmed to Jane that this was about the amount in dispute. Jane looked at him expectantly. He confirmed her view that the mother had spent the money on the house, on our house. He would support her in the appeal, Jack said, but not right away. He wanted to hear how the law firm argued, he said, it would give him a clearer picture. In the days that followed, he wrote a long letter to Veronica and spoke with her by phone on Friday.

The week passed quietly and unspectacularly, Jane drank her 4 or 5 glasses of wine in the evening and they chatted about this and that. Jack gave a very detailed account of how things had gone with the Figgs law firm. He, of course, looked at Janet like a fool, her blouse was even more see-through than yesterday and she kept pulling her shoulders up in a struggle against Robert. All the while her girlish breasts looked wonderful. He could look up along her inner thighs as far as he could. He was left breathless, Janet had no panties on! He could only guess at her cleft, yet he stared at her and she smiled because he was so easy to see through. His staring made her proud in a strange way. She let him stare at her cleft, that somehow did her good. She put one leg up and clasped her knee. Of course she was aware that her sex was completely exposed. His eyes were glued to her labia, her prominent clit and the clearly visible hole. During the conversation, he just stared at her jewels, taking in every detail. Lost in thought, she played with herself, stroking her labia and absently pulling back the small fold of skin over her clit, again and again, until the clit was visibly aroused. She dipped her index finger into the wine and then into her little hole. Completely unselfconscious, she stroked the little hole and the bonnet over her clit. She looked at him with glittering eyes, this boy she had to have! After an hour she lowered her leg to the floor and they went up without a word.

The law firm was sterling and the advice first rate. They felt that Jane was wrong to object and that the court might soon see it too.

For the rest, they were uncertain how large the inheritance was; the court and the bank did not disclose the amount. Jack signed a power of attorney and an agreement that the law firm would receive 4.5% of Jack's inheritance. He insisted that this did not apply to the Hampton house. So it went up from the original 4% to 4.5%. Jack couldn't figure out with mental arithmetic if that was more than the valuation of the house, but his gut said no. Jane looked at him with wide eyes as he reported at dinner. He shrugged and said he would have been uncomfortable with complete strangers tramping through the house and possibly saying negative things about things that were important to Naomi or Jane. Jane hugged him, quite touched, and kissed him on the mouth for the first time as they sat down to the sofa.

Naturally, Jane came every night when he bathed. She let him look lasciviously at her naked body when she got up from splurging and stepped over to the bathtub. He no longer hid his erect cock and patiently let her look, so what? She touched his cock with her index finger before saying she did it too, every time before she went to sleep and also when she showered in the morning. Then she went to her room. The next evening, she came to the bathtub after pissing and stood there indecisively, her eyes fixed on his cock. She reached down with her thumb and forefinger on his cock and infinitely slowly pulled the foreskin all the way back until the glans was completely exposed. She looked at it for a long time before she left. He masturbated splashing in the water and sat still after he squirted. He heard her loud gasps and sighs and the prolonged moans when she was done.

The next morning he woke up to the sound of a knock and the bathroom door being opened. Jane was standing there stark naked and said she was going to take a shower, did he want to watch? She left the door open. He didn't hesitate for a moment and put on his boxers, then went into the bathroom. She was already standing in the tub, water gushing from the showerhead, soaping her body. He marveled at her sexy display, watching her soap up Robert and rub him with a long brush. He hadn't looked at her hump that closely before and now he looked closely. She rubbed the soap with rising excitement, stroking her body with increasing horniness. At some point she put one leg up on the edge of the bathtub and began to masturbate while standing. After quite a while it went through her like a flash, she stopped masturbating and pressed her

fingers on her clit. She looked at him smiling and he didn't know what to say. However, when she looked at his hard-on in his boxer shorts and gave him a prompting look, he shook his head in denial and went to his room. He was confused and agitated, but secretly he was pleased that she was so happy to act out her exhibitionist ways so freely and took the initiative without shyness.

They looked at each other in silence over breakfast, then she had to go to work. He said goodbye to her with a kiss on the cheek. In the evening they still ate in silence, but afterwards, while drinking wine, he began. He was very flattered (he had to look up the word in the dictionary) and she laughed brightly, no one uses that word today. He was very proud, he said, that she let him watch her shower and she interrupted, after the shower there was more? He was flustered and kept silent. She leaned forward so he had full view of her breasts and held his hand. Jack pulled himself together and said it was a great privilege and he was grateful for it. Did he like it, she asked, and he immediately replied passionately, Yes, very much! And Robert? she asked uncertainly. He didn't have to think, yes, I saw him too, but I don't care about him at all. You are a beautiful and sexy girl, with or without Robert, really! She sighed deeply and took a breath, then told that because of Robert it was impossible to get a *boyfriend* . He asked if she was still a virgin and she laughed, by God, no! Stockingly she continued, at 15 she had given herself to her crush, in love and completely voluntarily. The cad fucked her for a few months and became more and more grumpy, then it was over. She lay in bed crying for two days and then went back to school. She did not dignify him with a glance and endured the malicious rumors he spread. The hunchback couldn't fuck well, the missionary position didn't work because of the hump, the doggy position stared at the hump, and so on. Jane gulped, by the end of school time no one could be found to fuck. Oh dear, said Jack sympathetically, all those years without sex, that's hard! She interrupted him, she had sex every night, but very little, far too little fucking.

There was a long silence. Jane finished her glass and lit a cigarette with shaky fingers. I'm sorry, Jack said, grabbing her hand. She smiled shyly and said, it's no big deal, Jack! I've had *one night stands,* you know, drinking together, screwing and bye-bye, on and off since school. She smiled really wide, there no one cared about Robert anymore, they just wanted to stick it in and cum in-

side. And it was fine with me, the orgasm of fucking is a fine thing. Jack raised his head and asked, orgasm while fucking? She nodded, yes, almost always. Except for the few that squirted immediately upon penetration, that was always very disappointing, she said.

Jane silently finished her glass, then they walked up in silence. At the top, Jack embraced her and kissed her intimately. It was their first French kiss, and Jane returned it enthusiastically and passionately. Then they went to their rooms. As usual, she came to the bathroom to piss and then to the bathtub. She slid two fingers onto his cock and pulled the foreskin all the way down to expose the glans. He touched her pubic area for the first time, parted the labia and looked at the prominent clit. She was much narrower at the bottom than Veronika, who had thick and bulging labia. In return, Jane's clit was a few millimeters larger than Veronika's and stood out prominently of it's hood. Jane hesitantly pulled his foreskin up and down a few times, then left. But she did not close the bathroom door. He remained sitting quietly in the bathwater, listening and not masturbating. He didn't even have to wait long; she gasped loudly and violently. Jack waited a few more seconds, then quietly got out of the water and dried himself superficially.

A fashionable lamp on the nightstand dimly lit her bedroom. She masturbated with her eyes closed and didn't notice him until he was standing next to the bed and, after her orgasm, quietly asked if he could join her in bed. She moved to the side and flipped back the covers invitingly. Jack lay down with her and hugged her. She had finished her foreplay herself, he knelt between her legs and they kissed for a long time. No words were spoken, his cock waited in front of her sex and he looked at her silently. He wanted to leave the initiative to her and waited until she put her hand on his cock and into her vaginal entrance. Her body was still vibrating from masturbating, he could start right away. Her vagina felt warm, tight and good. He fucked slowly, but with energetic thrusts, watching her reaction. Much earlier than expected, a flash ran through her body, a very soft cry accompanied her orgasm. He gave her no respite and kept fucking, her arousal rising and rising. He gasped in German, I squirt, I squirt! and squirted in rhythmic jets into her vagina. At the same moment that she heard the foreign words he gasped in her ear, the orgasm jerked her around so that as he squirted, he slipped out and squirted somewhere. She

clawed at him until the convulsions stopped. He slid to the side and struggled for breath.

Jane caressed his chest and kissed him. It was wonderful, so wonderful! she whispered, and Jack growled that it was incest. She froze and whispered, “just ten days ago we were strangers, now half siblings and it’s only half incest, damn it! It was wonderful, please don’t ruin it!” He stroked her reassuringly and said we’ll never talk about incest again. Then he asked her if she could have gotten pregnant and she replied she was already on the pill because of the *one night stands* so don’t worry, my brother Jack! He wanted to get rid of something and asked if he could touch Robert. Wordlessly, she sat up and turned her organized back to him. He felt the hump thoroughly and asked if it hurt. She laughed brightly as a bell and said never when screwing.

After a while she turned to him again and said she wanted to know something too. He looked at her expectantly and she pushed around a bit. Show me how the men masturbate, I have never seen it before. Okay, he said and started rubbing his flaccid cock. She watched very intently and he stared between her legs. The cock gradually became stiff and he felt great pleasure. Abruptly he stopped and gasped, let’s fuck! She immediately lay down and spread her legs, she guided his cock into her vagina with one hand and patiently let herself be fucked. Gradually she got going too and was soon panting with exertion as she fucked along like a fool. Her eyes widened as she was swept away by her orgasm. He spurted shortly after, thrusting and thrusting like crazy, and then fell to the side, exhausted. When their breathing calmed, he said she was the first woman to orgasm while fucking. I don’t have anything to compare it to, she said, and he replied that he had only fucked five or six women, but they all failed to orgasm, only when rubbing the clit selectively. Aha, she said, that’s interesting. They cuddled some more, then fell asleep.

The next few days passed quietly, with no special events. Jack wrote a letter to Veronika every other day and called her every Friday. In the evenings, he bathed only briefly and followed Jane to her bedroom to fuck. Jane wanted to try it herself one evening and masturbated him. She was very adept at it, but when she wanted to see exactly how the semen squirted out of the little hole in the glans, the full load splashed onto her face. Her eyes had closed in a

reflex, the semen ran over her face. She was told to taste it, how it tasted, and when she tasted it, she frowned at first. Later she said it didn't taste like anything. Now Jack explained to her about mouth fucking, some men liked it better than handjob, so did he. Don't you like to fuck me when I'm menstruating? she asked and he replied in the negative. He admitted that screwing during menstruation repulsed him, secondly there was the admittedly small chance of infection of the woman. No, he much preferred mouth-fucking during her period.

On another occasion, he tried masturbating Jane with his finger. Her clit looked very different from Veronika's. It was embedded in a thick mass of flesh and only peeked out a tiny bit. Jane's clit, however, stood out prominently from the lean surroundings, clearly visible under a small thin hood. It was just a bit larger than Veronika's and very easy to find. Jack started very carefully and increased the pace in unison to her reactions. He managed it the first time and at her orgasm he continued to rub very gently. Jane liked that a lot, he could tell.

They debated every night, Jane drinking her white wine and putting her leg up on the sofa. Of course, she had no panties on again and let him see the little hole. She kept this habit for the next few years, during their conversations she would casually play with her labia and clit without losing concentration on the topic. She stimulated her clit in the beginning only to the point that it ended up being properly aroused when they went up to fuck. But it also happened that she got too excited, then she pulled up her miniskirt and masturbated lying down. They were both silent, you could only hear her soft panting and the very soft sound that was made when her finger slipped through the wet flesh. It sounded like water bubbling softly. When she came to orgasm, her look became somehow pleading and suffering. He returned that look with an appreciative and affirming expression. Her orgasm while lying lasted only a split second, a loud exhale and then silence. She looked at him each time, depressed, guilty and embarrassed, but in her bright blue eyes the stars twinkled. He smiled at her kindly and approvingly, he loved to watch and she knew it. She pulled both legs up onto the sofa and folded her knees to the side, her pubic opening soft and wide. She proceeded quite deliberately, the clit played along wonderfully and was aroused in no time. Again she got that pleading and suffering expression on her face, begging

for climax and suffering at the same time for being so selfish in her desire. She pressed her legs together as she orgasmed and opened them again instantly. Again her expression changed and he stared at her pussy, which twitched and worked mysteriously as long as she touched.

They continued to talk and she played with her clit casually. They both fell silent when she satisfied herself again. Once they talked about it, he said that on the evenings when she masturbated on the sofa, the fucking afterwards was classes better. He had the impression that the more times she had orgasmed beforehand, the better it got. Jane noticed his comment and acted accordingly. She usually masturbated only once while sitting, lying down for the other orgasms. He interrupted the conversation as soon as she lay down and they both kept silent. She orgasmed very quickly while lying down, it rarely lasted more than a minute. She spread her legs so he could get a good look at her masturbating and orgasms. When she sat up again afterwards, stars glowed in her eyes.

Jane took birth control pills with the precision of a Swiss watch, she said emphatically. He questioned until she told him that she had gotten pregnant at the end of their relationship, at 15. She secretly had an abortion and didn't tell her mother until weeks later. That's when she started taking the pill, she only got that with her mother's consent. The pill was quite new on the market, but she relied on it and so far there were no problems with it. She knew that she had gotten screwed a few times on days when she was ready to conceive.

Naomi was horrified, Janet had had sex at 14 or 15 and really enjoyed it she said. Of course, it was a good thing that she was on the pill, because Janet was no longer willing to live chastely. She trusted the pill and hooked up with a lover once or twice a week. Naomi couldn't deny her and would sometimes sneak up to the bathroom to secretly watch her daughter make love and fuck. She had lived asexually all her life, had never masturbated or had an orgasm until now. Her classmates at boarding school always wanted to see, feel or stiffen her big clit. She herself could not do much with the clitoris. But the girls would lie down with her every night to play with her clit. Sometimes she would get very sexually aroused when a girl would vigorously rub her clit like a man's penis. Then little flashes would go through her sex and make her

twitch a little, but that was all. One even tried to put Naomi's clit into her vagina and fuck her, but it didn't work, the clit only went in an inch. The fucking was not exciting in the least and lasted way too long. The girl thrust her vagina on her clit and fucked her with increasing excitement. She let the clit penetrate her vagina as deep as it could go and gasped with pleasure and effort. Naomi felt very disgusted, her vagina was wet and slippery and the fat girl lay heavily on top of her as she fucked. Naomi was disgusted because at the same time the girl was playing with herself and gasping in her ear it was coming. It came to her and she plunged her vagina as deep as she could over Naomi's clit. Naomi felt with her clit as the girl quivered and twitched, then it was over. Naomi avoided letting this girl into her bed as often as she could, but she kept coming to fuck. Naomi learned to push her clit deep into the fat girl's vagina until the girl orgasmed and soon didn't find it so disgusting as she felt very pleasant sexual arousal.

When she married Nick, she endured daily being fucked with disgust and after years became pregnant. Her sexual disinterest became a definite rejection, they slept in separate bedrooms, and she was indifferent to Nick fucking the young household help, the simple-minded Rose day in and day out. If she happened to catch them fucking, she watched curiously but felt no sexual arousal. That only came at night when she stroked her clit and fantasized before falling asleep, but she stopped stroking her clit without climaxing. That came only when she watched Janet and her lovers making love. The men were rubbing their dicks to get hard, Naomi was now trying that with her clit too. She remembered boarding school, the girls had rubbed their clits like this too. Her clit became stiff and long like half her little finger. Every day she increased the clit rubbing, she masturbated the clit like men do their penis, pushed the skin of the clit energetically back and forth, up and down. This is how she experienced her first orgasm. For the last years of her life, she masturbated every night and exploded silently. She liked the way Janet fucked her lover, but felt no pressure at all to be fucked herself.

Jane made Jack fuck her twice. After the first squirt she would take a five minute break, then she would take his flaccid cock in her hand and masturbate it until it was hard again, then he could fuck her a second time. He liked it best when she sat cross-legged across from him and he could look at her sex as she masturbated

him. He was very proud that he could cum twice in one evening like he did with Veronika.

Jane was also happy that she had two orgasms in one evening. Over time, she was able to control her arousal to the point where her orgasm came right before he squirted. The orgasm became a real explosion when he thrust and squirted her wildly in the middle of her orgasm. It was beautiful for both of them.

Jack had been in Hampton for eight weeks now, and the wait for the final court date was wearing him down. Besides, Veronica had told him in whispers that she had been getting towed every Friday after their phone calls. She knew the men, all regulars at the Goldener Hirschen inn, so they were no strangers. She whispered that most of them were just boring fucks, only a few of them did a good job. Jack was very stupid and offended. He also had a girlfriend here in London, he said, and maybe one day he would fuck her. Veronika said only Aha! and nothing else. He was ashamed that he had responded to Veronika's honesty with a lie. After the conversation, he resolved to tell Veronika the truth, but he just couldn't. But he was glad that Veronika was doing well and kept reporting to her about the state of affairs.

The court was finally ready, Jack and Jane had been waiting twelve weeks for this. They went separately, Jane had her own lawyer. Jack was at the posh Regent Street law office an hour before the court date as ordered, he had his nice suit on and Jane was tying his tie knot. He looked very grown up, carrying all the papers and documents in the elegant leather briefcase he had bought with Jane. Rose had cooked another substantial meal, virtually as a second breakfast. But the experienced housekeeper said, eat, children, eat! The trial may take a long time, she growled, stuffing two more sandwiches in the briefcase.

It took exactly an hour for the two smartly dressed lawyers from the firm to join him and escort him to court. The hearing was over much faster than the prelude, he even had to show his passport to see if he was really him. Without much ado, the judge read monotonously from the page, mumbling so indistinctly that Jack had to ask one of his lawyers to repeat the last facts in a whisper. First, Janet's appeal had been favorably decided; Naomi Crawley had, with good reason, maintained and renovated the house. The

judge looked up and asked if the other side had any objections. Jack looked his attorney firmly in the eye and he announced that they accepted the court's view. Jack had made it clear to counsel before the hearing that he did not share the view of the Figgs, etc., law firm and insisted on accepting Janet's position. The judge continued, the receipts were only less than Naomi C's withdrawals by about £12,000, so Janet and Jack would each be entitled to £6,000 compensation. The first part of the trial was over in less than 20 minutes. Break, Jack bought a lemonade and two coffees for his lawyers.

Janet joined them and took him aside. I am glad that the renovation work was recognized, she said. He was glad too, because it was very important for her that her mother did not look like a thief. He said he didn't understand about the £6,000, it didn't make sense. She looked at him big, then laughed. Jack, it goes from your left pocket to your right pocket. He looked at her in disbelief and amazement, then realized. They were getting £6,000 each from their account, which they were splitting 50-50 anyway. Hadn't anyone noticed? Jane murmured softly, the money was not the important thing, she was only concerned with whether her mother had stolen money. The ghastly bell called them back into the courtroom.

After everyone was awkwardly seated again, the judge again read monotonously from the sheet, property by property and each time the full account number of Naomi C. The lawyers dutifully wrote down, property, value and date. They noted the account number only once. The second attorney typed the amounts into his clunky Texas Instruments calculator, Jack could curiously see. The red numbers on the small field of view grew and grew. Then the judge paused and cleared his throat so awkwardly that Jack feared for his health. Then, after another theatrical pause, he read the total off the page. Jack realized it matched the Texas Instruments figure. He leaned toward the lawyer questioningly while the judge let out another torrent of words. Jack recognized only their names, Janet Liliane Crawley and Jacob Nicholas Crawley. The lawyer scribbled on a piece of paper and held it out to him. 24.8M/2.

24.8M/2.

The lawyer made another line under it and scribbled. -12,000/2. Jack was close to fainting at the staggering sum and laughed hysterically without making a sound. The minus twelve thousand had brought him back down to earth. He glanced quickly at Jane in the other half of the bench and saw her smiling brightly. She now looked to him as well and sent a kiss through the air. At some point the judge fell silent, a young man in robes nimbly jumped up and shouted something loudly like a herald in a medieval jousting match, then everyone rose and people streamed out. Jack looked at his lawyers, who stowed their papers in their briefcases and nodded to him that they could leave now. The lawyers said they were done here and they were free to go. Jack was uncertain whether they wanted a whiskey or a pound note as a tip, but he refrained from any nonsense. Instead, he asked what would happen next. One of the lawyers explained that the court would send the decisions to the law firm in about a week or 10 days, then the final act would come. The law firm would give him everything in writing, and then they would be done. They would call him and make an appointment. Only now did Jack notice that the lawyer had spoken in flawless German. They shook hands, then the lawyers left. He waited impatiently until Janet and her lawyer ended the conversation with a seal carrier.

Jane said she needed a drink right away and hooked up with the lawyer and Jack left and right. They drank a whiskey, a large glass of white wine and a soda in the bar next to the courthouse. Jack listened politely in silence while Jane talked with her lawyer. The lawyer promised to get back to them as soon as the written documents were available. He kept glancing at his wristwatch and quite soon went his way. Jack knew Jane well enough and waved to the waiter, another wine please. No, thank you, he had more lemonade. Jack said quietly that he was happy for her that her mother's honor had been restored. He regretted how the Figgs law firm had unfairly attacked her and her mother, respectively, but that was before he was involved. Jane looked at him through a veil of tears and said she knew that, he was a kind and honest guy. Then she whispered with a grin, "and a good fucker!"

They finished their drinks and took a cab. Jack actually wanted to take the bus as usual, but Jane insisted on the cab, they could afford it, dammit! They were both shy about bringing up the insanity inheritance specifically. They joked and, grinning, ad-

dressed each other by their middle names, Lilly and Nick. To their amazement, Rose was still there, waiting for them with a hot dinner. The housekeeper was all flustered and asked how things had gone in court. Jane casually commented that Mrs. Crawley's honor had been restored and Figgs' insinuations had been dismissed in court. She did not mention the inheritance in a word. Rose gave a little curtsy and said that she had never believed that the former lady had embezzled anything. Then she disappeared into the kitchen and served the supper. She went home at once, for it was already very late and very dark outside.

Rose did not have to puzzle when one of the beds was unused. It wasn't right, she thought, but she pushed those thoughts aside. Brother or not, her young mistress was happy and in love all around. Rose had arrived on duty far too early and had found the two of them sleeping naked on her bed. The boy was well built and had a nice big cock. Rose had of course seen Janet naked many times, she had seen the young lady masturbate in the shower many times, but that was nothing special and didn't interest her, girls just did that. Of course she had continued to watch through the crack in the door, following Janet's masturbation to orgasm, because she couldn't take her eyes off it because it was kind of exciting.

Now Rose stood there for minutes, staring at the erect cock. It was thrillingly stiff and pointed toward the ceiling, seeming more massive and larger to her than her husband's member. Jack turned sideways in his sleep and his glans rested on Jane's butt crease, her knees drawn up in the lateral position. Rose fantasized for a moment that the cock was thrusting forward, into paradise. A blink later Rose saw that the cock had penetrated nowhere and no one was fucking. But the boy woke up and now he pushed his cock under the butt fold, into the vagina. Janet made a few sounds as he penetrated, but she continued to sleep. Jack fucked very slowly and gently, but Janet slowly awoke and clutched her knees with her arms to thrust her cunt wide open for him. It took quite a while and she orgasmed softly sighing, her knees bobbing back and forth violently. Jack held still and squirted into her vagina. He pulled the cock out immediately and rubbed it with one hand very quickly, he squirted thick jets onto her buttock and masturbated for quite a long time until the last drop had splattered onto Jane's buttock. Rose went down quietly like a cat and prepared breakfast.

Rose couldn't get these images out of her head, they popped up every time her husband fucked her hastily and totally unimaginatively at night. She dreamed of Jack's cock fucking Jane very slowly and pulling his cock out to squirt after Jane orgasmed with her legs twitching. She saw Jack masturbating on Jane's butt cheek and squirting in long, thick jets across it. As if in slow motion, she kept Jack masturbating and squirting in rich jets. She kept Jack squirting until she started to orgasm. This was arousing and very exciting. She never got that from her husband. He just wanted to cum quickly and no frills, he was no different than Sir Nick, God rest his soul! However, Sir Nick had fucked her much more often than her husband, often several times in a row, and had watched her masturbate afterwards, greedy and horny, because she did not orgasm while fucking. Unlike her husband, who was neither interested in her masturbating nor in the fact that the lord fucked his wife during the day. She resented her husband for that all her life. He simply wanted to fuck and squirt every night, and that was that!

She had always had a guilty conscience towards her lady, and yet she loved her idolatrously. And when the Lady caught them both — and that happened almost daily — Rose made sure that Sir Nick never noticed his wife. The Lady would watch them curiously until the fucking was over, and quietly leave long before Rose masturbated after squirting. The Lady often asked her if she really liked the sex and what she got out of it. Rose was of very plain disposition and very simple mind. She described the sex in detail with her limited vocabulary and with crude and piggish expressions, since she knew no others. Yes, she liked being fucked a lot and the longer it took him to cum, the better it was for her. She also said that fucking Sir Nick was much better than fucking her good-for-nothing husband. The mistress never asked anything regarding masturbation, so Rose left that out. She didn't understand why the mistress detested getting fucked so much and was content with a bit of clit play before falling asleep, she had blushingly confessed that to Rose once.

Years later, when Naomi had discovered masturbation and orgasms, she asked Rose for the first time if she did it to herself. Rose, who took great pride when the lady discussed more than just mundane things with her, confirmed it without hesitation. They talked about details, when and how they did it. One word gave an-

other and the Lady said she would like to see it. This was no problem at all for Rose, she flipped her skirt back and masturbated. Lady Naomi watched her very closely and said she was doing it very differently. For days the issue was settled, but a week later Naomi wanted to see it again, no problem for Rose. After she orgasmed, the lady bent over and examined her cunt very closely. It looks very different from mine, the lady said to Rose and pulled up her skirt with a high red head. She showed her sex and pointed to her big clit, if I tease it a little it will get even bigger! She saw interest and curiosity in Rose's face. She teased her clit for a minute until it was all tight and hard. Rose's eyes got all big, and she just said Oh! I'm doing it very differently than you, Naomi said, hesitating for a long time. Then she grabbed it with her thumb and forefinger and masturbated in her manly way. My lady, Rose groaned, you are doing it like a man! Then she asked if the big clit could squirt like a man, but Naomi shook her head in denial. She had closed her eyes in shame and felt the arousal rising hotly. She wanted to stop, but she couldn't; she had to keep going. She noticed that Rose was also masturbating and this excited her so much that she rubbed herself faster than ever before. She involuntarily held her breath as she exploded. She quickly covered herself and looked at Rose, who took quite a while before she orgasmed. It remained the only time Naomi exposed her sex to Rose. But she demanded more and more often that Rose masturbate in front of her and watched very attentively.

Rose refreshed the images of Janet and her brother fucking when she masturbated and daydreamed afterwards after the brief conjugal fuck. Her husband was usually asleep by then, but she didn't care if he witnessed her masturbation or not. He knew, but he didn't care. He just wanted to sleep after fucking and he had seen Rose's masturbating so often that sleep was more important to him by now.

Jane drank another whole bottle of white wine and smoked. They talked for the first time about the inheritance, which they had yet to pay taxes on. Jane said she wanted to call the tax accountant first thing in the morning, who had already given her mother good advice. But even conservatively estimated, they each received £10 million, Jack said, which was a tremendous sum and could give them a carefree life. But he had set his sights on becoming a doctor, and he wasn't about to give up his dream so easily.

Whether he studied in England or back home, it didn't matter to him. Jack looked at Jane from the side. Could she imagine him staying here in this house, their house? Jane immediately said yes, but they could never marry. That weighed on her mind. Yes, if the inheritance was there, she wouldn't need to work at BBC anymore, could perhaps set up a small workshop alongside her studies and start fashion designing. Her eyes lit up quite brightly when she said that we could finish Naomi's project first. The renovation. The new electrical system. Just everything.

While Jane continued to drink silently, Jack took a port from the drinks cabinet and muttered that it was just to celebrate, he didn't usually drink. Jane waved her glass gleefully and elatedly and they toasted each other. Jack was not used to alcohol and he had poured himself a glass to the brim. Still, he thought aloud about how he could manage to stay here and study medicine. Jane encouraged him and held the unfinished business repetitively. They talked again about his staying in the house and she assured them the house was both theirs whether he stayed or not. They agreed to keep the house and finish the renovations Naomi had started. Jack insisted on contributing financially to his stay and wrestled down her resistance. He knew Jane loved him madly and would put up with him, but that was exactly what he didn't want. He was not satisfied until she agreed to the financial contribution. He stood up, leaned over Jane and gave her a long French kiss. Too bad, he said softly, too bad we are brother and sister, too bad we can't marry, too bad we can't have children. Jane squeezed his hand and wept silently. He hugged her until she vigorously wiped away the tears with the back of her hand. Then they returned to the subject at hand.

Jane had tried mouth-fucking as soon as he had talked about it. That he detested menstrual blood was nothing special to her, because all the men she knew intimately detested it. They had only fucked in her mouth a couple of times and she had to masturbate him in her mouth because she just couldn't do the mouth fucking yet. He said afterwards that it went like that too, she should not blame herself. But today she was disinhibited from the wine and knelt in front of him, she caressed his body, his butt cheeks in love and said she really wanted to do it now. He put his cock completely into her mouth and she enclosed it tightly with her lips. Veronika had never let him penetrate that deep, but Jane wanted

to know for sure and pressed firmly on his ass cheeks to make him penetrate deeper. She let him go all the way in, breathing through her nose and engulfing his cock to its full length without gagging. Her fingers clawed at his butt cheeks and pushed rhythmically as she fucked him. He gasped louder and louder and poured out. She swallowed the semen instantly and kept the cock in her mouth until it went limp. They hugged and cuddled, she wanted to know if it was right this way and he nodded in affirmation. She let him doze for fifteen minutes before she stiffened him again with her hand. “I want to fuck with my mouth again,” she said, and it went easily this time, she had learned it.

Friday evening he phoned Veronika and reported everything, but did not name a sum. Veronika was content that the court probably needed another two weeks. She was pleased that he got along so well with Janet and understood very well that the most important thing for Janet was to defend her mother’s honor. She told him that she was very careful who she let fuck her, every Friday night. He reassured her that it was all right and he wasn’t jealous, he was doing quite well with his girlfriend and no, they hadn’t screwed yet. The English women are very shy, he claimed. It was already much easier for him to lie to Veronika. What son doesn’t lie to his mother about sex? She asked if he would be back soon, and he evaded, saying he wanted to stay until the inheritance matter was settled. She grumbled, but was satisfied with his answer.

Jane went with him to see the accountant, who promised to see to a good solution immediately. He also said that he had always advised Lady Naomi against selling the properties, because cash did not bring in as much as the appreciation, but the lady was unteachable. They then went to that electrical company that her mother had already contacted. All the outdated electrical had to come out and be replaced. New lighting, outlets, new lamps and overhaul of the beautiful antique crystal chandeliers in the two halls. The small garden shed needed to be electrified; she could set up a fashion workshop there, Jack said. And the path to the street also needed to be lit, as did part of the park. They discussed all the details with the project manager, who was able to make them understand that after electrification, it would need a thorough interior renovation. They went home and discussed the interior renovation for hours, they both had quite good ideas and wanted to make the house new and modern. I think, Jack said, your mother

will be very proud of you when she looks down on us, on you, after the renovations. He held her tenderly while tears ran down her cheeks. He got a bottle of white wine and they drank until they went upstairs.

He was desperate to do something good for her, she was so vulnerable and gave herself to him willingly, she let go completely and whispered for him to take her, right now, and closed her eyes. He didn't hesitate for a moment and dove. She flinched briefly as his lips tasted her labia. He found the clit instantly and licked her. Jane had never been licked before and enjoyed the unfamiliar caress in wonder. It was a violent, explosive orgasm and she pressed her thighs tightly against his cheeks. He continued without pause and made her explode again. She opened her thighs very wide and pushed her pussy forward demanding. He let his tongue trill on her clit very quickly until she let out a long drawn out scream. The third orgasm was so violent that she pushed him back, writhing and jerking from side to side. She was exhausted to death and immediately fell asleep. He waited a few moments and mounted her. She was very tired from the wild orgasms and desperately resisted dozing off, lying there asleep and allowing herself to be fucked completely passively. Her body had already sunk into a deep sleep and didn't seem to react to the fucking. It was the first time that she really fell asleep while fucking. But her body did respond even in her sleep as he thrust and squirted her quite hard. She also didn't wake up when her body orgasmed ever so slightly before squirting.

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Intimate Photos

by Jack Faber © 2022

Three quarters of a year later, the renovation of the house was complete. Jack had passed the entrance exam to the Royal Academy, and in three months medicine-lectures would begin. Jane's menstruation was causing problems and she had to endure several examinations. Jack accompanied her to each appointment, but the results did not come for a long time and Jack's departure was approaching. He went to Veronika for a month to say goodbye to her and his home. His future lay in London.

Veronika met him at the train station, even though the train was a good hour late. Her heart was beating wildly when she finally hugged him. Her Jack was back! The prepared meal had to wait, it pushed her and him to bed. He clearly felt the differences between Veronika and Janet, physically and emotionally. Veronika was ten years older and had learned a great deal about pleasurable fucking in the past few months. Jack poured himself out twice and liked Veronika's lovemaking technique very much, yet Veronika seemed like a whole new conquest to him. She didn't have an orgasm, of course, and after he squirted in, she masturbated with her eyes closed. But his stomach growled and they ate dinner. Afterwards they went back to bed and fucked. Jack was exhausted and let Veronika talk. She talked endlessly about her one night stands and described the private parts of her fuck buddies and how they did it in great detail. Jack listened with interest and eventually fell asleep.

After the morning fuck, they had breakfast naked and Veronika wanted to know what Janet looked like; if maybe he had a picture of her? Jack had to decide in a split second how to proceed. He decided to take the straight line. Yes, he had a photo of Jane with him, but he warned her it was a revealing nude. Veronika looked uncomprehending and asked what a nude was. He explained to her that it was an intimate nude photo, the nude. He took it out of a hiding place in his wallet. Veronika looked at it for a long time. Janet's face was very visible, her naked body as well as the beautifully rounded, girlish breasts, Robert was not visible. On the lower half of the picture her sex was visible in great detail, the labia, the

little hole and the clit. Apparently Jane pulled her sex apart with her hands when the picture was taken, without her hands coming into the picture. All the details were in focus, the clit was standing highly excited between the opened labia, it was obvious that it was aroused to the breaking point. One could see quite deep into her little hole. Everything was sharp and well lit, the photographer had done a good job of capturing Janet as a sexually aroused person. The somehow superior smiling face, the breasts and the sex should say everything important about this young woman. Jack mentioned that a professional photographer had taken it. He said nothing about the fact that the photographer had taken well over 100 pictures, many of Janet fucking the photographer and many more shots of Janet masturbating. The photographer had taken quite excellent close-up pictures of Janet masturbating, taken over the course of several days. They had remained so that he could sell those shots that did not show her face. Months later, the photographer handed her a check for £18,000 as her fee; he had sold the pictures for £50,000. Jack had looked at the pictures with Jane, she told him how this or that had been taken and she had told him all about her brief and friendly affair with the photographer.

Veronika looked at Janet's face for a long time and murmured that you could see from her face that you were siblings. She stared at Janet's sex for a long time, her eyes soaking up the image. After long minutes, she gave it back to him. You're fucking each other, was her dry comment. She's a very pretty young woman, Veronika said with a prompt in her now husky-sounding voice. Jack told her truthfully about his relationship with Janet. Veronika encouraged him to talk about screwing and all that. Jack did her the favor and described how it was in the bathroom at the beginning, him with the hard-on in the bathtub and Janet strutting around naked. Veronica laughed, because she could vividly imagine it. How he overheard her masturbating and how she invited him several times to watch her shower and masturbate. He had watched her shower and masturbate several times, only getting laid long after that. Veronika smiled and imagined the situation each time.

Suddenly she furrowed her brow. She asked him directly if half-siblings were allowed to screw each other? Jack said no, of course not. They couldn't marry or have children and told that Janet was conscientiously using birth control pills. Veronica was afraid it would all come out and Janet and he might go to jail. Jack reas-

sured her that no one but the housekeeper would know anything, they were very careful about that, and the housekeeper was trustworthy and discreet, she loved Janet devotedly and with all her heart. And now you, of course, but I trust you, Jack said. He hated the subject of incest and told Veronika straight. Veronika thought for a long time and murmured uncertainly, this with us is incest too? Jack answered in the affirmative, though he wasn't quite sure. Veronika brooded silently to herself. She didn't want to talk about it anymore.

Jack, who was as naked as Veronika, helped her clear away breakfast and they fixed a snack, for it was almost noon. Jack hugged her standing up and kissed her. You know how much I love you, Veronika! She returned his French kiss, no answer was necessary. He now told how exactly the inheritance matter had proceeded. That he owned half of the manor house and that the cash was about 10 million pounds, the equivalent of about 45 million Marks. Veronika was astonished and said that she still had over 3 million Marks from her inheritance, which would last until the end of her life, because she lived very frugally and had no large expenses.

She smirked and said teasingly, the most expensive thing in the week was the Goldene Hirsch inn on Friday, but mostly the lovers paid, she said grinning. It makes me feel like a whore, she grinned wryly. He listened patiently, she had screwed all the regulars, all the employees and even the fat friendly landlord. But, Veronika said in a conspiratorial tone, you won't guess! She paused dramatically and he raised his eyebrows expectantly. She had the best screwing with the landlady, the pretty little fat one who commanded the kitchen. She had had something with one of the waitresses before, but it was all new to her, unfamiliar, and she was very self-conscious about what women could do with each other. The waitress actually had no idea either. But the landlady was a true artist in bed! Never before had she had such beautiful, loving and incredibly intense orgasms as with the sweet landlady. He smiled and said, maybe you are a lesbian, only you never knew it? Veronika was a little unsettled and said, so far she had liked fucking with men very much. He reassured her that many people are bisexual and love their own sex as well as the other. She should not feel insecure, it was very common and quite normal. He embraced her and caressed her cheeks. At her sultry description of lesbian

acts, masturbating and intense clit licking, his erection had gone off like a rocket, she noticed it at his embrace and pulled him grinning into the bedroom.

One of the next days, when he was reporting on the renovation of the house, he mentioned that he had charged Veronika twice what she had lent him for the trip. She had been his mother, his salvation and his inspiration, he would never forget that and would support her financially in the future if necessary. She was touched and let him tell her at length how the medical studies were going. He assured her that the Royal Academy was considered one of the best in the world and that he was the luckiest man in the world because he was allowed to study there. (He didn't know then that Sir Peter's intercession had gotten him in there; they didn't know each other then). In the course of the conversation, Veronika wanted to see Janet's picture again. Jack brought it out and she stared at it again for minutes. She pointed to the little hole and said, look, you can see all the way into her vagina! He nodded in agreement and Veronika said how big and firm her clit was, much bigger than hers.

He looked at her from the side and she blushed. Sometimes when I masturbate I look at my clit in the mirror, that's when it's the biggest, Veronika murmured softly, as if confessing. But Jane had a much bigger clit than she did. Jack thought of the dick comparisons between boys and wondered about Veronika's clit comparison. He had to get Veronika off of it. Now Jack had an opportunity to tell Veronika about Janet's hump. Veronika slapped her hands in front of her face and moaned, poor thing! Jack talked about the hump at length, saying that Janet would not let it stop her from living a carefree and self-determined life. The problem of finding a lover longer than just to screw was indeed a problem. Janet had not been able to solve it, except for many one night stands, nothing was going so far. He didn't care about the people who stalked her. And he didn't mind at all, Janet was educated and very smart, she was pretty and could dress very fashionably, which was important in the London circles. And in bed she was great, a rocket, a woman like fireworks! He loved her exhibitionism and that she was not afraid to take the initiative. She was a very confident woman with an important and challenging job for the BBC, where she was held in high esteem. Jack noticed the tears in Veronika's eyes and gave her a comforting hug. She whispered

that Janet had all that she did not. Jack repeated that she had done at least that much for him and that he loved her very, very much. Veronica lowered her eyes and saw that his cock was hanging down quite relaxed. She sighed deeply and took hold of the pleasure-giver, she always felt like fucking.

Jack did his agendas point by point. City hall, registration office, bank, old friends. In the days before his departure, Veronika was fiddling with a problem and only came out with it after a few attempts. She also wanted to have nude photos taken of herself and send them to him. Jack's astonishment gave way only when he realized her seriousness. He had no idea how to go about it, but he went with Veronika to the post office and called the two local photographers. But both politely declined, saying that one did not make a nude record. They debated the issue, calling photographers in the immediate area. In the end, only one thing remained, an advertisement in the local newspapers. He helped Veronika to write the text, that she had to indicate it absolutely under box number. Otherwise, in addition to interested parties, scammers, legacy hunters and serial rapists would come forward. Veronika's eyes snapped open; she hadn't thought of that. The advertisement was on its way and so was Jack, home to London.

The reunion with Jane was stormy, after the passionate fucking he immediately asked about the medical findings. On the phone she would not say more than that she was healthy, further details then in person. Now he looked at her expectantly. A good news and a good news, which one first? she asked teasingly, but he waited silently. My menstruation has completely disappeared, Jane said, the gynecologist suspecting that some things had gone wrong with the abortion. She would not have children and no longer needed the pill. Jack gave her a comforting hug and stroked her hair. Adoption is still possible if the desire to have children becomes great, he murmured, and she nodded. Still, he could feel her tears dripping onto his shoulders. He had been adopted, he said, and that had been his salvation. Slowly Jane calmed down.

She, of course, wanted to know how his home leave had gone. Jack again decided to go the straight and narrow. Slowly and haltingly, he told everything beginning with the adoption. How he had seduced the good-hearted but inexperienced and simple-minded Veronica. He was not proud of the fact that he had won over a

chaste convent girl, but his urgent sexuality was his explanation. He concealed nothing, he embellished nothing. A heavy burden fell from him when he had told Jane everything. She looked at him, and now you were fucking too, on your trip? He nodded, “yes, now too, every day four times or more, Veronika loved screwing very much and wrung every drop from me, tirelessly.” He scratched his head, Veronika wanted to see a picture of you, he said unhappily. She immediately hooked up, *that* photo? Yes, said Jack, she wanted to look at it again and again, because your face was clearly visible. “And everything else too,” Jane shot after biting, “everything else too!” He tried to explain that it matched the relationship with Veronica. Jane wanted to see the picture immediately and he dug it out. Jane’s facial expression changed immediately, it became soft and erotic. “Alan, the photographer, had fucked me just before and asked me to excite the clit violently when he took this picture.” Jane looked thoughtful again, “and she wanted to see this picture again and again?” she asked, and Jack nodded. Then he told how he had written the advertisement with Veronika, she was also eager to have nude photos taken of herself. Jane grinned wryly. “I’m not angry with you, because I understand the situation quite well, and I’m very grateful to you for telling me truthfully everything.” She also said that initially she had become jealous and she resented him for being unfaithful to her on the trip. But now she understood everything, she was no longer jealous and she would not call it infidelity. During the next days and weeks she talked to him again and again about his relationship with Veronika, she wanted to hear more and more details while she drank her wine in the evening. He answered and told everything, he stuck to the straight line.

How surprised he was when suddenly a package arrived from Veronika. He opened the package together with Jane, it contained two packets of coffee. He looked at Jane in despair and muttered, “now she has become completely foolish!” But Jane had a suspicion, emptied the fruit from the fruit bowl and poured in the coffee beans. Lo and behold, there was an Extra in both packets. They opened the extras, inside was a letter to Jack and lots of color photos. Nude photos. Jack translated the letter sentence by sentence while Jane flopped down on the bed and looked through the pictures curiously.

Veronika wrote that it worked with the advertisement. She only had to go to the nearby capital, the photographer was very nice and took a good 300 pictures that afternoon. Besides the photographer, an older gentleman, his apprentice and a “Wisatschistin” were in the nice photo studio. The makeup artist was there to fix her hair and make her up like an actress. The photographer made a short meeting how this had to be done. First she fucked the apprentice, who fucked excellently and she was so aroused after the squirting that she masturbated very quickly, it didn’t take her three seconds. There was no embarrassment at all in the shoot. The master photographed her tirelessly, especially while masturbating. After some time, he also wanted to fuck Veronika, the apprentice crawled with the camera almost under their skin and shot picture after picture. In between was interrupted again and again, the makeup artist fixed her hair and makeup and kissed her on the mouth, later with long, intense French kisses with tongue. The master barked an order, the make-up artist undressed willingly and lay naked with Veronika. This is how the great lesbian pictures were created. In the end the apprentice fucked Veronika once again and right after that the make-up artist, who already knew him well and got one orgasm after another while fucking the young boy. The photographer promised to make her two sets of all the photos, even the ones she wasn’t in. In return, he was allowed to sell the photos and pay her 20% of the fee.

Jane and Jack looked at the pictures together on the bed, lying on their stomachs. Veronika was barely recognizable with her platinum blonde wig and professional makeup, yet Jane could easily imagine what she looked like. Veronika fucking with the apprentice, fucking with the photographer and with the makeup artist. The pictures were of very good quality and all razor sharp. Jane especially liked the pictures with the makeup artist, there were many close ups showing only the tongue, clit and pubic cleft. Jack immediately recognized which clit belonged to Veronika and which to the makeup artist. The makeup artist’s clit was much bigger than Veronika’s and looked very similar to Jane’s clit, she and Jack agreed. One picture caught their attention. It copied Jane’s picture, Veronika spreading her sex with her fingers so that her labia, clit and little hole were clearly visible. The head of her clit stuck out just a bit, as Veronika’s labia were thick and bulging. It usually melted into its fleshy surroundings. In addition, there was another picture that showed directly through the little hole the whole

vagina and a little semen inside. It was the only picture Jane didn't like, a vagina with nothing around it looked yuck. They spent many hours later looking at the pictures and got horny.

Jane had started reading her mother's diary to him weeks ago. She had not read it before and wanted to discover her mother's world together with him. To her astonishment, she wrote almost exclusively about sex and her experiences in this regard.

She wrote in great detail about the years at boarding school and about the girls there. She wrote pages and pages about how she indulged in sexual fantasies before going to sleep, carefully stimulating her clit and making it excitingly stiff, but never going any further. She wrote very little about her sex life with Janet's father and his best friend, only expressing her disgust at being fucked every day. Jane looked up and said the boyfriend could only be Uncle Peter! Naomi wrote more about it during pregnancy, the two men she loved fucked her day and night. She wrote how much she longed to enjoy being fucked and how disgusted she was when they squirted their seed into her. But she was very willing and let them fuck her whenever they wanted. She described how her husband later took advantage of Rose, the young domestic help, day after day. How she watched them fucking in the kitchen every time. How excited little Rose was when they fucked and how she gasped violently as her arousal rose and rose. How Rose kept eye contact with her as she was fucked and how her vagina clenched around Nick's cock in orgasm and she exchanged a triumphant look with Naomi, I'm climaxing right now! Her eyes shone brightly, reflecting the stars of orgasm. How she gave the mistress the signal to leave when the squirting was finished. Naomi only briefly noted that she had had a terrible row with Nick and he was leaving the house for good. He had put a fat envelope containing £10,000 in Rose's hand, thanked her for her lovely screwing and had said a friendly goodbye. This went through Naomi's mind for weeks after, from her he had only said goodbye quietly, businesslike and without a word of thanks. That hurt her very much.

She wrote how horrified she was that Janet was already screwing at 14. How awful it was when Janet came home from the abortion. How for weeks her suspicions were confirmed that Janet had had an abortion. Her paralyzed behavior of not being able to talk to Janet properly about sex, even though she really wanted to.

How she supported Janet getting the pill, despite her complete lack of knowledge about contraception. How incompetent she felt when Janet frequently took boys and men into her bedroom. Her daughter had been trained better than her and won every debate when it came to Janet's fucking. Naomi began sneaking up to the bathroom and watching her daughter get fucked through the crack in the door. The arousing feeling of the man himself or Janet rubbing the cock so they could keep fucking. She described how she mimicked those movements on her tickler cock, night after night. (Naomi always wrote 'tickler cock'.)

Once she saw Janet rubbing the cock more and more vigorously until the boy squirted on her breasts, she imitated it too, rubbing her cock-shaped clit faster and more vigorously, and having her first clitoral self-induced orgasm. That was underlined four times: First orgasm! Jane told Jack she never noticed her mother watching her fuck. But Naomi crept up to the end and watched the daughters fucking with curiosity. She described in the diary making a mark on the page for orgasm each time, sometimes it was two or three marks on weekends. Then a Mr. Brown from the foreign service came and gave her the news of her husband's death a year ago. She could only cry and the young man left. For days she made no strokes in the diary.

Mr. Brown came again and spoke to her at length, soothingly. (She didn't learn until a year later from Peter, her husband's friend and work colleague, that Nick had been caught as a spy and shot). Mr. Brown came daily; she was soon making strokes in the diary again. Mr. Brown's French kissing resulted in her making three or four strokes more often. The inexperienced Naomi was easy prey for the experienced seducer. She still had a revulsion at first when fucking Mr. Brown, but he fucked much longer and more delicately than Nick. Her revulsion evaporated, she orgasmed the first time while being fucked and made four strokes. Now she orgasmed every time while fucking Mr. Brown and found it wonderful. Nick could have had it all too. No, Mr. Brown didn't want to watch her masturbate, he wasn't interested. She let him fuck her almost every day for almost a year, making her three or four strokes, but one day a telegram came instead of him saying he had been transferred. Jane looked up and smiled, she had watched her mother fuck the much younger Mr. Brown regularly, almost every time, well hidden on the top step of the stairs. She never thought

anything of it, she was only five or six at the time and fucking was terribly exciting and new to her. On the contrary, she had been very happy because her mother seemed to visibly enjoy being fucked and was no longer sad.

Naomi kept writing, telling about masturbating together with Rose and how ashamed she was of it. She wanted to make a plus sign every time she made Rose masturbate. At irregular intervals there was a plus, about one every week. Naomi reported how she had gradually quizzed Rose. She had started a notebook of her own to write down Rose's life stories.

Rose's family lived very poorly, kitchen and room of four, with street lights illuminating the room at night. As far back as she could remember, her parents fucked every night. She and her brother pretended to sleep under the covers, but they watched the nightly fucking snuggled close together. Frank, her 6 year older brother, would press his hard-on firmly on her pee slit as they watched them fuck. When they fucked, the parents were always naked, she could see quite clearly how the mother put the thick cock into her pee hole herself. After the first fucking they took a break, then the mother rubbed the cock with her hand and they fucked a second time. The father immediately fell asleep, the mother pulled her knees up and spread her legs. She rubbed her pee hole for a long time, then she also covered herself with the blanket and fell asleep.

The children had to keep it a secret that their mother took strange men into the apartment during the day and let them fuck her for money. When they were not at school, the children had to sit on the bed as quiet as mice. Rose had seen a great many men unbuttoning their fly and taking out their cocks. They were allowed to fuck the mother while she was dressed, with some she refused to let them cum in her and made them cum by hand. She sometimes did the same with the father when she didn't want to fuck. Then she took the father's cock in her mouth, rubbed it very hard and licked up the semen as if it were honey. Brother Frank always waited until his parents fell asleep and then rubbed his cock. At 11, he could already squirt, and a pleasant shiver ran through Rosa when he squirted on her little pee-pee cleft. After years, the mother had saved up enough to move to a larger apartment.

Rose had lost her virginity at 10, and the family had two bedrooms in the new apartment, her parents in one and her and her big brother in the other in one bed. There was no door between the bedrooms, and there were always arguments about the father not buying a door and sinking the money for it. She and the 16-year-old brother would hide under a blanket and watch their naked parents fuck. Every evening, at the same time, always exactly the same and then they covered themselves with the blanket. First the father fell asleep, the mother wiggled under the blanket for a while, sighed deeply at the end and fell asleep too. During the day, the mother constantly brought men to fuck and the children had to be quiet as mice. The mother explained to them that the father drank away half the money and she had to make sure to get some money from the other men, otherwise they would starve. They understood that.

Brother Frank was talking more and more about they should fuck like the big boys. Rose wanted it too, of course, and they whispered to each other about what it would be like if. The first time you feel a little prick, whispered her hero Frank, but only a very small one. They fiddled with their private parts and one night they fucked each other. It gave her a tiny little prick, it was the first time like that, her hero explained again. But then they fucked and Rose liked it a lot, she enjoyed being aroused and sometimes had a teeny tiny orgasm, not always. They fucked for three years. Mostly they fucked in the afternoon, the mother knew it exactly and came into the room exactly when the brother wanted to squirt. Don't make her a child, she said, cursing, and stayed under the door until the brother had finished squirting, waiting for him to fuck Rose a second time. Rose feared at first that she would be punished, but she got used to the mother watching them angrily for a quarter of an hour or more, waiting angrily until the brother had cum the second time. Don't make her a child, her mother cursed throughout the years, but she remained stock-still, watching warily to see that everything went on as usual. Rose was glad that the mother was there to supervise the fucking with Frank. It was obviously important that Frank didn't make her a baby, although Rose didn't know what was meant by that, but her mother said it every day. She had picked up the habit from her mother of grabbing Frank's cock and putting it in her vagina herself. After they had fucked enough, the mother cleared her throat and went into the kitchen. As Rose got older, she came closer as he was about to squirt. She

grabbed his cock, pulled it out and masturbated it vigorously with her hand. After a pause, she masturbated him a few more times until he ran out of semen.

She repeated this for a few days until the brother grabbed her all at once, threw her down on the bed cursing and pulled down the panties of the speechless mother. Then he fucked her quite brutally, but she visibly enjoyed it and even cheered him on. From that day on he fucked the mother daily, usually twice in a row and the second time she got violent orgasms. Fewer men came to fuck, but they didn't have to starve. Rose was a silent spectator in the afternoons and could fuck with the brother only after the parents fell asleep. The blanket over the mother's knees kept slipping until the mother kicked free, so the children could watch her vigorously masturbate every evening. Most of the time she looked over at her children as she masturbated, apparently not bothered by being seen masturbating.

Rose had imitated masturbating right away and orgasmed just as vigorously as her mother. When she did it the first time, while the brother fucked the mother brutally as always, the mother smiled surprisingly kindly and said, good that you can do it already! Her mother told her about menstrual hygiene during her first menstruation and that she could get pregnant from squirting into it. She had a stern word with her now 18 year old son that he was no longer allowed to squirt into Rose's vagina. She promised to let him fuck again that night. She had a lot to do, first getting fucked by her boozer in a hurry, then masturbating and later joining Rose on the bed and fucking her son. That soon changed, now she came as soon as the father had fallen asleep after the quick cum and let Frank fuck her brutally. Only after that she masturbated and put an arm around Rose while she masturbated. From this her son should get horny and he did. During the second brutal fucking, she had violent, wild orgasms. She slept with Rose until dawn to protect her when an erection haunted the son. Most of the time he was satisfied with her doing it to him with her hand while he fondled her sex. Most of the time he tried to masturbate her after she squirted and learned quickly. She was happy to let him satisfy her and play with her tongue on his glans. But she did not go further yet. She only taught Frank how to mouth fuck when Rose was no longer living at home.

Rose finished elementary school and went to work as a domestic helper. She stayed with the rich Conolly-sisters for three years, learning the trade of housekeeper in that posh, friendly house. There were only women there, and Rose was bound to depend on masturbation. There was no man for miles around except the old gardener who lived in the garden shed. Rose spent her free hours with him and yet it took her almost half a year to seduce him. He was actually too old for her, over 40 and bearded. He couldn't get her pregnant, he said, he was a war invalid. He showed her the ugly scar where both his testicles had been removed and the remains of the scrotum dangled. He liked to fuck the blood young girl very much and she learned with him for good to orgasm every time while fucking. She preferred that to masturbating. After three years she came to the Crawley house and became Sir Nick's mistress.

Her father died in her second year with the Conolly-sisters, when she was 17. She was allowed to take the day off and go to the funeral. There was no one else at the funeral but them, supporting her mother from left and right. They had talked to everyone about an accident at work, but the mother said he fell off the stool dead in his regular bar, his heart just stopped. After the funeral, Frank vigorously pulled her into the old children's room. The mother sat impassively by the door, absent-mindedly watching them fuck. She did nothing as Frank twice squirted a concentrated load of semen into Rose's orgasming vagina. They stayed in bed until evening, caressing each other. Frank said her breasts had become very nice and her figure very womanly. After an hour of mental absence, the mother took off her festive robe and lay naked with them. All three stroked and caressed each other to get rid of the sadness. Rose held the mother lovingly and caressed her face and later her emaciated breasts while Frank kissingly fucked the mother. The mother smiled as her orgasm came. Frank had not yet cum and immediately pounced on Rose, who got the full load of semen. All three caressed and stroked each other until Rose had to leave.

Weeks later, her mother wrote to tell her she was pregnant and very happy. Then she heard nothing for months until Frank showed up at the Conollys' completely distraught. Rose pulled him into the kitchen, where he described his unhappiness. The mother had given birth prematurely and the child, his son, had died after a few hours. He howled in pain and Rose held her weeping brother

in her arms and let him cry. There was no funeral, although the child had received the emergency baptism, the hospital took care of the little corpse. Frank had never seen the child and was still heartbroken. Rose listened to him and comforted him until he was halfway calmed. She promised to visit him soon and kept her promise. About two or three times each year she went to see her mother and Frank. She loved that Frank fucked her delicately and gently. Her mother preferred to be fucked hard and firm. Her mother enjoyed sneaking a finger on Rose's clit while she was getting fucked. She induced several orgasms in Rose before Frank came to squirt. Rose was a little unsure as she touched her finger to her fucking mother's clit, she had never touched it before. The clit was stiff with excitement and stood out boldly. It felt fine to touch. So Rose was able to trigger some orgasms with her as well and kept rubbing, from climax to climax. This became a permanent part of the ritual from then on. Rose also liked to masturbate her when Frank needed a break. Rose watched very curiously when her mother took Frank's cock all the way into her mouth, sucking on it with passion and rubbing it with her hand at the same time. Frank was quick to get hard this way. Sometimes she did it too passionately, then he squirted all the way down her throat and she swallowed the cum with a full smile. Rose never took Frank's cock entirely in her mouth, with pursed lips she let the glans penetrate and licked it with her tongue. She spit out his semen as he fucked tightly between her lips and squirted into her mouth. He held her head tightly and fucked faster and faster, penetrating deeper into her mouth even though she countered with her tongue. So he squirted deeper and deeper into her mouth and throat each time. She spit out some, but the rest she had to swallow. He wanted it again and again and Rose gave in, letting the wayward squirt deep into her throat and swallowing most of it. He would not allow anything else. The three of them spent the whole afternoon in bed every time, until Rose had to leave.

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Sir Peter

by Jack Faber © 2022

Jack had passed the second semester with Excellent, the examiner grumpily said after the exam he just needed to work on his Scottish accent. Jack smiled, but after a brief damage assessment, he said it had to be a German accent. The examiner smiled and put his hand kindly on his shoulder, well, at least not a Scotsman, he didn't like them at all. Robert Bruce, their superstar, he chewed contemptuously between his teeth and left. Jack looked up Robert Bruce, King of Scots, 1306 etc. in the dictionary at home. Jack chuckled, such a silly drip, still grumbling about lost battles after 650 years! There were more important things to do, he was going back with Jane by train to Germany, Austria and through Switzerland, 3 or 4 weeks. They would also visit Veronika, who was very happy about it.

Jack put his hand on her back and told Jane he now knew Robert's family name. Robert the Bruce. He explained the background to her and they laughed at the cranky professor.

A week later they were on the road, visiting the sights. One evening they arrived at Veronika's house, who welcomed them with a warm dinner despite the late hour. Jane didn't understand German, but Veronika made an effort with English, she understood everything and could also ask questions carefully. They soon went to bed. Through the half-open door, Jane and he could hear Veronika's loud and energetic masturbation, as if they were with her. Although they were dog-tired, Jane pulled him on top of her and they fucked, quietly and listening for Veronika's noises. Jane orgasmed quite hard and it took him a little longer to squirt. When they were lying next to each other again, Jane whispered in his ear that it was so exciting to listen to Veronika masturbate. Veronika masturbated from orgasm to orgasm with loud gasps and moans. They only fell asleep when Veronika had masturbated enough and it became quiet.

When Jane got up in the morning, Veronika and Jack were already preparing breakfast. They were both split naked. Jane dropped her robe right back on the bed and joined them both

naked as well. It was apparently the right thing to do and they chatted about this and that over breakfast. When they washed the dishes afterwards, Jane saw Veronika looking covetously at Jack's semi-stiff cock. She surreptitiously reached out and rubbed the glans with her thumb, Jane could see it quite clearly. She looked pleadingly into Jane's eyes and held the cock, which was beginning to stiffen. Her thumb stroked the glans. Jane hugged Veronika, who winced at the touch of their bare skin. Their naked breasts, their naked bodies touched each other for a long time. Jane put a hand on Veronika's hand, clutching his cock. For only a split second, Jane considered leaving them alone and taking a walk. But she immediately decided otherwise. She looked deeply and understandingly into Veronika's eyes and asked redundantly, "Do you like? Do you want to?" And without waiting for Veronika's answer, she pulled both of them by the hand into Veronika's room, where the bigger bed was. Without words she pushed Jack next to Veronika on the bed. They waited silently for a few seconds, but Veronika couldn't wait any longer and pulled Jack between her legs. Jane gave Veronika long French kisses and excited her nipples while Jack fucked Veronika. They got out of bed for three days and three nights only to dine at the Goldener Hirsch. Veronika introduced everyone to her son and his sister from England. The landlady cooked them the very finest steaks, which she picked up from the butcher next door. She was the only one in the inn who needed only seconds to realize that all three of them were fucking each other. She didn't think for a second about incest, she didn't give a damn. She would ask Veronika later once properly, how it all went.

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Jack really had to sweat, fucking two greedy women was very exhausting. He needed breaks, please, another break. The women masturbated each other when they were horny. Jane had quite soon taken the initiative and was licking Veronika's clit. Jack soon found that the timing was right for him to fuck each licker from behind in the doggie position. This seemed to be quite good for all three of them.

Veronika asked Jane if she really orgasmed while fucking and Jane replied with a smile, always with Jack. Veronika said she had never had an orgasm while fucking, but sometimes she was so

aroused from fucking that she had to masturbate immediately, then it took only a moment to orgasm. She only needed to stroke her clit three or four times and the orgasm was immediate.

And she had only been licked by three women so far, an incompetent waitress, in a photo studio and by the landlady of the Goldener Hirsch, she could do it best. Jane replied that she had seen the photos, of course, and no, she had never been intimate with a woman before. Both saw that Jack's cock was ready again and grinned at each other to see who would get it first. They fucked for three days and three nights, as often as he could. When he took a longer break, they licked each other, because they both loved that very much. Veronika would sometimes get out her nude pictures and tell Jane in halting English how the picture was taken and all the trimmings. Jane laughed heartily, because Veronika's narration was horny and dirty. Sometimes Veronika's narration would falter if she was unfamiliar with a piggy term and then she had to paraphrase Jane with her hands and feet what the piggy meant. This was incredibly funny and comical. They continued on the fourth day.

After a total of four weeks they arrived back in London, their own home was much nicer than any hotel room. Jane immediately noticed that someone had been rummaging in her secret compartment. She immediately took Rose into prayer and she immediately admitted to having looked at Veronika's pictures and also all of Jane's nude pictures. The simple servant said that she had found the pictures beautiful and horny. She had also read Lady Naomi's diary. She had almost completely written off the chapter the lady had written about her. Jane scolded her properly for digging into her secrets, but she gave her the notebook back so she could finish copying it. That would be all right. She felt sympathy for Rose, whose good-for-nothing husband had simply run off and never reappeared. Rose suspected he had met a rich widow and was sunning Spain, that was his dream. That he might have fallen on the way home from the pub, choked on his own vomit and ended up in pathology as a John Doe, never occurred to her; the Spain-version was more romantic. She had moved into the tiny servant's quarters behind the kitchen after she quit the apartment and was available to her mistress and master full time.

They still had all summer and fall to lounge around and went to the clubs and bars almost every night, life could be so easy. Jack got mail every other week with letters from Veronika, once she also sent a packet of coffee. It contained the last 180 nude pictures that the photographer had sent along with the fee of 11,500 Marks. The pictures were mostly of the make-up artist and the young assistant. Jane liked the really good and horny shots of the lesbian makeup artist. Jack noticed one close-up in particular, the apprentice spreading the makeup artist's vagina with one hand and squirting into it in a rich stream. The photographer had masterfully captured the dilated hole, the full-length tunnel-shaped vagina, and the jet of semen shooting out from the glans; Jane didn't like it much. Somehow, she said, photographing inside the vagina seemed indecent to her. Veronika wrote that the photographer had apparently made a mistake and included a good 50 pictures of perfect strangers. Jane looked through all the shots with Jack, they were really masterfully done shots that captured the most beautiful moments of these women. They were all a feast for the eyes, the women pictured sensual, erotic and in full swing. They were all different beauties whose different private parts the photographer had captured masterfully. He apparently had a preference for women with easily recognizable and prominent clits and the moment of their orgasm, which they triggered with their finger on the knob of the clit. The images were so perfect that you could almost hear the women's released sighs. Jane found these images very arousing. Jane and he looked at the pictures again and again, they were a source of pleasure.

Veronika had agreed to the photographer to participate in porn films. She wanted to be involved in the sales again and get two copies of all the raw footage, uncut and uncensored. Two things were important to her: no ass fucking and no shots on the days when she was ready to conceive. The deal was perfect, she would drive into town for two days every other week and stay overnight at the studio, although there was little time to sleep. On those two days, all she had to do was get fucked or be filmed masturbating. Usually three cameras were filming at the same time, the photographer giving instructions on what she or her men had to do. She quickly got used to it, although these shouts from the director disrupted the natural flow. Every day she was fucked by six to eight well-built men and made herself orgasm after fucking with a few strokes on her clit. After the men, she masturbated two or three

times in front of the cameras. In the evening the whole film crew went to the restaurant and then usually two or three of the crew came with her to the studio to fuck her without cameras before she could sleep. She loved filming, getting fucked and teasingly masturbating in front of the camera. She was usually pretty exhausted by the time she was on the bus home. When she got the film copies, she sent them to Jack. He had bought an 8mm-projector and watched the films with Jane. He could not get enough of them, Jane had usually seen enough after watching once and retreated to her study to study scientific papers.

Jack sometimes let the film run frame by frame and enjoyed every moment of Veronika's screwing. He could see quite clearly that Veronika was only masturbating restrainedly in front of the camera, not giving it her all, as when she did it in front of him. This filled him with a strange satisfaction, she kept that to herself and to him. Her arousal at being fucked was real and needed no acting talent. Equally real and authentic were the three or four strokes of the finger across the clit to trigger the orgasm after each fuck. Most of the men squirted deep in her vagina, but a few pulled out their dicks and squirted in plain view on her body. Veronika wrote that fucking with the camera men in the evening were the most intense, much more real and passionate than fucking with the paid muscle men. More and more often Veronika did lesbian scenes, the girls were often barely 16 or 17 years old, amped up and very sex-hungry. She found it disgusting to see shots of bloody young girls who were apparently made submissive and horny with some pills before they were brutally deflowered in front of the camera. She also sent these recordings to Jack, who also did not find it horny, but still looked at them.

Every two weeks came a package with coffee, the latest films and the long letter in Veronika's most beautiful school writing. The study continued, Jack often put Veronika's films unseen in the lockable closet. What would Rose have said to the titles, too: 'The Fucking Wonder of Berlin' or 'The Whore of the Reeperbahn'. He studied hard and crammed to become best in the college. Jane worked harder than ever for her editorship and her pay expressed more and more how much her contributions were appreciated. It was Jane who planned their evenings at the clubs when they both took a break from studying. This is how Jack's first meeting with Sir Peter came about. Jane informed Jack shortly before the en-

counter. Our father's and my mother's best friend, I called him then to get you into the Royal Academy. Then they strode to the little table where Sir Peter was sitting.

"Sir Peter," Jane said, "this is my brother Jack, Jacob. We spoke on the phone," Jane reminded, and continued. "Jack, this is Sir Peter, Lord Mossley and Earl of Pembroke, he has known me since I was born and has always been a good friend to my parents." Jane smiled, "he pretends not to know anything more about it, but he had had influence at the Academy." Jack immediately grabbed Sir Peter's hand and thanked him warmly. After they were seated, Sir Peter insisted on being addressed only as Peter. He was a slender, athletic-looking man, his sharp tanned face with bright gray eyes appearing energetic. He had a neat white lion's mane that made him appear extraordinary. On second glance, Jack estimated that Sir Peter might be around seventy. The familiarity between Jane and Peter was obvious. "Forget the aristocratic nonsense, I'm a hard-working clerk to Her Majesty the Queen." He laughed sympathetically as he looked at Jack and added that he worked for the secret service MI6 and had a high position, but it was so secret that he didn't know for sure himself. Jack was astonished and looked at Jane, who said to Peter, she shouldn't have told Jack this secret, Uncle Peter! He smiled adorably. How I missed being called Uncle Peter, Princess! he said, sending her a little kiss through the air.

They chatted about the court ruling that cleared Naomi's mother of any theft, Jane's work for BBC, her first trip to Europe, and Veronika, Jack's adoptive mother. What she was doing, Peter wanted to know and Jack didn't think long, "she was a convent woman before my adoption and now she works in porn movies, as the main attraction." Peter's smile was wide and engaging, "if I had known how honest you answer, I wouldn't have had to use three men to do the research." He grinned even wider, "I always try to be well prepared. Main attraction, but the word was not in the report. A strong word," said Peter, "how is it for you?" asked Peter. Jack immediately replied that it was okay for him, his adoptive mother had found a job that matched her strong sexuality. She was doing it voluntarily and with real commitment, and she wasn't doing anything she didn't want to do herself. Jack looked Peter firmly in the eye. "I love her with all my heart, as a son should love his mother." Peter returned his gaze just as firmly and said, wel-

come to our family, Jack, son of Nicholas! Jane ended the solemn silence and continued her narrative about the European trip.

On arriving home, Jack asked if she could explain to him fully the phenomenon of Sir Peter, Lord of bla bla. Jane poured herself white wine and Jack a port. She lit a cigarette and began. Peter was his father's closest friend and a work colleague. She knew nothing about his work with MI6. She knew him as Uncle Peter from a young age and he was like a real uncle, children's birthday parties, zoo visits, escorting her to her first dance, birthday presents, etcetera. Jack gave her time, waited patiently until she was visibly emotional to continue. When Mr. Brown stayed away, he came once a week to fuck Naomi. I know it, I watched them secretly every time. Every time, without exception. It did Naomi a lot of good, she experienced respect, physical highs and loving friendship with him. She was an all-around happy woman for the rest of her life, experiencing sexual fulfillment with him. He enjoyed watching her masturbate, unlike Mr. Brown, because she masturbated completely differently than other women. He visited her until the end, even though they were no longer fucking. In her last weeks, he sat by her bedside daily and secretly brought her enough morphine to endure the pain of abdominal cancer. I know, because it was I who gave her the shots. Jane fell silent. For minutes it was silent, very silent.

In her last year, Naomi was no longer capable of screwing. Uncle Peter still came every week and chatted with her. "Then he came up to fuck me." Jane looked at Jack out of the corner of her eye, but he listened intently with folded hands. Yes, we had a relationship for a year and a half, Jane said with downcast eyes. "Are you judging me?" Jane asked, and he shook his head in denial. Naomi slipped up behind him and hid in the bathroom. I told him, he walked into the bathroom split naked and took her by the hand. He put a chair very close to the bed, made her sit down and kissed her deeply. Then we fucked in Naomi's presence, and Naomi came along every time we fucked. Uncle Peter was the first and only man who didn't give a damn about Robert. Peter was obviously spurred on by my youthful body and made wonderful sex with me, although it was often difficult for him due to his age and I also often had to help him. Sometimes with the hand, mostly with a lot of exciting masturbation. Sometimes also with mouth, lips and tongue, and sometimes he lost his temper and squirted in my

mouth. I swallowed the semen and made him stiff again when he wanted it. He was the first man I let watch me masturbate. Jane paused for a long time and hung on to her memories. Naomi was too sick to come up later. We also fucked on the day she died, before that we both sat by her bedside and held her hand until she was dead. It was the only time I saw tears in Peter's eyes, Jane said softly. After that we fucked soulfully and he talked about Naomi crying for a long time. Peter was deeply sad and opened one of his secret caskets.

This is how I learned that Peter and my father both fucked Naomi for four years before I was born, and that Naomi cried the first time because she detested being fucked at the time. She only endured it because Nick was her first and she loved him idolatrously. Nick had conquered her and after only a few days invited Peter to fuck Naomi for two. Naomi didn't want it, but she gave in to Nick. Over four years this threesome relationship lasted, and Naomi wavered in the first year whether she wanted to marry Nick or Peter. Peter soon refused, for those who worked for the service were better off without a family. The first day, only Nick fucked Naomi and Peter just watched them. When Nick had cum, Peter bent over her and she started to cry, maybe she didn't want to be fucked twice. Peter stared into her hole dilated from fucking and squirted into her hole while masturbating without touching her. The two men were young and fully juiced, fucking Naomi daily. They hoped that Naomi would learn to love being fucked if only she was fucked often enough. Somehow it turned out that way.

Peter had never intentionally squirted into Naomi's hole in the beginning, because the kid had to be Nick's, it was a foregone conclusion. Nick never pulled his cock out and squirted his seed as deep into Naomi's vagina as he could. Peter only squirted on the outside of her hole the first few weeks when he was done fucking. But almost always Naomi's hole was still wide open from fucking, because she never closed her legs after fucking, vigorously grabbed her clit and offered her hole to squirt in, grinning obscenely and frivolously. Peter just squirted his seed in because he either pulled his cock out late at the last moment or it squirted before he pulled out. When they were drunk, — as they so often were, — Peter, like Nick, would not pull his cock out, squirting gleefully into Naomi's hole, and Nick would smack his ass amicably, "let it go, old champ, just let it go!" Peter was always fascinated after fucking her big

open hole when he stood up and squirted in. Naomi would stare unblinkingly first at his face and then at her hole as he squirted inside. She had to watch compulsively as he squirted inside, although at the same time she claimed it was disgusting. Peter was also fascinated by her stiff clit, half the size of a pinky finger when aroused, which she vigorously grabbed with two fingers after fucking and slowly rubbed up and down until it softened again. She rubbed slowly but vigorously up and down for a very long time until the clit sort of exploded and her legs began to tremble. Lightning bolts went through her abdomen, just like when she was at boarding school. She sighed deeply and continued to rub the clit very gently until it softened and her body calmed down. That, she thought, was the only nice thing about getting fucked, she once said to Peter. Getting fucked itself she didn't find beautiful, she whispered, but it excited her sexually very much and when then her clit exploded and the flashes made her legs twitch, she found that very beautiful. That's why she allowed them fucking so often, that's why she made sure they fucked as often as they could every day. Peter stayed perched on his heels watching her as she slowly exploded her clit and closed her eyes smiling pleasantly to feel the beautiful flashes in her abdomen. He was sure then that Naomi had orgasms while rubbing the clit, maybe just tiny ones, although Naomi denied it every time. She didn't know what an orgasm was and how women masturbated, she had told him several times. Naomi moaned and gasped with effort while being fucked, but never got real orgasms, although the two friends often took rapid turns. After each fucking, she would vigorously touch her stiff, aroused clit until there were the little flashes and soothe it with gently stroking fingers.

Peter assured Jane that Nick was most definitely her father, because during the time in question he was abroad for four months. During the pregnancy, they fucked Naomi a thousand times, usually starting in the afternoon and fucking late into the night. He no longer had to worry about squirting and fucked Naomi the same way Nick did, with vigorous thrusting and squirting in the finale. Naomi still didn't enjoy sex, but she had gotten used to it, went along willingly and never refused. Peter was sure that Naomi was almost always so aroused during the pregnancy that she was just a millimeter away from really orgasming. Peter had always regretted in retrospect 'fucking Naomi healthy' despite her disgust, the two friends did Naomi no good by doing so. When Nick was detached

to Germany after their bad row, Peter continued to fuck Naomi, sometimes daily, until he too was detached to prepare for war. Then came Mr. Brown. Jane was silent, Jack cleared his throat and said, all in all, Naomi did experience a fulfilling sexuality after all, was loved by many and fucked well by some. She discovered masturbating and orgasming late, but still for herself. I don't think she was unhappy, Jack said. Jane nodded silently in agreement.

Jack asked her if she wanted to keep fucking Sir Peter — and he asked the question with a friendly undertone. He said he didn't mind, and that it was her choice, after all. Jane frowned at first, but immediately relaxed. No, she replied, I already told him that. If it was because of his age, he asked uncertainly, and I only answered, No, absolutely not, I just don't want it anymore. He accepted it. He was always an impeccable gentleman. Jane looked him straight in the eye. The last time we fucked was a few days before you arrived. I haven't fucked anyone since, and I plan to continue not to, as long as it's right. I love you, I love only you! I fuck only with you!

Jack looked at her fondly, yet seriously. They had slipped into a debate he would have liked to avoid. I cheated on you with Veronica without hesitation, and I'm sorry and at the same time I'm not, he said, and Jane wiped her hand through the air, that's not infidelity. I love you with all my heart, with every fiber of my heart, Jack said, I would so like to swear to you that I will always be faithful. But I have a defect in my character, I know that, so I do not swear. If Veronika, or God forbid Rose, were lying there naked and willing, I would fuck them both without hesitation, for sure! Jane frowned, Rose, no, that would be staff! But he added stubbornly, leave out our Rose, take Suzy, Marie or Jacqueline, it doesn't matter! I'm probably very messed up and incapable of physical fidelity!

They debated for a very long time. Jane was at an advantage; she had done a piece on fidelity only a year ago and read the 18 pages to him. Fidelity was a woman's issue, especially among young women. As women got older, being faithful diminished; they were much less likely to let anyone screw them. Men, unlike women, were incapable of fidelity, especially when they were young. They fired at everything that came before their shotgun. Even in old age they cheated until old joints, excess weight and

lack of fitness crippled them too. Jack looked very unhappy; Jane's work had been spot-on with his suffering. Jane felt her way very much to the core. "The only thing that mattered was if you chose one person or if you fell away-every time, then you had lost the partnership." Jack said he loved her with all his heart, with every fiber of his heart. He would swear allegiance to her, but he knew he could not get past a willing cunt. Jane embraced him warmly and said she loved him and didn't want to sleep with anyone else. It was easier for her, too, she said, because women by nature felt that way. She would leave him if he whored around or lost sight of her love. But she also knew that no man could resist temptation, so that in itself would not be a reason for her to give up and end the relationship. If it should happen, then he should not fall in love, she did not care about the purely physical. She had proven it when they were with Veronika, hadn't she? As they continued to talk about their horny time at Veronika's, they both felt their desire rise and put a movie of Veronika fucking into the projector. Jack came close to confessing to Jane that he often snuck down to the dark kitchen at night to watch Rose masturbate. She would leave her bedroom door open at night and masturbate unabashedly and loudly. But he said nothing; it would reflect badly on him.

It happened just a few weeks later. Jane had kissed him while he was half asleep and had gone to the BBC. He dreamed woozily and wildly, woke up with a mighty morning wood, and he masturbated without being able to squirt. He got up and went to breakfast in his robe as usual. Rose stared dumbfounded at his morning wood and stopped, she dusted thoughtlessly on the same spot and inconspicuously looked at his hard-on, which he tried in vain to cover. He looked at Rose and shreds of the memory of Naomi's diary concerning Rose wafted through his hormone-ridden brain. He decided, still rather vaguely, to fuck Rose at some point. He went to his room, he tried again, and he just couldn't squirt. He opened his books, but stared blindly at the lines with horniness, unable to retain a single word. He called Jane from her study, but she was terribly busy and probably wouldn't be home until late at night. She soon ended the call. He wondered why he couldn't explain his distress to her, why she didn't sense that he needed her badly now. He went back to his room and called Rose up.

Rose stood in front of him ready for service, and the fact that he was wearing only boxer shorts and a T-shirt was not unusual. Of course she noticed the erection under the boxer shorts, but she overlooked that as a good maid. She waited. He gave a jerk and said, get undressed! Rose froze, sure she had misheard. He grabbed her bottom, unbuttoned some buttons of her dress and said quite forcefully, undress, completely naked! Rose hesitated for a moment, then quickly undressed, dress, bra and panties. She stood embarrassed in front of him, thinking that he somehow needed her naked body for his studies, after all the books were unfolded on the table and not supplied in the tray as usual.

He ordered her, lie down on the bed! and quickly undressed himself. His erection stood out bolt upright. She was abruptly aware of what would follow and lay down on the bed, tightening her knees and unfolding her legs.

Ready to fuck! she thought dumbly and smiled.

Jack now knelt down opposite her, squatting on his heels. She must have been 40 by now, had a womanly body, flat sagging breasts, and a very small blond bush above the pubic cleft, crisscrossed with white threads. He spread her sex with his fingers and looked at it very closely. She had a surprisingly large hole, framed by torn-looking small labia. The outer labia were flat and hairless. The clit was not immediately visible; it was unusually small and well hidden. He could finally feel it and stared into her big hole for a long time. Rose's sex was not at all aroused yet. He felt the throbbing in his cock. He wanted to make sure she agreed and asked softly if she wanted it. She nodded and immediately replied, Yes Master, she always liked to be fucked, she liked getting fucked a lot! And of course she would love to be fucked by Master Jack now, she let Master know and looked at him expectantly.

He dropped forward from his crouch and quickly penetrated the hole. Rose drew in her breath very quickly and deeply as she always did when a cock entered her vagina rapidly. They didn't kiss, they didn't hug and Rose only clutched his forearms. He had to fuck for a very long time and it took him a long time to finally squirt. Rose was having orgasms at irregular intervals, pressing her face against his chest and her hole was clamming greedily and pulsating. After squirting, he left his stiff cock in her hole and con-

tinued slowly. They fucked for over three hours without any major breaks and Rose had several violent orgasms. He was squirting more and more easily now, the knot in his head gradually loosening. In the end he kept fucking even though he had no more semen to squirt. This erection lasted for a very long time. Eventually he stopped, his cock had gone completely limp and he sat back on his heels. Her hole had gotten even bigger from fucking, he could see all the way in. She was still heavily aroused from the last time, he could see that clearly. He said in a rough voice that she should do it herself, he liked to watch. She nodded like a good schoolgirl and whispered, Yes Master! She spread her legs very wide apart and put her middle finger on her invisible clit. She masturbated very differently than Veronika and Jane. She stretched all the fingers of her hand and vibrated them left and right like a fan, faster and faster. When she orgasmed, she pressed some fingers into her hole and made violent humping movements. Then she closed her legs and and pressed her fingers on her clit. He looked into her eyes and asked, Once more? She nodded shyly without hesitation and masturbated again with her eyes closed, just like before. Before the orgasm her legs trembled uncontrollably, she fanned the orgasm again and again with her fanning fingers, a dozen times. At the end her legs were twitching and she made no banging movements in her hole, but stroked her clit slower and slower. She opened her eyes and he asked, One more? but she shook her head in denial and said, No Master, it was enough. They got up and went their separate ways. Dinner at 6pm, he called after her, then rushed to his books with a clear head.

When Rose after his lonely dinner had carried out the dishes and wanted to wash up, he stuck his head into the kitchen, Come upstairs! he ordered. When she came, he was lying naked on his bed with a semi-stiffy. She undressed without a word and lay down next to him on his narrow bachelor bed. Do you want me to stiffen it, Master Jack? and he nodded mutely. He didn't know how she was going to do it. He was all the more astonished when she took his semi-hard-on all the way into her mouth, her hands on his butt cheeks rhythmically urging him to fuck. He fucked obediently in her mouth, that was new and insanely fine! In the middle of it she stopped, if he would rather fuck or cum in her mouth now, Master Jack? He nodded, which she took as squirting in her mouth. He continued to fuck in her mouth and her tongue excited him immensely. She held his butt cheeks with both hands, rhythmically

pushing his cock into her mouth. When he came to squirt, she plunged his cock deep into her throat. He squirted slowly and she swallowed his semen with a smile. She kept his cock in her mouth and in between said she was going to make him hard now, Master! She let him fuck her mouth again and when he had gotten hard, they switched places. She had laid down again with her knees up and her legs apart ready to fuck. He fucked her and squirted very little the second time, his semen exhausted. He asked her to masturbate and she masturbated obediently as if at noon, with often repeated short climaxes before the final orgasm and trembling legs. She never again put her fingers in her hole to make fuck movements. The way she was doing it now, that was her thing. When she got dressed again, he wanted to know from her how often she did it to herself. She was a bit puzzled, but then she said every day to fall asleep, usually two times in a row with a long pause where she continued the horny fantasies. Is that okay, she asked uncertainly and he nodded, but she could do it more often like all women. Rose nodded, Yes Master! He asked her not to say anything to Lady Janet, he would like to do that himself. She made another completely unnecessary court curtsy, Good night, Master Jack! and went downstairs.

After breakfast he went into Jane's study, we need to talk, then he improved, I need to talk! Jane pushed her paperwork aside and clasped her hands. He stammered stupidly and couldn't get a clear sentence out. Jane frowned, this was serious. Finally Jack got a grip, told her everything, left nothing out and didn't sugarcoat anything. Emergency, can not squirt, fuck Rose twice and once in the mouth, in the evening again. Jack paused breathlessly, Jane was silent for a long time. She understood somehow, the emergency must have been very great. Whether he still loved her, where she had not come at the right time and left him alone in his distress? Jack didn't respond, Jane wasn't the problem, he was. He silently hugged her, stroked her face, and mumbled that he was sorry. Jane punched him in the chest several times as she pulled free. Rose, she said disapprovingly, why Rose! They talked for a long time about how unwise it was to fuck with the staff, but that was the way it was now. He kept reassuring her how much he loved her and that with Rose it was just something purely physical. Jane shrugged, saying it didn't bother her at all, when all he loved was her.

So it happened that Jack fucked Rose when Jane worked long hours. Whether Jane noticed it, he never knew, he kept quiet about it anyway. Only once she said to him at breakfast that she had to work late again, but she knew he was in good hands. She smiled knowingly and brought the teacup to her mouth with an insidious smile.

Rose always wanted to when he asked her after breakfast. Jane didn't like fucking in the morning, not even on Sunday. But he always loved to cum in the morning, after that he felt really fit. Rose gave herself to him willingly, whenever he wanted, every day. Whenever Jane went out of the house, he would call Rose after breakfast. Soon they were very familiar with each other and she always dutifully said Yes, Master Jack! when he asked her to masturbate after fucking. He would lie face down in front of her sex, watching her twitching hole as he masturbated, and search for her clit. It was light pink and tiny, shaped like a pyramid and turned dark red before orgasm. Her fingers fanned very delicately left and right on the stiff clit and so she prolonged her orgasm stroking until she stopped. He sometimes pushed the surrounding flesh down to make her clit come out further.

When Rose spent her day off with her mother, Jack would ask her embarrassing questions. Her mother was high in her sixties, rarely fucked Frank when she was there, and Rose had to lick her. Lick, lick, lick! Her mother took a very long time to orgasm and wanted to be licked on afterwards. Rose crouched in front of her, face buried in her sex, tongue working the clit delicately but vigorously. Frank fucked her in this crouching position, squirting as often as he could. Actually, she always told Jack the same thing, there was hardly any variety or anything new. Rose asked if she could ask him something private.

She said he was studying medicine and might know some advice. Her menstruation was sometimes irregular, and when it came back, there were sometimes little lumps in the toilet-bowl. It had looked like a small lizard when she looked at it up close, she said. Jack thought in a flash, then picked up the gynecology textbook. He searched and showed her the picture. She nodded excitedly, only it had been much smaller, Master Jack. He put the picture of a fetus aside and pondered. How many times had it happened, she answered, about a dozen times, or more. Jack re-

mained silent, unable to think of a way to avoid the truth. Rose's lower lip trembled as she looked at him. He gave himself a jolt.

She had been pregnant, but the fetuses, which were the bloody clots, had come off. This is very common, about 30% of all the fetuses came off. He held Rose's hand and explained everything to her in simple words. Rose listened to him attentively. On the one hand it is sad, but you probably won't have children, Jack said. That's good, because you can't raise a child as a housekeeper, and you haven't learned anything else. They were silent for a long time. Then Rose said, "Don't make her a child, don't make her a child!" Then they were silent, both knowing what she meant. She asked if there was anything she should do. Jack shook his head in the negative. It will happen again and again, you don't have to think about it much. If Frank squirts in again, it will happen again and again, but there's something good about that. It is without consequences for you. He left aside the fact that it also applied to him in exactly the same way; after all, he squirted into Rose just as thoughtlessly as her brother.

After this conversation, everything went on as before. Jack enjoyed fucking Rose after breakfast, because he felt fit to study afterwards. Knowing that Rose could not keep children freed him immediately and Rose gradually too. The morning fucking proceeded without ups and downs. Rose instinctively knew that Master Jack loved Milady and that he just needed physical relaxation. She behaved accordingly and tried to do everything right, willing and physically passionate. She didn't want to jeopardize the beautiful getting fucked. Rose made herself available for fucking with a breathtaking naturalness, neither making demands nor forgetting the respectful distance to Master Jack. She had immediately accepted Master Jack putting his head in front of her sex and using his fingers to fully expose her clit as she masturbated. He no longer had to prompt her, for she did it automatically to please him as well.

Jane, of course, instinctively knew that Jack was fucking Rose when she was at BBC full time or out of the house during the day. She didn't really mind anymore, on the contrary, Jack was much more relaxed than before. In the evenings she came home exhausted and she was quite happy not to have to force herself to have sex. She loved to calmly come down from her stressful state,

comfortably smoke her cigarettes in the salon, drink her wine and chat with Jack. She felt his warming love and breathed it in comfortably. How indifferent was the question of whether Jack had screwed Rose only once or a dozen times that day. He had told her everything in detail the first time, the squirting in Rose's mouth he had to tell three times, and she laughed gleefully. When he asked once later if she wanted to hear everything in detail, she waved it off, saying she didn't want to hear any details about his fucking Rose. That put the subject to rest. She drank her wine, sucked on her cigarette and felt his love in every sentence when he talked about his studies or asked her about her work, listening attentively. The little bit of fucking with Rose, it didn't bother her at all.

Jane called over from her study, telephone for you!, and when he came she covered the shell with her hand and said it was Sir Peter. Jack answered in amazement and immediately asked how he was, for a few minutes they exchanged trivia. Sir Peter asked if he wanted to come to the Men's Club for lunch. Jack glanced at his watch and immediately agreed, saying he would be there promptly at 12. He told Jane that Sir Peter wanted to have lunch with him, at the Men's Club. He had forgotten with excitement to ask if Jane should come too, but Jane smiled her sphinx-smile. Peter had said so, she thought, and the gentlemen's club requires a penis! She reached down onto his shorts and, grinning, kneaded his cock. He tore himself away though, there was no time for sex now, he had to hurry. Jane tied his tie and said with a smile, you will be the first surgeon in the world who can't tie his own tie. She called a cab, the bus would take too long.

Jack was over-punctual and waited, going to the receptionist only three minutes before twelve, where he was told that Sir Peter was already expecting him. The receptionist did not enter his name until he went to Sir Peter's table. Peter rose to shake hands and they sat down. Peter chatted away and then put his fat cigar out in the ashtray in disgust. Even if it was a famous Cuban, it just didn't taste good to him. The steaks were quickly served and they ate the delicious meal. Jack reported on his exam results and his progress, but paused and smiled at Sir Peter, but you already know that anyway, you are always well prepared! Peter smiled very kindly and nodded, it was second nature to him, sometimes that was just necessary, sometimes just good to know, even when meeting friends.

He didn't say a word about the Secret Service, he just mentioned with a smile that there would be a lot written in the newspapers in the coming months. He had been the first to dare to hire Negroes for the service, now, totally unthinkable in 1963. More precisely, three Negroes at once. Yet they were among the best five he enlisted. They were better than the two whites, they were three outstanding talents, diamonds! He resisted the idiocy that only whites were suitable and that Negroes were stupid and unintelligent. He said he couldn't care less if one was black or green or pink-dotted, all that mattered was character and talent, etcetera. Jack said during the following break that he had never seen a Negro live and had no opinion about it. He thought for a moment, green or pink-dotted ones would definitely be medically interesting. They both laughed, and Peter looked at him seriously. Maybe one day, sometime in the future, I'll ask you if you want to work for me, he said stretching, maybe you'll think about it. And let's be clear, this has nothing to do with the fact that I helped you at the Academy! I did that only and exclusively for Jane, to tell you the truth. Jack sensed Peter looking at him inquiringly, wondering how much he knew. He got stuck on the word intelligence, his stomach churning. Could he get a port, he asked, and Peter hunched his shoulders theatrically, Do I look like a waiter? Jack laughed sheepishly and waved at the waiter. The port brought calm to his bowels after moments.

Peter asked him directly how he stood by Janet. Jack said he loved Jane with all his heart and did everything he could to keep their life together beautiful, harmonious and without ridiculous quarrels. Neither he nor Peter mentioned the words sister and incest when he said again how much he loved Jane, loved her like none before. Peter was also completely serious and said he loved her like a daughter, she was his princess and even more than a princess. If I find out that you are intentionally harming her, I will wring your neck with my own hands! Jack felt a chill in his chest, because Peter's smile was serious, deadly serious. He returned Peter's look with the same seriousness and promised to do everything for Jane's happiness, and if it cost him his life. He put on a little smile, because if I don't, you'll wring my neck, and that will cost me my life, too. He theatrically drew a headline in the air: The Times reports exclusively: "Intelligence Chief Strangles Medical Student, Single-Handedly!" Peter laughed uproariously, wiping tears of laughter from his eyes.

Peter turned serious. Jane told me how interested you are in learning more about your father, about Nick, about Nicholas. I'm afraid I can't talk about his work or ours, or I'd have to shoot you right on it, and I don't have a revolver with me, he smirked. So, unfortunately, no, I cannot and must not give you any information. But if you and possibly Jane could happen to be at this address next Wednesday at 4:45pm sharp, it would be good. He pulled a small card out of his pocket and slipped it to Jack. So, Wednesday, 4:45pm!

Abruptly Peter changed the subject, mundane and small talk about Princess Margret's recent escapades. After a few minutes, Sir Peter finished his drink, crushed the x-th cigarette in the ashtray and stood up. Nice to have seen you in private, see you soon. He shook Jack's hand and led the way, Jack following. He was a little surprised that they didn't pay for the food or drinks. He later learned that this was done discreetly at the gentlemen's club, they were not an ordinary inn.

Jack told Jane about the conversation with Peter, repeating the important passages word for word and discussing everything with Jane. She grinned from ear to ear. My dear old lover wants to know if we're going to fuck. I'll tell him myself next time, with so many piggish details that saliva will run out of the corners of his mouth! She laughed out loud and said, men, oh you men! Jack was very uncomfortable with this and said so. She reassured him, of course Peter knows subconsciously, but he doesn't want to talk about incest, I realize. Maybe I should keep him in the dark, I need to think about it. He said it was probably better not to have an incest debate with Peter. He was, after all, an officer of the kingdom and would not be able to swallow it light-footed. Jane laughed at the strange word light-footed.

On the subject of joining the Secret Service, Jane remained vague. It's your decision, she said, on the one hand you would be following in our father's footsteps, on the other hand you would have enough to do for two as a doctor. The only thing I would advise you to do is to finish your studies and don't stop! She hugged him. It has always been your dream and you should not deviate from it my dearest! If you don't enjoy playing doctor, you can always become a truck driver, a gardener or a secret service agent. Jack laughed, nurse would be more obvious, anyway. Then they

discussed that there was certainly a long and arduous training for intelligence, that you often had to go abroad afterwards, and that the job was life-threatening. She was silent for a long time, gazing silently into the night outside the window. I wouldn't let you go. I couldn't sit here and wait for you to come back healthy, come back crippled, or never come back. Jack waited patiently until Jane looked at him again. I, for one, have already decided today that Sir Peter will have to give me much more detailed information, secrecy or no secrecy.

Jane turned the little card back and forth in her hand. Jack had to repeat Uncle Peter's exact words. It has to do with our father, that's for sure. They agreed on that and also that they would be there on time on Wednesday. Jane looked in the city map, an inconspicuous little alley in the banking district. It was not obvious from the map if anything official was located there. The days beaded agonizingly slowly until Wednesday, they took the bus downtown on Wednesday and waited outside the address given. On the second floor was the Royal Scottish Bank, otherwise there was no sign on the tall brick building. At 4:45 p.m. sharp, the door opened and Sir Peter extended his hand and beckoned them in. They silently followed him to the elevator, he put a key in the lock and pressed Basement four times. Only then he took off his gloves and greeted them with a handshake. I will leave you in a moment, I have a lot to do. We're going to the Old Archive, you can look through some documents there. No cameras, don't take anything with you and just make your own notes. The archivist is a friend and he will give us half an hour. All right? he asked, running his hand through his white lion's mane.

On arriving at the bottom, Sir Peter opened several doors with a key that he did not seem to have attached to his keychain. Hanging from the key was a magnetic card, Jack noted with amazement; magnetic cards were a new invention and still largely unknown. Peter entered the last room ahead of them, full of shelves, nothing but shelves. And at the very front across the room a counter made of metal, not a single chair for miles. On the counter a single file envelope, not very thick. You'll be safe here, Peter said, pushing the dusty file an inch closer. Yes, Jack added, I counted eight gunmen, and Peter raised his eyebrows. Well spotted, he said, shaking their hands. He left without a word.

Jane opened the file cover, but at that moment an ancient man, tall, potbellied, bespectacled and bald, approached, eyed them closely, and held out his hand. Shaking hands, Jane and Jack said their names, but the man waved his hand as if shooing away flies. No names, names abound in the files, and pointed back to the shelves. Then he smiled mischievously. I'm Henry, Henry Smith or Henry Brown or Henry the Drunk, take your pick. Henry will do, he said, eyeing them again. No cameras, just your own notes if you want. And don't steal a single sheet, I counted them off. If you still want something, write the file number here in the upper right corner on a sheet, I'll forward it. But usually nothing goes there, so don't get your hopes up. He looked at the two again. So there you are, Nicholas's splendid children! He smiled kindly and added, I was one of your father's instructors and Sir Mossley's as well. Jack took a tenth of a second, that was Peter. He thrust his chin forward and nodded promptly. Henry continued.

The two of them were inseparable, the best agents I ever trained. Undisciplined, womanizing, binge drinking, inn brawling. Just regular guys. But a great team. Peter, the brains and organizer, and Nicholas, the hand for everything. One of the best shooters. Picked all the locks in no time, all the safes, and his hearing failed only on fat Bertha, the biggest safe in Buckingham. When they both screwed the principal's 16-year-old daughter for a weekend, — ooh, pardon me, madame! — so after that they almost got kicked out. The one who had betrayed them, they left hanging on the flagpole for a weekend. Then it was quiet again. Jack saw out of the corner of his eye that Jane was taking notes from the files and engaged Henry further in conversation, working in parallel could bear fruit twice over.

And, how did it go with the daughter of the principal? he asked directly and moved a step aside. Henry unconsciously went along with the step and, like Jack, leaned forward to whisper manfully. There were rumors all these years that the two of them continued to fuck the girl without the principal finding out. She later married well and richly, the Lady Bonnaire, she has three children and a stone rich lord. Once she inherits him, she will be one of the richest women in the whole kingdom. Her lovers could fill Wembley-s bloody stadium, goes the rumor. Oh, I'm babbling like a fishwife here, damn me! and turned to go. But Jack held him back, don't, we're having a great chat. Is that a Scottish accent, Henry wanted

to know, and Jack replied, no, his mother tongue is German. All right, sir, said Henry, I love the Scots, quite excellent agents and the toughest in the field. My father was a good shot? Jack nudged the flow of conversation again. Henry nodded with excitement, damn him, one of the best. In the East he once eliminated a target at 1,400 yards, no one could duplicate that feat for many years! Henry turned to go, I have to pee and Anima is waiting for me. Jack looked puzzled and Henry added, the genie in the bottle. He made the universally understood sign for drinking. As he walked, he reminded Jack that when they were done, they should call him because he was the only one who could let them out. Okay, Jack called after him.

Jack looked through the documents with Jane. Most of the abbreviations meant nothing to them. Only a very few documents noted the location of the event, the German-speaking area, the Warsaw Pact states. Nicholas was fluent in German, Mossley fluent in French, Spanish, some Russian and other Slavic languages. Mainly they cleared safes, bank safe deposit boxes, and especially safes in embassies. Once, the team cleared out two safes in the Kremlin in a feat of hussarism and had already left the Soviet Union by the time they figured it out.

Jane wrote a lot in the notebook, Jack realized that hardly anyone but herself could decipher the scrawl. He glanced at Jane's wristwatch, they had been there for over an hour and Henry only glanced around the corner a few times to see if they were still there. After an hour and a half, they were done. Jane and he looked at each other to see if they were done. Jack called loudly for Sir Henry, tapped the metal counter several times, and called Sir Henry. He came, asked if they were finished, and arranged the file envelope on a small table. Then he escorted them to the elevator. Jack made sure there were really 8 gunmen, 2 on the left, 2 on the right and four in the first room. The guards were reading, submachine guns at the ready. Henry, who had a clear flag, asked for the address card, took it, crumpled it up and put it in the pocket of his gray work coat. The elevator was set in motion with the key, Henry pressed several buttons. "Just in case Sir Peter hadn't mentioned it," Henry said as they drove up, "you were never there, you forget this address, you didn't read a file, and we never met!" Whatever they had read was top secret and they were not allowed to talk about it to anyone. Not anyone, not the newspapers! Henry was

completely serious and sober, despite the flag. He stopped in the elevator, said goodbye with a handshake, and said it was a great honor for him to meet the Crawley children. They drove home in silence.

They told Rose they would be down for dinner at 7:30pm and went right up to Jane's study. Jack repeated word for word what Henry had said, and Jane took careful notes of everything. Then she flipped back and reported what she had noted from the documents. Dates of birth, origin. The grandfather was a Baron Crawley, as was Nicholas' father. The grandfather, an engineer, had made a fortune building wagons and locomotives. The father, also a baronet, continued to earn from the factory and sold it to the kingdom when son Nicholas took a very different career path. The father apparently had no problem with this and left Nicholas a fortune of about £20 million and some posh houses when he died in 1935. Nicholas's school reports were good to very good, and he was still listed as a Baronet. He went to King's College at 19 and earned degrees in mathematics and engineering at 24; he was again written Baron Crawley on the certificates. He had met Mossley at college and they both went to MI6.

Evaluation sheets from the three-year training followed, he had received very good ratings. His knowledge of German was specifically highlighted, his mother Therese von Wallfeldt was from Germany. There were many slips of paper with admonishments, for drunkenness, inappropriate parties and rowdiness. Exceeding the curfew times, unauthorized shooting on the shooting range (that was specially marked clearly with "!!!"). A curiosity was the principal's affidavit to punish the seduction, defilement, and continued sexual acts on his minor daughter with only three days of dark detention and to refrain from prosecution. Jane turned the page and said, roughly, what Henry had told her. She glanced at Jack. A clever fellow, our father, but with a tendency to act like Wolfgang Amadeus. Jack nodded, though he had no idea who this Wolfgang of the House of Amadeus is or was. Jane was much more educated than other Englishwomen.

After dinner they continued the analysis, Jane taking a bottle of white wine and the port upstairs. She had put on two extra pages. She decided on one first. Those from MI6 estimated Nicholas's fortune at just under £26 million. On top of that, there was £2.5

million that he had demonstrably won at the casino over the years. Plus another £2.1 million he had bagged in the various stakes. That meant, according to the file, that he and Mossley had captured £8.4 million from various safes, half going to the Royal Treasury, the rest shared with Sir Peter. He had deposited about £7 million in an extra account when he was transferred to Germany, he lived on that until the end and the rest went back to his widow in London. There was not a single line in the act about his capture or execution. Jane looked up. Not a single line. Nick and Naomi didn't live frugally, she said, yet they left us a tidy fortune. Jack nodded in agreement; Jane had summed things up in an amazingly short time.

You won't like the last sheet, she said, I put it together with a shudder. In summary, Father had been carrying out delicate killing missions with Peter, they were followed by some sort of cleaning crew that made the bodies disappear or otherwise made it look like accidents or something. Under no circumstances was it allowed to look like an MI6 murder. Uncle Peter was the organizer and planner, father the pistolero and lock picker. They worked perfectly and silently, were never caught on assignment, and were already back on the plane when the cleaning crew arrived. Jane stretched and drank her glass of wine in one go before continuing. Our father killed more than 40 people and injured about 100. It was obvious that the primary purpose was to eliminate the target. Bodyguards, called serv, and guards, called sold, were only injured if possible. It seemed that the father did his utmost not to kill these innocents. Peter also participated as a gunner when several had to be taken out at once. For each job, meticulous records were kept of whether the target or targets were eliminated as planned, how many serv and sold were injured or killed. No names were ever mentioned; sometimes there was a reference to location. Few were labeled *operation failed,* the justifications usually brief and vague. Jane took a deep breath. I'm done, she said, completely done.

They drank wine in silence, Jane smoked far too hastily, and Jack silently studied the sheet of the dead and wounded. There were a few places mentioned, Sofia and Belgrade, Berlin and Vienna, Barcelona and Madrid came up several times. The world order is a big shit, Jack said, why does a major power like the Kingdom have to kill people in Barcelona or Belgrade? Don't we have

enough to do here? Kill them? Why not kidnap, imprison or whatever? Killing is so terminal, you can't afford errors in judgment already, goddammit!

Jane had drunk the whole bottle, she looked at him drunkenly and could barely keep her eyes open. Jack helped her stand up and supported her as they trudged into the bedroom. She fell like a sack into bed, but awoke after a moment, her hand brushing over his blood-red erection. I can't take it anymore, she said stammering, go down to Rose! She stroked his stiff cock drunkenly and lovingly. "Go down, fuck Rose, that's fine with me! Quite all right, yes!" A moment later she was asleep, he held her for a moment longer until she was very deeply asleep.

Quietly he crept down to Rose and woke her. She immediately saw his hard-on and readily made room. They fucked as they always did, although he had not fucked her in her room before. During the break she lay with her head on his chest and reported that she now usually masturbated 4 times before falling asleep, once as many as 5 times. He remembered in a flash his remark a few weeks ago and continued the thread. Yes, most women do it that often too, on average up to 6 times, until they are exhausted, he lied. Some more than 6 times, some less, on average just 6 times. He had recently read a story in the Times, he said, about a Sheffield housewife who could make herself have over 100 orgasms in an hour. Rose said, wow, that must be a grandmaster, over 100! They fucked again after Rose stiffened his cock in her mouth, then he got up tired, yet somehow refreshed and went upstairs. He lay down with Jane and immediately fell asleep. How amazed he was when Jane woke him up in the middle of the night, at dawn with gentle stroking and stiffened his cock in her mouth. They fucked and Jane had to orgasm several times because his erection remained stiff for a very long time. They slept exhausted until breakfast. As usual, Jane never brought it up that she had sent him to Rose.

Jack shoveled the snow clear from the path to the road before breakfast. He was getting warm very quickly, although he was probably the only one in London shoveling snow bare-chested. Rose had thrown her hands over her head, oh Jesus Christ! but he waved it off cockily, showing off a bit in front of Jane and Rose was just too tempting. He wiped his sweat with a towel and joked

about how warm he had become. At breakfast they discussed writing the facts from the notes neatly in a notebook of their own. She suggested they call it ‘The Life of Nicholas J. Crawley’. He thought for a moment, ‘Nicholas J. Baron Crawley’ would suit him better. Jane frowned, then left it open. They went up to the study and began the fair copy, leaving the title open. Jane called Sir Peter’s office and asked for a call back, not urgent.

He called back late that morning, and Jane motioned for Jack to listen in on the witness phone. Uncle Peter, she said, Jack is listening in. First we want to thank you for the trip to the museum, we learned so many interesting things! Peter was reassured by how unobtrusively she phrased it. He waited. She asked why Nick was no longer listed as a baron after graduation. Peter answered immediately. First of all, at his workplace it was not customary to use titles of nobility. Jane was silent, there was more, but her silence told Peter that she wanted to know everything, the second thing. He cleared his throat, there was a stupid story with the boss’s daughter. I know, Jane said, the museum guard mentioned it and there was a document in the glass case. Per thought, then remembered. Yes, right, he said, and as a result it got to the Royal Court and the barony was officially taken from him, about two years later. Anything else? Peter asked, and Jane replied that she would be grateful if he could recommend a good make or model for a safe. Peter couldn’t name one off the top of his head, but promised to look into it. They said their goodbyes only briefly. If Peter didn’t call her Princess, then he probably couldn’t speak freely.

When they came to the “seduction, defilement, and continued sexual acts with the principal’s daughter” during the clean-up and copied verbatim the principal’s document, Jane added that for this reason the barony was subsequently revoked from him in 1934. It was Jack who wrote this passage in his finest handwriting and licked his lips. Jane agreed, with a heavy heart, that he drafted the passage pompously like a pimply middle schooler. But they shortened Lady B’s name and left out her family, the stone-cold lord, the vast fortune, and the stadium-filling lovers; it had nothing to do with her father, after all. He read the passage aloud afterward and they laughed tears. Jane gasped and said, in my college the teacher would have made you eat that essay!

Jane and Jack were glued to the small black-and-white-television in Jane's study. The American president, John F. Kennedy, had been shot. They watched the news breathlessly and both felt a deep sadness. Jane had watched a program months ago about the latest research projects in the U.S.

She had heard many praises about the young president. He had vigorously pushed many of these projects in the face of opposition from the old rope teams. Jane had asked Peter's office for a call back. He called almost immediately. A problem? he buzzed, and Jane answered, No, no problem, and hung up. Sir Peter probably had a lot on his mind; she was foolish to want to ask him about the assassination now. They spent the next three days in front of the television, reading all the editions of the Times, the Observer and the Guardian. It was impossible to think about work or study at the moment.

A week later, Sir Peter got in touch and told Jane the Wertheim 820 or 1980 were his models of choice. Jane remembered, the safe. Peter said both models could come with two different locks and gave Jane the address of a supplier. Then they talked about their everyday things, not a word about the assassination. Jane wove in that Jack was in the mood for a steak. Peter immediately agreed. After a short pause, Peter probably flipping through his calendar, he said the day after tomorrow, Thursday, back at the club at 12. Jane agreed, Jack was on the road at the moment and would be on time. He sends her a kiss, he said in conclusion, be good, my princess! I love you very much, Uncle Peter, she said and they hung up.

The phone buzzed, Jane called from the study, It's for you, Jack! He ran over and looked at her questioningly, Jane smiled broadly and shrugged teasingly. It sounded German, she whispered, handing him the receiver. Yes? asked Jack in German, who is speaking? It was Veronika. They greeted each other warmly, though Jack worried that something might have happened. Veronika reassured him it was something good. She had finally gotten her own phone, a quarter line. You know, she explained, there are four people sharing one line. He interrupted, saying he knew what a quarter line was. He wrote down the number on Jane's notepad and repeated it twice. Jane looked at him questioningly and he shook his head, making the okay-sign with his thumb

and forefinger. Veronica told him about her last movie production and Jack cautioned her not to give the number too freely, you know, harassers, serial killers, and so on.

He heard her smile, she had already thought of that and the postman who had installed the phone had said so. Single women, he said. And after that, you'd eat him right up, he joked. Veronika held her breath, there it was again, Jack's magic! A bit meekly she admitted it, but he was such a nice guy and she had only her robe on, with nothing underneath. Naked. When he rang, I was in the middle of it, she tried to explain. I understand, Jack said with a broad grin. Jane didn't understand a word, but she knew that particular grin. Aha!, she said aloud, grinning and reaching for his boxer shorts. He would give the number only to Jane, reliably, and felt Jane's hand on his cock. Veronika said the postman was coming over for coffee next week and his name was Toni, Veronika said. What am I going to do, Veronika wondered aloud, I've never been in love and never had a boyfriend, you know, just some guys to fuck. Jack said there were exactly three possibilities. One, he turns out to be a douche, then never invite him again. Two, it's all about getting the wiener in the pussy, he laughed softly, then don't worry about it, it's probably good for you to do it naturally and off camera for a change. Remember the conception calendar. When it stops, part in friendship.

And third, if it's serious, give yourself and him at least half a year to get to know each other well. A relationship goes much deeper than a friendship, because if it falls apart, you'll suffer like a dog. And during this half year you also have to tell him honestly that you are working in front of the cameras. Clarity and honesty are very important, you can't go wrong. And also give him the opportunity to talk openly about his background and past, maybe he was already in jail? Veronika remained silent, Jack gave her time to digest. And another thing, Jack said, he earns his money at the post office, you in front of the camera. Leave it at that, don't say anything about the aunt's money. You must be very sure about his character and plans. Money, lots of money, spoils friendship and gives a weak character silly, very silly ideas. They were silent. Veronika said she had to think about all this, she would write down the most important things in bullet points right after their conversation. They chatted on for a few minutes, Jack started to

say goodbye. Veronika thanked him for his advice and promised to take it very carefully. Then they hung up.

Jane dragged him and his erection to bed, where he reported after the pleasurable fucking. After all, it wasn't that often that Jane dragged him to bed in the afternoon, she usually worked through the day and had Rose bring a snack to the study for lunch. Now they lay side by side, Jane smoking and Jack, for once, in these situations. He reported on the new phone and on Veronika's insecurity about male acquaintances. She interrupted, there was an expression you laughed at, 'shnidelwuds' or something. He explained that those were folk terms for cock and vagina, Schniedelwutz and Fötzchen. What was that about, Jane asked, and he said he needed to elaborate. Jane shrugged, I have time. So he told about Veronika's time in the convent, Father Anselm and Mathilda. At some points Jane pressed a hand over her mouth to keep from laughing rudely. She could now better place Schniedelwutz and Fötzchen.

Curious, she asked if Veronika had really only learned to masturbate and fuck at 25. He nodded, she adopted me when she was 24. Jane wanted to hear Veronika's seduction again, Jack had told her years ago. But he was good natured and in a narrator's mood, so he told it all from the beginning, leaving nothing out and embellishing nothing. How Veronika stood almost naked in the bathroom in the evenings for the first 14 days, curiously watching him masturbate and squirt, and he gradually seduced her. Making Veronika leave the bathroom door open and the connecting door between their bedrooms to spy on her, for example, was something he had done out of youthful curiosity and was not particularly proud of now that he was 23. "Fiddle-dee-dee!" said Jane, poking him on the bicep, "watching other people in their nakedness or performing sexual acts is deeply human! Everyone seizes the opportunity when it presents itself, men as well as women. She kissed him gently, so did I, Jack, so did I!

She came back to Veronika. Two questions were on her mind, Veronika's first masturbation at 25 and if this was a Catholic convent, had she got that right? Jack answered, yes and yes. It was true that he had not taught Veronika clitoral masturbation and orgasms until she was 25. How he had had a classmate explain and show him female masturbation and had juicily squirted inside her

vagina three times to compensate. Veronika, however, had been doing the rolling around as a form of masturbation since she was a small child, and the flashes she reported that made her legs twitch were certainly little orgasms. He was only puzzled by the fact that she had seen Mathilde and the other sisters masturbating the clit incessantly and had never imitated it. Veronika had explained it by saying that for years she had believed girls didn't grow breasts and clits until they were adults.

And yes, it was a Catholic nunnery and a Catholic men's convent, separated only by a driveway and a meadow. The Catholics were the only ones who preached a strict, almost medieval sexuality on the one hand, but when the sun went down, they went wild with all sexual practices not even common among savage pagans. Jack greatly despised the Catholics for this. Preach water, drink wine, that was a common saying in Germany. Jane knew that he did not live religiously and did not like to broach the subject. Evening came, they dressed and went down to dinner. Afterwards they sat by the sofa with white wine and port and Jane let him tell her in much more detail about Veronica's time in the convent. Jack told willingly, for it evidently occupied Jane a great deal.

Thursday Jack went punctually to the gentlemen's club, where he was kindly greeted by Sir Peter. They ordered whiskey and port, and no sooner were they seated than the delicious steaks were served. The cook apparently knew 100 ways to prepare it, it was different every time. During the meal, Jack let Peter do the talking, but answered every question. Peter wanted to know all about the studies, how it was going with the various internships. How it was going with Jane, he was very interested, Jack reported joyfully about everything, leaving out only sexuality. Jack was clear that Peter knew or at least suspected everything. If Peter would ask him concretely and directly, he would not lie. Peter was visibly satisfied and when the waiter came with the box of cigars, Peter picked out a thin cigarillo. Jack declined with thanks, saying he didn't smoke. He had to correct himself, sometimes he smoked one of Jane's ladies cigarettes, rarely more than three or four a week. Jack made a bet inside, Peter certainly wouldn't finish the cigarillo. He expressed regret that they had called him, Peter, in the middle of the assassination thing, neither of them had thought it through. Peter wiggled the cigarillo, that's already forgotten, sometimes he just didn't have time to talk on the phone.

Then Jack came to talk about the safe. They had chosen the larger model, it was fireproof and the master had explained to them that it was better protected against safecrackers because you had to operate two keys at the same time. The ordinary burglar certainly couldn't do that. Jack said he had a feeling the master might have been alluding to his father, somehow. Peter's surprise was not feigned, he lowered his voice and confirmed Master Halloway was an instructor at his service, he actually trained your father, but it was top secret. He shook his head in amazement, my boy, you really have amazing talents! The way you recognized the guards of the archive, that was unique. Other visitors rarely noticed them, and you were even able to tell their exact number and position. Hats off, my son! He took a drag on his cigarillo and smoked it out half-smoked in disgust. Won, Jack said to himself as Peter lit a cigarette. Jack smiled at Peter, you seem to be a cigarette smoker, so where did the desire for cigars come from? Peter didn't answer, he asked why Jack wanted to have a steak with him? Jack leaned forward.

He had been thinking since the conversation before last, also together with Jane. He wanted to finish his studies by all means, including internships, which means two more years. After that, he would have to work as a resident for another two years until he got a license to practice medicine, at which point he would be 27 years old. Peter nodded and nodded at his explanations and murmured softly that the only new thing was how clear and serious he was about his career aspirations, the rest he already knew. He continued to smoke hastily. Jack hadn't finished and said he knew about the secrecy in principle, but he would need to know more before any commitment, what was expected of him, what he had to do, and so on. Peter sat back and lit a cigarette. He had counted on that, he said, that is actually a solvable task without violating secrecy. Don't think about it anymore, I'll come to you at the right time. Peter changed the subject.

Jane is working even more than before. Is there a problem there? Peter looked at Jack sharply, not hiding his concern. Jack thought, Peter was really interested in them both. Still, he wanted to leave their privacy and his away. He scratched the back of his head. Jane had been working full time at BBC for 3 days since the beginning of the year, scientific papers piled up in her study, which she read day after day, often late at night. Her studies had

completely fallen behind, she hadn't stepped foot in the university since the beginning of the year. Peter kept nodding his head like one to whom a familiar story has been confirmed. Jack said she'd been vaguely offered the head of the science department if she got certified as a journalist. She stung day after day toward that exam. The exam is in 10 days and he was quite sure that Jane would pass very well. I have already told her my doubts, Jack said, there is not a single woman in a management position at the BBC. He had only come to her office twice, he said, but his impression was that it was an all-male affair. Jane didn't want to hear that they were just taking advantage of her. Her ego wouldn't allow it; she wasn't a victim. She is a very hard-working woman with clear goals, she does sharp research, and her analysis and reports are of captivating quality, Jack concluded.

Peter nodded in agreement. She works herself to death, he said. But she has more enviers and enemies in the science community than King James. They won't let her rise, they'll break her and crush her like a cockroach. Jack looked up, startled. How so, Sir Peter? Peter didn't make a face at the formal form of address. There are a conspicuous number of inquiries to us as to whether there is dirt on Jane. People don't know anything about my personal relationship with Jane, but it's not just dubious people, it's very prestigious people. We can't ignore this. Peter reached into his jacket and handed Jack two photographs. They were blurry pictures, black and white and fucking shameful. Jack looked at it for a very long time. I can't believe what I'm seeing, he said. "What do you see?" Peter asked, "Seriously!"

Jack said it's Jane, clearly. I don't recognize the guy, nor the location. He bristled. This is a crude fake! Peter looked at him curiously. This is not Jane, there is no Robert there! Peter picked up the picture. "Which Robert?" This woman has no hump, Jack said quietly. Peter dug a small watchmaker's loupe out of his pockets and looked at the picture for a long time. Jack couldn't address the second clue, Jane had never fucked him in that position, she never rode. Once on top, she always cuddled up to him, sliding back and forth and lying on top of him as she orgasmed or he squirted, but she never rode him. He took a chance. When I show Jane the picture, he said, I ask her first who the man is and if secondly she even did it in that position. We talk about sex sometimes, but she's never mentioned that. Peter looked up at him. She doesn't do it in

that position? Jack noticed the cliff and replied, she has never mentioned it.

Peter bent over the picture with the small magnifying glass and murmured, my princess never said anything like that to me either. Not on any occasion. Jack pricked up his ears, was Peter talking about his relationship with Jane? Peter murmured softly, I'm seeing Jane this afternoon, I'll talk to her about these pictures. The Observer prints them tomorrow, the Times and Guardian not yet. Muckraking press! My people couldn't spot a fake, not surprising given the poor quality. Our man at the Observer photographed the original accompanying text, silly bum talk. What made me wonder, he writes from the Baroness Crawley and the BBC science desk. It must be someone who was well informed. It will take days to compare the writing with all the typewriters. He looked up. We've got things like that. We'll get it in two weeks at the latest, but tomorrow the storm will break over my Princess. I can't stop it. The time is too short.

Peter glanced at his wristwatch, another cigarette, another whiskey. Jack joined in with a third port, he usually drank no more than two. Before he could ask, Peter said, No, I want to talk to Jane alone. I'll give Jane the photos, maybe you'll want to talk about them in the evening. They drank in silence, said goodbye with a handshake, and Jack took the bus home. As he often did when he was in a hurry, he didn't buy a ticket. The inspector's little piggy eyes flashed blankly, £35 if he wanted the Fine by mail or £5 cash right now. He pressed the £5 note into the civil servant's hand and half cursed corruption as the bill disappeared poof into his pocket. He sat sullenly and ill-temperedly on his fauteuil opposite Jane's favorite sofa and waited.

Jane arrived relatively late in a cab, growled a muffled hello, and plopped the two pictures on the coffee table. "Am not hungry!" she hissed at Rose, who paled slightly and disappeared into the kitchen with the tray. Jack could smell her subtle flag as she fetched a bottle of wine from the fridge. Finally seated, he retrieved a pack of cigarettes from upstairs and sat down. They were silent for a long time before their eyes met. It's not me, she said, and he agreed. He felt the 5th glass of port, they had both filled up properly. She has much broader shoulders than I do and he added,

she doesn't have a hump either. Jane's lips trembled as she nodded, Uncle Peter realized it too.

Do you know this man, he asked, and she shook her head. He looks familiar, and I rack my brain, but no name pops up. She drained her glass in one go and he knew she was lying. He was confused, the port had gone to his head and Jane had never lied to him before. He took a cigarette and thought. She replied that she didn't recognize the room or the couple. Her gaze wandered erratically and now he was quite sure she was lying. He refilled her drink and took another port. He stopped counting.

He stopped in front of the coffee table and said, you know him, you know her, you know the room! He remained motionless and looked at her for a long time. She raised her wine glass and said agonized, it was James, it was his office and it wasn't her riding his damn cock. She, unlike me, has a fat ass, a very different hole and her face had been copied into it. James, who I was to replace as boss next year. James who stayed late every night and fucked everyone who felt like it, I saw it many times with my own eyes. The reason they wanted to get rid of him. There were many that good old James invited to pleasure, they lined up because he was supposedly sooo good at fucking. Many colleagues and superiors had something against him because he fucked their wives. She thought she recognized his cock, but the very sharply pictured *pussy hole* she did not know, she had had nothing with women. And yes, she had fucked James a few times a long time ago, it was nothing special.

So, she said with a heavy tongue, tomorrow I'll see you in the paper, cheers James! Jane finished her glass in one go and he retrieved a bottle from the small fridge. He struggled with the corkscrew, otherwise Jane did it herself. He poured her, it didn't matter anyway, and poured himself a port. "If I were paranoid, I'd think someone was trying to harm not only you, but the science editor, James, and the BBC. Have you told Peter about this?" he asked, and she shook her head, "Where are you thinking?" He called Peter's office despite her lame protests and asked for a call back, it was important and urgent, No, it would not have time until tomorrow. It was already after 9 o'clock, Peter was certainly not asleep then. Less than two minutes later, Peter called. Jack spared any greeting. "He's James, Jane's department manager. It's his of-

fice. She couldn't identify the woman. The target was not only Jane and James, whom she was to replace next year, possibly the BBC itself." Peter thanked, this was valuable information. He didn't ask how Jack knew, it was obvious. Peter, surprisingly, chuckled. "You're already working for me, without a contract!" Jack smirked and said jokingly, *Yes, boss!*. Peter immediately wanted to have the story edited to include this facet and hung up.

Jane looked at him wide-eyed. He looked at her for a long time, his heart still pounding from the phone call. "First, let's never lie to each other again," he said firmly, "and second, Peter needs all the information he can get if he's going to deal with your shit!" He didn't mean to snap at her like that, but now he had to be clear. Jane had crouched down and clutched her glass. "You're absolutely right," she said softly, "I'll never lie to you again either. And I am grateful to you both for standing up for me like this!" Her gaze grew dim again. "What a shit, tomorrow it will be in all the papers, everyone will just be looking at my fat ass and the cock stuck in my *pussy hole*!" They laughed for a moment.

She looked at him seriously. End of lies. With James, it had started over two years ago, since he had taken over the department. In the beginning they had screwed very frequently, almost daily. But it waned rapidly, she suspected because she refused to let him inject her mouth. Half a year before he had come, the fucking with James was over. She had never fucked him like the woman in the picture. Jane looked openly into Jack's eyes. That's all, that's all true. He nodded and thanked her for being so open. I'm going to stay home tomorrow and call in sick. Oh, that fucking bullshit! They drank and talked about possible consequences and possible rescue attempts for their ambitions. Jack was amazed at how important this promotion would have been to her.

She wasn't sure she wanted to continue working for the BBC after this scandal. Jack stopped her rampage. First, you didn't make important decisions when you were drunk, and second, you didn't let an opponent win without a fight! Not if you were a Baroness Crawley, he said in a deadpan tone, and they laughed, slapping their thighs. I'm going to sleep, Jane muttered, trying to get up. He hooked her under and they wobbled unsteadily up. She took a step toward the bathroom and he escorted her to the piss. He took her to bed and gently undressed her. She stammered that she was no

longer good for anything, that he should just go down to Rose quietly if he wanted to. Yes, if he wanted to fuck, then just go with Rose, I beg you! she whispered, when I'm so drunk, I don't like to be fucked. She fumbled on his pants and found the stiffy, for it had excited him when he stripped Jane naked. She giggled, you need to get down to Rose, you can't fall asleep with an erection like that! He stripped down to his boxers and lay next to her, hugging her lovingly. She palpated his erection more and more slowly and erratically and fell asleep. Jack quietly crept over to Rose and fucked her until after midnight, then lay back with Jane.

They woke up in the morning only when Rose knocked and called breakfast! The eggs with fried ham were almost cold, but Rose didn't want to throw away the good food. Jane drank a headache powder and smoked two cigarettes before eating breakfast. Jack glanced at Rose and smiled at her, then turned his attention to breakfast. The paper boy rang the bell and Rose brought the three papers. He had to leaf through the Observer for a long time until he found the ominous picture quite far in the back. Along with it, a much abridged version of the pamphlet. And then, surprise! Another article, clearly highlighted, which mentioned the author of the pamphlet by name, questioned him about his motives, and where he also admitted that the picture was fake. Jack read both articles aloud because Jane was still too stricken. Jane knew the bad guy, he was one who would rather have himself in the boss chair than Jane. And who wanted to smack James for fucking his wife. Jack had to read the article twice and Jane's eyes sparkled. That fellow will get to know me, she shouted, I'll give him cold and hard. Jack smiled and reached for the phone. At Peter's office, he said there was no need to disturb Sir Peter, he just wanted to leave a note. He dictated, Thank you very much, Sir Peter. Signed Jack Crawley and spelled, but the lady knew his name.

Peter burst in during breakfast, Jane tried in vain to hold her robe together, but her cleft kept peeking out from time to time. It's the bad guy's wife, Peter said. His agents had confiscated the original film from the detective, Peter placed a large envelope on the table before leaving. Jack and Jane opened the envelope, it contained about 50 glossy photos. It was clearly not Jane, the naked woman was clearly older. She was kneeling in front of James, stiffening his thick cock with her mouth. Then, sitting over him, reaching between her thighs and inserting his cock. A series of shots as

she rode him violently. She reared up excitedly and visibly orgasmed. She reached between her thighs again and pulled his cock out. His semen spurted into her massive hole and over her ass cheeks. A picture of his glans squirting semen into her big hole from a short distance. The last three shots, her finger rotating on her clit and in the last picture she crouched herself over James, pressing her finger on her clit and visibly orgasming. Jack and Jane looked through the shots several times, the detective had obviously been taking pictures through the window, the shots were excellent and documented everything hair sharp.

Jane called BBC, but everyone was in a meeting. But the department secretary had to get rid of some things. The Thingamabob, you know, the one who had sent the fake photo to the paper, he was summarily dismissed before he even started work. And James — Jane heard her unchaste sigh through the phone — so our James has already been transferred too, I think to the sports department. And the meeting is being held by the professor What's his name, it's about reorganizing the department. The professor is now the boss, replacing James. She sighed and Jane asked if she knew who the screwed woman in the picture was. Well, you, said the simple-minded secretary, but no, that was the fake! Jane waited patiently and the secretary rustled with the newspaper and mumbled half aloud, I don't know her, although the picture was focused exactly on her little hole. You can really see everything very clearly, said the secretary, the labia, the clit, everything. Only over Jaime's cock was half-heartedly placed a black bar. No, said the secretary, I can't imagine which one it was. Thank God it wasn't her, otherwise her big birthmark on one butt cheek would be on it. Besides, her own cunthole looked completely different, and the position! No, she would never fuck James in that position. She paused, startled, perhaps Jane didn't realize she had blabbed. When Jane hung up and told Jack about the conversation, she said the secretary had also cleaned James's pipe.

Jack asked if she knew the professor and Jane said yes, he had been involved for a very long time as an 'editor in large', an outside editor. She was completely devastated, the professor literally believed the Lord God created the world in 6 days. Seriously. Jack asked how things were looking for her career-wise now? She's at the end of her rope, she said, with the professor she just can't. He's too old to grasp modern scientific research and too young to die

off soon. The post will bring him a triple-paying tenure-track position until retirement, she said, and he won't have to write a paper month after month. Win-Win. She was realistic enough, he said, and would not wait 20 or more years for an opportunity. She would probably slow down her momentum a bit and go back to working only 2 days for the BBC. Too bad, she said, it sets us back 100 years. Jack hugged her and stroked her hair comfortingly. Working less will do you good, we'll have more time together, for each other. And in the summer we'll have a real vacation with sun, beach and sea. You've been working all summer, you've hardly taken a day off. We'll go away together, we need time for ourselves, time to unwind. Both of us, he said emphatically.

The following weeks she really and energetically put on the brakes, the pay didn't change, even though she really only went to the BBC for two days. No overtime, no working until after midnight. She kept a very low profile, often going into town after breakfast and meeting friends and girlfriends. She loved intellectual debates or those about world events. She affirmed Jack to fuck with Rose after breakfast and sent him to Rose when she didn't feel like fucking. Sometimes she would say it out loud at breakfast so that Rose would have to hear. Jane did not consider Rose a rival, and Jack felt like fucking more often than she did. Jack didn't disturb her in her study and went to Rose whether it took 2 minutes or two hours. A couple of times Jane stood in the doorway by surprise and watched them fucking without hiding. Jack didn't get irritated and kept going, even if Rose looked anxiously at Jane at the beginning. When Rose started to masturbate, she usually left. She had looked at it a few times to the point of orgasm, that was enough for her. Jack spoke to her once quite frankly and she replied that she had just been curious, nothing else.

One evening, as they sat comfortably together drinking wine and port, the phone rang. They looked at each other in wonder, and Jack picked it up. It was not Veronika, as he had suspected, but Peter's office. He would please open the front door, Sir Peter and his men were already there. He went to the door, the four men were just turning from the street onto the path to their house. He greeted Peter with a handshake, who in turn introduced his people as Smith, Brown and Mr. Tatterbee. That's really his name, Peter grinned, and went to greet Jane. I need to search your house,

should I request a warrant? Jane and Jack looked at each other and waved it off, saying it wasn't necessary. The three men spread out and went off with their suitcases. One stuck his head into Rose's room and after 15 minutes he called out with a grin, "Oh! Oh! Excuse me!" then waited until Rose had put something on. Peter gladly took the offered whiskey and glanced at his wristwatch. My shift ended exactly 5 hours ago, he said cheerfully, you don't drink on duty! Then he explained to Jane and Jack that they had received tips that the house was bugged. He had to follow up on that.

They chatted about this and that, nothing special. When the men came by, they put the bugs on the coffee table in front of Peter. Peter pulled his watchmaker's loupe out of his pocket and examined the bugs closely. Some East German, some Russian, some of ours. The two from the two phones were English. Peter shook his head, probably meant to eavesdrop on Jane, one bug in the phone, three well hidden. This is getting complicated, he said, and asked which company had done the renovation. Jack went up and brought down the folder from Jane's study. Peter photographed the invoices; I'll have to take a close look at those, too. They were ready after a little over half an hour. Peter said goodbye with a handshake and promised to keep them informed as they left. Rose came closer, her robe not hiding very much. He peeked in the middle of it, she said with an unhappy expression. "In the middle of it, I was in the middle of it. In the middle of it. The light from the kitchen shone straight onto my bed, he just stood there watching me for who knows how long." Jack smiled kindly at her, the guy was clearly curious, he said. Jane asked Rose with a smile if it wasn't a horny kick for her to have someone watching her? Rose stretched her back, then said, if it's you, my Lady, or Master Jack, then I'm glad, but a complete stranger...? her voice trailed off. Jack was tempted for a moment to soothingly caress Rose's bare breasts, as he always did with Jane. Instead, he grabbed her robe to pull it together. He said, the good man will survive, he will dream about your beautiful body tonight while fucking! He watched you because watching someone is just horny and all people are curious. You did nothing wrong, because masturbating is nothing wrong and you have nothing to be ashamed of! Rose nodded uncertainly and left again.

Jack and Jane sat in the parlor for a very long time discussing what it all meant. They puzzled over what it could have to do with BBC. Jane said that BBC had enough well-trained technicians who certainly knew a lot about bugs. Jack objected that most of the bugs came from the Eastern Bloc. But they could think of nothing to do with the Eastern Bloc. She did not write political papers. She read research papers from around the world, of course, including from the East, but that was about it. Jack had an idea. After all, she was very often on the phone with the editors, tweaking wording or text passages. What articles had she worked on in the last year, in the last six months? She thought long and hard, nothing political, nothing military, nothing industrial. There was a lot of research for business, space, and all the natural sciences. She had written a long paper on the planned use of nuclear power, there were many files top secret, she said thoughtfully. As with any non-trivial topic, she had talked on the phone with many researchers, and there were bound to be things she was not allowed to write about. She had a good reputation in the scientific community and was trusted to keep her word.

That's the shoe on the other foot, Jack said, the BBC would be spied on through entirely different channels. But eavesdropping on her discreet phone calls made sense. They tossed the idea back and forth. She remembered two more articles, one on the advancement of fly-by-wire controls for jet aircraft, and one on the early theoretical work on the Ramjet, which would revolutionize jet aircraft engines. The research had gone on for months, but these papers were never published. These were the things that people might have wanted to spy on when it was really about their work. But maybe it was a spurned lover or a voyeur. Jane countered that a voyeur would bug the bedroom, but that wasn't the case. Jack said with a grin, the lover then! Jane laughed disarmingly. There isn't one, she said, and laughing smugly added, I wouldn't spurn one after all! It was time to go to sleep. Jane promised to let Uncle Peter know what she was thinking tomorrow, if he already cared about our shit. She smiled amiably and Jack kissed her.

Every month Peter sent a technician to check the phones, later only once a month. Sometimes the technician accepted a cup of tea, but he could not answer any questions, he knew nothing about the progress of the investigation. They didn't torment him, he was just following his assignment. The snow was already melting away

when a technician again discovered two bugs in the phones, East German ones. Another technician examined the locks but found no signs of intrusion. Jack reasoned that it must have been Rose's day off, because that was when the house was empty for hours and that was the only way to get in unnoticed. Jane talked to Peter about it and promised to let him know when Rose went visiting her family.

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The Medic

by Jack Faber © 2022

Jane was greatly relieved when Peter interjected in an aside that they had caught the burglars and the whole gang behind them. The mercenaries from South Africa and East Germany had been at it for years. He said nothing about his interrogation methods, nor where and how long the mercenaries would stay in jail. He immediately broached another subject, he was very unhappy about Jane's smoking. Marijuana was, after all and all, illegal, even if users usually got off with a small fine. Jane was uncomfortable with the topic, she was already addicted after all. But she promised not to deal with it. Peter stressed several times that he had no competence to bail her out. And a criminal record for dealing would end her career, once and for all. Possibly Jack's future, too, but he didn't know that for sure. MI6 had nothing to do with drugs at the time. As lax as the authorities were about consumption, they were relentless in their pursuit of dealers. Jane knew that, and she really didn't deal, she said.

Jack also smoked one of Jane's roll-ups now and then, and he liked marijuana, definitely. But he smoked much less often than Jane did; his studies took a toll on him and didn't forgive any weaknesses. Jane had rigorously reduced her workload, and they sat in the living room every evening as they used to, wine and port and holy smoke making the stress of the day fade away. Jane's need for sex had diminished considerably with the Marihuana smoking; Jack fucked Rose daily. He treated her respectfully, as she was always there for him and made him squirt out his seed comfortably and exultantly with ease. She really liked to be fucked through with pleasure, whether it took 2 minutes or 2 hours. She often reported to Master Jack that she did it 6 times in the evening as well. Her menopause had set in, her menstruation stuttered and stopped altogether.

Jack was now in his fifth and penultimate year of training. He usually managed to meet Sir Peter once a month at the gentlemen's club. With unexpected candor, Peter talked about the organization and operations of the service. He still did not say what he expected Jack to do. At one point Peter made a suggestion and

Jack replied that he was fucking Rose, the housekeeper, daily. Peter was apparently satisfied and half-quietly wondered if it absolutely had to be the staff. The subject of fucking settled, Peter breathed a sigh of relief. Jack wasn't fucking his sister, not his princess. Jack clenched his jaw silently when Peter wondered half aloud who Jane was fucking. Peter had to find out for himself. Jack was grateful for Peter's candor; he was getting a good overview and deep insight into the organization. He listened to the operations and asked anything that seemed important, and Peter answered almost all the questions. If he changed the subject, it was usually because he didn't want to reveal the role of the large Royal Family and the Parliament. If you ever sit in my chair, was his standard line. Jack had heard it so many times that it no longer had any meaning for him.

Jack now had to do a three-day shift almost every weekend, and he liked the primary admission with the emergency service. Gynecology sucked, but was necessary. He was sure he wasn't going to be a gynecologist. Neither was orthopedics, ENT, and surgery. Surgery was still somewhat interesting, although the surgeon treated him very condescendingly and said he would never be a good surgeon. He himself disagreed, but next semester he would be in the pediatric department, and he was really looking forward to that. The nights on three-day duty were long and uneventful. It came as it had to come. He curiously fucked the young female doctors who, like him, were in training and came from various universities in the kingdom. He fucked for the first time with a Negress and a Chinese woman. He had expected whitey, but both the Negress and the Asian girl fucked just like the white girls, they just weren't as cocky. The pervasive racism made them appear more modest and submissive. The Negress had a beautiful body and beautiful, velvety skin, but she let herself be fucked quite passively and did nothing to contribute to the fucking. She was one of the many who masturbated after fucking, but she turned her back on him and didn't let him watch. Of course he was watching her, she was masturbating right in front of the big mirror after all, looking at herself. He fucked her only once. The young and delicate Chinese girl, Jin or Chin, captivated him, but he could never figure out what drew him to her so much. He fucked her as often as they could meet, and Chin exploded in her orgasm like fireworks. She wouldn't fuck any further after that, and he had to finish fucking and cuming in her mouth. Again and again he managed to cum in

the middle of her orgasm. Then she became very quiet and introverted and whispered that she definitely didn't want to get pregnant now. She never wanted to give him a handjob, she closed her eyes while mouth fucking and only opened them again when she had swallowed his semen without any visible emotion. While mouth fucking she put her hands on his ass and set the pace, her hands gently and erotically teased his buttocks and so after a few moments she made him squirt, deep in her throat. She was and remained the only one who really wanted the mouth fucking. At some point she said that in her extended family it was quite natural to fuck the young girls in the mouth. It was quite normal.

There were also beautiful young nurses, but soon the older ones pushed their way in. Yes, they really wanted to fuck the pretty boy. These wanted every drop of semen and robbed it from him until he could barely stand on his feet. He told everything to Jane, of course, who praised him instead of reprimanding him. She liked to listen to his antics before being fucked and tenderly tickled his mop of hair when he lovingly hugged her and fucked her just a tiny bit. She didn't get any more orgasms and he didn't squirt either. They just fucked a little, the being together was the important thing, not the orgasm. He didn't push her and was only sad that the fire was only burning on the smallest flame. She had fallen into drinking and smoking weed and no longer masturbated daily. Jack felt Jane slowly drifting into an apathetic abyss. He wasn't going to take it without a fight.

He was still in surgery. The chief surgeon was a blasphemer, but he was letting Jack assist more and more often, even on complicated operations. He praised the other two trainee doctors effusively, but wouldn't let them touch anything delicate. For once, Jack agreed with the chief, they were bottles. The chief let him perform an appendectomy independently for the first time, assisting Jack and giving him instructions. When they were done, the chief grinned with satisfaction, finding fault only with the surgical knots. He couldn't afford to praise Jack, after all. But he kept entrusting Jack with challenging surgeries. Jack soon had a good feeling about operating and learned every minute, maybe he would become a surgeon one day. He memorized every clue the chief gave him; it would only benefit him later. He did everything he could to be proud of his accomplishments, at least in this specialty.

On those days he was glad to be at Rose's for just a moment to relieve his tensions in her mouth and then go upstairs to take the wine glass from the clammy fingers of Jane, who was asleep at her desk. He carried her in his arms to the bedroom and gently undressed her. When she was half awake and smiling, he fucked her lightly and gently, usually without squirting. Most of the time, however, she didn't want to be fucked, closed her eyes and tentatively played with her clit for a few moments before falling asleep. He had to sleep every minute now too, he needed the sleep. In the morning, he let Jane continue sleeping and ate breakfast alone. If there was still time, he relaxed by fucking Rose briefly and walked to the hospital, relaxed and refreshed. St.Anne's Hospital was affiliated with the Royal Academy and people had taken notice of the ambitious young man both at the hospital and at the Academy. It was not unusual for this or that boss to ask him where he was going after graduation? He always answered everyone the same, he would do the two years of residency at St.Anne's and then go to Spain for a few days on vacation. That's as far ahead as he planned.

At the long three-day services, he gradually became aware that the many pretty young things did not give him as much pleasure as the older ones, who often had great experience. He longed for Rose, she fucked best of all. But he was not allowed to sneak home at night, his sense of responsibility as a doctor did not allow it. Yes, he stayed half-dressed even when fucking the female doctors and nurses, to be ready to go at any time. He always asked beforehand if he could squirt in, but contraception was not his job. The girls had to take care of that, that was the social consensus at the time.

When he finally started his elective in the pediatric ward, it had many advantages for him. First, to his own amazement, he had a knack for children. Second, the workday ended on time, so he could have dinner with Jane and then have time with her to chat comfortably and drink wine. Third, he only had a three-day shift once a month. This was both good and bad, because the pediatric wards were staffed by the horniest doctors and nurses in the entire hospital. Most were not beauty queens, but they all universally loved fucking and brought some experience to the table. Not a single one was passive or lame-ass like those on the other wards, plus all it took was a friendly question about sex or an erotic wink and

no laborious seduction. If one ever said No, I'd rather not today! it was in a friendly manner and with good reason. There was also a very amicable interaction, with the others gladly taking over the normal actions during the three-day services and almost never interfering with them fucking. Jack felt right at home on these wards, both during the day treating the children and at night happily, passionately fucking the chubby, loving, tender women. Most of them were married, but that was no obstacle for them. Carpe Diem, was written above the entrance to the nurses' room, seize the day! Someone had scrawled in pencil next to it, + noctem! Yes, that was a meaningful addition, Jack thought.

In the evenings he sat in his comfortable fauteuil opposite Jane and drank one, at most two ports. Usually he skipped the second port and drank light tea. He poured Jane a cup of tea as well, unobtrusively reducing her wine intake. Jane allowed herself to be led without him having to preach a sermon. She was now sobering up more often in the evenings, participating very actively in the discussion, and at one point said it was doing her quite good not to get drunk night after night. He nodded in agreement, and that was the end of the alcohol issue. After two weeks, two glasses of white wine were enough for her, because she wanted to get away from boozing herself. He listened very attentively when she told him about the interpersonal problems at work. He had an unerring instinct and an excellent empathy for situations, contexts and people, even though he did not know them personally. He used this magic to spot the various snags and pitfalls and made them visible to Jane. Most of the time she picked up his thread and stretched it further. She was smart and clever enough to work out her own strategy. He just listened carefully and rarely had a different opinion.

With the marijuana, it was much more difficult. She admitted her addiction to herself, but he often had to voice his opinion. He again led by example. He rarely smoked more than one marijuana cigarette, inhaling with relish and enjoying the ease and relaxation. He argued that he preferred to be active during the day and not woozy at work. That was his own decision. The one marijuana cigarette in the evening was enough to relax him. If he smoked more, his body would demand more and more, the effect would be lost in habituation, and he would no longer do his job well.

Jane didn't jump at it right away, gradually reducing her daily consumption until she only smoked in the evenings. He was able to seduce her more often again and she enjoyed being fucked again. They made tender love like young lovers and could hardly keep their fingers off each other some evenings. The old joy of sex reawakened in her, and she reduced smoking even in the evening, after smoking only regular cigarettes during the day, and that was good for her sexuality. Peter, who still went to dinner with them separately, noticed Jane's new, alert eyes and her renewed vigor, but Jack would have no credit, saying dryly that only her own will could keep her from slipping into the abyss.

Peter looked at him sharply, you're sleeping with Jane! Jack finished chewing the bite, not wanting to lie to Peter. Yes, he replied, holding Peter's gaze from the start. Peter said cuttingly, you lied about doing the housekeeper! Jack said that had been true at the time, things were not going well with Jane at the time and she had withdrawn sexually, so he was fucking Rose at the time, honestly. Peter lowered his eyes and muttered that he didn't want to discuss forbidden sisterly love now. Jack said, sort of in conclusion, he had only known Jane as a woman, never just as a sister. He loved her with all his heart and she was his wife. He recalled that Peter had wanted to strangle him if he caused Jane any harm. Peter smiled and nodded that all was well and the subject was over.

When he told Jane about it in the evening, she laughed and said, he asked me out before you, so he went to you well prepared. Typical Peter! But I stalled him for a long time. And then I told him, even about Rose. He widened his eyes and took some time to realize that we weren't hugging each other stupidly, that I knew about Rose and was okay with it. Jane poured more tea and commented on how smart Peter was to meet them separately and staggered so we wouldn't be able to talk off each other. It hit him pretty hard, though, she said. Maybe the subject would pop up later, but they both didn't want to have an incest debate with Peter, because there was a lot that played into it. Later, as they lay relaxing in bed, Jane retold the story with Peter, Nick and Naomi, then Peter with Naomi, and finally her own with Peter. Jack stroked her gently as she told it, then they fell asleep entwined.

Peter didn't stop him from studying; on the contrary, he urged Jack to step on the gas. He made hints that he wanted to get Jack

into special education as soon as possible. He argued, to Jack's astonishment, his own age. He was now the eldest in a long line of predecessors stretching back to Queen Elizabeth the Virgin and Lord Walsingham. It would not be long before he would be retired. But he wanted to keep Jack's progress going until then, he said. My dear Jack, said Peter, my position will always be closed to you for various reasons, for example, you are not British and you have no aristocratic background, for whatever that is worth. But I've always wanted to put you in London Central, because you can often achieve more in the second line than at the top, where you would have to lick the boots of the nobility or royals in particular. He laughed softly to himself. I have it a lot easier than Dick, and Jack wasn't sure if Dick was to be understood in a derogatory sense as a dick, or if he meant the head of Section 6, Dick White. Jack followed Peter to a little table in a corner that Peter used for awkward conversations. He understood Peter very well by now, but he had doubts about whether he was up to it. However, Peter insisted. His studies had taught him many things that went far beyond being a doctor. And Jack had something that had no name and few people had. Of course, Peter didn't believe in hocus-pocus, but this particular talent included something like mind-reading, something seer-like, and a profound empathy for other people. He had put Jack to the test many times, and each time he was amazed at how accurately the boy guessed, anticipated, or drew conclusions. A person with this gift had to work for the kingdom and the talent did not go to waste. Peter was impressed with how Jack reacted at the time to his mention that they had caught the whole gang of South African and GDR mercenaries. Jack was able to say they had been court-martialed. Three or four main perpetrators had been convicted of some murders and were hanged. The others were sent to jail for many years, and the lowest ranks were let go. Peter listened spellbound, for it was all true. Three were hanged, the fourth pardoned at the very last minute to 35 years. Jack couldn't say *how* either, but he *just knew*. It was as simple as that.

So Jack came to special education in his senior year. It took up three days a week, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. It was compatible with his studies, he just unfortunately had to decide sometimes, studies or special training. The first part was about weaponry and shooting. It was easy for him, the western and eastern weapons and weapon systems were easy to distinguish and ba-

sically all worked the same. Load, pull the trigger, bang! These exercises were child's play, he could handle them well. He wasn't bad at shooting, but the instructor thought he was only mediocre. He was good, but certainly not a master. He got very good marks on the special weapon, the sniper rifle with scope. Jack was reminded of his father, but he kept it to himself. Trickier were explosives, bombs and mines. It was challenging to disarm them. Time and again, the instructor would break off, Boom! You're dead! He had no trouble intuitively guessing and recognizing the design and mechanism. His fingers were just too clumsy. Nevertheless, he passed the final exams satisfactorily. He concentrated on becoming a doctor. He worked on that ironcladly, the final exams were within his grasp.

The second part of his education was about information gathering, conclusions and evaluation. They took through actual cases, Operation Mincemeat and Jedburg. That was highly interesting, as was Operation Gold and the spectacular escape of George Blake. Jack was deeply immersed in that world; he felt as if his father was standing behind him, giving him tips. Without ever having experienced an espionage operation, he moved confidently and treadily on this terrain. He had to spend Friday and Saturday nights at the Operation Center. The task there was simple but tricky. For every girl in the OpCent he seduced during the two nights, there were good points. On the other hand, if he was seduced by a girl, she got the points. A competition in the bordello that took place two nights in the OpCent. Jack didn't play along. He let himself be seduced, did not collect a single point. The girls were delicious, to put it simply. They were female agents who had to conquer the opponent with their feminine charms and bring him down.

Jack allowed himself to be conquered, but the girls had to give it their all. He took his time and enjoyed the seduction, sitting back and letting the other guys pedal away and conquer the girls. His restraint and refusal to play tempted the prettiest and horniest girls to get the cool youngster into bed. Jack mostly left it to the girl to ride him until dawn. He challenged them, they had to earn their points with a lot of physical effort. They had beautiful and fragrant vulvas, their clits were precious jewels that he and they indulged equally. They had to strain every muscle of their battle-hardened vaginas to make him squirt out the last drop of semen even after the x-th time. Sunday he spent many hours in bed with

Jane, telling her in great detail how he had let himself be conquered. She laughed gleefully and was pleased to see how he had turned the game in his favor. She was proud of him, he gave himself to the most beautiful daughters in England and made them sweat profusely. He would explain to the instructors at the end of this section of training why he had not scored. They would do well to understand the deeper meaning.

Peter had been seriously injured in a knife attack and remained in the military hospital for two months. Jane and Jack knew nothing about it, and he told them only afterward. His longtime driver had been killed and his bodyguard and he had been left critically injured. In the meantime his closest adviser staff cleared up the assassination without any gaps, a member of MI6 had been turned around and had organized the assassination. He and the two assassins were killed during the arrest. The defector's last words were: Fuck you, Robert Bruce! Jack winced as if under the lash of a whip and looked at Jane. Peter pricked up his ears and looked at him questioningly. He was my examiner years ago, Jack said, lowering his head. Peter nodded; he knew that. MI6 managed to keep Peter's name out of the papers and they only reported a stabbing among Albanian clans. Peter had to use a — naturally elegant — walking stick and now carried a small pistol in a holster. He had become even more wrinkled and serious, and so far had successfully resisted retirement. He had laughed out loud when he read the OpCent reports. He understood immediately and shook his head. That's pretty risky, son, he told Jack, you'll definitely be looked at negatively. He was perfectly aware of that and didn't care, Jack said, but he didn't want to be used as Romeo anyway, that wasn't his thing. And getting girls was not a problem.

At the beginning of the year, Sir Peter took him to Churchill's funeral in Bladon, where he met some relatives of the great hero. Jack was introduced for the first time to the Section 5 and 6 leadership, Peter letting everyone know through the grapevine that Jack was his protégé. On the way back to London, Peter lectured about each individual they had met. Jack took great pains to commit faces, names, functions, and Peter's references to memory. Peter encouraged him to meet with the lower batches once or twice. He named two gentlemen's clubs where he had registered Jack as a member and where he could pleasantly entertain these agents. In the weeks that followed, Jack had Peter's office give him the di-

rect telephone numbers of some of these small agent bosses and invited them one by one to these clubs. He left the information in Peter's office so his mentor would know. Jack was not a subaltern, he was a team player, Peter knew that.

His initial shyness vanished instantly, he listened intently to these agents and let his charismatic character shine through. After all, he read the newspapers and watched the television news every day, so he knew exactly what they were reporting. In many news stories, he could read a little between the lines and surprise his interlocutors with ideas and conjectures. He drew cross-references between news stories that would certainly not come up at any regular table. Immediately after these luncheons, he would return to the club unseen and record in key words the conversation in his notebook. He used a primitive cipher that posed no problems for an expert but left an ordinary reader unable to understand anything. He then composed a memo in cues and sent it to a post office box that led to Peter's office. When, after a few weeks, he wished to speak to the club manager and inquired how he could settle his account, the manager smiled benignly and said Lord Pembroke reserved that privilege. Peter smirked when Jack spoke to him about it, saying that sometimes it was to the Earl's advantage to be singled out. He brushed aside Jack's objections. After all, you work for the Crown without contract or pay, so these bills are the least they could do. He emphasized how pleased he was to read Jack's memos. That, he said, was a good start. Then he pivoted to the bordello and let Jack tell him what the female agents at the bordello were like. With his eyes closed, he listened to how the girls behaved when they fucked, what they were particularly good at, and what they liked themselves.

Jack had a full schedule, cramming for final exams and learning information gathering and analysis, which was highly interesting. He didn't mind at all if classmates grumbled because he asked so often. But he sensed that this was exactly what interested him. His fellow students wanted shooting, rope climbing, and house fighting. He was only marginally interested in that. When the others rushed to the shooting range, he engaged the lecturer in two-hour conversations, about why, how, and why not. He sharpened his thinking, learned how to cross-reference and when to use hooks to get to the target. He wanted to learn the best interrogation techniques, how to turn enemy agents, which political events mattered

and which didn't. How to spot false, inaccurate or manipulated messages and how to proceed to get clarity. If his fellow students had known how much his questioning affected the class, they would have lynched him.

In early March, Peter instructed him to take time off immediately for 3 or 4 days, at Jane's, the Academy, etc. Peter had a carriage take him to Morrison Manor House south of London. At ground level and on the floors, it was an ordinary manor house, such as there were thousands of in the kingdom. But he was escorted to the lift and taken down. Even the elevator boy carried a pistol concealed in his holster. Once downstairs, his name was entered into a list, and he denied the question of whether he was armed. Then they went through winding corridors to a huge underground hall. Jack was left breathless. Men and women worked at dozens of desks, telegraphs clacked, typewriters ticked, and telephone calls filled the air with a deafening cacophony. On two sides of the hall, men and women worked at huge blackboards as if in a betting shop or stock exchange.

Jack found Peter in one of the partitioned sections. Peter was on the phone and speaking into a microphone, waving Jack over and pointing to a chair. Jack sat down and pricked up his ears. Peter talked on the phone in French, spoke Italian into the microphone, and made his notes in English. He passed notes in between to a mute assistant, who ran off with them and returned at a run, with or without such notes, and placed the notes on Peter's desk. Rarely did the slip of paper remain in front of Peter; most were arranged by the assistant in the long rows of slips of paper on the desk. Peter ended the call and turned off the mike, skimmed the new slips of paper and nodded with satisfaction.

He greeted Jack with a handshake and said, Operation Nefertiti. We are in Italy, Rome. It is for the safety of the deposed King Faruq of Egypt. Our opponent the Egyptian service, they want to eliminate Faruq. Our friends, Italian and French services, cooperative but little engaged. We were protective power of Egypt, so we interfere. Mia Girotti will guide you, just soak up all the information and send your opinion directly to me. Oh, the phone! Take care, Jack! Peter spoke on the phone in Italian and turned away. Jack tried to understand Peter's Italian, but he could only make out a few snatches. It was about some hotel and boutique on Via

Veneto. Jack looked up and a young girl he recognized immediately beckoned him to follow. She led him to a workstation within sight of Peter, pulled up a second chair and they sat down. Shaking hands, she said her name, Mia Girotti, and he said his. He added, we know each other from OpCent, from the Bordello. She nodded, I recognized you, but I couldn't place you. She smiled. This is not a bordello, we are to protect Faruq and lead our people. My place, my rules. How good is your Italian? she asked and he replied, Niente. Nothing.

She immediately decided, I'll do the phone, you do the map. There is a big map of Rome, the red pins are ours, the yellow ones are our armed commandos. The green ones are the Italians, the white ones are French. The black ones are Egyptians and their partners. When I'm on the phone, I dictate keywords to you. You write in block letters, English. When I point, you raise a hand with the paper and let the aide pick it up. You concentrate on the large card and report to me the change on this small card. When I ask, you show me the change with the tip of the pencil. And don't screw up the card for me, I was just able to grab one when I learned to get an aide. He grimaced. Ohh, pencil only and no lipstick! Mia laughed briefly, then said Go! because her phone was blinking. Jack looked at the large map and noted exactly when a pin was moved. With a wave of his hand, the offset was repeated again, just once. He listened for Mia's rapid Italian and did not miss any of her short English spoken cues and phrases. The work demanded full concentration, but was not difficult. The notes that were supposed to be signed with Mia G., he drew with Mia + Jack. He stuck out his tongue when Mia made a comment. She was cheerful despite the concentration and liked to laugh, even on the phone.

Mia said in one of the short breaks, Faruq had only one vice. Eating, drinking and young girls. Jack grinned and shrugged, so an ex-king with pocket money. She looked at him fixedly. He understood young to mean those from 12 to 16, they must not be older. He became serious. I don't eat green apples, he said with a grin, I can wait until they are ripe, red and juicy. And have nice breasts! He looked demonstratively at Mia's big breasts. She thanked him with a tiny smile for the compliment, but the phone blinked. Then, after long hours, a beep. Mia murmured to Jack, relieve me! and continued to talk on the phone. There was movement all around, the relief went off unspectacularly. Jack glanced

at Peter, but he seemed to continue. Jack wrote a final note with Mia's cues and drew Mia + Jack, Over and Out. Mia gave the young beardless a few cues and pointed her finger at a number on the phone list. Jack waited, standing, until she finished.

Mia walked ahead through quiet concrete corridors until they were in a small dining room. The silence really hurt his ears after the noise. It was like the dining hall at university, only the food was classes better. He passed the beer and wine and took a bottle of water, Mia took a small jug of red wine. He walked to one of the smaller tables with his tray, which had half a roast chicken with sauce and rice on it. Mia followed, she had chosen a large salad bowl and yogurt. We have exactly 8 hours off, she said, sleep, brush teeth and eat breakfast in exactly — she glanced at her sinfully expensive wristwatch — 7 hours 45 minutes. At the signal, we must be at the door to the operating room.

They ate chatting, he told a little of his background and that he would be a doctor in six months and then work at St. Anne's for two years on probation. She said that her family made Italian furniture near London, 350 employees. Her two older brothers had studied economics and management and would soon take over the factory from her father. She could have lived as a jet-setting-princess, according to her parents, but she preferred to study Italian literature and even took her interpreting diploma. Two years ago she had come to the OpCent because of a stupid thing and was trained as an agent there. He smiled. The stupid thing was probably a wrongful arrest for alleged prostitution? he interjected questioningly and she blanched, visibly shaken. How did...? He lied, "page 78 in the training manual. How to make a girl an agent." He'd made that up, but it was that intuition that Peter envied.

He was calmly finishing his chicken, she had pushed the salad bowl aside and was drinking the red wine. She was smoking and he could tell she was seething with anger inside. The accusation of prostitution was shit, of course, Mia said pressedly. I never fucked for money, honest! she paused for a long time and added, I only took jewels and jewelry, the judge didn't know that, of course. She thought for a moment. The OpCent was just right for me, the training is highly interesting and we don't screw for money, only for points. They both had to laugh, and the eaters around them looked disapproving. She lowered her voice. Don't know why I

didn't target you, she said musingly. He meant, you must have noticed that I wasn't throwing myself at the girls like stupid, some must have thought I was gay. I'm not, I just wanted to get the points to the girls. I didn't need points, I just wanted the girls. I got them, every time.

Mia smiled as he spoke. So, did you get tricked into prostitution too? she asked and Jack shook his head. It is very complicated, he said, chewing the chicken meat, just this much, already my father was in Lord Walsingham's service. He enlightened her, Walsingham founded the secret service under Queen Elizabeth I, Elizabeth the Virgin Queen. All this around he started 450 years ago. We're not here because we love King Faruq. We're here for the kingdom, for the Queen. And, because Walsingham realized there had to be a secret service. And, because the Queen realized perfectly well that Walsingham was the right man for the job. Jack was glad that he had cleverly dodged her questions about his prostitute status. He had finished dinner, or was it lunch? and they were taking the dishes to the rack.

Once again, Mia led the way, through the concrete corridors. She'd been here 11 days, she said, and he noted he had to leave so quickly that he hadn't packed a suitcase. She said that he could find fresh linen in the room, also a second pillow and blankets. With us girls, all this is in the left closet. The toothbrushes are original, I honestly don't know about the toothpaste. Soap and towel you can find even without instructions. Next to the bed is an alarm clock, set it! They had arrived, she pointed to a door with a dark flower. Your room, she pointed to the room opposite, with a white flower on the door, mine. She looked at him from the side. I don't need to set the alarm if you set it for us! He had seen it coming, she had been flirting with him all along. Just give me 5 minutes, he said, so I can wash my face and cock. She smiled brightly, and if you spot the shower behind the right closet, you can even shower. I need a shower now, definitely!

Jack showered in no time. He sat naked on the simple military bed and waited with his heart beating with joy. She knocked and scurried in, covered only with a towel. She dropped the towel as he rose. They hugged and kissed, eventually falling onto the bed. She checked the alarm clock and shook her head frantically, oh you men! and set the alarm. Mia was very slim, this showed off her

large firm breasts well. She had shaved her dark pubic hair off to the side, Jack had heard that was called a *landing strip*. Her pubic area looked like a young girl's, neither clit nor labia minora were visible.

Jack stroked and caressed her until her breathing was shallow. As they fucked with pleasure, she whispered, after 11 nights of heavy masturbating I just needed it! They fucked for quite a long time until he felt the squirt rising. I need to squirt now, he gasped and she nodded, Yes, okay, you can squirt! and grabbed her clit. She quickly and skillfully brought herself to orgasm and let him thrust and squirt into her orgasm. They lay close together and he asked how old she was. Twenty-six, in two months. She didn't count the men, she replied, there must have been hundreds by now, but she wouldn't care. She probably didn't go into marriage a virgin, she grinned. She preferred to live by the motto Carpe Diem and Jack, shot like a pistol, et noctem! They were still laughing softly when there was a knock. Quick-witted, Jack pulled the blanket over Mia and immediately recognized Peter's lion's mane as the door opened. Peter stopped, puzzled. Mia got off the bed and gave Peter plenty of time to look at her beautiful body, then picked up the towel and left. Jack recognized the bodyguard, who stood motionless with his back to the door, watching.

Peter grabbed the stool and sat down. All in the green, so far the Egyptians have kept quiet. But they would not leave Faruq alone. They discussed some details and Jack expressed his suspicion that the Egyptians were still preparing and not yet executing. Peter asked. Well, Jack said, there are just under 20 black needles. They are about evenly distributed in the extended perimeter of downtown. They form groups of 2 and three. They go to cafes, shopping, movies. Only one group was meant for execution, the others are on standby for emergencies and to keep us busy. The black needles, who were in charge of execution, we probably don't even have on the map yet. Jack was silent, Peter was silent. How do we find the missing ones? Peter asked and Jack shrugged, he had no idea. One thing must be clear to us, Jack said, we won't recognize the assassination until the very last moment. Some black needles will go to Termini central train station, others to Fiumicino airport. In this time it goes: bang!

Peter nodded, he had come that far too. He had ordered to tie a tight cordon around Termini and Fiumicino. Jack nodded, but wanted to know two things. How many were directly on Faruq, and how many on the people feeding the girls to Faruq? 8 to 10 around Faruq, the white slavers had been security checked by the Italians before Faruq arrived. Could we put more people around Faruq and watch the girl traffickers every step of the way, Jack asked. We don't know the missing black needles, but if the extra men and women around Faruq keep their eyes open, they will spot them. Maybe. One crow recognizes another among many flamingos, doves and sparrows. As for the white slavers, if I were them, I'd tackle it there. They have no morals, only cash counts there. Not about the kitchen, not about the security guards, not about the service staff. Also, check what official appearances Faruq was scheduled to make. Sniper. Did we check, none, Peter said, scribbling something in his notebook. The night is short, he said getting up, I need a cap of sleep. He pointed his chin toward Mia's door. Do what you have to do, but do it soon. Jack waited a few minutes before opening Mia's room door in his Adam costume.

When the bedside lamp was turned on, he immediately realized that she was not Mia. This woman was decidedly twice his age and smiled kindly at him, the way women smile when a naked man with an erection unexpectedly stands in the bedroom. She slowly pulled the blanket aside and shifted a bit. He didn't get a word out and turned to leave, but she made a negating sound and plodded with the flat of her hand on the sheet. Here, my boy! she signalized. A woman in her mid-fifties with an inviting body. He didn't need a second to think, then he climbed into bed with her. She bent over his cock without a word and made it stiff with her mouth and hand in no time. She gave him nice French kisses while pulling him on top of her and between her open legs. They fucked wordlessly and she rubbed her clit as they fucked. She orgasmed within no time and kept rubbing to the next. It took him 20 minutes to cum. She noticed and stopped masturbating. He gasped, I'm about to cum and she stroked his head, go ahead and cum, my boy, go ahead and cum! She motherly stroked his hair and whispered all the time, just squirt, keep squirting and don't stop squirting. Her vagina greedily sucked up his semen and with one hand on his ass she pressed it deep and rhythmically inside her. One finger pressed deep into his asshole and made him squirt again. After that she embraced his cock and rubbed the last drops into her

vagina with her hand for minutes. She gasped with greed and horniness and rubbed his cock vigorously until it was completely flaccid. They lay side by side in silence for a few more minutes, then he stood up. He looked at her naked body, which was very womanly and inviting. He already knew her densely hairy pubic, her breasts were not lush and hung down sadly. He opened his mouth to say something nice, but her friendly smile rested on his cock. He smiled back and nodded appreciatively, then went to sleep. They had not exchanged a single word.

After breakfast, he went to the op room and waited for the sign. Mia was already in her seat, talking on the phone. He waited for the signal and went to her, stroking the back of her hand in greeting and looking at the board. He recognized the cordons around the main station and the road to the airport. The white flag marking Faruq's location was now loosely surrounded by 20, 24, no 26 red pins. A yellow one marked that an armed commando was near or in the basement of Faruq's hotel. The Italians and French were in a heap, apparently still eating breakfast. The English were on their own. Mia ended the conversation and they finally greeted each other. Mia said the French were gathering at the meeting place, coordinating the day's schedule with the Italians. Over brioches and coffee, Jack said with a grin, staring at the map. He couldn't look Mia in the eye, not after that night. Little was happening and time was passing slowly. The signal sounded, they were relieved. They went to the dining hall, ate comfortably, and Jack laid out his theories and conjectures before Mia. She was one of the brightest women he had yet met at OpCent. She had almost as broad an education as Jane and understood his ideas immediately. They continued their quietly conducted debate in his room. Mia said this 8-hour rotation would continue until the end of the operation; they needed every minute of sleep. They showered, and Jack noted that unseen servants had cleaned the room and restocked the laundry.

It was nice fucking Mia. Again, she masturbated only just before he squirted and let him thrust and squirt into her orgasm. She said that was her thing, that was best for her. Unfortunately, many men were offended when she wanted to masturbate while fucking, she said. She usually kicked these men out instantly. She wanted to know why Sir Peter had shown up yesterday, he was the boss of the whole operation. He remained vague, saying that he was one of

his instructors and wanted to hear his theory, which he had explained to Mia at lunch. Dinner, she corrected, there is only dinner, sleep, breakfast and work here, in 8-hour-cycles. The fucking, not to mention, he jokingly interjected. She nodded and stroked his cock, but he still needed time to regenerate, he said.

He told her about the adventure afterwards. Mia laughed at the top of her lungs, good Lilly got an extra-service! Mia was not jealous for a moment and reported that she had heard fucking noises in the middle of the night, but had not paid any attention to it, it was horny, but not sooo horny. Lilly worked in the telephone exchange and was also a wiretap specialist. She was already over fifty, but had obviously taken care of her figure. She was married to an older inside agent and had three grown children. And, Mia asked, how was she in bed? Jack readily told of the fucking, that she masturbated throughout and had made several nice orgasms. How she had encouraged him to squirt and had stroked him motherly and gently while he squirted. That she apparently must be a frugal housewife because she had milked the last drops into her vagina very vigorously for minutes. Summa summarum, he summed up, Lilly was very good in bed, but she rarely got fucked lately. Intuition, he said, just a guess. He fucked Mia again, the girl was really an excellent partner in fucking. They slept close together until the alarm rattled.

The next five shifts went the same way as this one. English and Egyptian leered at each other and there were no significant changes. At dinner, Mia told him she wanted to sleep alone tonight. The surgery had thrown off her pill's rhythm and she didn't want to risk anything. He nodded and she leaned over to whisper in his ear that he should go to Lilly! He nodded and calmly ate his Indian style chicken. The kitchen was unique and served differently prepared chicken every 8 hours. He would try the beef next time, although he knew the English didn't understand beef any more than Scandinavians understood pizza. They went to their rooms, saying goodbye with fierce French kisses. Jack showered extensively and sat down on the bed. He could go over to Mia, but he had no idea if she liked handjobs or mouth fucking. He decided to go with Lilly.

He knocked softly and entered her room, closing the door. Lilly awoke and turned on the small light. Her broad smile revealed

that he was welcome. He slipped into bed with her and the fucking went the same as before. They smoked and he said he knew her, Lilly from the switchboard, his name was Jack and he worked as a trainee doctor at St. Anne's. He questioned her curiously and she confirmed she hadn't screwed in at least ten or twelve years, until just now. She thought highly of the marriage vows, but they were at war now. She was a lecturer at Kings College in civilian life and taught four languages. She was fluent in French, Spanish, Italian, and Arabic, and listened to 8 hours of Rome conversations per shift. We are at war, Jack, the Egyptians are preparing for a bloody attack, although she had not been able to learn any details so far.

He brought the language back to sex. She emphasized that she usually respected the marriage vows, after all she masturbated often every evening and when needed she also rubbed her husband, because he only wanted to be made to squirt with her hand. Even for the conception of her children, she had maneuvered his cock into her vagina and made him squirt with her hand. Before that she was often in the field and in the war, there were other men. She blushed gracefully when he asked her. There must have been 10 in the war and in the field, she whispered, or more. But before marriage there were only two or three, she had started screwing very early, at 19. Finally, he wanted to know what her favorite position was when fucking. I don't know, she said, red in the face, maybe the dog position and you use your finger in my asshole. She looked at him very shyly and he kissed her intimately. Let's do it like this then, he decided. She took his cock in her mouth and made it stiff rubbing.

Somewhat unsteadily she got on all fours and he penetrated her vagina from behind. His index finger quickly found her asshole and he fucked her as she had said. She propped herself up on her elbow and had one hand free. She masturbated from start to finish and had countless orgasms, moaning with horniness, greed and lust. He fucked very long and gasped, I have to squirt! She lay down on her back in a flash and said cooing, just squirt, my love, squirt as much as you can! She inserted his cock into her vagina and rubbed it vigorously. Go ahead and squirt, my boy, go ahead and squirt, she gasped. For minutes she rubbed his cock with slow, energetic movements to get every last drop. He continued to fuck her in this position with his flagging cock, watching very closely as she masturbated. Her clit was very small like Veronika's and she

masturbated in the same way. He felt the violent working of her vagina in orgasm. They kissed for a long time and he replied, Yes, maybe tomorrow too, then he went to his room.

How surprised he was, however, that Mia was sleeping on his bed. He lay down with her, his chest pressed against her back. Drowsy, she begged him to tell. He told everything, every detail, and Mia reached between her legs in the side position. She masturbated slowly and pleasurably with her legs closed, listening to him half asleep. She kept her legs closed until the end and had her rubbing hand trapped between her legs. When he had finished, she rubbed herself very quickly, making her ass wiggle, and Jack penetrated her vagina from behind. He didn't move, enjoying her rubbing and her gentle orgasm. He kissed her on the neck and turned out the light.

For several more cycles this repeated itself. Lilly got wonderful orgasms in the doggy position, lying on her back to let him squirt inside her vagina and rubbing him as he squirted. Go ahead and squirt, my boy, she breathed in his ear, squirt deep inside me! She rubbed him while he squirted and then continued to do so until his cock had gone completely limp. A little later, he whispered all the details and teasing into Mia's ear as she masturbated herself to sleep.

A few shifts later, it was March 18, 1965, Jack would never forget that date. No sooner had Mia and he relieved the others than he grabbed Mia's arm and pointed to the board. Those relieved must have been asleep! He already had a piece of paper in his hand and wrote NOW!!! on it in big letters. He waved the note until Peter noticed and sent a runner to him. While the runner was still running, Jack pointed to the board, indicated movement to the main train station and the airport, and stood up. Peter immediately made two phone calls, called several people, and looked at Jack shaking his head. He pointed to the phone and called Mia's number. Peter said all the bases reported NOTHING. Not a single Egyptian even close to the hotel. Jack was desperate. The movements of the black needles were so distinct, he could have screamed! He waved goodbye to Peter and ended the call. The shift ended unchanged, he ate dinner with Mia and rushed to his room with her. He was very agitated and needed immediate relaxation. They fucked fast and furious, twice in a row. He could, he

wanted it a third time, Mia looked at him critically but didn't say a word to the berserker fucking.

In the middle of the act there was a knock and Peter entered. Jack took a few seconds and stopped fucking. They disengaged from each other and covered up instantly. Peter waved off, Mia should stay. Mia sat up and didn't care that the blanket slid aside. Peter looked at her nakedness, beautiful breasts and her wet hole with pleasure and reported. He had seen Jack's desperation and decided to send two agents directly to the hotel. They and two of Faruq's servants discovered the dead king and his 14-year-old girl, also dead. He had been poisoned with ricin in the lemonade, as later investigations revealed. The girl had brought the lemonade with her in three bottles, and they had apparently not checked them carefully. Presumably, the girl had not known about the poison, since she did not know the king. Finally, Peter said that the media had been informed that Faruq had succumbed to a stroke in Capri. It sounded less puffery than that they had been unable to prevent an assassination in the middle of the capital. Peter's eyes broke away from Mia's wet little hole and looked firmly into Jack's. You must admit that you have this special gift! and without waiting for an answer he stood up. Jack was very affected and Mia did not understand the last remark.

And now, Peter said with a grin, carry on, children! But this was not to be thought of. Jack and Mia got dressed and hurried into the OpRoom. The agents stood in clusters and discussed. The loud buzzing was quite different from the cacophony that had prevailed in the OpRoom until now. They moved together or separately from group to group, listening and asking questions. Everyone expressed themselves completely freely; there were no secrets here. The consensus was that the Italians had screwed up. They had only tested one of the bottles, the king's cupbearer and taster had only tasted this lemonade. The girl had been brought here just to get fucked by the fat King, no one suspected anything. She had been thoroughly and full of horniness groped several times and her orifices inspected by grinning and horny agents. The girl, made docile by pills, was helplessly at the mercy of the overweight fat toad, the royal pederast helplessly at the mercy of the poison. No one mourned him, he was a miserable pig. But he was their package, their ward. May the failure not have been their fault, they had lost the package, Period.

Some agents were still on the phone with radio stations and newspaper editors, the cover story was spread, the dead girl was never mentioned. Since the cause of death was alternately stroke and heart attack, it made for a good mix of different narratives. Capri was good, the ex-king loved Capri, Capri had no clinic where the king could have been saved. Capri would not be hurt by a dead king; an assassination in the city's most exclusive hotel would be a disaster. An agent approached Jack. Sir Peter would be waiting in the driveway in twenty minutes and would gladly take him. Before he could even say peep! the agent had disappeared in the thick of the crowd. He was looking for Mia. I have to see the boss and then go home, he said. The best lies meander very close to the truth, he reminded himself. Mia asked, and he nodded, he just wants to see me. She hugged him for a tenth of a second and whispered, I'll see you again, I hope. He whispered back, hopefully there will be more than just seeing each other, and she gave him a friendly peck. They shared a fleeting kiss, then he left.

He waited outside the covered entrance, smoking. He was annoyed that he had become a chain smoker during the last few days. The cab stopped, he stubbed out the cigarette. Sir Peter's cab was a well-camouflaged vehicle and had a few extras. It was probably the only one in all of London, maybe even the country, that had a radio telephone. He waited until the chauffeur had stowed Peter's luggage in the compartment and sat down opposite Peter. The drive to Jack's house took over an hour, Peter had his notepad open and was jotting down point by point what he needed to get done to end Operation Nefertiti. Who got which report, who had to be informed personally, who only by phone. To whom did he have to communicate his conclusions. Evaluation of the operating room, the accommodations, the room service. The coffee once tasted a little salty (seawater?), even for such trifles you have to take your time, Peter said.

He read each item aloud and discussed it with Jack where necessary. But Jack understood most of the steps even without explanation. At one point, when he said it was such a bloated device, Peter nodded and shrugged. It's too early for reform, Jack. At Jack's objection that this or that one was a bottle after all, he shook his head thoughtfully. Not at all, Jack, not at all! Being taken for a sucker is one of the most effective disguises! Jack remained silent, there was still so much to learn. Peter flipped his notebook shut,

after your PhD you must assist me with all this to be fit for your future.

Transitionally, he asked how it was with Lilly. Jack raised his head in amazement, but he answered straightforwardly how it had come about. Peter laughed, wrong door, my ass! The girls switched rooms in a flash, you simpleton, a typical Lilly's maneuver, I know it! Jack looked at him piercingly and Peter said with a hint of embarrassment, we knew each other in the war.... known each other. Jack smiled, Lilly and the marriage vows, I'm laughing! He told Peter anyway what Lilly had confided in him. Peter nodded, most of it was true, only there were many more affairs before she got married, as well as during the war, although she was already married then. A whole lot more. She was one of the most desirable and willing in Whitehall. Perhaps she was ashamed of it and therefore embellished the story. That she hadn't screwed in the past 12 years was true, I know from her husband. He would have known immediately if the husband had lied. And since she held a sensitive position, any extramarital screwing would have been mentioned in the reports.

Peter changed the subject again. Be aware, Jack, that you cannot have a girl unnoticed. That should not stop you at all, take them all. Just know that it will never be secret. If you know that, you won't make any mistakes. None are worth making a mistake. Peter held his gaze. For how long? Until you're in consecrated ground, Peter said without thinking. Even if you don't want to cooperate, and in principle you can still decide that, you'll never come down from the list of not-so-important people. It is imperative for the service to know about their people, from the chauffeur to the head honcho. That's been true since Walsingham and it remains true. It is a sensible thing to do, remember George Blake, because if we had paid better attention it would not have come to this.

They had arrived outside Jack's house and the chauffeur turned off the engine and got out. Jack asked if he wanted to come in for a drink, but Peter declined with thanks. He rummaged a package out of his pocket. It was your birthday last week and you couldn't celebrate because of Operation Nefertiti. Jack accepted the box and thanked him. Peter motioned him to open it. It was a gold-plated Portugieser wristwatch. He had kept looking at the display

on the way to the hospital and had thought about buying this beautiful Swiss watch. A doctor needed a wristwatch with a second hand. Surveillance has its good points, Jack muttered. Peter knocked on the window, I have to go on. They said goodbye and Jack went into the house. He had been gone 12 days, and every day Peter's office had called Jane to say that Sir Peter and Jack were well.

The next morning he celebrated his 26th birthday with Jane, Rose had provided delicacies early that morning and served them a festive late breakfast. He had received from Jane a gold ring, which was worn on the little finger at that time. The light blue stone was adorned with a fanciful crest, and a J C was engraved on it. "Jesus Christ!" exclaimed Jack theatrically, and Jane automatically corrected, No, Jack Crawley. Then she laughed because she had fallen for him. Then he put the little black box on the table, from Uncle Peter. He took the beautiful watch and put it on. It was a precious piece and he liked it very much. Jane picked up the watch, looked at it from all sides. Glass bottom, you can really see inside. She noticed the engraving.

For Jack Crawley by Peter Lord Mossley

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Jack had a lump in his throat and saved himself with the help of the coffee cup.

He had finished his studies, was third best out of 167 students, and in 10 days was the ceremonial graduation. He had not seen Peter since Operation Nefertiti and told him about the graduation via office message. He would be happy if he could come. He had sent Veronika the train ticket and expected her in a week. It was Veronika's second visit to London, the first time he and Jane had taken turns guiding her to the tourist highlights. They had cleaned out his room and made up his bachelor bed for her. Still, the three of them woke up in Jane's big bed every morning. Rose was blindsided when Jack introduced her to his mother, surely this was the woman in the nude pictures!? She greeted the Lady Veronica, occasionally addressing her as Milady. Veronica was insecure and in return addressed her as Lady Rose and Milady, seriously, she didn't know any better. Rose didn't dare correct Lady Veronica.

Jane and Jack laughed uproariously when they were alone and performed Rose's unfortunate court curtsies. Lady Janet of the Crawlies and Sir Robert the Bruce, His Highness the Baron Jacky of Crawley Castle. They laughed tears.

At Jack's request, Jane escorted Veronika to a fashion boutique. Veronika's festive dress she brought with her was unspeakably tacky and redneck. Jane fitted her for a beautiful dark blue dress that was appropriate for the period. Jack had also gotten a nice, simple suit and had taken Rose with him. Of course she had to be there for the promotion, no arguments, Jack had said. If I had a dog, he would have to come too, he said, immediately regretting the inappropriate comparison. Rose had not taken it negatively and protested, a dog would only make our Crawley Manor filthy! It was his first time in a ladies' boutique, he stuck his head cheekily through the curtain. Rose got a red head from his half-loudly insinuating pigging out and pawing. She kept having to strip completely naked to try on the new bras and fashionable panties he had bought her earlier. She still had a beautiful body, except for her breasts. He made her try on dress after dress, even though he had already found the right one. With a heavy heart he finished the charade and sighed, Rose really was a splendid woman and fucked masterfully.

Of course the alterations to Veronika's dress weren't finished, of course not. Jane snatched the nearly finished piece from the protesting seamstress and raced home in a cab. In no time she finished sewing it by hand and saved the schedule. Jane, Veronika and Rose looked very elegant, Jane had made up Veronika from scratch so she looked subtle and not like a main porn attraction. They went to the Academy in two cabs, in the first Jane and Jack, in the second Lady Veronica and Lady Rose. The ceremony was carried through ironclad according to old tradition, the ceremonial speeches interminable and the fanfares blown by chubby-cheeked boys, not from tape as in later times. Jack had not been able to discover Peter. The new doctors took the oath of Hippocrates, many the oath of Maimonides. Only now he was Jack Crawley M.D. As they turned after taking the oath, 167 young men and women, to bow to the festive guests, he noticed Peter next to Jane. The festive guests gave loud, prolonged applause. The young doctors deflected past the dean's table to receive their certificates. Jack immediately

checked to make sure the three copies of the certificate really bore his name, then walked out like everyone else.

In the vestibule the hugging and kissing, Veronica and Rose blubbered into their handkerchiefs. Jane beamed like a freshly polished gold coin, Peter just gave him a firm handshake. He took Jack aside for a moment. Change of program, one went to the Coats of Arms. Jack's eyes teared up, but Peter reassured him, he had already cancelled Jack's table reservation, end of debate. Peter had visibly caught fire when Jane introduced him to Jack's mother. Only his good breeding kept him from clicking his tongue. The elegant dress of the main porn attraction was top fashion and revealed everything that was not hidden underneath. It didn't take much imagination, after all, the dress was designed precisely to veil and reveal the wearer's physical assets. Peter almost couldn't take his eyes off her horny body. She was discreetly made up and that showed off her feminine features well. He had her hooked under immediately and swung his classy walking stick. To accommodate her he spoke German. The others followed them and Jane exchanged a meaningful look with Jack. He had hooked himself under Jane and Rose, Rose clutching the dark red document scroll like the crown treasure. The Coat of Arms was the best restaurant in London at the time, and it was a mystery to Jack how Peter had managed to get the small, separate Viscounts Room in this sinfully expensive establishment. Service brought such a few conveniences, Jack thought silently.

Peter had ordered a good meal. Knowing that neither Jane nor Jack liked soup, there were two appetizers, trout and seafood, then delicate pink tournedos à la Rossini and a lemon ice cream sorbet. Red wine went with everything, only Jane drank white. Peter ended Veronika's effort to speak English and had already switched to German on the short walk here. Jack had not known until now that Peter spoke German quite well, but really he knew nothing about the man. All four of them complimented him on how persistent he had been in his studies. He was really very proud of that, but he raised his voice, without them four he would never have made it to be a doctor at just over 26. He singled out Jane, who held him up and supported him like a rock. Veronica, who had first got him into grammar school and encouraged him to study in London, which meant a great personal sacrifice for her. Rose ran her household with the precision of clockwork and was always

there for the bodily well-fare of the master. Everyone except Veronica knew what was meant by bodily welfare. Jack gently stroked her arm, for she was crying again. Rose, you are the good soul of Crawley Manor and passionately delight to your master! And, Sir Peter, you are the best uncle we Crawleys have, your support has given Jane and me the good uncle that fate has denied us. Jack stood up and raised his glass, to you all, to us all!

The other day Peter whisked Veronica away for two days to show her the country and its people. Jane and Jack exchanged meaningful glances and persuaded Veronika to go with him. She was brought home the other day tired but smiling. She was surprised because Jane and Jack quizzed her on all the details that night. Peter remained an old-school gentleman the whole time, and sensitively and purposefully tucked her into bed, where they spent 24 hours. Peter had learned two new words, Schniedelwutz and Fötzchen, when she had to tell him the story of her life, from the convent to her neighbor Heinz, who fucked her for a year without damaging her hymen. She left out the sex with Jack and gave a truthful account of her work in the porn film industry. She was clear that she had already passed 35 and was not good for this job for much longer. She didn't need the money and she still had enough to retire. When she had told everything honestly and without make-up, Jane said that thank God Peter was still in such a good mood at his age and still enjoyed fucking. Only the ugly scar on his loin still hurts him, Veronika said. Jack kissed Veronika on the forehead and said, Thank you, that was a good work for his friend, the best he ever had. The other day, Jane gave Veronika a tour of the BBC, where she marveled at the state-of-the-art new television studio. In the afternoon, they visited Jack at St.Anne's, where he showed them both around.

It was their last evening, Rose had prepared the steaks deliciously and they chatted for a long time in the cozy living room.

The next day they accompanied Veronika to Victoria Station and said goodbye.

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The Apprenticeships

by Jack Faber © 2022

Jack kindly but firmly rebuffed bank officials when they advised him to invest his assets. I already have a pretty good idea of what I'm going to do with my money, I have a lot of details to work out, then I'll definitely come back to you. They left him alone from then on, at that time the customer was still king. Besides his work at St.Anne's, he spent every minute in his bachelor room. Rose regularly brought him snacks and drinks and did not disturb him while he was working. She usually quietly reminded him that he hadn't fucked yet today and that withholding semen was very unhealthy. It was fine with him, even if she was spouting purely medical nonsense, but it didn't take long and he was really relaxed afterwards. He was grateful to Rose for remembering to take care of him, for making sure he fucked every morning or squirting in her mouth. She closed the door when Jane was in the house so as not to disturb her. If Jane did come in, she would stop and watch them kindly. Never did she lie down with them, a threesome with a housekeeper was out of the question. She had to keep her distance.

Jack took his work at St.Anne's seriously and really devoted himself to his project only in his spare time. One day, he was ready. For weeks, his evening chats with Jane had fallen victim to his project. Now he acted mysterious, setting out white wine, port and tea on the coffee table and waiting. Jane sat down tensely and looked at him. He had jotted down key words on a piece of paper and was telling her about his project.

He had rented three apartments side by side on Upper John Street between Regent Street and Soho. He wanted to open an open general practice. It was to be open to everyone, whether they had health insurance or not. Open to everyone and especially to those who were often forgotten, poor families, the unemployed, whores and the homeless, beggars and uprooted people. There were of course already similar facilities on the outskirts or outside London, but they were far out and mostly run by church associations. He wanted to be in the middle of the city and be there for everyone, neither religion nor origin, skin color or status should play a role. He had to start with two colleagues, come into contact pro-

fessionally with specialists who wanted to participate pro bono, i.e. free of charge, on a case-by-case basis. He needed three people for registration and clerical work, three nurses for the three doctors, and complete, modern medical equipment. He had made a note of the equipment, including suppliers and prices. Pharmacies and medicines posed a problem, he knew that. But it had to be done somehow. Jane asked questions, many questions. He corrected the figures for personnel costs, renovation, furnishings. For the uncertain medication line item, he set £100,000 annually. Jane promised to support him, but she did not want to invest money yet, maybe later. He was grateful for her openness and support. It was important to him that they managed the project as a couple; she was his rock. And Robert, of course, he joked with a wink. He didn't want her money anyway. They embraced, it was a deal.

Well after midnight, they got up. It was much more expensive than he had estimated. He could not and would not give away that much of his inheritance. Still, he rewrote the concept until it was ready. First Peter, then the bank. He met Peter at the gentlemen's club for steaks and cigarillos. Peter didn't want to read the concept, he wanted to hear it. He listened with his eyes closed, nodding to himself. At the end, he asked a single question. What about after the three years that were planned? I'll be bankrupt and London will have one less welfare institution, Jack said dejectedly. That's how we get ahead, Peter said. First, invest at most a third of your assets, maybe only a quarter. Second, demand at least twice that from the bank. And third, free yourself or Jane to go after investors, donors, sponsors, etc. You don't just start a project like this, you carry it forward. It can't work otherwise. They were silent for a long time. Then Peter cleared his throat. Not that I don't have enough on my plate already. But I'm going to start you off by working on the rich and super-rich. I'll just have to make the time. He recalled that the Mossleys had been successful bankers for centuries. He, as the youngest son, was outrageously lucky and didn't have to work in the bank, Peter said with a grin.

Before they left, Peter tried to bring up the matter of Veronika. Veronika was a great, sensual woman who had immediately charmed him. Jack quickly waved it off. He and Jane agreed that if two adults were meant to spend time together, then it was their private business. He had had a lengthy conversation with Veronika and she was very proud to be fucking such a distinguished English

Gentleman and all that. Moreover, he and especially Jane were pleased that he could still take time for private and pleasant things. Peter nodded silently and squeezed his hand tightly as they left. Jack gazed for a long time after his old friend, who, leaning on his walking stick, walked to his cab, followed by the shadow of his bodyguard.

So it happened. Even before the renovation began, Jane and Jack met weekly with Peter at the Coats of Arms. They ate the delicious steaks and Jane noted down every tip, every name, every little clue. They took turns on the phone promoting their project. Many conversations were fruitless at first, but word seemed to get around and eventually something moved. Jane kept very accurate records of these phone calls. Jack negotiated with the contractor Peter recommended and was able to negotiate a price cap for the renovations. If it held, the cost was a third less than his estimate and they would be done in two months at the latest, or sooner. Peter nodded approvingly, well done son! Immediately, Jack got behind having furnishings and medical equipment delivered at the right time. Since he was placing such a large order, the set-up of the equipment was offered free of charge. This point in his concept was properly appreciated.

Jane took it upon herself to arrange for two ladies to work in the office and as receptionists; she had some acquaintances in the referral milieu. The two most suitable women were older, but had already worked in this job and were desperately looking. Women around 50 who had raised children and whose husbands were now fucking women 30 years younger rarely found good jobs again. They could be paid satisfactorily; there was no cutting corners. Jack was able to interest two doctors, whom he knew and appreciated from his internship, in the project. Being able to be their own boss was important to both of them, as was working in a private practice without their own investment. Jack could not offer them as much as they were currently getting, but if his changed concept worked out, it could become more. Jack had changed the concept, they would take paying patients when capacity was available besides offering free services. Colleagues were preparing to leave, writing patient lists and putting out feelers to see which specialists and institutes wanted to join pro bono.

Jack bit the bullet with his bank and others. No credit for such a project, which did not yield turnovers and profits. It would be money wasted. Jack experienced a losing battle for the first time and cringed with grief. Then came the good news from Jane. After three long and friendly phone calls, Mossley Financing, owned by Peter's family, agreed to contribute a generous amount each year as long as the project did not turn a profit. Peter stonewalled, saying he had nothing to do with it. Neither Jane nor Jack believed him, but they drilled no further. Jane had some success and was able to collect gifts and donations at an increasing rate. It was soon apparent that they could do it without the bank loans. Jack put in only a quarter of his inheritance, as Peter had suggested, and stuck to it ironclad.

Just as ironclad, Peter insisted on working two at a time in Peter's office three days a week. It was his training. He listened in on phone calls, read operational plans and drafted memos, file notes and memos. Most of it he spoke into the Dictaphone, after which it was typed, forwarded or filed somewhere outside. Peter always wanted Jack's opinion or assessment. They discussed every case, even if in the end Peter sometimes decided against Jack. He always explained why and what additional considerations he had for the decision. Jack learned quickly and got better and better at his assessments. How to deal with royalty and politicians and what to avoid. He soon knew the organization quite well, memorizing faces, responsibilities and special skills. He had created a card index for this, which was locked in Peter's safe every evening. Peter had it all in his head, but he immediately saw that the card index was necessary. He wasn't going to live forever. He added to the card index daily, so some of it could be of use later. The data in his head could outlive him.

Jack found the triple burden exhausting, working at St.Anne's, moving the project forward, and working with Peter. Jane had taken over management of the project and had little appetite for sex at the moment. Rose awaited him every morning before breakfast to get Master Jack ready for the day very quickly. He always fell asleep in the evening with Jane in his arms, masturbating gently and quietly now and then before falling asleep. She preferred to do this when the work day was so long and she just wasn't up for quick, hurried sex. Masturbating was just gently drifting off to sleep, and Jack liked to hold and caress her while he did it. She

was still asleep when he slipped into Rose's bachelor bedroom in the morning. Rose always knew when they were fucking in the evening, then she didn't have to lie naked on the bed in the bachelor's room and get excited herself before fucking. She was very rarely wrong, and then she was called by Master Jack very quietly from the stairs. She liked that less, because then she didn't have time to masturbate and get herself aroused before fucking. Rose knew how stressful his day was and settled for 5 minutes of sex. She knew he didn't want a hand job and mouth fucking only when they had plenty of time. He had apologized for just fucking her so hastily, but Miss Jane was never one for the quick morning sex. She always tried to keep herself in peak arousal while rubbing her clit and triggering the orgasm after he penetrated her. She loved it as much as he did when he fucked her in orgasm, thrusting and squirting in as soon as the orgasm subsided. Rose jumped up limberly afterward and fixed the breakfast she always prepared. While serving, Rose wore only her old robe, which revealed more of her nudity than it hid. Neither she nor Jane made any remarks about it. Rose sensed that Milady liked looking at her as much as her Master did. Rose's pussy was still hot from fucking and his semen slicked inside her vagina. She had time to masturbate and shower later, when the gentlemen had left. She was very proud to relieve her dear Master of the sexual pressure every day, it fit wonderfully with her self-image and her view of what made a good servant. He started working visibly energetically and Rose masturbated quite intensively before showering. Her masturbating in the evening decreased, she masturbated very intensively in the morning before and during fucking.

Preparations for the project were in full swing. Jane had taken over as supervisor, since St.Anne's was keeping him fully occupied. He had to take on at least two three-day shifts and devote himself fully to the children's wards. The pretty and voluptuous ladies provided him with lovely night duties, no question. It became difficult to coordinate work with Peter, but somehow it always worked out. Jane understood and didn't blame him because they saw each other only briefly. He had little time left for Rose, racing by cab to the hospital or Peter's office. At night he held Jane close and quietly told her about his day at work. She wanted to be stroked lustfully by him as she masturbated sensitively and delicately before falling asleep. His stroking made it even more intense.

Jack was waiting at the Men's Club, Peter had never been late before. The waiter brought a message on a silver platter. Still on the way, about 30 minutes, sorry, Peter. Jack sat back and sucked on his cigarillo. Thirty minutes to himself. Women swirled in his mind like snowflakes. Mia and the sex with her that could be compared to nothing. Mia, who had immediately confirmed that Lilly wanted to switch rooms with her. Lilly, who insatiably wanted to make up for what she had missed. The young women at St.Anne's who were completely uncomplicated and full of sensuality seeking pleasure. Rose, who motherly cared for the sperm jam and liked to be fucked. Jane, who was currently just masturbating a lot and just wanted to be erotically stroked by him, that's all she really wanted.

Jack had a recurring dream, confusing and mystical. He was assembling a larger-than-life female metal figure. Leg by leg, ass cheek by ass cheek. The vulva and the belly. This was no crude tin doll, but an erotic woman whose skin shone like liquid fluid and like liquid silver. Some force made him feel and explore the metal sex in every dream. Everything was there that a woman had. In further dreams he completed the gorgeous woman, shoulders, arms and hands. Curls of hair coiled around her head like pure silver. He saw her face, but he could not remember her features. As often as he touched her sensually, as often as his cock slid into her vagina, a tremendous power flowed through him. He knew in the dream that this power was there to enhance his nameless gift. It was natural in the dream to recognize the power of the All-Mother, the Primal Feminine. He could feel the penetration of the power almost physically, that's when he woke up. He thought nothing of hocus-pocus, yet he knew it was something almost real. He hurried to Rose and squirted full of lust in her throat.

Peter arrived, wordlessly greeted Jack, and hastily drank his whiskey. He reported that the operation in Iraq, which they had thoroughly planned only 10 days ago, had failed including Plan B. The team had been unable to bring the Iranian scientist, who had come to Baghdad for a congress, to England, and the worst was to come for the defector. The team had been caught and captured earlier. Peter had negotiated with Iraq for two hours to get our three people released. The extraction team was stuck with the vehicle and could not help. Iraqi intelligence had to give in to the government, which wanted to make an example. When politics got access, things always got ugly. Jack suggested they put off lunch

and go straight to the office. He called the hospital from the cab that he would be late, No, he did not know how long. At the office, they spread Operation Barduk out on Peter's desk. Jack got a high-ranking Iraqi on the phone. He patiently sounded him out, intelligence man to intelligence man. He found out that one of the general's favorite cousins was serving time in Israel. He whispered to Peter whether they had power in Israel. Peter nodded and picked up the second phone. He greeted Israel with Hebrew phrases and switched to English. He pulled Jack's notes to him and read out what this cousin's name was and what prison he was in. He nodded in agreement and looked to Jack, go! Jack was negotiating with the Iraqi general. The cousin could be on a helicopter in 30 minutes, heading for the Syrian-Iraqi border. Could his 3 agents also be flown to the Syrian-Iraqi border in that time, to the airstrip three miles east of Abu Kamal? The general promised to call back in 15 minutes.

Jack glanced at his gold Portugieser every few minutes. The Swiss precision movement seemed to move with difficulty. Jack knew a minute was just a minute, so he stopped drumming his fingers on the desk. Peter kept talking to Israel. 48 more, he wrote on the paper. 52, Jack wrote. The general said the three men were on their way to the helicopter, one was injured and would have to go to the hospital as soon as they landed. He added that according to the official report, they had escaped and were shot as they fled. Jack nodded, okay sir, I will get this man to the doctor as soon as I can. He asked for details of the injury. Rifle bullet in left shoulder, stab wound in left thigh. Artery injured, makeshift treatment. That was the more dangerous injury. The other two uninjured.

Jack gave the arrival time, 42. The general repeated that they were on their way. Peter relayed to Israel, one man critically injured, immediately to hospital. Israel confirmed that a doctor was in the helicopter, they would inform him immediately. Peter switched on his phone. Please not now, Mr. Minister, am in the middle of an ongoing operation. Thank you, Mr. Minister, in about an hour. He looked frantically at the ceiling. The minister's dog had run away. Jack grinned, though he was on pins and needles. "Dog run away, call MI6!" It was hilarious, though they both had to keep their cool. The Iraqi general said angrily, they are still refueling the helicopter! Do you Brits also have to refuel first when there is an emergency? Jack replied in the negative, saying at least

one was available at all times, fully fueled and ready to fly. That's good, said the general, it's sometimes more difficult with us. Helicopter is in the air, he added, still a good 40 minutes. Jack took notes, Peter too, 28 minutes. He passed the 40 to Israel, they wanted to slow down the flight so as not to be too long on the ground.

Peter pushed the buttons again. He listened, then dialed and got connected to the Syrian ministry. He listened, then said emphatically that this was not a Syrian issue. No, the radar reconnaissance was already correct, but it was a cooperation of the Kingdom with Israel, a prisoner exchange. No, he may take it, tomorrow the Foreign Office will come to him directly. Thank you, sir, just make the call! He ended the conversation and called the Foreign Office directly. After a few minutes, he had the right man and gave him a quick rundown in bullet points. Yes, the handover was in 15 to 20 minutes. Keep Syria out and back off at all costs! Yes, thank you! He interrupted and asked Israel, they both had helicopters on radar, meeting in 7 minutes. The Iraqi general confirmed, 7.

All they could do now was wait, wait, wait. After just under 15 minutes, Israel reported, prisoner handed over, three men on board, return flight. Ground contact 4 minutes with rotors running. Peter immediately called the Syrians, he informed that the action was coming to an end and thanked them for keeping still. The Syrian pressed around that the minister himself was at an event and had better not be disturbed. Peter smirked and promised that the Foreign Ministry was expecting the call from Syria tomorrow, but if there was no call, they would not address it themselves. Error? Phantom signals? Of course, it's common with radar. Peter hung up with a smile and called the State Department. The man on the other end listened attentively and promised to report it verbatim to the Minister. He asked again for Peter's personal security code, just to be sure. Peter put the phone down; enough was enough. Jack stayed on the line with the general and reached for Peter's receiver. He asked the Israeli how things stood. Yes, he was the adjutant, the boss had gone out for a moment, you know, older gentlemen just have to have to more often. The Israeli laughed softly, that was international.

The helicopter had landed on the hospital, the injured man in surgery. He said that is all he has, the others are also being exam-

ined. He would stay on the line for another 15 minutes and in the meantime try to find out more from the military hospital. The Iraqi general called in on the other line. One of the men in the helicopter knew the cousin by sight and confirmed his identity. He thanked him succinctly and said he would call Sir Peter again tomorrow. Good bye, good bye! Jack hung up and waited for the Israeli. Peter lit another cigarette and offered one to Jack. They smoked in silence and waited. Then the Israeli. The man's life was not in danger, he said, but he was still undergoing surgery. It is expected that the men will be able to travel in 10 days. He asked very politely that Sir Peter call his boss tomorrow and clarify further steps. He gave his rank and name, Jack gave his and added, Adjutant with Sir Peter. He returned the Shalom! with Shalom, my friend! and hung up.

Peter retrieved a bottle and two glasses from a cabinet. A 120-year-old Glenturret, he said, you can only get at the Queen's. For special occasions. They clinked the crystal glasses and drank the velvety delicacy from Scotland. Jack looked questioningly at Peter. How were we? Peter took his time and took a deep sip. Operation Barduk failed, defector lost, extraction team on the way back. Three men freed and safe the same day. Not a bad result. I tried two adjutants before you, both ineffectual. The better one I held for three days. Peter cleared his throat, saying nothing about the other. Working with you was a pleasure. You jumped in, right in the middle of the arena. You work fearlessly and wide awake. I like that, I will recommend you to the Lord Chancellor when the time comes. No, he laughed, that's not the Prime Minister, God forbid! He shook his head laughing, there is still a long way to go.

Peter followed up. How is the project going? Jack reported, the two colleagues had been working flat out for two weeks and it was far less chaotic than feared. The two ladies at the front desk were worth their weight in gold, bringing calm and order to the store from the start. The two colleagues brought a surprisingly large number of paying patients with them, and a bookkeeper would be needed willy-nilly. Peter asked how he himself was coping with the task? Jack replied that at the moment he was fully committed to St. Anne's and could only come to his office for an hour or an hour and a half at the most. His colleagues would have to carry the main load for at least another year and a half, and then he would get full licensure and be able to work full time at Upper John Street. Peter

had listened attentively and nodded with satisfaction. You're not the guy to take shortcuts, he noted. Jack raised his eyebrows, two years to licensure, anyone would have to. Peter looked at him sharply. You believe it, don't you? It speaks to your character. But in the real, ugly world out there, there are enough people with no character, no faith, no decency. Sorry, son, but that's the sad truth, the harsh reality. And shortcuts are tempting to all too many.

I'm starving, Peter said, looking at his wristwatch, the Men's Club was still open. Jack nodded in the affirmative and Peter called the Men's Club. Jack called St.Anne's, it was probably going to be very late and inquired how it was going. All was well, said the head nurse, the young resident had stepped in without hesitation and had everything well in hand. See you tomorrow, doctor! Then he called home, Rose was on the line and he said he was going to the Men's Club for dinner with Sir Peter now and would not be in until later, she would not have to fix him dinner. So he went to dinner with Peter, the Argentine style steaks tasted delicious. They talked for a long time after and Jack had a decent sit down. Two glasses of the finest Scotch and an uncounted number of ports, that went in neat! He staggered alongside Peter to his cab and took another home. Jane was already asleep and Rose ushered our drunken hero into the bachelor's room and stripped him naked. He had a three-quarter erection, which she took care of instantly. The erection lasted a good two hours and she fucked the senseless man, whose semen didn't spurt out, but just kept pouring out. She had to fuck all alone in a sitting position, and when she recognized from his moans that he was ready, she pulled out the cock and rubbed it with her fist as long as the semen oozed out. Then she put the semi-stiff one back into her vagina and fucked him all over again. She made every effort, for Master Jack's semen seemed inexhaustible. She didn't put her Master to sleep until the semen stopped flowing. She was very pleased with herself and covered him motherly, he would have a severe hangover problem tomorrow.

Jack gradually found a good rhythm to his time management. He worked some overtime and night shifts at St.Anne's so he could get a few days off. He was ironclad an hour and a half or two at Upper John Street, treating mainly the non-paying public. They did not yet have a name for the ordination and were called Crawley, Finnegan and Lockhart as their doctors. Surgical procedures

were left to Jack, who was the most capable surgeon. Larger operations they had to perform in a hospital, which was quite expensive. Finnegan and Lockhart did an excellent job and had internalized Jack's social attitudes. Treating the destitute free of charge was loosely supported by the paying patients. It was foreseeable that the ordination could be profitable in the future. They had hired an experienced accountant to do the billing and keep order in their finances. Of course, there were minor problems to be solved every day, but there were no real, major problems. The BBC had made a documentary about them and after it aired, the waiting room overflowed. Despite all efforts, appointments got mixed up and there was chaos for days. After the rush, everything calmed down.

Peter was sympathetic, but only for a short time. Jack fell asleep on night duty and realized his limitations all too clearly. Peter's chauffeur took him to the office by the quickest route; Peter was full of energy and drive. They planned small and large operations with the same precision and prudence. The difference was only whether more or less was at stake. They used well-rehearsed teams; they trained teams to work as a team. Peter and Jack revised the agents' training programs. Each had to know his place and that of the person next to him. An organizer, a lock picker, a weapons man, a driver and a transporter, respectively. Infiltration teams and extraction teams often consisted of the same agents and had to be trained on both different types of actions. Pistoleros and snipers were rarely used.

Most tasks revolved around protecting, safely transporting, or obtaining information. The most exciting part was turning agents, planting moles, or getting secret-keepers to talk. Defectors were very rare, but usually valuable. Bringing them silently and quickly onto one's own playing field was a very demanding operation. These operations were often lengthy, but immensely demanding and exciting. Jack knuckled down fully to these tasks and was very reluctant to go to the often fruitless or sobering meetings with politicians and celebrities. Peter knew this, but Jack had to know and be able to handle this side of the job as well. What Jack had mastered perfectly by now was the seamless switching between his different roles. Neither St. Anne's nor his ordination knew about his double life in Peter's office. For Rose, too, Sir Peter remained the loving, caring uncle she had enjoyed fucking frequently in

Nick's day. She had no idea of the secret service activity then or now. Jane was in on everything, though Peter didn't want her to be at first. Jack got his way, Jane was his wife after all. Period.

At least twice a year, Peter had surgery performed at Morrison Manor to let the agents practice in the operating room. He felt this three-day training was necessary; you had to be ready for real, major operations. Peter smiled mildly when Jack assigned both Mia and Lilly to the training. Jack had to practice running the operating room. Peter made sure that Jack was accepted by the agents as a leader and that he also performed the subordinate activities on his own at the end of training. He was, after all, supervising the operation and helping Jack where necessary. He did not spare Jack the unpleasant moments when one had to report personally to politicians and nobles. Jack grew into this task and still managed to find time to screw Mia. Jack didn't even want to know if Peter was lying with Lilly or not. Peter was secretly grateful to Jack for putting the horny bitch in his bed. Earlier, when he was running the operations, he lived ascetically and didn't waste time fucking. Lilly was jealous of Mia, but gave the boss and herself nice hours.

Peter invited for the first time to a joint dinner at Crawley House. He had Rose deliver the finest ingredients, she was to prepare quite fine steaks. Rose had festively set the table and deliciously prepared appetizer, main course and dessert. No one knew what the occasion was. They dined and chatted about this and that, they praised Rose specifically and she set up the coffee table so they could continue chatting after dessert. Peter said quietly to Rose that they wanted to talk undisturbed. Rose curtsied in an impossible way and whispered, Yes, My Lord! and closed the kitchen door behind her.

They were among themselves and looked expectantly at Peter, who, against his better judgment, was awkwardly lighting a thick Cuban and smoking it with obvious discomfort. In the year of our Lord 1138, King Stephen appointed the first Earl of Pembroke ... well, we can skip the history if you want. Jack breathed a sigh of relief; he had already read up on King Stephen's marshal history several times, and that of subsequent generations as well. Peter elaborated that the Mossleys joined the Pembrokes more than 450 years ago. Initially a dynasty of swordsmen, they quickly devel-

oped a knack for banking. The Pembrokes were represented in the House of Lords by Sir Sidney Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Earl of Montgomery; the Mossleys were never in the House of Lords. The Mossleys operated quietly and had amassed a tidy fortune over the years. His share of the pie was about a quarter of a billion, just over £250 million. After the recent assassination attempt, while still on his sickbed, he had changed his will. He had no children of his own, and left a small portion to the grandchildren of his brother Henry, with whom he had previously consulted. The larger portion was to be inherited by Jane and Jack. Henry understood his thought process right away and encouraged him that he was doing the right thing. Peter was silent, all hung up on their thoughts.

Peter's voice sounded brittle, I have no children of my own. You two are my only children, if I may say so. He nodded and gave Cuban a premature thumbs up. Almost instantly, he lit a cigarette and refilled his glass with a three-story whiskey. Jane, who was already smoking her second roll-up but had not yet touched her first glass of wine, put her hand on Peter's hand. Dear Uncle Peter, let's not talk about death, certainly not about inheriting! Tears ran down her cheeks. I wish that you would stay with me for many more years! She wiped away the tears with the back of her hand. She looked at Jack. He shook his head, as understandable as that was after the assassination attempt, it was probably too early to think of your death, dear Peter. He was touched to be in his will, he said, but he basically didn't care about money. He could live on what he earned as a doctor. They were silent, Peter watching them through the cigarette smoke.

This is how we get closer, he said. Money, it's really just a digit on a bank statement. What you do with it, that's important. But I didn't really want to talk about money, you two will have to do that once I'm in sacred ground. But I was getting at something else entirely. It came to my attention when I had to be transferred in the hospital for three days because of a burst pipe. What a dance the poor ward nurses did to get nobility and gentry to share a room! Surely they could not put me in with a bourgeois lieutenant. I objected, if the lieutenant was half pretty and willing....? But they did not laugh, the matter was much too serious. Peter grinned, finding his remark witty and humorous. He paused for a long moment.

Jane and Jack, you are both middle-class, just ‘middle-class’, in quotes. That says nothing, but absolutely nothing, about your character, skills or other qualities. You will always hit a ceiling at the top, whether it’s the BBC or MI6, your careers will end there. Every petty, piddling aristocrat will shit on you from the top! And that, my dears, pisses me off. Mighty! Peter paused and looked at them through the cigarette smoke. Jack, of course, knew what Peter was getting at from the mention of the bourgeois lieutenant, but he kept silent and listened intently. It’s been stinking to me for months, for years, Peter said. I have to do something about it before I join my ancestors. I want to adopt you both. Then you’ll belong to the nobility, then no one will shit on you anymore. And it would also strongly back up my will in the will!

Peter sat back, rummaging for his pack of cigarettes. He had stated his thoughts, now it was the others’ turn. Jane collected herself and said she didn’t want to talk about death. Especially not about inheritance, she was too young for that. Period. Adoption was something she would like to think about, it would be a great honor to be his daughter. Whether that could really help her at the BBC, she doubted. You would need a penis for that, and she could only take care of a penis by the hour. They all three laughed and Peter slapped his thigh a few times, hourly in care, that was delicious!

Jack joined Jane, it was an unexpected honor to be his son. That would be the most important thing to him, but he admitted that the thought process regarding their careers carried weight as well. He felt some people would have to be consulted first, his mother Veronica, the Earl of Pembroke, Sir Henry Mossley and other Mossleys possibly. The legal side of naming and citizenship would have to be clarified. Peter nodded in agreement. He wanted to leave the questioning of Veronika to Jack; everything else was already done or in progress. By becoming a Lord he would automatically become a British citizen, he could keep the German one, dual citizenship agreement. His brother Henry was delighted and wanted to meet them as soon as possible. The other Mossleys had no objections. The naming and inheritance of the lordship were clearly regulated. The Earl of Pembroke, Sir Sidney Herbert, also agreed, they were only uncertain whether Peter’s Earldom could be transferred to Jack without further ado. Usually, that was a privilege of the Queen. Peter sat back, he had thought all this

through. Jack smiled at Jane, should we say Pa or Pop? She smiled back, she would vote for Papoushka, that sounds so romantic!

Jack became quite serious again. The adoption meant much more to them than the money that lay in the far future. He smiled to himself. Veronika would surely agree, he believed, because this way she, as the adoptive mother, could remind the adoptive father of his marital duties! The subtle bon mot made Peter laugh brightly. *Bulls eye,* he quipped,*bulls eye!* And Jane, who had devoted herself to white wine, joined in the laughter and asked Jack how to say Mütterchen in German. *Mütterchens Fötzchen, Mütterchens Fötzchen!* she repeated, laughing. Peter and Jane were already a bit drunk and Jane, laughing and chuckling, told what Veronika had told about fucking the Noble Gentleman and Peter laughed until his side stung. The evening ended happily, Peter called his special cab and left, hugging them both goodbye.

Jack called Veronika after a few days. He explained the situation to her and told her she would have to be in London on the deadline to sign her agreement. She was beside herself with joy and asked to be told in time. Her son an English Lord! She wanted to stay a week or ten days and pick out the appropriate wardrobe with Jane. He suppressed the exclamation Oh, you women! Wardrobe! and promised to get her to London in time. As expected, Veronica had no objections, Jack reported to Jane and Peter.

Jane asked Jack for advice. She had learned that a house diagonally across the street, barely a hundred yards away, was for sale. The previous owner had died and the heirs wanted to sell it. She wanted to buy it without any specific reason to do so. She had asked an acquaintance who was in the real estate market for a secret appraisal. The house was slightly smaller than Crawley Manor, in need of renovation, and had a large garden all around. The friend looked at it, £500,000 at most. Jack hired a professional appraiser who gave a thorough appraisal, purchase at most £450,000, about £150,000 renovation costs. He and Jane negotiated with the heirs. They had their own professional and wanted £550,000. They settled at £475,000, which was as far as Jane wanted to go and the heirs wanted to sell quickly. They saved the brokerage fees, and that was that. Jane had the renovation started

immediately, using the same craftsmen who had already renovated Upper John Street. It would take them six weeks at most.

Jack told Jane about his dream in one of the intimate hours. The tall woman made of liquid silver. His cock, plunging softly and without fucking into the warm silver of her vagina. His semen that flowed into the warm metal vagina without having been squirted. The power that passed from her to him, flowing into him like his semen into her. How he woke up with a morning wood and slid over to Rose to thrust his erection into her orgasm. Jane said after a while that was a very nice dream. She envied him, she would have liked to be the Silver Woman herself. Jack hugged and kissed her gently.

Jane lay with her back on his chest after fucking him, masturbating soulfully and delicately. He caressed her breasts, belly and labia. He teasingly disturbed her finger on the knob of her clit, it was such a game between them. When her orgasm came, he took over her clit and rubbed it hard and relentlessly. She curled up like an embryo and her body twitched for what seemed like an eternity. She sighed deeply and gratefully and lay down beside him. She grazed his flaccid cock with her fingers and said, you know, I thought of Peter when I bought the house. When he would be old and retired, it would be a good idea for him to be near us, wouldn't it? Maybe Rose could take care of his household, I just don't know if she would want a Gentleman that old. I don't know... yes, yes, Jack interrupted, they were fucking while Nick was still around. He told Jane what little Rose had told him about it.

Jane listened intently. It may sound far-fetched, but I thought that maybe Veronika had also been thinking about coming to live with us in London. After all, the filming was dying down, nothing was keeping her in Unterhaching, in Munich, maybe just the house. Peter and Veronika, could that work out? she asked and Jack nodded in agreement. It would be a good situation for everyone, for us, for Peter and Veronika, even for Rose, she had a crush on Lady Veronica. The two were from the same generation, Rose would have someone to gossip with and both already knew Peter's cock. But one nice at a time, Jack interjected theatrically, we don't want to put the Old Man in his grave! But let's wait with plotting, that's all too much in the future. But they discussed the idea again and again on their evenings. It was a great idea, they would show

the house to Peter and Veronika after the renovation. Maybe the idea was not so absurd.

Weeks later, the renovation was finished. Upstairs were two spacious rooms with the common bathroom in the middle, accessible from both sides. On the ground floor, a spacious living room with integrated kitchen and two small, bright rooms. Between them a bathroom identical in construction. The basement clean and spacious. No servants' quarters. Jack and Jane agreed that all variants were conceivable here. Peter alone, or with Veronika. They could live next to each other, together, or separately on top of each other. Jane showed Peter around the house several times, asking him here and there how it could be arranged. Except for the two bathrooms, the house was still empty and could be completely redecorated. Peter was not taken aback and asked Jane directly. She answered him frankly, describing what ideas she and Jack had. Peter remained silent, keeping quiet for weeks, only promising to take a stand at some point.

In May 1966, the time had come. Peter's office had everything well prepared. Veronica sat excitedly on the train, Jack had sent her a first class ticket as before, and she would have plenty of time to outfit her wardrobe with Jane. Jack and Rose would pick her up at Victoria Station, Rose insisted. She hugged Milady as if they were sisters. Jane accompanied Veronika and sometimes Rose to fashion boutiques to update Veronika's wardrobe. With a heavy heart, she parted with some flashy pieces, but she trusted Jane's taste. She gradually learned to wear subtle, ladylike makeup. Jane showed her around the new house and the two talked shop about decorating ideas. Jack's question about whether she wanted to move to London, she denied at first. However, she wanted to think about it, it was probably an important decision. The ladies left for the hairdresser's.

Peter's office had prepared everything precisely and meticulously. The royal family was obliged by law to attend. The celebration was thus held in a small ballroom of the Buckingham. On one side Peter, his future children and family, on the other his brothers and their families. The Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery wore an ancient shoulder-cloak, as did Peter. They waited until the Royal Lady arrived along with her attendants. Frankly, no one knew her. But she was there, representing the Queen. Officials sat

at a table and presented the deeds for signature. First the adoption of Jane and Jack, the deeds signed by Peter, Sir Mossley and the Earl. Sir Mossley and the Earl solemnly shook hands with Jane and Jack. They affixed the Royal Seal, the royals never signed.

Then an official announced in a loud voice that Sir Peter's son now received lordship and earlship. Again certificates were signed and solemnly laid aside. Peter placed his fur-trimmed cloak over Jack's shoulders, then the Royal Lady strode up and shook hands with Peter, Jack and Jane. An imperceptible hesitation, then she gave Veronika and Rose a soft handshake as well. She strode out, after barely three minutes. They had to wait, for the man of citizenship business was late. Jack and Jane were engaged in heated but friendly discussion by Lord Mossley and Earl Montgomery. Lord and Earl both embraced them, they were welcomed into the family. They were introduced to all the family members. It was obvious that both heads of the family were very pleased. Lord Mossley went to his brother Peter. He congratulated him with a firm handshake, saying he could be proud of these splendid children. The late official came at last, and the citizenship was sealed. Gradually they set off, driving in a long motorcade to a reserved guest garden. The party lasted until evening, Jack and Jane going from table to table.

Another day, Sir Peter's cab pulled up. He took the keys of the new house and Veronica by the hand, then they went over without a word. They didn't come back for two hours, Veronika beaming like a freshly polished gold coin and holding Peter's hand. They told nothing, absolutely nothing. Strictest secrecy, his personal touch. Peter nodded and said they would be back after dinner, then they left by cab. Jack and Jane sat in the park behind the house and finally had some time together. They tried to look into the future. They were going to vacation in Portugal for three or four weeks in midsummer. Long after dinner, Peter and Veronika came back. She was exhausted from all the fucking, she whispered in German to Jack as they hugged. She went right upstairs, not wanting a drink. They drank in silence and Peter asked Jane if her offer still applied. The house. The retirement home. Jane clutched her chest. But of course, Pet... Father! He growled, Peter or Uncle Peter, I'm serious.

He wanted it and to furnish it to his liking. The two bedrooms upstairs with extra-wide beds. Downstairs, two study rooms and a cozy living room. And he wanted a good telephone system, telephone in every room. Two lines and a secret line, that would be installed by his office to his liking. And he wouldn't come until the end of the year, not before. Two bedrooms, Jane said stretched. Peter replied that maybe his brother would stay with him sometime, or at least spend the night. He also wanted to know how much the rent would be. Jane said as if shot out of a pistol, £20, the Lord! This completely threw Peter for a loop. Per night? he asked and Jane laughed, per hour! They haggled like carpetbaggers for a few minutes and Jack thoughtfully poured more whiskey, white wine and port. It was delicious to listen to the two of them in their mock fight, it really was hilarious. In the end, Jane said very firmly, One Pound Sterling a year, that would be her final word. Peter nodded in agreement, I admit defeat, and grabbed his glass. I'm really getting old, he muttered smiling.

The daily routine returned. Jack's Lordship was received with warm congratulations at St.Anne's and Upper John Street, but otherwise had no effect. He threw himself into work and worked in addition with Peter. The latter said not a word about his retirement and only let Jack know in general terms that the new house had no bearing on the timing. No matter how much Jack asked around Peter, no one knew anything about it. On some Sunday evenings, Sidney or Henry would show up to talk with Jane and Jack. They were very nice and talked about their families. Henry talked a lot about the Mossley Bank, which he ran. This was his fourth visit and he already had a clear picture of Jack. Henry was increasingly involved with the Americans as was Jack, the intelligence man. Henry knew about this because he sat on the civilian board of the security services and had great influence over their budget. Jack outlined the scope of the reorganization of the training programs and hoped that Henry could make a case for it. Henry understood quite well, but he couldn't promise anything. That Jack did not see himself in the banking business and wanted to remain a doctor with every fiber of his heart, he had understood fairly soon. He actually thought it was a great pity, because Jack was one of the brightest minds in the family. And he didn't know yet who could run the bank after he retired. Jack, unfortunately, was not. Jane listened to the two men and felt there was no room for a woman. Jack knew exactly what she was thinking. He gradu-

ally engaged her in conversation and let Henry see how educated and smart she was. When Henry had gone, he took her in his arms. The time is not yet ready for women at the top. It downright hurt him, physically hurt him, how much she was suffering. I won't take it without a fight, Baroness! he whispered, whoever gives in has already lost. Oh Jack, she whispered, Robert and I are not welcome anywhere. He wiped the tears from her cheek. Don't cry, read up on banking, you'll need it!

Sunday after Sunday, Jane and Jack had the service's motor pool take them to Effingham 30km southwest of London. Henry's house was a well-maintained ancient country estate, and Henry had asked them to stay because he was wearing a cast for several weeks after an ankle operation. Henry and his extended family treated them like siblings, and while the youngest romped on the lawn, the adults sat on the patio and tested Henry's wine cellar. Jack threaded it quite cleverly to get Henry and Jane talking shop about finance. She was one of the Mossleys now, after all, and it would be a shame not to be well versed in banking. They didn't hide it; she at least wanted to know how the cogs turned. Henry was delighted because his children didn't give a damn about the family businesses.

Jack let the two talk shop and got to know Henry's adult children. With one ear, he was with Jane. With the other, he was all doctor, listening to their sexual problems. His new cousins were entering their 40s and suffering from yesterday's Victorian notions. They felt their sexuality bubbling up and could only have good sex in secret. One cousin in particular faced problems. She was married to a Mossley, she loved him, they had two splendid children, and she had a secret love affair with a younger lesbian. Jack felt the family and young children carried a lot of weight. Anyway, they would try a threesome. Maybe they would play along, maybe bisexuality was the solution for them. In truth, she would not risk too much, because whether it was lived secretly or openly, all three had the same chance. Secretiveness, however, held much more explosives than openness, which was embarrassing only at first. He said that he was not entirely happy with his own advice, but it was the right direction.

Months later, she quietly told him that the threesome had worked out quite well. Persuading the lesbian girl was difficult, her

husband was immediately enthusiastic. Watching the two make lesbian love excited him a lot and he fucked her, his wife, with passionate pleasure. The girl watched with mixed feelings, she had never fucked with a man and did not want to. She held the girl in her arms as her husband deflowered and fucked the girl insanely. The girl cried silently when he cum inside, but let it happen. Her husband fucked the girl every time they met and she cried on her friend's chest every time. She never got an orgasm while being fucked and only wanted it during their lesbian lovemaking. Nevertheless, she let herself willingly be fucked two or three times in a row and sobbed when he cum inside her. After half a year it was over, the lesbian girl moved on, she was close to her husband again and her sex life experienced a new blossom.

Among Jack's most interesting interlocutors at the intelligence agencies was Natasha, an American native of Russia. She was an analyst for the American service and knew all the Russian players like no one else. They were both team players and worked on the principle of information sharing, you give me, I'll give you. They couldn't meet at the men's club, of course, she said jokingly, she lacked a penis! Mostly they saw each other in the sidewalk cafes, once or twice a month. Natasha was not one for bed, she said from the start, she was a fortyish virgin waiting for Mr. Right. She wasn't particularly pretty, her slim body accentuating the roundness of her big breasts. Jack certainly wouldn't have looked her up on the street; she would have come into the ugly Swede category. The redhead was certainly not his type. However, she talked about her sexuality in a completely free and almost provocative exhibitionist way and Jack learned about the 1000 ways girls masturbate. That were interesting and very intimate conversations. Once, when they met in a conspiratorial apartment weeks later, she showed him her favorite techniques with a frivolous smile. He watched excitedly, but he knew it would lead to no good and restrained himself with difficulty. Her virginity was rather theoretical; he could detect no hymen. He liked watching her masturbate and didn't need to know who she was fucking at first. The 40 year old was in truth already 46 and by God no virgin, had fucked hundred a men. A sparse bush of red-gray pubic hair adorned her cleft. She completely encapsulated herself while masturbating and no longer perceived her surroundings as if in a trance. He lay naked with her and stroked her sex and masturbating hand. She emerged from the depths after the orgasm and beamed at him

with shining eyes in which stars sparkled. When they knew each other better and were lying together, he fucked her very carefully in side lying position. He had her legs up and lay across in front of her sex. He watched her finger stroking her clit very delicately in the shape of a figure eight and squirted inside with a very bad conscience. She did not notice anything, she was completely submerged. When he penetrated her vagina, she began to hum and only stopped when he had squirted.

She emerged from the orgasm once and noticed his erection, as she had so many times before. “Oh, poor you!” she said this time, stuffing his cock halfway into her vagina. “You can squirt inside if you like, Jack, it’s okay with me!” Her fucking movements animated him, he fucked restrainedly with half his cock. She had lowered her head and was staring at her sex entrance as if hypnotized. She smiled quite sweetly and stroked his cock and her clit with the same fingers, he had to squirt and he gasped he had to squirt now. She nodded excitedly and approvingly, “squirt away, my darling, come! Squirt in!” and when the squirting started, he thrust his cock in deep. She kept his cock inside her until it softened. Since then he fucked her, whether conscious or out of it, but only in the side position. He avoided the missionary position; it was too intimate for him. He deliberately did not want a sexual relationship with her. It was rather too much if they met once or twice a month to masturbate and fuck.

Natasha was a valuable asset and that was only as long as they weren’t emotionally distracted. He was pleased that they were getting along so well. They had overseen a lot of small operations together in Russia in the first few months and it had worked out great. Peter had still had them closely scrutinized and cleared. Jack grinned, relying on his own nose more than the searchers. But working with the Americans was very loose, they preferred to do their own thing. When Natasha was transferred to Berlin after a year, he slept with her for the first and last time in the missionary position. He hugged her very intimately while fucking her three times in a row, that was his farewell to her.

Jane finished furnishing Peter’s house and he moved in at the end of October after the bombshell dropped. She helped him unpack and Rose came with shopping bags to stock the kitchen. On the evening of the second day, Peter sat in his comfortable living

room couch and enjoyed his first whiskey. The phone system worked perfectly; he had learned the functions within minutes. He could put the line from the office to his home, that was very important to him. Everything personal was here, the professional remained in his city apartment.

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Some Changes

by Jack Faber © 2022

On October 15, the bombshell burst. Peter was to hand over his post to Harrington with immediate effect. Lord Harrington was the new boss. Peter first made sure everything was in order and awaited Harrington in his office. Harrington was a bottle, to put it briefly. He was undoubtedly an excellent horse breeder, his animals were traded at top prices. Beyond that, he was a complete dope; even the sophisticated telephone system in Peter's office was a problem for him. He only knew the service from reports and had only been called here on top recommendation. The only good thing about it was that he left the service to the others and only spent hours on the phone with his horse friends. It was all good, he signed off on documents in the morning, then the tea drinking and phone calls began. If Peter ever came into the office, — and Peter came every day just before noon — Harrington instantly left the office to him and made phone calls from the conference room. Thus began Peter's retirement.

Jack kept out of Peter's move; he was pursuing a particular goal. An aside by Henry gave him the idea. He had free access to the War Office in Whitehall because of his position, which had just been taken over by the new Ministry of Defense. He spent many hours in the archives, swallowing a lot of dust and plodding through the files. He found no file on his father, but everything his father could get for the War Office. He had photographed thousands of pages of lists and reports. His wife worked in the Nazi Ministry of Agriculture in Munich, so he had good access to important information. The War Office could easily deduce actual whereabouts and troop movements from the movement of goods and shipping documents. During the war years, this was invaluable information. At some point, the courier who had transported the microfilms was seized and tortured. The entire chain unraveled, and everyone was arrested. At last he found the list of those executed. Jack brought his notes to Jane, together they completed her father's life story without revealing any secrets of the War Office.

Rose took on the task of fixing breakfast for Sir Peter as a matter of course. The idea came from her and she asked Lady Janet and Master Jack, who of course allowed it. She usually came back after an hour or two and neither Jane nor Jack asked her how the fucking with the old gentleman had gone. Rose and Peter never mentioned it, and Jack was very glad that Rose kept due respect and distance from Peter. Rose sometimes whispered while resting after the morning fuck how proud it made her to be of service to the Master in both houses. She meant it very seriously, no shit, because a good maid knew when to lie down with him for the Master's physical well-being. Jack nodded in agreement, then praised her and gave her a gentle hug. Rose was a golden soul.

He talked to Veronika on the phone from time to time, she was doing well and was about to retire from the film business. They let her go, because everyone was glad that she had made this decision on her own. That was her news, everything else she concealed from him.

Without letting Jane or Jack in on it, Peter had hired a good man in Frankfurt to help Veronika sell the house. Quietly it went over the stage, Peter's man was a banker, but he had a lot of idea about the real estate market and was not fooled. He was very skilled and worked quickly and efficiently, the location in the south of Munich was very desirable, the property with a good 2,000 square meters was worth much more than the house. He accompanied Veronika to the notary and checked carefully to make sure everything was correct. Veronika was stunned; the purchase price was almost 12.4 million Marks. She would stay in the house until the end of December. Peter's man also helped her transfer her assets to her new bank account in London. He did not want to take money either, he would settle that with Peter.

After all this, she was not going to let him go without a good drink, she had put on a diaphanous babydoll and was waiting for him with the best white wine she could get. How great was her disappointment when the kind man confessed to being gay. He had fucked with some of his mother's girlfriends after graduating from high school, but he took no pleasure in poking the old and ancient vaginas. On the contrary, their wrinkled cunts, worn out from so much fucking and masturbating, disgusted him. He drank the good wine with Veronika in a good mood and she showed him af-

ter the second bottle what she had to offer. He was quite soon thrilled by her sweet pussy and only wanted to squirt into it. Squirt, squirt, squirt! He was the first gay man she seduced mercilessly. And how she seduced him! Only at dawn did she let go of him when he could not produce a single drop. He laughed and said that no woman had ever fucked him as great as she did! He fucked just as well as other men, Veronika thought, and much more passionately. She didn't care that he was gay. It was a successful evening all around and they said goodbye as friends.

How amazed everyone was when she showed up at Crawley Manor on Christmas Eve hand in hand with Peter. Peter was grinning from ear to ear, the surprise had worked out very well! Jack was not a bit surprised, Peter managed the silent lock with ease. It was all the more astonishing that Veronika had so willingly participated in the mystery. He was very grateful that Peter had handled the house sale so ingeniously and that he had not had to travel to Munich for weeks, as he had secretly feared. It turned out to be one of the most wonderful Christmases they celebrated together.

Over the next few days and weeks, Rose taught Veronika everything there was to learn about running the household. She had to learn how shopping worked here, what Sir Peter preferred to eat, that Sir Peter's laundry and shirts were picked up and brought by the laundry. No household had a washing machine or an iron. And that the chauffeur was brought out a sandwich and a cup of tea while he waited for Sir Peter. At 11:15 sharp, Sir Peter drove to the office and came home exactly at 8:15 for dinner. If it got late, the office reliably called. Rose couldn't tell Veronika what Sir Peter actually worked either, but she knew that the office had to do with export and import and that he was the big boss.

Rose and Veronika were able to agree to cut out all the Lady- and Milady-crap. Rose and Veronika, it was easy and simple. They both knew they were not ladies. Rose laughed brightly when Veronika asked in stumbling English how to sleep with Sir Peter. Veronika realized her lapse and laughed too. No, she said, what had to be observed in the bedroom? Rose started with the whiskey, his cigarettes, and the ashtray, all of which were important to him. When he was on the phone, he had to be left alone. Medication in the evening, medication in the morning. Newspapers only for breakfast. Next to the bed always some clean towels to wipe his se-

men. He didn't want to mess up the sheet with it. Sir Peter attached great importance to cleanliness.

Rose thought hard and what else she could think of, she said. And the other thing, Rose said, we learn in practice. She told, of course, how Sir Peter signaled to her that he wanted to fuck. She never suggested it, that would be unseemly for a maid. He was satisfied with fucking twice a week and he preferred to lie on the bottom, other positions rather not. He never asked for anything kinky, just good old fashioned English fucking. If his guardsman wasn't standing yet, he liked to watch (very much, in fact) her masturbate or be made stiff with lips, tongue and mouth. Often both, too. No, he rarely squirted in her mouth. But sometimes he held her head with both hands and squirted deep in her throat. Veronika nodded, that was no problem.

We'll find out the rest in practice, Rose said. It was the first time Veronika got intimate with Rose, Sir Peter was just a spectator. Veronika took the initiative and inflamed Rose with cuddles and French kisses. She dived down and licked Rose to orgasm. She returned the favor and made Veronika's clit glow. Peter couldn't stand it anymore, he plunged into the middle of Veronika's orgasm and fucked her kneeling. He didn't give himself a break and fucked Rose. So they soon found that Sir Peter was watching them enthusiastically playing lesbian games and licking clits and as soon as he was stiff, one could sit on his cock, the other just watched. The two had to decide whose turn it was. In the first months Sir Peter wanted to fuck every day, sometimes with both of them. Veronika still kept her contraceptive calendar, she still had her period. On the risky days Rose had to step in. This arrangement went very well and amicably.

Rose's mother had died. She had lived alone with her bottles of liquor for the last while, Rose sent her money every two months, but had not seen her for years. Brother Frank had succumbed to the charms of a wealthy widow and was living with her in Scotland, on the Isle of Skye. The connection had been severed, Rose didn't know her name or exactly where they lived. Jack had her drive to the cemetery, they were the only ones other than the clergyman and the two cemetery workers. Jack had unobtrusively helped her with the paperwork and expenses.

They stood close together like siblings and Jack had hooked her arm under his. Jack had asked the clergyman to recite a poet's poem instead of a speech. Rose howled snot, it was the poet's loving farewell to his mother, farewell and declaration of love all in one. The clergyman and workers had left, Rose placed flowers on the coffin and Jack supported her. He gave her time to say goodbye for as long as she wanted. Eventually her tears dried up and they walked the short distance to an inn. Jack insisted on eating and drinking with Rose. He smoked and held her hand tightly over the table. She told in a low voice about her mother, and he listened patiently, even though he already knew all this. He had done nothing to locate her brother Frank. He didn't know why himself. Frank had left his mother and sister behind, that was his decision. Let him burn in hell, he didn't care. Again and again he hugged Rose when the feelings overwhelmed her. He didn't care that he didn't keep the distance, it was only now and only today. But he owed it to her, even the Master had a human obligation to her emotions just as she cared for his physical well-being and semen and laid down with him passionately.

As they rode home in a cab, he said she was welcome to take a few days off, but she flatly refused. At the very least, she had to take care of her lordship's breakfast and dinner. He would take Jane out in the evening and she didn't need to join him before breakfast either. She should give herself time to grieve, Jane and he could wait until she recovered. Rose squeezed his hand gratefully and looked out the window of the cab. Thank you, dear Master, thank you for feeling with me, it means a lot!

She did not lie down with him or Peter for 14 days, but she fixed breakfast on time, went shopping and cleaned up the house as usual. She sat at the kitchen table or on the back porch afterwards and wrote Frank a very long letter. Jack asked her if he should track Frank down and she looked at him in amazement. "What, can you do that?" Jack laughed, if I want something, I can do it! It took his researchers two days to find Frank. He gave Rose the address and she gleefully thanked him with one of her dreadful Royal Court's curtsy.

She took care of his welfare two weeks after the funeral, she was soft and passionate in her love. She was very grateful for the way he treated her at the funeral and fucked him more like a mistress

and less like a servant maid. She fucked him only a few times a week, as he was very much required by St.Anne's at the end of his probationary period. After fucking, she lay on his chest and told him in all details how she spoiled Master Peter together with Veronika. He had tried unsuccessfully several times to prevent her from this indiscretion, but she just smiled and said she would tell Sir Peter about fucking him too. He finally gave up and listened to her attentively, for her these things were immensely important.

Jane had been staying with Henry on Sundays for a long time and didn't return until Monday evening. She had a thousand questions and Henry was very happy. Finally there was someone who was interested in his business. With great accuracy he explained even the most complicated procedures, interrelationships and business considerations. Mossley Bank was not a bank in the traditional sense, they had neither a banking hall nor walk-in customers. They managed the assets of some super-rich people, brought together projects and financiers. The projects were very political, were often the result of ideas from politicians, the Aristocracy and Royalty. Jane was impressively smart, intelligent and memorized everything. Pretty soon she was staying with him even on Tuesdays and learning tremendously fast. Henry enjoyed sitting with her and Jack on Sunday afternoons over a fine glass of wine and praising Jane to Jack that she blushed. Often Henry remarked that he would have expected this interest from his children. Jack interjected that his children had quite different interests and were very accomplished in their professions and activities. The example was a daughter-in-law who had built a pro bono center for women in need. Henry knew it, but he had never understood it. The details of what hardship some women suffered went in one ear and out the other. Gradually he realized that he needed to listen better and more carefully to his children and children-in-law. There was life outside Mossley Bank, too. His respect for Jack was growing; the boy had qualities far beyond his qualifications.

Jack liked to sit with Jane on the back porch in the evenings, when it wasn't raining. She had had enough of the BBC after about ten years. As she had predicted, the science newsroom was going backwards, with the new and exciting carrying less and less weight. Her contributions were disfiguringly cut or deleted altogether. Meanwhile, she went to the office only one day a week and attended only to her briefs; she had neither time nor interest in of-

fice gossip or social contacts. The new boss seriously tried to land with her, her fucking with James gave him hopes. She laughed at him derisively and left his office without closing the door, she couldn't manage more than this rudeness.

She seriously considered somehow working with Henry and the Mossley Bank. The distance was causing her a lot of problems. On the one hand, Henry's office was there and not here. But she definitely didn't want to commute back and forth, even the idea of going to a driving school and commuting in her own car didn't appeal to her. She was connected and intertwined with the people in her town. How often did friends show up because they had something to talk about and a phone call wasn't enough? How often did she go out alone or with Jack or meet friends spontaneously? Commuting became less and less of an option for her the longer she thought about it or discussed it with Jack. She was content enough to visit Peter and Veronica whenever it occurred to her. Effingham was a small, sleepy hamlet, and there would be no problem finding an office or living space for her at Henry's house. But she didn't feel at home there. Her home was here.

Jack thought out loud. Two things had immediately struck him. The moose and Henry's brain. Jane poked him in the side, you don't have to explain, I can follow your mind jumps effortlessly. Jack poked back and asked that she give her younger brother time to execute his thought processes, for God's sake. A minute-long little scuffle ensued, then he continued. You don't put the moose in the oven whole. You cut out little pieces and then you leave it to Rose to prepare. Cut the BBC problem into little pieces and let Henry know. He certainly doesn't care about office gossip and your whining, but he does care about your feelings and thought processes regarding your past work and your professional expectations. Jane nodded thoughtfully, he only knows in principle that I work for the BBC, but I'm sure he's already forgotten that. I still have to think about what to bring into play and how. It was obvious that Henry needed to be more interested in her and her thoughts. A short pause arose, they took a sip and smoked.

And now for Henry's brain, Jack continued. You've been with him for a year now, there's no way you can know about everything. Jane grimaced, but he was right, of course. I still have a lot to learn, fine. Jack took an appreciative pull on the roll-your-own, in-

haled, and stretched his legs. Let it be Henry's job to figure it out. He's got a brain, so in the end it's his own thoughts, his own ideas that mattered. Or what he thought was his own idea. He's certainly not ready to see you as an assistant. He has to teach you much more, just look at Peter and me. I'm getting some things done after 5 years, but I'm glad he comes to the office every day and keeps Harrington from interfering. Henry should find out in small portions what you are aiming at in Mossley Bank. That you are with him for two days is your choice. Like it or leave it. He has to realize one day how important you are to the bank, whether you are important to the bank. He will then figure out on his own that Mossley Bank could someday outgrow its small, dumpy office in town. Why not have a nice, pompous representative office in the city, in the middle of London? You could go to work every day like others and still keep your circle of friends, your network, your home. I don't need to tell you that such an idea is feasible in a matter of weeks.

Jane thought. He was right, and she had time enough to tackle this. She needed to know first if she really wanted to go to Mossley Bank. Only then would everything else come. I don't even know yet, she said, how badly I want to get into the bank. Maybe it's just a snap idea, I could be doing something completely different, travel journalist, writing a romance novel, or just none of the above.

Such conversations they both loved, drinking together, smoking and cuddling with each other. Usually these evenings ended with them going up in a civilized manner and fucking passionately. It was often only three or four evenings a week that they could spend together. This had its good side, their sex did not flatten out into a daily chore, they looked forward to each other for days. Sometimes they were so overcome by lust that they only made it as far as the living room couch and tore off their clothes. That Rose stuck her head curiously through the kitchen door and watched them, they knew of course, but they didn't mind.

By the end of the year, Jane had completely retired and resigned from the BBC. Of course, everyone around her knew and encouraged her. She had also told Henry, of course, and explained her reasons. He understood her very well, when something broke, you had to come clean and move on. Henry understood her deci-

sion, if one's own work was not appreciated, if one went in a completely different direction than the company, one had to clear the air and move on. After a few days, Henry stopped thinking about it and explained to Jane why sometimes it was better to invest in complex funds rather than individual stocks. Jane listened to him very carefully and forgot her sorrow about the BBC.

First it was not particularly noticeable that Harrington was not in the office. He was supposed to be in the hospital for two days for a minor procedure. When he didn't show up there, the hospital called his office. The search was on, frantically. He was neither here nor there and just nowhere. His wife hadn't seen him in months; they had grown apart. But she was suddenly alarmed and called in the city police. They were not responsible, but they seized the opportunity to puff themselves up and make themselves important. It was not until the third day that MI5, responsible for domestic affairs, was called in. Peter and Jack ordered extreme restraint. Harrington was their boss, but they had to rely on MI5.

The kidnappers came forward on the third day. A Polaroid photo proved that Harrington was still alive yesterday. Four million was demanded for his release. There was a green light within three hours, and the Harringtons had the money ready. The kidnappers let the first money delivery pass, the second failed because the city police could not wait. The arrested man only knew where to deliver the bulging travel bags, but that was a dead end. MI5 took over, they waited for a third appointment.

On the fourth day, Harrington was found with his throat cut. The tracks at the drop-off point were useless; the junkyard was used by too many people. MI5 had a promising lead after two weeks. Harrington's last mistress, almost no one knew, was also the mistress of a hardened criminal. The man was arrested and confessed after many hours, the whole gang could be arrested. A simple case that had unnecessarily wasted many resources. Gradually, the story petered out in the media landscape. Harrington's seat remained unfilled for 7 months.

After 7 months, Major Colonel Horatio Fox, Lord Fyffe, was appointed to replace Harrington. Peter, who had been running the departments on an interim basis, was involved in the search for a successor and voted for Fox. He didn't know him very well, but

Fox had been one of the best in military intelligence for two decades and there had been some joint ventures. Fox had hesitated for a long time because it seemed difficult for him to move from military to civilian. It was only when Sir Peter, whom he held in high esteem, agreed to be available to him as an external advisor that he made up his mind. One of his first acts was to sign a written, well-funded contract with Peter. He had the office remodeled for them both. Fox was privy to Peter training his son Jack as a future manager and aide. Fox and Jack hit it off right away. Peter grinned inwardly, he now had two aides to train. But Fox was the right man, young enough at 47 and had enough Intelligence Service experience.

Of course military intelligence had other duties, but Fox often saw things they solved better together. The military was very well equipped technically, they were equipped with the finest equipment and had no obstacles in obtaining even the very latest equipment and methods not yet available to others. Fox, in return, was able to offer advice on matters concerning foreign agencies or individuals, a major weakness of the military. It was an asset to MI6 and to military intelligence.

Jack had received his license to practice medicine and left St.Anne's with a heavy heart. He promised to finish his residency training. But he was free to work four days at Upper John Street and three days with Peter and Fox. He changed that as soon as he could. It was better to work both jobs every day. Most days he stayed at Upper John Street until early afternoon and was on duty for the service in the afternoon. That brought peace and consistency, especially a predictability. Jack took only Sunday off and also stopped driving to Henry's. Henry immediately understood that Jack needed to rest for a day. Henry took care of Jane's training at the bank, she came Monday morning and went home Tuesday afternoon. He discussed all actions with Jane and let her make her suggestions. She sometimes had good suggestions, sometimes she was off the mark. Henry explained why he was tackling something and how. Jane's weakness was her poor knowledge of nobility and Henry had no idea how to change that.

Jack was pleased that Peter's office had been expanded and renovated once again. They had starred their three desks and could work together beautifully. Quite soon Fox discovered the *recre-*

ation rooms. This wing of the office had been a brothel before the war. The rooms were left unchanged and they were forgotten, at least officially. However, they were used by agents and female agents alike, even Peter had some adventures in these rooms after the war. Jack very rarely gave in when a female agent tempted him there. Fox, on the other hand, very quickly became a regular after failing to hook up with even one of the office's 30 female employees. Peter had imposed a strict ban immediately after taking office at the end of the war, and those who violated it had to leave the office. The *recreation rooms,* jokingly called Hotel Paradiso, saved Fox a lot of time and money. Peter and Jack grinned when Fox flirted unabashedly with an agent on the phone and arranged to meet her there. He was very dutiful, however, and returned exactly after an hour. He was aware, of course, that his trysts were scrupulously recorded and that behind the Venetian mirrors there were many a mamsel judging the performance of the agents. But he could fuck a new one every day and they fucked classes better than any prostitute.

By August 1969, Fox was already challenged at the outset of his tenure. The situation in Ireland had worsened and military intelligence needed support. Peter kept a low profile and was satisfied, Fox was excelling and together with Jack he solved the task excellently. They could not, of course, prevent violence from breaking out. But that it did not turn into a major civil war was to Fox's and Jack's credit.

In 1969, there were two events in particular that kept MI5 and MI6 busy. The coronation of Prince Charles as Prince of Wales and the Queen's state visit to Austria. The first moon landing made far less impression in England than worldwide. Peter assigned himself to personally accompany Queen Elizabeth II to Vienna and Graz. He took Lilly with him and inculcated in her that it was like being at war. Lilly nodded eagerly, about marriage vows and all that. She promised to lie with him at any time, just like in the war. Jack shook his head with a smile, Peter never missed an opportunity. But both events happened as if on rails, the whole world followed the events via television.

Away from the cameras, Lilly gave herself to the boss and with all passion, she had left her marriage vows behind in London. Peter enjoyed the sexual variety and their loving passion to the

fullest. She lay down beaming with joy whenever he signaled it. They fucked in all positions, his favorite being to be ridden or to squirt deep in her throat. Lilly knew that was his favorite. She took his cock in her mouth and rubbed it very vigorously until he had fully poured out. She continued to rub his cock long after he had squirted until he went completely limp, only then did she take him out of her mouth. She swallowed his semen, although she usually never let herself cum in her mouth. Never! She enjoyed the trip and the sexual variety to the fullest, fucking him as often as he could and masturbating herself from start to finish without stopping. Oh, damn! how good it did her! She was aware of what an honor it was to travel with him. He could have chosen among a hundred younger agents, but he wanted her of all people, even though she was approaching sixty. She was careful about her figure, of course, and fought against every kilo too much, but only the gods knew why he wanted to fuck her of all people.

Jane had been careful to spread the word among those around her about how dusty, small, and insignificant the Mossley Bank town office was. After months, this had reached Henry as well, one of his best customers bringing the matter to his attention. It didn't take him long to discuss the matter with Jane. She was very surprised, the town office was really small and dumpy, the lady there just a telephone operator. She didn't pick up on the whole thing until Henry started talking about it again. It was not in Mossley Bank's interest, of course, to set up a counter operation, heaven forbid! But Jane developed an entirely new idea. Why not an exclusive gentlemen's club, as there were several, exclusively for the customers and select gentlemen, with some office space in the back? One would be connected by telephone and fax to his main office in Effingham, perhaps even with the new computer? Henry was on the phone with all the gentlemen's clubs he knew.

Jane was tasked with putting together the costs. She already had a property in mind, of course, a whole floor in the Victoria Palace on St.James Street, a prime address where there were already several gentleman's clubs. Hers had to be a notch better than the others. The renovation costs were high, but justified to create an exclusive atmosphere. She presented the finished project plans to Henry and took him to the Victoria twice. She would call it The Mossley House rather than The Mossley Club; it sounded

classier. Flamingo Bar would do, she grinned, the bar of rednecks, with one-armed bandits and prostitutes.

All right, said Henry, all right! It must be representative, exclusive and very, very distinguished. A place where even the highest circles could socialize. Jane interjected that Peter could make contact with his gentlemen's club and suggestions could be taken from there. The main ingredients were food, drink, smoking and comfort. So steaks, whiskey, cigars and the best chairs in the world. In the background, dignified offices where one could have tea even with the Queen and where serious conversation and banking were also possible. Henry was sure that the project was in good hands with Jane. Six weeks had passed when he formally commissioned Jane. She immediately threw herself into the work. She had carte blanche, the Mossley Bank fortune behind her. Her future was at stake.

She asked Henry to think about what two, at most three, good bankers should work in the offices. They had to be more than just bankers, they had to be able to have conversations with the Queen herself. Henry was very saddened, for such bankers had not yet been born. But he took on the task, he would trawl the financial center of London 7 days a week looking for the people. He found them, two old-school gentlemen with impeccable reputations and exquisite appearances, and signed them up. He immediately took up their enrollment in Effingham. Jane's club was operational after 5 months, a gleaming golden jewel in central London. The menu steak-heavy, the selection of whiskeys and other beverages exquisite, and the humidor carried the finest cigars in the world. Jane, Jack and Peter were the first and only guests to try the club. The Mossley House was for ladies and gentlemen alike, as many of the bank's customers were ladies from the highest circles. At the official opening, the bank's top 40 clients were invited, and it was a resounding success.

Janet Crawley, Countess of Mossley, ran the House and was princely rewarded. She had one of the 5 offices to herself, the most beautiful of all. Jack had managed to get Mia's family to supply the best chairs and seating in the world. Jane had no trouble running the place, she was strict and relentless with the staff. She always conducted the customer meetings together with one of the bankers and learned a lot, but was very skilled in dealing with the cus-

tomers. Henry was extremely pleased, and the customers raved about Jane and the Mossley House. Jane's idea of connecting the House and Effingham with a computer line was not only modern, but very effective. People gradually learned to work with Honeywell's clunky screens. Jane dined with clients or her bankers every lunchtime; Peter and Jack also joined her frequently. She had found her profession, her calling. More and more, "Janet's" became accepted for The Mossley House, although she never pronounced it herself. People dated at Janet's. Thanks to her journalistic training, she wrote articles for various glossy magazines, daily newspapers and brought The Mossley House into the media. When her time permitted, she continued to read scholarly papers and articles. She published her summaries in various print media, but never again on BBC.

Veronika liked to laugh when Peter told her about Fox's escapades or when he told her with all sexual details about his trips with Lilly. Of course, these were business trips, he still didn't want to enlighten her about his real activity. She liked to hear him tell really juicy stories, and that made her horny. When she was horny, she wanted to fuck or masturbate. Her room on the ground floor had become a small private cinema, an excellent projector and a cabinet containing all her films from the Munich studio. She watched the old recordings over and over again on the wide sofa, which was very comfortable for masturbating during the film. Sometimes Rose joined her, then they masturbated together, each for herself. Rose was insanely proud of Veronika, because her friend starred in these films. When Peter watched the movies, they would go up to fuck afterwards. He loved watching the movies, but he rarely had time for it. When Peter and Jack were out, Jane would often lie down with Veronika; she loved the lesbian acts with the older woman. She knew they were both bisexual, but Veronika was the only one she acted it out with. When Rose lay with Veronika, Jane would watch them briefly, but then she would go back — keeping her distance from the staff. Jack and Peter knew about it and liked to be told about it.

Jane worked 6 days a week and kept at least one day off, sometimes two or three. The Mossley House worked even when she wasn't at the House. She came home every night, had dinner with Jack, and afterwards they chatted in the living room as usual. She never drank during the day and treated herself to two glasses of

white wine and a joint in the evening like Jack. By now, they were both able to keep the addiction perfectly in check. Jane was happy all around and masturbated every night before going to sleep, which did her a world of good. Jack was happy about it and noticed that her body had become even more beautiful and womanly. Jane, I love you so much! he sometimes whispered in her ear. They slept together three or four times a week, and she insisted that he go to Rose's early in the morning, every day. She couldn't and wouldn't fuck in the morning and knew full well that it did him good in the morning. Rose fucked Jack every morning during the week before fixing breakfast and going over to Peter's house to fuck or be fucked.

Jane had learned to drive and car and bought a fancy little convertible, a dark green MG. Sometimes she went out with Jack, out into the beautiful woods around London. She also visited Henry several times in her sports car when Jack didn't have time. Jack's ordination ran smoothly, was well attended, and turned a small profit, which he was happy to leave to his colleagues. He took only one doctor's salary and was content with that. Fox objected to his working pro bono for the kingdom and paid him a whopping salary. Moreover, Fox insisted on a formal contract. He was not to be changed in these matters, order must be, he said, at least the basic things had to be settled.

Jane's 30th birthday was celebrated with a big garden party in the park behind the house, all her friends and girlfriends came. Jack had had a gold necklace made for her, two big Js made of diamonds entwined copulating. One immediately recognized the clearly erotic motif on the expensive piece of jewelry, but the gifted goldsmith made it look elegant and dignified despite the sexual depiction. Jack whispered that unfortunately they couldn't wear wedding rings. She fell around his neck, she was so happy. She wore it for life.

Jack came home one evening, Jane was waiting for him in the living room. Stars shone in her eyes, brighter than ever. He waited anxiously, then she said softly, I'm pregnant! He jumped up and gave her a big hug. I'm so happy, he stammered over and over, covering her face with kisses. They talked about what might change now, that they would rearrange his bachelor bedroom and both take turns caring for the baby. He would divide himself ac-

cordingly in both Upper John Street and Peter's office, there was no question in his mind. It was also clear to Jane to cut back at Mossley House. They agreed that they did not want to entrust their child to a nanny. Rose and Veronika were still there, he said, and she laughed. Our daughter would then be able to fuck quite well before she went to kindergarten, they both had to laugh heartily. They rejoiced and became even more affectionate with each other. For the time being, they kept this secret to themselves.

But the joy did not last long. Peter received one of the very rare calls from Veronika. Peter waved Jack to note down the keywords as usual. St. Thomas Clinic, gynecology, room 417. He hung up without a greeting and called the motor pool. Then he spooked Jack, Jane at the clinic! They raced there and learned that Jane had suffered a very painful miscarriage. She had quite heavy bleeding that was very slow to stop. The necessary curettage could not be done until later and Jane would have to stay in the clinic for another 3 or 4 days. Jack cancelled all appointments and stayed with her. It took them both several hours before they could talk to each other about it. He explained the medical background to her and said the gynecologist had correctly diagnosed years ago that she could not have children. The pregnancy was a fluke that probably wouldn't happen again. But they had been looking forward to the child so much that they were of one mind. Any future pregnancy they would welcome and be glad for any child they had. He would sit beside her bed and rest his head on her stomach when he fell asleep. Jane smiled, she rarely experienced his love as beautifully as she did now.

Upper John Street turned a big profit this year. Jack waived again and his colleagues were able to collect a lot of money. It was important to him that the ordination ran well and that the destitute received excellent treatment. Whenever he could, he took afternoons off and arranged to meet Jane. They spent many hours together in the garden or living room, feeling their bond even when they were just sitting next to each other reading.

Henry came at noon and took over from Jane. He didn't say it often, but her idea about Mossley House was a goldmine. He had it in him to raise the money over steak and whiskey and cigars. Exclusive and posh, yes. Effingham was losing its edge. He and the two gentlemen had plenty of time to take care of the customers.

There was no hurry; Mossley House was a meeting place of the highest order. He was very grateful and did not skimp on Jane's bonuses. Jane had also suggested thinking about her replacement right now. She directed Henry's attention to his grandson Raynor, whom she had been watching closely. He had graduated from school with honors and had done well at the London Institute of Economics. Before he took off abroad, Henry had to get him on board. Immediately, not tomorrow.

Ray was the right choice, Jane sensed immediately. He submitted because he wanted to go to the top, all the way to the top. Like all the other employees, he went to the hairdresser weekly, wore the tailored tuxedo, and learned manners from the older ones who had mostly served as butlers before. Likewise, he learned silently and very attentively how bank advisors dealt with customers and where theory differed from practice.

Jane called him into her office after a month. She gave him comprehensive feedback. She said he was developing into a good *host*, just as Mossley House needed. As for banking, he should still learn and listen well. She smiled, I felt the same way, I still listen to the bank advisor today and know what my limits are. It's hard, Ray, but you're 22 now and have plenty of time to prepare to take over the House one day. Ray nodded, knowing she was right. Thank you, Janet, that helps me a lot, you help me a lot! Jane fell silent and Ray rose to leave. One more thing, Jane said, looking him straight in the eye, I realized, of course, that you had a crush on me. Ray lowered his eyes and looked at the tips of his shoes. I am, of course, very flattered that a young, handsome and extremely smart man like you would fall in love with me. However, you must take two things to heart, first, I am your boss. Second, you are a Mossley just like me. I am not for incest, most definitely not! Ray looked up and was about to say something, but he clenched his lips. There was probably no point in reminding them that they were not related by blood at all. His heart was breaking, but he tearfully thanked her for her openness and left. He got over his pain after ten days and got used again to working very closely with the woman who was unreachable. Jane was wise and gave him time.

Veronika had discussed with Peter for a long time and listened to him well. She had enough of doing nothing, but what she could,

to fuck for porn movies, she was no longer interested. And Peter knew very well that the porn business was a dirty, low and dangerous business, with which he wanted nothing to do. So the decision was easy. Peter asked what she liked to do. She smiled like a cat and said it was not a job, but love and pleasure. He smiled too, yes, my love! He did not let go. She blushed and whispered she loved children. He ignored the innuendo. So nanny or kindergarten. He guessed kindergarten, regular hours different children, not just a spoiled brat. He promised to take care of it. Two days later Veronika started the training in a renowned institute and after one month she came to the accompanying practical work. She was very happy and thanked him every morning, so Peter was happy too.

Veronika learned quickly and she was very happy about the choice of profession. She had a lot of fun with the children and completed the training after one year. She benefited from being bilingual and came to work in both the German and Austrian kindergartens. Diplomats, businessmen and bankers liked to give their youngest there because the children could learn German and English so easily. Veronika was in the right place and in her desired profession. Peter was happy about this, because she did not have to go back to her humiliating job.

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Sam Barker's Sad End

by Jack Faber © 2022

Sam Barker was hanging upside down on a cable from the Black Friar Bridge. His foot in the cable loop hurt terribly after the fall. He was submerged up to his chest in the Thames River and was now straining his abdominal muscles to keep his head above the black water. The two policemen had run across the bridge and kept running to catch him. Their flashlights illuminated every nook and cranny left and right; in this damned darkness and the gathering fog, you just couldn't see anything. Nothing at all. Nor could they spot 15-year-old Sam hanging upside down from the bridge. He wasn't desperate enough to call for help yet. He had run away across the bridge, they couldn't catch him. The bridge was actually closed for renovations, but he had run into the construction site anyway and tried to hide behind one of the wooden sheds. He hadn't seen the cable, he fell off the bridge and the cable that had wrapped around his foot was his salvation. For now.

Sam had grown up alone with his mother, a shrill hysteric and prostitute. She didn't tell him anything about his father when he was of age, then. Maybe. He was used to his mother running around naked in the apartment from an early age, screwing strange men every day and letting him watch, he knew no different. She brought guys every day, that was her job. From a young age he had gotten used to her stripping naked when a man came to visit and usually sticking his cock in her hole herself. There he was allowed to pump until it was done, then he paid and left. If he didn't want to pay, she would hit him — bang! — on his head with the rolling pin and took all his money.

Sam had never been properly educated in sex, only superficially, when he was about 6 years old. She was 36 years old and relatively pretty, but the alcohol had already dug deep furrows in her face. He, like her, sat naked across from his mother, fiddling with his little hard-on with relish, wondering why she looked so different there. He pointed his fingers at her sex. She thought for a moment, then she had shown him her sex up close and explained in great detail the functions. He was allowed to touch everything and explore it very carefully. She sighed and said that she had not

had menstruation since his birth and therefore could not have children. She explained menstruation in simple words and he tried to understand. That a woman needed menstruation and a man to pump in her little hole and squirt the baby in. With his mouth open, he asked why the men who pumped in their hole every day didn't squirt a baby in? After all, he would have loved to have a sibling. She explained to him again that of course the men squirted in, but unfortunately there could be no baby. Too bad, said the peck, such a sibling would be quite fine to play with!

She hugged him tightly and tried to comfort him. You've seen it many times, but you didn't seem to care much. He knew what she meant, of course, and she said, would you like to see it up close? He nodded eagerly and was immediately allowed to sit between her thighs. He paid close attention this time as she masturbated. When she was done, she hugged and hugged him like she hadn't in a long time. Then she said that was something very, very fine and that women liked it much better than men pumping.

He was impressed and noted it very carefully. He was already clutching his stiff little tail all the time and rubbing it, it was very fine. She took his little tail in her hand and carefully pulled the foreskin all the way back. She rubbed his little tail with wet fingers to find out if he could squirt yet, but he couldn't yet. She asked if he was paying attention when she brought a man in, and the little guy nodded eagerly. He puts his in there, and he pointed his finger at her vagina. He then pumped in and out until he had squirted a baby in, which unfortunately couldn't stay there, the clever lad explained. The fool then gets the rolling pin on his head if he doesn't pay, he concluded with a connoisseur's expression. But I don't have any money, said the smart boy, even if you hit me on the head! He grinned wryly and she hugged and hugged him. No, you don't need money with me, you know that! she reassured him. But I want to do the pumping, too, he said, and she nodded thoughtfully. Why not? The little guy was allowed to stick his stiff little cock in her hole and practiced fucking like a big boy. When his dick throbbed, he held still and then kept practicing until his dick went limp. Smiling, she let him practice as long as he wanted and laughed, "When you grow up! Then! Maybe."

But the practicing was suddenly over. He discovered the squirting as he sat between her legs and masturbated, she had specifi-

cally allowed him to do so. She lay down in front of him and he sat between her thighs, the glans just an inch from her hole. He was allowed to look at her sex while masturbating, when his little cock had become stiff. He watched her masturbate and when his little cock started to throb, he was allowed to stick his little cock in the hole, that was the deal. That went quite well so far. But this time it was different. No sooner had he felt the throbbing and sunk his cock into her vagina than a little flash twitched through his cock and the semen squirted out, three or four jets squirted right in and then the rest on her belly and outside on her cunt. She stopped masturbating, wiped it off with the flat of her hand and grinned wryly at him. Soso, she said, you're 11 now and not a baby anymore! No, he wasn't a baby anymore and wasn't allowed to practice.

He was big now, hiding when a man came and spying on her fucking or when she masturbated drunk in the evening. It was really exciting sometimes! She knew that he watched compulsively from an early age. She knew when he spied through the crack in the door. She knew when he was hiding in the closet. She let him see her pussy at work, and with a sadistic grin. She didn't know herself why she sometimes teased him mischievously now. She just walked around the apartment naked, and every time he sat on his bed and masturbated, she went very close to his bed, mischievous and provocative in her nudity. She spread her labia and stroked her sex lasciviously. He should just go ahead, that was okay with her. Her private parts right in front of his eyes almost made his cock explode. Since she had prompted him, he simply continued to masturbate. She let her little hole, her clit dance right in front of his eyes and watched him masturbate. To make him squirt, she put her vagina over his cock so that he had to stop masturbating. She made him suffer, made him wait motionless. She wiggled her abdomen and her vagina massaged his cock. He felt it rising up inside him and he thrust quite hard until he cum with difficulty. She was pleased with herself, her wickedness had won.

When he was old enough and could already squirt, she wanted to show him something one evening. She was already pretty drunk and lay down naked on the bed with him. She snuggled up to him, lustful skin to skin, she sought his closeness. She had instantly forgotten what she actually wanted to show him. She stroked his stiff cock intensely and inculcated in him that boys must not fuck their

mother, ever! because that was strictly forbidden! She stroked his erection full of greed and asked if he remembered earlier. Yes, sure, I was allowed to play fuck with you then! Yes, she sighed, you were allowed to, but you didn't cum then! He stroked her labia and also her pubic hair, because she liked that very much. Yes, then I was still a baby, he said, and now I'm already old, it squirts out of my cock and there boys are not allowed to fuck with the mother! He felt like crying, he lay down on top of her and buried his face between her big breasts, sobbing.

She hugged him all touched and felt his cock pressing covetously against her labia. She took a big gulp from her coffee mug and the alcohol made her pussy blaze, again! She wanted to comfort him and said she didn't want to be like that, he was allowed now, once, but only as an exception! So come, but only a very little bit! she said and got ready. She put his stiff cock into her vagina and whispered, just a very little pump, but don't really thrust! He moved in and out slowly, it was the fine and beautiful feeling like before. She kept her eyes closed and smiled. He continued for quite a long time, slowly and deliberately and she smiled quite broadly, for she sensed even before he did that he was about to squirt. She reached for her clit and triggered the orgasm within seconds. He clung to her hips, now thrusting hard and very fast and squirting his soul out, right into her orgasming cunt.

She propped her chin on her arm and grumbled good-naturedly, not thrusting properly, I said! His erection stood bolt upright and he masturbated a bit. Again, again! he whispered and energetically lay on top of her. You big, dear fool! she said softly and willingly opened her thighs. He fucked her as before, thrusting vigorously and waiting to squirt until she fingered her orgasm. He lay beside her panting heavily, she got up and said she needed something to drink. He went after her after a few minutes, she sat drinking on the bed and he stalked over to her with his cock bobbing. She stopped counting how many times he wanted to fuck and kept drinking during the breaks. Eventually his strength wore out, she spread her legs and arms and masturbated, having wonderful orgasms. He awoke in the morning in her bed and had a neat morning boner. Carefully he penetrated her vagina and she woke up immediately. Now he fucked her properly and squirted in her vagina. Boys are not really allowed to fuck their mother! she said with a heavy tongue and shooed him into his room.

She let him fuck in the following time every time when the customer had gone and she had washed her pussy. As soon as he had an erection, she made Sam fuck and cum in her. Sam liked this a lot because he now got an erection every time while watching her being fucked by the customer.

She got quite a guilty conscience after a year when a colleague told her in confidence that her 13 year old was dying to fuck her and she was only preventing this fornication by only giving him handjobs. But the naughty boy was squirting into her vagina with every handjob! She didn't say anything specific about how he could squirt into her vagina during a handjob. She blabbed that he had been raping her for months, the good-for-nothing! She had to let him fuck her to keep him from getting rough. He was beating her up until she gave up and let him fuck her. She stopped resisting long ago and let him fuck her as often as he needed.

But she would dread being fucked by her own son! Okay, as a street whore you had to do the strangest things, of course, but fornication with your own son, that just wasn't on! Especially, what would people say if they knew that she committed the fornication several times a day! Customers might turn away from her if they found out about her fornication. That would be disastrous! She was therefore on the lookout for someone who would.... Sam's mother said to send the son to her, that would be okay with her. Sure enough, the boy came and got to fuck Mrs. Barker. At first the boy made it three times in quick succession, then only twice, and in the end only once. After a few days, he stayed away altogether. Mrs. Barker was too old for him, he told his mother. Sam's mother's talk of fornication and what people must have been saying had gotten neatly into her bones, and she felt terribly guilty. Would the customers turn away, because Sam was fucking her several times a day by now, and she couldn't have that! No! Fornication! She pulled herself together and said after a few days that he would have to do it himself by hand in the future and also explained to him why. But he was allowed to put his cock into her warm vagina while masturbating and squirt into the deep hole.

As always, he had hidden under the table when the girlfriends visited the mother. They brought booze and it wasn't long before they were all squealing and fighting jokingly. Laughing shrilly and squealing, they pulled each other's panties off and grinned as they

grabbed each other's pussies. The whores knew of course that he was under the table and sat down grinning with their legs wide apart, that was a matter of honor! Five or six pairs of legs all around him, one sex next to the other and his greedy shining eyes. He looked at their legs, looked along their inner thighs up at their pussies. He pushed her knees apart and palmed her jewels. When one pushed his hand away, he crawled to the next. When she gently placed her hand on his, she agreed. Then he rubbed the clit, just as he had seen her mother do, and stroked it until she twitched or fidgeted and stopped him.

He loved one in particular, she deliberately spread her legs quite wide apart and liked to have her clit rubbed by him. Aunt Rita, that was her name, stroked his head under the table and let him rub her clit again. She allowed it smiling because he could make her orgasm quite quickly and wonderfully. She usually let him rub her to orgasm two or three times, leaning back in the chair. She didn't mind when the other whores watched her orgasm. On the contrary, she liked to show off her beautiful pussy and was proud that she orgasmed faster than the others. It was a bit arrogant of her to pretend to be better than her colleagues. All that could be seen of Sam was his concentrated face a few inches from her vulva and his small hand. In orgasm Rita stroked and kneaded her breasts and breathed loudly. She was a young whore and her cunt, her little hole looked much nicer than the old, big cunt of his much older mother.

When the girlfriends came to visit, the mother bragged mightily that he could squirt so great, better than some men. One spoke with these 'coffee meetings' only about sex and booze liquor. Things got very heated until his mother pulled him out from under the table. He stood confused between the women. The mother pulled down his pants and let the others see his cock. Again it went high and all felt his stiff cock. All right, shouted the mother, all right! She grabbed his cock, rubbed it and let it splash on the floor in a high arc. He felt like crying, ashamed at this exposure. This was now repeated at every coffee party, each time a different whore masturbated him, each time they tried to make him squirt even more, each time he went to his room immediately after squirting, each time he cried. He wanted to shout in their faces that he had fucked his mother before each masturbation, really

with thrusting and squirting! But this was strictly forbidden and secret.

Rita was the only one who felt his suffering. She pushed him back under the table and no longer allowed the sidewalk whores to wank the boy. Now you've all done it once, now leave the boy alone! She put his head between her thighs and gently stroked his hair. Rita was the only one he loved, whom he loved like mad. He had his face leaning against her inner thigh, staring at her little hole as he rubbed her clit, making her twitch and wriggle, time after time. He so wanted to hug her and kiss her and fuck her. Rita was the only one to notice his love, she lifted him out from under the table and let him stand between her bare legs. Smiling kindly, she pulled down his pants, stroked his cock and flipped up her skirt. Do you like fucking? she asked enticingly, spreading her little hole with her fingers. He was too shy to do it in front of all these women and didn't move. The women looked mutely at his cock and at Rita's naked pussy. She pulled him close, rubbed him stiffly and plugged his cock into her pussy, grinning. With one hand she stroked the back of his head and pressed his face between her big breasts, the other hand grabbed his butt and set the pace. Yes, come on, fuck me, my darling! So nice it felt, so overwhelming were his sensations in his lover's vagina, that he squirted after a short while. Rita caressed his face and hugged him tightly. It was good, she lied, you were really good! He was confused and sad because it was over so quickly.

Rita pressed him to her and stroked him very gently. He's still standing, she murmured in his ear, he's still standing, so here we go again! I want you to fuck me again, darling! Come squirt! He nodded and happily pressed his face to her bosom. Very slowly and carefully he pushed in and out, looking at his mother's friends. They just looked curious or smiled smugly. Rita whispered, go ahead! and he continued. It took a very, very long time before he stiffened and squirted loudly, panting, into Rita's vagina. She had whispered in his ear, squirt, my darling! He hugged her tightly and squirted as long as he could. Rita pushed him back a little and embraced his cock. She rubbed it gently, but it didn't get hard even after minutes. Rita gave him a big kiss on the mop of hair and let him go. He threw himself on his bed and cried with happiness.

At the next fucking, Rita hugged his head and whispered at his ear that if he stopped thrusting at the first squirt and squirted only a little juice, he would still have some left for the next squirt. That way it would be easier to fuck two or three times. He nodded and whispered that she should help him do it, he wanted to try it right away. She held his butt cheeks as he squirted and he tried to hold back his squirting. It was working! Rita whispered at his ear, hold it back now! and don't squirt all the juice in and he nodded and whispered his yes in her ear. The second time Rita held his ass cheeks again and whispered, just a very little squirt! He had caught on and it was working. He loved it when they whispered to each others ear while fucking. That day he fucked Rita three times, the third time Rita whispered she was going to do it to herself now and Sam felt her rubbing finger. Her breathing on his ear quickened and she whispered she was about ready. She rubbed really fast and whispered, it's coming, it's coming! He heard her panting breath and felt the orgasmic twitch of her vagina as she fucked. Ah! that was nice! he heard her say softly and that he should fuck her hard now and squirt it all in. Yes? she asked enticingly and he nodded, Yes, great! He pushed and pushed hard and squirted all the juice into Rita's vagina. She praised him and kissed her little hero in the middle of the mouth. The women around the table gave them a big applause.

Whenever Rita came for tea, he was allowed to fuck her in front of all her friends. He cared little, the whores smoked and watched silently when he fucked Rita. He had become a man and now at 14 he had a real girlfriend whom he fucked and screwed. Most of the time he squirted only twice, sometimes three times. They always got a big applause. Rita didn't talk much, she just pulled up her skirt and rubbed his cock stiff with her hand, then he was allowed to fuck her. Once. Twice. Three times. He really liked her whispering in his ear about whether he should hold back or whether he should squirt it all into her vagina. He whispered in her ear how beautiful it was right now and how much he loved her. She kissed him on the mouth after each fuck. The squirting in her vagina was much more intense than when he masturbated.

After a few months, Rita said goodbye, moving to Liverpool. He was terribly sad when Rita came to visit unexpectedly in the evening and told them. They drank a lot and the ladies swallowed 4 red pills that Rita had brought. He took two, it would give him

erections for hours, he already knew that. The mother had brought some and they found that two pills were enough to make his erections kick in for several hours. The last time over 6 hours, it was a happy fucking until morning. The two women got going quickly, the pills pumping their sexuality until they dropped. Neither of them were lesbians, but they kissed with long, intense French kisses. Rita lay naked with his mother, the pills hit like a bomb. The pills heated up the women and they kissed and cuddled as if they wanted to eat each other. They excited each other's breasts and grabbed each other's pussy covetously and hornily. He did not like to drink, but he was allowed to lie down with the two women and watch them make love. He stroked both very intensely and participated in the arousal of both. His erection was not asked for at all in the beginning. Rita grabbed his mother's head and pulled her down moaning and cooing. She pressed her mouth on her vulva demanding. Sam saw women licking each other for the first time.

It was very exciting to see Rita's tongue dancing on her mother's clit. Rita's butt was dancing too, her clit rhythmically peeking in and out between her labia, and she was getting one little orgasm or near-orgasm after another. She obviously had a lot of practice at this and knew how fast to make her tickler peek out from between her labia to almost orgasm. She stopped licking her mother, crouched down on her knees and squeezed her butt cheeks rhythmically and quickly to keep her clit moving. Sam knelt directly behind her and watched her exciting play. The clit was squeezed in one side as she rocked and immediately sprang out from between her labia. She concentrated solely on the rhythmic bobbing of her buttocks and letting her clit dart in and out. She shook all over her body as she orgasmed and moaned loudly in pleasure. She began to continue licking her mother's clit after a few minutes.

Sam suspected that Rita usually satisfied herself this way because she never masturbated with her finger. He asked her during a break and she confirmed she had discovered it in her youth and always did it that way since then, every night before going to sleep. She very rarely did it with her finger, saying it was much too fast and didn't last long enough. After a while she said he was only the second person she had let watch her secret. He kept quiet, it was a wonderful, arousing experience.

When Rita licked the mother, she pinched her clit between the labia and let it in and out, she almost orgasmed and moaned that he should finally fuck her! Rita's hole was very small and very tight, he could not penetrate at all without her help. She moaned that he should finally fuck her and helped with her hand so that he could penetrate her little hole very carefully. Her hole enclosed his cock tightly and yet very soft. It widened as he thrust hard and squirted panting. But Rita didn't orgasm when he fucked her, only when he masturbated her with his finger or her mother licked her clit vigorously. Mother licked Rita's clit and, grinning, rubbed his semen, which flowed from Rita's vagina, on her clit and labia with her tongue. He put his head right in front of Rita's pussy and watched the licking and orgasms with curiosity and horniness. His mom could really fucking do it! He kept having an erection and fucking them both, one time his mother, otherwise always Rita, always Rita. He kept fucking even when he couldn't squirt anymore. He knew that it was the last time he would be allowed to fuck Rita. It wasn't until very late that he fell asleep, overtired.

Rita whispered to the mother that she was pregnant by Sam. Rita had chosen the businessman from Liverpool because of the pregnancy. She was quite sure, she said, because Sam was the only one allowed to fuck her without a condom. She had figured he was much too young to get her pregnant. She had firmly believed that such young fellows did not yet have real semen, even if they could already squirt. Therefore, she had let him squirt into her without hesitation. Rita cried, because the pregnancy came as a great surprise. She was only 19 and thought she was too young and inexperienced for motherhood. Of course, an abortion was out of the question for her, she was very religious. She promised to send photos and write how the child was doing. The women decided not to tell Sam. Rita didn't leave until sunrise, after they had made love for the last time.

At the next coffee party, he lay down in bed and cried about Rita. But one of the girls, Evelyn, came up to him and made him all horny, teasingly playing with her clit in front of his face. She lured him out, out to the ladies. Evelyn took off his pants and put him between her naked thighs. So it happened that in the course of time he fucked all the damsels one after the other. He was just there, but they made the decision themselves and among themselves around him guessing, who got him.

After fucking Evelyn, he stood in front of his mother, but she didn't think he would dare. He dared, in front of all those damsels! They fell silent, look, look! they whispered, he wants to fuck her! The mother's protests did not impress him, especially since the women clapped their hands and chanted: fuck-ing, fuck-ing, fuck-ing! He grabbed her ass and pulled her forward. She, like the others, had to stretch her spread legs high in the air to fuck and willingly stick out her vulva. He fucked her for a very, very long time and with one finger he rubbed her clit without mercy. The onlookers smiled wryly and grinned gleefully. The mother's face contorted into a grimace, she squinted her eyes and orgasmed heavily. Her legs wriggled helplessly in the air. He grabbed her ass and thrust as hard as he could. He squirted in the middle of her subsiding orgasm and waited, the stiff cock in her vagina. After a few moments, he continued fucking, this time taking longer. His finger rubbed her clit quite vigorously. Her second orgasm was much stronger than the first. He was able to hold back the squirting until she was twitching and shaking in orgasm and her legs were wriggling in the air. The mother let the humiliation wash over her willy-nilly and looked deeply ashamed at her girlfriends.

He had retaliated for making him squirt in public and had exposed her in front of everyone, he had maliciously revealed her great secret. Yet none spoke of fornication. They whispered, had she really had an orgasm or not? From then on, after the first, he always fucked his mother as the second and made her orgasm in front of all her friends. Nothing of the first wickedness remained in his heart, he loved his mother very much. Nevertheless, he stuck to his decision to masturbate and fuck her 'in public' at every coffee party. The loose women shrieked with pleasure and cheered him on with foul language.

His mother couldn't help it that he humiliated her in front of all the others. It was like an unwritten rule, you had to go along with everything, there was no 'No'. If his erection lasted long enough, she had to orgasm again and it didn't help when she looked at her friends seeking help. The second orgasm was much stronger than the first. Most of the time he was able to hold back the squirting until she was twitching and shaking in orgasm and her legs were wriggling in the air. Only then he grabbed her ass and thrust and squirted, thrust and squirted! The mother hated him in those moments. Even if she was a prostitute, masturbating and orgasming

was a very, very private thing even among whores and she was embarrassed to be masturbated in front of her friends and orgasm 'in public'.

He fucked one after the other in the following weeks and when they wanted it, he rubbed their clits and brought them to orgasm. They were not as beautiful as Rita, but squirting in their skilled cunts was much more pleasurable than masturbating. The girls fucked very differently. For some, every fucking was work, they let themselves be fucked indifferently and did not feign excitement. But if the others decided that she should be fucked today, she did it. For others it was a change and like a carnival, they celebrated the booze, the sexual excitement and the willing boy. They were trying to get excited and enjoy being fucked. This had nothing to do with their work, this was private and for their pleasure only. Fucking with these girls was the most fun for Sam. Unlike the others *they wanted* to be fucked, actively participated and got their orgasms either way. They rubbed their clits themselves and he could concentrate on not squirting before their orgasm. And they were happy as snow queens when he finally squirted into their orgasm after a long restraint. There was then also times a grateful hug or a kiss, which a customer never got.

One had started doing it, then they all did it: while he was screwing one, the neighbor grabbed the clit of the screwed one and masturbated her while screwing. He sometimes squirted too early and watched as one brought the other to orgasm. As soon as he fucked the mother, one stepped up next to her and held her leg up very firmly, exposing her vagina completely. She rubbed the exposed clit to orgasm, not caring about the mother's embarrassed looks or protests. Some downright enjoyed humiliating the mother and immediately let her orgasm again. The mother was torn in her feelings, on the one hand she enjoyed every moment while being masturbated, on the other hand she was embarrassed just because of that.

Some were as embarrassed as his mother and tried to hide the orgasming, others were not embarrassed at all and visibly enjoyed it. If he lasted longer, the orgasming cunt made him squirt wonderfully. And if he wanted to fuck another one after the mother, he got another one to fuck. So he fucked two, sometimes three whores at the coffee parties. When he had cum enough, he pulled his

pants up, sat down at the table and listened to the loose and piggish speeches of the whores. With each piggish joke they shrieked and roared with laughter, then toasted the narrator. Unfortunately, these coffee meetings did not take place every day, only three or four times a month.

The mother went shopping every evening, because she did not want to work in the evening, in the dark. After shopping, she undressed, prepared a good snack and began to drink. Usually after half a bottle she was drunk as a skunk, lay down on the bed and masturbated for a long time. She didn't care if he went to his room or stayed seated.

Since he loved Rita, his interest in his mother's masturbation had been rekindled. He would watch her and at first he would masturbate standing up in front of her bed, squirting in a high arc on her body or in her hole. The mother didn't even notice, he lay down next to her and squirted directly into her vagina while masturbating. He knelt between her legs and masturbated, to squirt he pushed his cock into her hole. She stopped masturbating when he spread her labia with his fingers to squirt into her hole. Even if he didn't touch her at all while doing this, she groaned and moaned lustily at being squirted. Or, when he penetrated her hole to squirt, she groaned and moaned lustfully there too. It was not uncommon for her to grab his cock and rub it before holding the glans directly in front of or in her hole and letting it squirt. It was quite obvious that she enjoyed squirting very much in her intoxication.

As long as Rita was there, he respected the mother's prohibition and only squirted in her hole without fucking her. When Rita went to a man in Liverpool, he was sad for a long time, very sad. It was not enough! Forbidden or not! He decided to fuck the mother from now on as often as she was drunk.

She was drunk every night, from alcohol she became very sexually aroused, masturbated all evening and continued to drink. He would lie down with her and when he needed a break, he would put his fingers on her sex, watching her orgasm in her face and his fingers would feel it. Often she would spread her arms and legs and lie there motionless like a frog, he was allowed to masturbate her in that position and he was damn good at it! She hugged and kissed him because it had done her so good. It was a mystery to

him how she could masturbate over and over for so many hours and have so many orgasms. Of course, she took breaks and continued to drink. In orgasm, she frequently grabbed his cock and squeezed, pulled and tore at it as if she wanted to tear it out. He fucked her once or twice every night and was sure she was not even aware of it.

He always tried to fuck her just before one of her orgasms, so he found the squirting particularly pleasurable. When it worked, they both had orgasms at the same time. With a contorted face, she let her finger race on her clit and he squirted at the top of his lungs. When he didn't catch the moment, she looked at him with blurry eyes, making her vagina all soft as long as he squirted. She was apparently aware of that, but he didn't think she really realized who was fucking her. What he didn't know was that she knew exactly who was fucking her. Despite her intoxication, she was not aroused one bit by his fucking. He made no effort to arouse her. He fucked completely self-centered and squirted as soon as it came. She didn't care if he fucked her once, twice or three times a night. She concentrated only on her masturbation, making herself beautiful, excited orgasms. She masturbated while getting fucked, kept drinking and masturbating until she fell asleep.

Sam took a job with a dressmaker, he delivered the clothes in the boxes. But the most important thing about this job was that he could sneak behind the dressing rooms and watch the women and girls undress. His heart would pound to his throat when they took off their bras and their panties. He never caught on, no one complained about him. Even the ones who caught him didn't. He was kind of stunned at how many women were exhibitionists. How many unnecessarily took off all their clothes and gave him frivolous looks while showing him everything with obscene gestures. There were some who masturbated and let him watch. He had become addicted to spying. When he delivered, many women were horny for him. If they were alone in the house, they lured him in. Some just wanted to masturbate and let him watch. Others wanted to be fucked, and he liked that a lot. They were not prostitutes after all, but girls and women of the better society. Still, they fucked just like the prostitutes. Sam loved his job.

It was pure coincidence that Sam was resting on this bench on the banks of the Thames River. It was also a coincidence that the

child sat down next to him. Sam wasn't really up for conversation, but the girl just chattered away. He was slow to thaw, and she giggled at his ambiguous questioning of her. Of course she was chatty and told him all about the doctor games she played with boys and girls. He was very perceptive and kept asking, he would like to know everything. She willingly followed him behind the den shed, he would show her anything she wanted to know or see. She was squealing with delight when he took off her underpants and stroked her cunt very delicately. Yes, she stroked herself down there, of course, when she lay in bed at night, the girl said.

But he found out very quickly that the 9 year old didn't know anything about masturbating yet. She smiled, so what do you want to show me? He touched her tiny clit very gently. He rubbed her clit very finely and she orgasmed after only a short time. She squealed with pleasure! That was so fine, she whispered and asked if she could do it herself? Yes, if no one is watching, so only do it when you are alone. She was naive and curious and let herself masturbate a second time. She had lifted her head and was watching very closely as he did it. This time she jerked endlessly and whispered that was very, very fine. She was going home by nightfall.

But she let herself be coaxed when he asked if she wanted to see his cock too. She nodded eagerly and watched him curiously as he pulled out his cock. Curious, she touched it, it was much bigger than those of the boys she had played with so far. She stroked his cock just as he had said she would. The cock got all big and stiff. She didn't want it, but he bent over her and penetrated her vagina. Her vagina was all tight and tiny. It hurts, she complained tearfully and wanted to scream out loud, but he covered her mouth. Her hymen tore and his cock was full of blood. He tore his handkerchief and wiped his cock clean. When he entered her again, she wanted to scream again, but he stuffed the bloody handkerchief into her mouth and held her mouth shut tightly. She resisted as if out of her mind, but the more she resisted, the harder he pressed on her mouth. He didn't feel the soft crack as her neck snapped. She didn't fight back anymore and let him finish fucking her. He stared into her dead eyes and squirted at the top of his lungs. He pulled his pants back up and said they could go now. But she remained silent. Only when he shook her did he realize that she was dead.

He stood up, completely distraught, and noticed the young couple turning the corner at that moment, leaving the dead child lying there. He slunk away and the couple ran to call the police. They showed the officers where the killer had gone. The officers ran in the right direction and saw him from a distance. He ran off, into the darkness. And now he was hanging upside down from the bridge.

He was terribly sorry, he didn't want to kill her. The girl had squealed with pleasure and laughed excitedly as he masturbated her tiny clit. Her mouth remained open in surprise as she was shaken and buffeted by orgasm. She squealed with pleasure as he continued to rub her clit. He saw Rita's beautiful sex before him and fought desperately against the spasm in his abdominal muscles. He would drown unless a miracle happened.

Early in the morning his body was discovered, hanging from the cable, half floating in the river. That he was the murderer of 9-year-old Nicole was proven, as the handkerchief in the child's throat was the identical half of the half handkerchief in his trouser pocket. All of London was in an uproar. Rape, murder and accidental death of the fleeing murderer and child molester. Newspapers, television, the full program. The child's mother howled before the cameras, the murderer's mother howled before the cameras. It was not a criminal case, it was the powerful blow of the Grim Reaper that disturbed everyone.

Veronika went to the girl's funeral because she was one of the first children she cared for. Actually, her little sister was in her kindergarten, but Nicole often came after school because she didn't want to go home to her shitty home, to her shitty mother and her shitty boyfriend, who covetously reached under Nicole's skirt when her mother wasn't there. Veronika listened to her carefully and reassured her as best she could. The shitty boyfriend, however, had not yet gone further than groping her vagina and rubbing her clit awkwardly while he masturbated. She was disgusted when he spread her labia with his fingers and squirted into her little hole. He had already done that a hundred times, the bastard! Veronika reassured Nicole that it was quite normal for men to squirt into her hole, but only in adult women. She also explained to her that it was quite normal for men to insert their cocks into the little hole and cum, but only with adult girls. With

such a young girl it was forbidden, she could tell the shitty boyfriend directly. There he would stop for sure.

Unfortunately, Veronika was not right. The shitty boyfriend just laughed cheekily and forced the girl under threats to spread her pussy herself with both hands. He stared into her open little hole and masturbated, holding his cock in front of it. He continued to squirt into Nicole's little hole, holding his cock right on top of it and squirting in with a grin. Nicole told her again and again over the next few months that he had done it again. Veronika hugged and reassured her that it wasn't so bad as long as he didn't stick his cock in her little hole. The squirting was certainly disgusting, but he obviously didn't dare hurt the girl. Veronika hugged and stroked the poor child, giving her the love that her mother did not muster. Veronika often thought of talking the shitty boyfriend to conscience and enlightening the shitty mother about, but she kept putting it off.

Veronika went to Nicole's funeral and paid no attention to the shitty family. She stood a bit apart, she didn't want to stand near the family now. She came only because of Nicole, whom she had not been able to help because she was too cowardly. She cried for the violated girl and knew that she could not do anything against such an act in the future.

She had not prayed for a very long time, but now she prayed with fervor. No, dear God, it's not about cocks this time, not about pussy, she contradicted him. There's enough cocks, my pussy gets everything enough! Now shut up, dear God, listen to me at last! Don't let such a mess happen again! Never, never, never again!

She cried bitterly, for the old man only wanted to talk porky and laughed at her.

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A Goodbye

by Jack Faber © 2022

Five years later, in 1977, Jane stood in front of an auditorium in Cardiff and gave a talk to about 400 scientists. A year earlier, she had published a sensational paper predicting the development and spread of single-user-computers, and their spread far beyond universities. Her opinion was hotly debated and many an academic disputed her competence. Jane had made a name for herself in recent years mainly with sound papers on scientific topics; she read incessantly all the publications she could get her hands on. She had well-supported reasons for seeing the incipient development of small computers in the U.S. and in the West. She had accepted the invitation from *Science today* after much hesitation, but she was gradually getting used to speaking in front of an audience.

Jane had slowly backed away and let Ray run Mossley House. She came to Mossley House only two or three times a week and went home after lunch. But she did not quite relinquish her leadership to Ray yet, for the staff, gentle ladies and gentlemen still saw her as the soul of the project. She led from the background with an iron hand and was, on the whole, pleased with Ray's progress. He was, of course, long past the point of taking over the House, but he kept asking Jane to carry on each year.

Jack and Jane spent a lot more time together than ever. He went to his surgery on those days when Jane was at Mossley House and treated mainly the destitute. Colleagues had hired another doctor who did an excellent job of replacing the missing Jack; she was a surgeon and enthusiastic about the idea of the project. She brought her background from St.Helen's Hospital where she was able to operate at very reasonable rates. All in all, the surgery went extremely well, profits increased, and Jack donated his share to the three colleagues.

Jack had built a new network with Fox. They wanted to move away from improvisation and set up permanent stations in key regions. Their agents had to establish an appropriate existence on the ground and manage their own network of agents. Peter had listened carefully to the two younger ones and had worked out the

essentials with them in many discussions. He was ultimately very pleased with this development and sent them on their way. The main burden of the work was on Fox, who threw himself into it completely. Fox did an excellent job and did not mind that both Peter and Jack came into the office very little. Peter wanted to write a book on the Secret Service from Lord Walsingham to Churchill and asked Jane to help him in this endeavor, which she did with great pleasure.

Jack had discovered his professional interest in genetic research and spent every spare minute on it. It was a peaceful picture when Peter, Jane and Jack sat quietly next to each other reading or writing. To make phone calls, they went down to the living room so as not to disturb the others. Rose moved silently around the house, treating all three to food and drink. Unfortunately, one day Jack had to take her to the hospital with severe pneumonia, where she was also diagnosed with mild tuberculosis. She stayed in the hospital for almost three months and it was recommended to her and Jack that she go on a cure for some time.

So it came to pass that Jack furnished her with a fat wad of bills and sent her to a sanatorium near Edinburgh in Scotland. She was to take only one dress with her and buy new wardrobe in Edinburgh. He smilingly admonished her to buy only the best and finest, the Scots should be impressed and not think the townspeople were stingy. She didn't leave until she had trained a new housekeeper as a deputy. The new girl's name was May, a pretty 21-year-old with very good references. Her mother had immigrated from the Philippines during the war and had passed on her Asian looks to May. May was very slim and girlish, she was very hardworking and followed all of Rose's instructions. Unlike many other maids, she had a particularly obliging and submissive manner, it was obviously in her blood to be an excellent housekeeper.

Rose and May slept in Rose's bed and Rose looked at the young Asian's nudity with pleasure, she would surely please Master Jack. The first two nights Rose felt May secretly masturbate before falling asleep. On the third night, she gave a jerk, caressed the pretty child and fondled her clit. Of course, she explored the pretty girl with her lips and tongue and was amazed that she came to orgasm after only a short lick. May did it to her only with her fingers, she did not dare to lick Rose. She answered in a whisper, she mastur-

bated every day, every night, since she was seven, but she had never made lesbian love. She had had quite a few *one night stands* since she was 14, but never anything serious, never with a girl.

That was only partially true. She had actually given herself to her then-boyfriend when she was 14, and only after much hesitation. The horror stories about being deflowered hindered her for a long time. She liked to give her boyfriend handjobs as often as he wanted. He wasn't smart enough to figure out what girls needed, unfortunately. She had brought it up carefully, of course, but he couldn't figure it out. After all, she didn't have a dick that could have been made to squirt. She was far too inhibited to show him her masturbation. She kept silent and felt no pressure either, she had masturbation after all. Every night she dreamed of sex while masturbating and decided at 14 to give her virginity to her boyfriend.

The first time was unfamiliar and sobering for both of them. But they fucked better and better over time, for a year until school ended. They lost track of each other, she started as a maid and he didn't want a relationship where he had to wait a week or two to fuck. It was almost a whole year before she had a boyfriend again. He waited until she had time for him and for fucking, but the long distance relationship didn't last a year. After him, she had a new long distance relationship for three years until she caught on to him. She was just another one on his keychain and broke up with him in a huff. And now here she was, without much relationship experience, but still had some experience in fucking.

When Rose gently suggested to her that the Master also expected a sexual concession, she nodded in the affirmative and said that she liked Master Jack lot from the start and she would gladly give him anything. Really everything. May asked Rose about all the sexually relevant details, whether he wanted kinky things or what she should pay special attention to. Rose gave her everything, that the Master didn't use condoms, that he liked to watch the girl masturbate and that it excited him. That he liked mouth fucking as an alternative during menstruation. May said she had never done that before and had Rose explain mouth fucking to her. She had a hard time imagining swallowing semen, and Rose laughed kindly and said it was easy to do and the semen was absolutely nothing dangerous. It tastes good, she said, and you quickly get used to the

slightly sour and salty taste. May looked at her uncertainly and said she would try it. Rose reported to Jack, who was quite surprised and said reservedly, one will see.

Jack, of course, talked to Jane about it. She stroked his hair and murmured, as long as your heart is mine. He embraced and kissed her tenderly. As long as my heart beats, he whispered, as long I belong only to you! He nevertheless waited almost a week until one morning he slipped down to May in Rose's room.

He knocked very softly and stuck his head through the door. May was awake immediately, smiling invitingly and flipping the covers all the way back. She looked at his bobbing cock as he came closer and lay with her. He pushed the blanket aside and let it fall to the floor. They looked at each other. He thought she was pretty and wondered a little because her pubic was shaved completely clean. He could only see her cleavage, neither the small labia nor the clit peeked out. She had very small, pointed breasts and the nipples were as dark as her labia. Did she want to, he asked in a whisper, and was she using contraception? Yes, Master, she whispered blushing, I want it very much and I take the pill! They kissed for a long time and he inflamed her with French kisses.

He squatted on his heels, pushed her knees apart and looked at her sex, opening her labia with his fingers. She had a small clit and her labia were dark brown, her hole as small as a child's. She nodded in shame when he asked in a whisper if she had fucked yet. She closed her eyes briefly, blushed and answered in a whisper, yes, since she was 14 and very often! She could not or would not say how many times. She had only done lesbian lovemaking once, in the two weeks with Rose, never before. No, she answered, she had only done it to Rose with her hand, she did not dare to lick. Yes, Rose had probably licked her a hundred times and it was very fine, Rose seemed to be very good at it. Jack smirked and thought, Rose must have been good at that. May said she only knew the missionary position and a little bit of the doggy position. But she wanted to do everything he asked. Everything. She blushed, during menstruation she would do it to him with her mouth, that's what Rose had told her. But she would have to learn that first. She kept silent and he gently stroked her clit.

Her vagina was just as tight as little girls'. She smiled and helped him with both hands to penetrate very slowly and carefully, gasping for air. To his astonishment, she soon began to gasp and orgasm after a short while. She looked at him shyly and smiled at him with an unfathomable smile. He kept fucking gently, she fucked along smiling and very actively, and had another strong orgasm while he thrust and squirted violently. They lay quietly next to each other and smoked. After the second cigarette he said she could make him stiff again with her mouth. She nodded and did as he explained. They fucked again and she gasped for a very long time, then she was rocked by a very violent orgasm and Jack's cock slipped out. He waited a while for her orgasm to subside before he entered her vagina again and fucked quickly. She was already too tired to orgasm, though, and he wasn't squirting very prolifically.

They smoked, he kissed her and said that it had done him a lot of good and that she had obviously also gotten her money's worth. Yes, she said, three times was wonderful and enough for her and she wanted to be woken up so erotically tomorrow too. Her broad smile said it all and he nodded. She asked gloomily how she should behave toward the Missis. He replied that the lady knew and didn't mind, but they didn't talk about it openly. It's a secret between you and me, okay? She nodded and he followed up with, but please keep the proper distance, you are a maid, she is the Lady Janet and I am Master Jack. She nodded. She learned pretty soon that they were brother and sister and wondered a lot since they were fucking each other. Jack patiently explained to her that this was also a secret, not to be talked about with anyone. She nodded thoughtfully and promised to ignore it. She confessed that she had already watched them fucking secretly in the living room and that she often thought about it when she masturbated at night. Jack stroked her gently and said that was okay with him.

He had to smile as he called it a secret, because keeping a secret from Peter was simply impossible. She suddenly blushed all over. Rose had told her that the Master liked to watch her masturbate, whether he wanted to come back in the evening, since she did it every evening and whether he wanted to watch her do it? He grinned, in the evening he had no time, but on occasion he would like to watch her. Astonished, she replied, "No, she only does it once, that's enough to fall asleep." She always does it very slowly and intensively and after the orgasm she immediately slips into

sleep. He found that she was completely absorbed in her role and that Rose was quite right, May was not slutty, but submissive, willing and a sex hungry slut.

He asked her what pill she was taking, he was a doctor after all and would get it for her monthly. I don't know if Rose told you, you have to change those sheets at least once a week. She smiled, in fact Rose had already said that and she would do it twice a week. He glanced at the clock. So, enough chatting, we'll be down for breakfast in 40 minutes!

Jack, of course, told Jane how things were going with May. She was glad he had found a replacement for Rose, he was much more balanced and gentle in having sex with her. He knew how much and what Jane wanted to know and told as soon as the time was right. She mostly just wanted a gentle and soulful sex in the evening and then masturbated before falling asleep. She curled up in the security of his arms on his chest and loved it when he stroked her tenderly and erotically while she masturbated. She let him feel that she was behind his decision to fuck May. She naturally wanted to know a thousand things about the cute Asian and he described everything to her with all the sexual details.

Slowly, Jack got May to masturbate in the morning, to masturbate before fucking, which she was happy to do. At first she was a little shy, because no one had ever been allowed to watch her masturbate. But she spread her legs and worked her labia first. Then she closed her eyes and stroked the little clit, first gently and then quickly and energetically. He watched her, she quite quickly reached a state just before orgasm and prolonged it for minutes until she let it explode. It was his favorite when she commanded, "Now! Yes, come and fuck!" and helped him into her tight little hole with her hand. She arched her back and bent her head down to look at her pussy, while she very carefully and slowly pushed his cock into her hole. Then she lay back on her back and rubbed her clit for minutes with her eyes closed and he waited for her to come to full speed. She whispered softly, "Now fuck, fuck real hard!" He fucked as fast as he could fuck until she gasped, "Jaah! Now! Fuck real fast!" and later her choppy command, "Yeaaah! Now! Squirt now! Yeaaah!" and squirted into her explosion. He was quite fine with her giving her commands, it made fucking a shared experience. It was also fine with him that it was very quick and he had a

few more minutes to smoke a-two cigarettes with her and caress her body with pleasure. Her girlish body was so fine, velvety and erotic that he could have continued to caress her for hours. She learned mouth fucking very quickly, but in the first time she spit out his semen. It suddenly happened very quickly that he could squirt very deep into her throat and she swallowed his semen. It seemed inevitable that May would fall in love with her Master and give herself even more devotedly and passionately. Jack kept the formal and emotional distance and did not fall in love with his maid.

Jane had sneaked to May's room a few times and watched them secretly. First she was impressed by the beautiful, girlish body and her controlled and purposeful way of masturbating. The girl quickly got into the swing of things and quietly called out, come now, come! Jack had been watching her and rubbing his cock stiffly. May bent over her pussy and helped him penetrate her hole and they both continued together. Jack stiffened and began to squirt, May going on and on continuously while squirting. Her finger was racing on her clit and she was nearing her orgasm. Jack's cock was deep in her pussy and she made soft sounds, two minutes later her orgasm exploded, Yeaaah!!! Jack held her with one hand and pushed her as hard as he could while she orgasmed. May pressed her face to his chest and her abdomen twitched violently. She loosened her legs, which she had wrapped tightly around his buttocks. They disengaged from each other and May said, well audibly, "Thank you, Master Jack, thank you!" and kissed him on the mouth. He stroked her body very gently and Jane pulled away.

She thought Mays fucking was very nice and told Jack on occasion. She was quite sure that May would not repress her and Jack kept the emotional distance very well. He had to admit, May was a very horny and unspoiled child with whom he could fuck very excitingly and passionately. At breakfast Jane smiled finely, for she saw that May had no panties on under her skirt. She found out that May did not own enough underwear and bought her a dozen panties, bras and two nice dresses to go shopping. Everything was of high quality. May was very happy about the gifts and unabashedly stripped naked to try on the clothes. Jane looked at her beautiful body complacently and complimented May. She turned self-consciously and proudly flaunted her body, letting Jane feel and look at her sex. She was just amazed that the lady had guessed

her size. Jane said with a smile that she used to study fashion extensively and the first thing you learned was how to guess correctly. She wanted to take her to town at the next opportunity to buy more dresses and shoes. Jane had won May's heart in a single moment.

Rose called every two or three weeks to tell Jack about her whereabouts. She had met her brother Frank twice, but they no longer connected. She was content that he had married his rich widow and that he was doing well. Rose confessed to Jack that she was quite permissive around the sanitarium. She wasn't shy about fucking anyone. Jack said that this was a good development and neither he nor Jane objected. She should take care of her health and wash their cocks conscientiously beforehand, he said. They both laughed heartily and Jack again assured her that it would be all right. Rose breathed a sigh of relief, honestly relieved because she hadn't asked permission before. Jack laughed at her, you are not a slave and you decide yourself who you let fuck you! Nevertheless, Rose reported her sexual adventures every time. Mostly she tried to bring two men to her room, that promised more fucking and now and then an orgasm with the second one. She usually let one of them masturbate her to finish, but very few of them brought her to orgasm. Jack listened politely, though he wasn't particularly interested. She asked him if it was normal to still masturbate daily as a woman nearing 50? He laughed and said that there were 95 year old ladies who still needed it daily. She was relieved and answered his question that she usually did it only once before going asleep, but more often on the weekends because the men were with their wives.

He only brightened when she kept talking about Edward this and Edward that. She had fallen in love and Jack promptly asked her out. Edward was a widower in his late 50s, not 10 years older than her, and had made his fortune with three fish factories. For health reasons, he wanted to turn his factories over to his three sons and retire. He had proposed to Rose and she couldn't say YES right away, she was still married. Rose asked Jack if he could help her get a divorce. Of course he wanted to and she told which court in Edinburgh she had filed for divorce. In the end, Rose and Edward had to wait a year for it. Jack and Jane both talked to Rose and gave their blessings. Rose was deliriously happy because not only had she found a good friend and companion in Edward, but

she could look forward to a carefree and financially secure future with him. They would both gladly come to London for a visit when Jane invited them.

Fox accompanied the queen earlier this year on her three-month trip through the South Seas-States, New Zealand and Australia. He had taken along five of the prettiest female agents, who unobtrusively reinforced the security detail. Even though Fox's intentions were for pleasurable screwing with his female agents, he was ever vigilant and committed to the Queen's safety. In his mid-50s, it was his second spring. His girls were young and pretty and gave themselves to him passionately. With all the work and constant attention, it was a bit of a vacation in the southern sun for all six of them. He returned tanned and in a good mood. The next trip in the Queen's shadow to Northern Ireland was already planned, so he had to take ten tough guys with him. Northern Ireland was not a vacation trip.

Veronika had been working in her job for 7 years and had recently taken over the management of the German and Austrian kindergartens. She did her job quite well, 8 female employees and almost 100 children meant a lot of work. Most of the time she and Peter only had time for each other on weekends and that was enough, Peter was already over 80 and his loins had lost their strength. But he enjoyed it very much when she snuggled up to him and masturbated. She needed that every night. She had promised Peter from the beginning that she would not let other men fuck her anymore and she stuck to it ironclad.

From time to time she fell in love with one of the many single mothers. She enjoyed the lesbian love affairs in blissful intoxication. She loved Peter with all her heart and told him about it freely. As often as she could, she took the lesbian lovemaking to Peter's bed, as he still passionately watched her lesbian goings-on. But he also loved to stick his hard-on into the young vagina and wait for Veronika to masturbate the young woman to orgasm and then cum inside. He was grateful, because Veronika's pleasure was his pleasure too.

One morning, Peter collapsed in the office. The quick-witted co-worker called the rescue, Fox and Jack. Jack raced by cab to Endell Street Military Hospital and reported to Fox, who was in

France. He also spoke with Jane and gave her a clear, sober report. Peter had a large tumor in his lung, just adjacent to the pericardium. The tumor had already spread some metastases. Surgery for the 83-year-old was out of the question. Jack sat by Peter's bedside and waited for a quiet minute. Then he talked to Peter and didn't sugarcoat anything. It was a difficult hour for both of them. Peter understood that it was inevitably coming to an end. The doctors could only ease his pain. How much longer? Peter asked, and Jack answered, two to three months. They were silent for a long time. Peter raised his head. I have something important to do, he breathed almost inaudibly. Jack looked at him questioningly and he said he had not yet considered Veronica in his will. Jack smiled, he knew Veronika's account balance as well as Peter. She still had enough in her account, he said at first, but Peter frowned. What legacy do you have in mind? asked Jack and Peter answered, maybe £10 million, what do you think? and Jack said like a shot, that's what she'll get! I promise! He shook Peter's hand and squeezed it. I Promise!

The three of them were sitting by Peter's bedside, Veronica, Jane and Jack, when Fox came to visit. "No business talk in front of the ladies," Jack said as he greeted Fox. There wasn't much to talk about, though; Fox thanked Peter for his work and the training. Peter asked him to pay Veronica a widow's pension, even though they were not formally married. Fox promised to do his best. He said goodbye to the old warrior and friend. After he left, Peter asked how long he had to stay in the hospital. Jack said, as long as you want. But you can just as well stay in your own house if you prefer. I can give you the injections, Veronika will take care of you just as well as the girls here. Peter nodded in agreement, he would rather lie at home and die. Jane and Veronika hugged each other crying, just as you like, Peter! said Jane. The following day Peter came home.

He lasted another 6 weeks. Veronika, Jane and Jack had taken a vacation and spent every minute with Peter. They read to him from the newspapers, listened to his favorite music with him, or Jane went over his manuscript with him. She promised to publish the book posthumously no matter what the cost. May, who usually didn't come to Peter's house because she had fled Peter's and Veronika's sexual advances in the beginning, made breakfast for everyone, cooked, and cleaned up. She, like the others, was de-

pressed because Mylord was dying. Both Lady Janet and Master Jack had asked her to do so.

She helped Veronika wash Peter three times a week. Veronika cunningly always left it to her to wash the flaccid cock. She did it with pleasure, it stiffened faster than she could wash him and she continued, despite the erection. Veronika wordlessly communicated with Peter, dropped her dress and sat naked on Peter's cock. May stood still by the bed and watched as Veronika rode Mylord and then masturbated with his soft cock in her vagina. She and Mylord watched breathlessly. It was, she had to admit to herself, very exciting and horny. They finished washing Peter. The next time, Veronika lay naked with Peter and gave him a handjob. May stood silently by and kept eye contact with Veronika while Veronika masturbated him. She silently washed the wet cock without batting an eye. The next time Veronika washed his cock and she told her to continue. May looked uncertainly at Veronika, who nodded affirmatively and did the handjob in the air. May nodded and began. But Mylord quietly said he wanted to fondle her breasts. After a sideways glance at Veronika, she took off her top and bra. Mylord fondled her lacy, apple-sized breasts and May rubbed his cock. Mylord said please fuck me, please! May looked doubtfully at Veronika, but she just nodded. Yes, do it! Veronika said emphatically, do it please! May was already so aroused that she could not go back.

She took off her skirt and panties and climbed naked on top of my lord. Veronika stayed next to her, grabbed his hard-on and May widened her little hole with her fingers, then Veronika slowly inserted it. Veronika saw how small and tight May's little hole was and held Peter's cock while May very slowly sat on him. Veronika's fingers grazed May's tiny clit, but she shook her head, No, I'd rather not! May slowly but vigorously fucked Peter and felt his cock rearing up. She had to thrust three more times and got her orgasm. She was shaking all over and only calmed down after a while. She carefully pulled his limp cock out of her pussy and got off. Peter had only squirted a few drops.

Veronika hugged her warmly after Peter had instantly fallen asleep and thanked her. No, she had not been jealous or envious for a moment. Her husband was pleased with her young, beautiful girl's body and she wanted to give him everything, anything, in his

last time. May was very ashamed of having cheated on her Master. She would confess it to him only later. So it came to pass that May fucked Peter every other day and kissed him on his wrinkled cheek afterwards.

The next few times Veronika didn't miss the chance to masturbate May's clit while fucking her and May's initial rejection instantly turned into lust. She willingly let herself be masturbated twice and squeezed, rubbed and kneaded her breasts while being masturbated. Peter smiled and whispered how nice it was for him to watch her orgasm. May therefore remained sitting demanding until Veronika masturbated her a third time. May excited her breasts and nipples and almost passed out from pleasure. Her third orgasm was very strong, she trembled all over her body and kept touching her clit to delay the orgasm for minutes. She lowered her head and carefully descended. She was no longer shy about fucking my lord as often as he had an erection. His semen had long dried up, but for some time he got pleasant erections.

One day he did not. They washed him carefully, but he could no longer get erect. He listened well when they read to him, but he visibly deteriorated. Jack gave him so much morphine that he was completely free of pain and joked that he was yet to become a junkie. Jack, Jane and Veronika were with him around the clock. He reached out his arms to them and held their hands. He closed his eyes and whispered softly, "Naomi!" then fell asleep. He didn't wake up again.

More than 450 people came to his funeral at Westminster, as if he had been a member of Parliament. The Queen dispatched the younger Lord Mountbatten, who read the Queen's Farewell and delivered a moving eulogy. Veronica stood at the front between Jack and Jane, hearing for the first time that Peter had been in the service of the Queen and the Kingdom for some 60 years and had headed MI6. She was struck by all the celebrities and all the high dignitaries who had come. She entered Parliament for the first time, where a buffet had been provided.

The large Mossley family had come together and even 86-year-old Sir Henry had come in a wheelchair. He was very sad, Peter and him were connected by a strong, brotherly bond. The Mossley

family was on the one hand very sad, but on the other hand very proud that Peter had received so much recognition and respect.

In the evening, four of them sat in the living room, Veronica, Jane, Jack and May, who had also attended the funeral. They drank to Peter's health and talked quietly. Each, each of them had their own story with Peter, some they could talk out, some they couldn't. Jack spoke quietly to Veronika and confirmed to her that Peter was the head of the secret service, that the import and export business was only a frontstory. Veronika had a thousand questions, which Jack answered as best he could. Veronika stumbled. But, you worked with him so often, didn't you? He looked at her seriously and remained silent. Veronika widened her eyes and looked at him silently for seconds.

He said Peter had left her the sum of £10 million, which she would receive after the reading of the will. And, of course, she would stay in her house, it had been agreed with Peter. Unfortunately, the widow's pension that Peter Fox had asked for had not been granted, it was simply bureaucratically not possible. Veronika shrugged her shoulders, she had a good salary from the kindergartens and a full cushion on her account. It would just get very lonely since Peter was no longer around. Jack and Jane assured her that she was welcome here anytime and would have dinner with them for at least the next little while. Jack asked if she wanted to sleep over by herself or if she would like to spend the night with them. Veronica thought about it and asked if she could sleep with them for a while. Jane and Jack exchanged a look that was okay. They slept close together in Jane's big bed, but no one felt like fucking. The grief was still too fresh.

On the third morning, Jack crept down to May. The several days of abstinence demanded quick fucking and soon squirting. They smoked, lying peacefully side by side, and May began to confess. Mylord Peter and Veronica. Jack put a finger to her mouth and silenced her. Thank you, May, whatever you did for Peter, you did for him and for us. For that I thank you with all my heart! He kissed her tenderly on the mouth. May had tears in her eyes and sobbed that she was so sad because she had betrayed her Master Jack. He hugged her tightly and said, this was not cheating, this was a work of love! Gradually she calmed down and told quietly, everything, from the beginning. She also told him that she had let

Madam Veronika masturbate her, because she did it very well. That she had virtually demanded to be masturbated by Madam, in order to get a very big orgasm at the end. That had pleased the Mylord very much and he had also always wanted to see it. No, she answered, she had not touched Madam and had not masturbated. But two weeks before he died, she said, Mylord had stopped getting an erection and they didn't do anything then. Jack and she picked up where they left off.

Life returned to normal, everyone resumed their activities. Veronika slept in her house again and threw herself into work. Of course, she continued to have lesbian love affairs, but there were men in her life again. She had remained ironcladly faithful to Peter and never cheated on him while he lived. Although she was approaching 50, she took care of her figure and looked like a perky 35 year old. Her breasts had remained medium sized, but not as firm as before, but she put up with it and didn't let well-meaning girlfriends talk her into anything. A man who made stupid remarks did not come to her bed. She shaved her pubic hair except for a *landing strip* because it was so fashionable now.

The first men she let into her life were, of course, kindergarten fathers. The revolution of '68 had seized not only the women, but also the men. She loved to fuck men and let them into her well-groomed and fragrant pussy. As with women, she didn't need days of foreplay with men. If she had a good feeling in her belly, she grabbed it. She had a man or woman for lovemaking almost every night. She didn't need another relationship after Peter. It was a strange feeling initially to fuck a man whose wife she had had in her bed before. She was as secretive as could be, but when asked directly, she told the truth. It was not uncommon for a man to find out about his wife's lesbian tendencies.

Jane liked to lie with her and they both lived out their lesbian tendencies. Jack didn't interfere, he had May and Jane had Veronica for sexual variety. They had a stable relationship and loved each other dearly, they did not join in the very common all around-fucking-game. After all, he and Jane slept at home every day and fucked irregularly, but frequently. There was no sexual pressure, and Jane curled up on Jack's chest in the evenings and masturbated gently and relaxed until she fell asleep in his arms.

After the reading of the will, Jack and Jane each received £100 million and they immediately gave £10 million to Veronika. Veronica was staggered and asked Jack what she should do with a total of £13 million. First he admonished her, as he had many years ago, not to talk about the money to anyone. It would only attract evil souls. He had no experience with investing money and advised her to sit down every day for two months and work on a list. Regardless of whether it was a trip around the world, a cruise or another house. She needed to be clear for herself about what she wanted, he said. After that, he would be happy to go over her list with her and give his opinion. He himself and Jane were definitely going to consult with professionals and friends, they too were going to put together such a list.

Jane had been thinking about this for a long time and discussed it with Jack. She wanted to have a driveway for cars and a canopy for 2 cars put up on the other corner of the house. There was also to be a covered entrance to the house. The roofing was to be unobtrusive to the style of the house and have, for example, the same cast iron trim as the garden shed. Jack clicked his tongue; this was a good plan. He agreed immediately and Jane could get started right away. He half-jokingly said that they must have two cars then, too. Only fools went downtown by car; he could get to the ordination office and to Fox's office twice as fast by bus. Whereas Fox was happy to have a civilian vehicle pick him up and take him home. He didn't need a car at the time.

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The Deaf And Dumb Child

by Jack Faber © 2022

How amazed he was when one morning he threw back May's blanket and there lay two naked girls. May was immediately awake and woke the other girl, who resembled her like a sister. May apologized for acting on her own authority. But her cousin Lin had shown up in the middle of the night, fleeing from her mother's boyfriend, who had tried to rape her. He went on to ask. She was a distant cousin, he said, about 17 and deaf and dumb. She attended a special school and was in her penultimate year. He looked with pleasure at the nakedness of the young girl and thought. His erection had disappeared and that annoyed him. He said somewhat gruffly that the mother was probably distraught where her daughter was, May would have to call Lin's mother this morning, by all means!

He asked quietly, could they not fuck now because of Lin? May laughed, No, silly! and corrected, No, Master Jack! They already talked about it and Lin had suggested to go out meanwhile. But she can stay for my sake, May said with her inscrutable smile and continued rubbing his cock. They communicated with hand signals and Lin lay down with his back to them. May cuddled him and pulled him against her. Her French kisses and handjob made him stiff again. He glanced at Lin, who had turned away and was looking back over her shoulder. May didn't care and helped him into her hole with both hands. He waited for her commands and following a sudden inspiration, he put his hand on Lin's well-rounded ass. Lin put one hand on his and looked at him inquiringly. She turned to them and lightly grasped his hand, letting his hand slide to her pubic and looking into his eyes. He fucked May very slowly and Lin held his hand, which rested very calmly and lightly on her pubic and slid over it in rhythm with his fucking. He felt the hot labia and clit with his palm and fingers. A volcano about to erupt! She let go of his hand only when May called him. May was about to climax and called him, he fucked her very hard and held back until her orgasm. Only when she called again, he thrust violently and squirted into her orgasm.

He lay exhausted next to May, who was communicating with Lin in sign language. He asked after a while what they were talking about and May replied that Lin wanted to know if the fucking hurt and if she had really had an orgasm at the end. The girls chatted for a while and he asked if he could look at Lin's sex. Lin looked at him with big widened eyes and thought, after some hesitation she nodded.

Willingly, she spread her legs and looked into his eyes. She looked rather Chinese and reminded him of Chin during his studies. He immediately felt the inexplicable sexual attraction he had for her as Chin had before. Lin's father was indeed Chinese, as he later learned. Her facial features and eyes especially were clearly Chinese. Her body, like Chin's, was very womanly and had narrow hips. May's body, on the other hand, looked young-girlish and less womanly. Lin was taller and more delicate than May, and her breasts were much larger. She had a small raven bush above her pubic cleft and he gently parted her labia with his fingers. Her privates were not as dark brown as May's, but bright pink, and her clit was small but very prominent. She was *virgo intacta,* as he immediately noted.

He had already examined the private parts of hundreds of young girls in ordination who had been raped or otherwise abused. He knew what a virgin looked like and what a prominent clitoris was. It was never sexually arousing for him to examine the little girls, they were children after all! A few girls, however, showed him quite unabashedly how they had been masturbated by the perpetrator and masturbated completely unabashedly in front of him to show him the abuse. The doctor's lady assistant stood next to him, becoming really aroused and was virtually a witness that the girl did it without being asked. The girls' gentle orgasms were moments when he had to pull himself to order. Of course, with a few, he noticed the calculating looks when they exhibitionistically showed him their masturbation, on almost every date. Never did he ask the girl to do it. He conscientiously examined the naked girls and sent his medical assistant out, this took away the shyness of the girls. He would sit on his stool directly in front of the girl and watch her up close. Some were chattering, some were silent. Some were still very clumsy, but most could masturbate perfectly. All of them only got silent orgasms, because they were so used to that. If the doctor's assistant came in too early, he could fake an

examination of the genitals. This was not proper for a doctor, but as a man he was curious. The majority of the girls had already been deflowered and had a long masturbation experience. He questioned all of them in detail about their abuse and sexuality. Only in very few cases he made an official report, in all cases he informed the mother in great detail and gave them addresses of help organizations.

He stroked Lin's pussy with the flat of his hand and squeezed her knees together as a sign that he was finished. May had to translate. He asked about everything and the girls giggled and Lin repeated the hand signals in utter amazement and disbelief. Yes, she had been masturbating before going asleep since an early age. She liked to give her friends handjobs and blowjobs, they all did, didn't they? She had done it to at least two dozens. No, her friends were only allowed to touch her breasts, not her pussy.

He said he would discuss it with Lady Janet later at breakfast. Lin could stay and she and May would have to sort out the matter with Lin's mother as soon as they could. He saw that Lin's dress was torn and instructed May to go to the store with her and buy underwear and a new dress. Lin had to give May a hand and help out around the house. He wanted to know at the end exactly how it was with the rape. Lin had obviously read his lips and answered in a strange scratchy voice.

She had to tell from the beginning and told most of it in several days. Her mother's boyfriend was the first to live with them after a long time. The mother had over ten years only *one night stands,* she disappeared with them in the bedroom and the men were no longer there the next morning. This friend now had nested, he was lazy and unemployed and brought the mother at irregular intervals a very thick bundle of bills. It was much, much more than the cost of his stay, but the mother pocketed the money without batting an eye. Lin asked her, but she answered that she was saving him the money for the whorehouse. It was never known how he had obtained it, but certainly not with honest work. He didn't care about all that money, he wasn't demanding and just needed a home and a woman to fuck. He had chosen her because she was definitely horny for fucking. That she had a big fat ass didn't bother him at all. Because, like most with fat asses, she wanted to fuck and masturbate at all hours of the day and night. And also be-

cause she had a daughter of the right age. Pretty and *fuckable*. He knew that one day he would trade his mother for her daughter, he had always kept it that way until now. It had never turned out well because both mother and daughter disappeared without a trace, but he was never suspected. Otherwise, he was always watching TV and drinking his beer, but never drunk.

He had some outlandish sexual behaviors and, for example, always left the bedroom door wide open when he fucked the mother. He stated with a wide grin that Lin could watch from the living room couch in the darkened living room, stripping naked in the glow of the light coming from the bedroom. He tied his mother's hands to the bedposts and mostly her legs as far as they would go, so that her cunt lay wide open before him like a ripe fruit. He took his time and struck her ass and pussy very lightly with the dog whip.

Often Lin had watched his mother fuck him. It was not very often that the mother brought a man, only once or twice a month. Some came only once, most more often. Lin had always spied on the mother and watched her fuck. They were mostly young colleagues from the hospital where she was a cleaning lady. It was sexually very exciting to watch them secretly. Lin didn't know whether or not the men liked her mother's flat breasts or oversized ass. The mother usually made the cocks stiff with a hand job. Since they started fucking almost immediately, Lin guessed that the men were just already horny for fucking. The cocks dipped between the thick labia and fucked inside the vagina. When they squirted, she clawed her fingers excitedly into the men's ass cheeks and cheered them on. She rarely got an orgasm while fucking. She usually let the young men fuck her twice and masturbated each time immediately after he squirted. Most of the men lay there like slain, only a few watched her masturbate. It was all very much like what the girls at school whispered about fucking.

Almost every day she saw the mother masturbating in the evening, when she herself sat on the living room sofa in the dark and masturbated while watching. The mother always left the bedroom door half open and masturbated at the same time every evening. She lay naked on the bed and fondled her flat breasts while reading. She read a few pages in a Threepenny novel, put the booklet aside and opened her legs. She stroked her pussy and

parted the thick, fleshy labia with her fingers, rubbing them until the clit was aroused and protruded. She rubbed the clit quite rapidly and rarely masturbated for more than a minute or two. Her thick abdomen rippled even though she orgasmed only very lightly. She read a few pages again and masturbated again. The second time lasted a little longer and this orgasm was much, much stronger. She rolled on the bed shaking her fat ass until it was over. Then she turned out the light and fell asleep. Lin always tried to orgasm at the same time as her mother.

After all, Lin knew masturbating from a very young age, she was always there when her mother was masturbating when she was a little girl. At that time, the mother was still very young and masturbated very often, several times a day and several times in the evening. Lin learned from an early age to pretend not to watch her mother, even though they were both sitting or lying on the only bed. Lin sometimes suspected that the mother did not mind if she watched. After all, she was sitting directly across from her on the bed, and the mother was stroking herself and masturbating with her eyes closed.

The mother also had gentlemen visit very often and they fucked shamelessly in the presence of the child, as she played with the dolls in her corner. The mother was so driven by her sexual greed that she really believed that the girl did not notice anything. Lin was sitting on the floor pretending to play with her dolls. In truth, her eyes were right at the level of the bed and she was looking directly at the thick ass cheeks and into the wet pussy. Her mother rubbed the cocks stiffly with her hand, often in her mouth. There it happened again and again that the guy squirted in her mouth, the mother spat and scolded him. Nevertheless, she did it again and again, because the men wanted it.

Lin looked at the dicks very closely before they disappeared into mom’s pussy. Most penetrated very slowly and carefully at first, as mom groaned and moaned with greed and horniness. Lin watched the fucking with great attention like a scientist, silently counting how many times the cock was thrust into the fleshy vagina before it squirted. She always saw exactly when the men squirted into her pussy, his testicles jumped up and down when he squirted. The mother was very aroused from fucking and masturbated after each cum, it took her only seconds to orgasm. It was very exciting to

watch the mother fuck and then masturbate, but the child didn't let on. When the fucking was done and the mother looked up, the child played with her back to her and had not noticed anything.

It wasn't until she was 9 that Lin got her own room in the new apartment and got to see a little less about her mother's love life. She had often given handjobs and blowjobs to school friends, which is what all girls did when they were 10 or 11. The boys liked her handjobs a lot, because she made them squirt all over. They also loved her blowjobs, although she rarely swallowed the cum. Once she was voted *Mouth of the Month* , the highest recognition of her blowjobs.

Now she stared spellbound into the bedroom. The whipping seemed to excite the mother and so did the fucking. He often tied her legs up so that they almost touched her bound hands. In this position the mother's oversized ass came out ugly. Lin could tell quite clearly when the mother was having her orgasm by the twitching convulsions of the big ass cheeks. He deliberately let Lin see his squirting and pulled his cock all the way out to squirt into the big hole. He grinned right in Lin's face, masturbated with his hand and squirted his last jets in her direction.

Lin had always stripped naked and the glow of the light from the bedroom illuminated her as she rubbed her clit and masturbated. His fucking of her mother aroused her greatly. She stared mesmerized at the vagina his thick cock had dilated. She often felt like his cock was thrusting and thrusting and thrusting in her own pussy. Often Lin would have an orgasm at the same moment he was squirting, because squirting excited her sexually a lot. When he squirted in her direction, she would cheekily lift and spread her bare legs. She withstood his gaze on her orgasming pussy and her stiff clit between her fingers, she was at a safe distance.

Frequently she wasn't finished, stretching her legs in the air and rubbing her clit to orgasm quite pleasurably. He had stopped fucking and turned to Lin, who was masturbating in the bright light. He masturbated his cock and squirted in rich jets in her direction. It made Lin insanely horny and she instantly rubbed herself to orgasm. They grinned at each other afterwards like kids who just did something.

Those were the only times she let him watch her masturbate. Let him watch her orgasm! Let him watch how she rubbed her clit to orgasm! She felt a nonsensical superiority, she was out of reach for him. He stopped staring over and wiped the last drops of semen from his glans with relish when her twitching orgasm had died away. He paused, drinking his beer and sometimes stroking the pussy of the crucified mother who waited for him with her legs spread. Lin stared spellbound at the large hole his mother's cock had left in her pussy and could not take her eyes off it.

He took the dog whip again and alternately struck hard and lightly on the mother's fat ass and pussy. He penetrated her asshole with one finger and finger fucked her fat ass until she squirmed in pleasure. He pushed his cock into her vagina and fucked her again, but he mostly couldn't squirt again. As soon as he let go of her, her mother freed one arm and masturbated really fast. After no more than a minute she would orgasm, much stronger than when she was getting fucked.

Lin asked her mother, but she said she wanted it that way herself, although she was terribly embarrassed that he left the bedroom door open. The tying up and the dog whip was his idea, but both made her very horny. And he never knotted the ends, but she held them herself and could free herself at any time, that's what they had agreed. She said he had quite a big, thick cock and could fuck quite well, better than anyone else. Lin had seen the cocks of her previous fuck partners and had to silently agree with her. Lin doubtfully asked why she orgasmed so rarely while fucking then, but her mother shrugged her shoulders. Her mother was very relieved when Lin lied that she didn't look when she masturbated after fucking. You are a good girl! She always saw Lin masturbating while getting fucked, she said softly, she didn't want to avert her eyes, she had to see it. She said it drove him crazy when he squirted in her direction and she exposed herself while masturbating and orgasming. Just be careful, girl!

When his mother was on night duty, he would sit next to Lin on the living room couch to watch TV. He unabashedly took off his pants and masturbated. Lin didn't mewl and just watched him out of the corner of her eye until he squirted into his handkerchief. This continued for many weeks. One day he demanded that she bare her breasts. She did not respond until he fetched the dog

whip from the bedroom. She bared her upper body and took off her bra. Her feelings about this were very ambivalent because she definitely had nicer breasts than her mother. She was a little bit proud that he stared at her breasts while masturbating, later he palpated her breasts and while squirting he excitedly pinched her teats. That was enough for him for a while. Later he stood up before squirting and squirted on her breasts, pressing his cock on one of the breasts and squirting on the nipple.

Also that was only enough for a while, he pressed his cock on her lips. She gave him a blowjob and let him squirt in her mouth. She had done this quite often and it went quite well for months. Often her mother would come home early and be frozen. Her daughter, exposed to her belly button, had her bare breasts fondled by him and she rubbed his cock in her mouth! She didn't move and waited for Lin to swallow or spit out his cum. She went ahead into the bedroom and they closed the door. Presumably they argued, but when he opened the bedroom door wide a moment later, her mother was tied up again as if crucified, and they fucked as they always did, as if nothing had happened.

He increasingly demanded that Lin strip completely naked and present her sex cross-legged during the blowjob. This also went well for a while, Lin was indifferent and did not move when he grabbed her pussy. Often her mother would come home too early, but he would not be deterred and just kept going. She saw that her daughter was sitting completely naked in front of the fiend, rubbing his cock in her mouth and he was fingering her pussy. Lin continued unperturbed with the blowjob, letting him squirt into her mouth in disgust and spitting out his cum. The mother lowered her head after the squirting and went into the bedroom to be fucked while tied up afterwards.

He soon knew no shame. He had forced Lin to kneel naked next to her mother and watch them fuck up close. He grabbed her hair and pulled her head to within inches of her mother's pussy. She had to bend over and look into the big hole and at her mother's labia, which were swollen with arousal. Only a few centimeters in front of her face the cock, which he inserted very slowly between the labia. He grabbed Lin by the hair so she must see up close how he inserted his thick cock into her vagina and then fucked it rhyth-

mically. She didn't hear her mother's horny moans, but she saw the little clit gradually stiffen hard and nod in rhythm.

Since fucking always took a long time and excited her sexually, Lin masturbated secretly without him being able to see it. Her mother, of course, could always see it and smiled. Lin knelt bent over her mother and turned her pussy towards her while masturbating. She pressed her lips to her labia and masturbated quite pleasurably. Her tongue touched her clit without licking it. If she was already very far, she bit very lightly on the labia or clit while she was getting off. Or she would nibble on his cock with her teeth when he pulled out, she would bite the glans very horny and lightly. He pressed her lips very firmly on his mother's pussy or his pumping cock while orgasming. It was very soon clear to him that the girl was masturbating, but he couldn't see it, he only saw her back and butt. He put one hand on Lin's butt cheek and one finger on her pussy and felt her masturbating. Lin didn't care that he put a finger on her pussy and cheekily continued masturbating while kneeling. She just never let him watch her masturbate, even though he begged. His finger did not bother her in any way, on the contrary, it made her even hornier.

He just left the mother tied up after fucking, even before he had cum, and let Lin give him a blowjob. Most of the time the mother would free one hand and masturbate really fast while Lin rubbed the cock in her mouth. Lin, of course, saw the embarrassment in the mother's eyes and reassured her she wasn't watching.

Lin did not dare at first, because he put her hand demanding on the pussy of the mother while fucking. She did nothing at first and he was very displeased. It took quite a while until she dared to touch her mother's wet cunt with her hand. It was the first time and she shivered when she touched the labia and the excited clit. Her mother's eyes shone feverishly and her lips formed words. "Yes, please, please, do it to me!" He urged her and there she gently rubbed her labia and lightly stroked her clit. When her mother's eyes begged, she masturbated her clit to orgasm, just as she had seen her do many times before. She looked disdainfully at the dear friend struggling in her mother's vagina.

He stopped fucking before squirting and Lin stared at the large hole his cock left in her mother's cunt. She stared into the wide

open vagina for a few moments and took his cock into her mouth. Lin tasted the taste of her pussy on his wet cock and shuddered. She looked sadly at her naked mother and had to rub his cock in her mouth for a long time until he finally squirted. Lin was not a bit horny in these moments, only terribly sad because he was deliberately humiliating her mother. Lin put her face right in front of her pussy during these months and masturbated her while fucking her as often as she could, because her mother's orgasms, which he couldn't manage, humiliated him and visibly hurt his ego.

Some time later, when the mother was on night duty again, he took Lin's hand and placed it demandingly on her pussy. She shook her head, No, she will not masturbate in front of him! she said defiantly, shaking her head. He kept trying though. She had to put up some resistance to him and no longer stripped completely naked. She only gave him blowjobs with her breasts exposed and only let him cum on her breasts, not in her mouth anymore.

But this time he grabbed her, ripped off her dress and panties, and pinned her down naked on the couch. He was much stronger than she was, choking her with one hand and forcing her legs apart with the other. In a flash, images appeared in her mind and she knew instantly what would happen next. He would brutally penetrate her pussy and tear a gruesome big hole in her little hole with his cock. She saw before her mind the big hole he left in her mother's pussy every time after fucking her. She desperately grabbed his cock, she would not make it easy for him even though he was choking her throat. She pushed him back with all her might, for she did not want to be kissed.

It took him several minutes to force his cock into her vaginal vestibule, as she clutched his cock and yanked violently. She felt the choking and didn't think for a second about masturbating him, but the effect was the same. She yanked on his cock, up and down, up and down and felt it stiffen and yanked even harder. The glans was stuck in her vaginal entrance, she masturbated his cock up and down really hard and he squirted immediately without penetrating. His glans was stuck in front of her hymen in the tight vaginal vestibule and squirted in through the hole of the hymen. She felt his semen spurt into her vagina in hot jets. He was completely distraught and let go of her neck. She flung him aside, grabbed the panties, bra and dress and ran out. In the hallway, she got dressed

and ran to May. Jack nodded and said she was very lucky, heaven knows he would have killed her in his rage yet! Lin winced and cringed, she had feared that.

Jane blanched as he told her everything over breakfast. She ordered May to bring Lin in and questioned Lin closely. Lin could lip read perfectly and answered all her questions. Lin and May's mother were nearly half deaf and dumb themselves, and their daughters went to special school together for two years, so May knew sign language. Jane insisted that May call Lin's mother immediately. May spoke into her tape recorder that Lin was with her and doing well. May explained to Jane that the mother could listen to the tape; like many half deaf-mutes, she had residual hearing. Barely a minute later, the phone rang. Jane nodded and May picked up. She listened to Lin's mother for a while and waved to Lin. Lin communicated with her mother in a mixture of words, clacking sounds, and fingernail tapping on the speaker. After a few minutes, she hung up. Jack saw tears in her eyes as she said her mother didn't believe her the rape attempt and she needed to come home right away. She turned and ran into May's room. Little did they all know that Lin would be staying here for almost a whole year.

Jack quickly got used to Lin watching them fuck and watching May masturbate. Of course, he noticed that she was getting horny and hot, but she didn't lift a finger the first few days when he put her hand on her pubic. After a few days she stroked herself a little and the other day she masturbated while Jack and May fucked. She had coyly turned to the side and looked back over her shoulder to watch them. She took much longer than May, pinching her forearm and hand between her legs as she orgasmed. She wasn't quiet as she masturbated, panting and panting loudly and letting her ooh! and aaah! sounds be heard. May had already told her that the Master liked to watch. She overcame her shyness and smiled when he wanted to watch. On the following days, he would sit between her legs and watch her masturbate. She looked into his eyes with a smile and rubbed her clit with great abandon. She smiled quite shyly and proudly when her orgasm had subsided.

About a week later, three Filipinos showed up. Jack had just finished breakfast and opened the door himself. With a glance he had registered that at least two of them were armed with hidden

knives. They had come to pick up Lin, said the middle one. One moment, please! Jack said calmly and went to the big dresser. He took Peter's pistol out of the drawer and checked that it was loaded. He went back to the front door, the hand with the pistol pointed to the floor. The men stared at the pistol. Lin is not going anywhere! he said in a firm voice and waited. The men stood indecisively waiting. So, if nothing else, Jack said and closed the door. The men left, visibly unsettled. He told Lin to call her mother, they would not tolerate this, no way. Again the clacking and fingernail tapping for minutes, then Lin hung up. She had threatened the mother with deportation, that's what she feared most, she croaked, and ran into May's room crying. Jack pressed the redial button and spoke into the tape recorder. Lin had meant business, he said, and if armed men showed up again, she would be straight to the cargo ship to Manila. She should rather think about the fact that her boyfriend had tried to rape Lin. She was welcome to talk it out with Lin here anytime. Nothing was heard for months.

A few morning fucks later he walked into May's room and was surprised, the girls had switched places. He looked questioningly at May, but she just shrugged with a smile. Lin held out her hands to him, her gesture and eyes inviting. He sat down across from her, wanting to know what that meant. She tried to croak softly, You have defended me, Master Jack, and I know of no one I would rather give my virginity to. I want it, I certainly want it! No, she replied, I'm not using contraception yet, I'm not menstruating yet. She looked longingly at the morning wood. I'm ready, Master Jack, please do it!

He leaned over her and kissed her on the mouth. She was excellent at kissing with her tongue and they were both getting very excited. You have to put my cock in yourself, he whispered into her eyes and she directed him smiling. Even though her hole was as small as May's, she got the cock in easily until it bumped. She embraced him and gave him a never-ending French kiss, her abdomen burning brightly and urging. With a determined jerk, he pierced her hymen and thrust all the way in. She did not show if it had hurt. She smiled happily and French kissed him again, then they continued fucking. She had watched him and May many times before and knew exactly how to fuck along. It didn't take very long and he reared up, thrusting and thrusting, his seed spurting in thick jets into her small vagina. He stayed on top of her

for a moment and lay down next to May. May embraced and kissed him. It was Lin's greatest wish, she whispered, and for that I thank you, Master Jack! He hugged Lin and said it was a very nice gift! Lin smiled happily and kissed him too. "I will always keep it in my memory, thank you Master Jack, thank you!" That morning the two girls masturbated side by side and let Jack watch.

Jane laughed at the top of her lungs when he told her about it. You have been saddled with a lot, my darling, you must either choose or sweat! But she embraced and kissed him warmly, the deflowering of sweet Lin you did very prudently. Not all men are so considerate, and recounted her own deflowering, which was anything but beautiful, even if she wanted it herself. Jack smiled and kissed her lightly, I accept your proposal and will choose. He paused artificially. First one, then the other. They laughed heartily and she let him tell her with all the details of sweet Lin.

He got up half an hour earlier in the morning to have enough time for both girls. He fucked both girls one after the other and let them masturbate while fucking. He usually let the girls decide whose turn it was first. May shared her sweetheart only because he obviously liked it. He was ready again after two cigarettes, mostly Lin made him ready with the blowjob, she was really excellent at that. May explained to her that when she fucked him she had to give him a sign when she was about to, so he could come to his finale and cum. He enjoyed his playmates with pleasure as they fucked similarly, yet differently.

Both cringed when he hinted at lesbian play. May said that of course they would do it if he wished. He waved it off. They didn't do lesbian play in the evenings; they masturbated peacefully side by side every night before falling asleep. No, each to her own. Only when Lin took a very long time, May intervened helpfully and rubbed her labia, pussy and clit. Lin liked that very much when they both rubbed her clit intensely. Mostly Lin left it to May to masturbate her to the finale. Jack thought that Lin had more lesbian tendencies than May. When May had her period, he only fucked Lin, rarely twice. He was satiated after some time and said he wanted to fuck only once more in the morning. They could decide for themselves which one. The girls nodded, but May was depressed for days.

Lin had gone right back to school, Jane had gotten her the textbooks and she followed all the advice to avoid being taken. She studied well and liked to help May with the household chores. Her mother sometimes waited outside the school and the conversations led nowhere. Towards the end of the school year, her mother said she had kicked out the boyfriend and she should come home, please! The boyfriend had confessed to the attempted rape while intoxicated. Please, come home! Lin asked for time to think.

Lin took a few days to talk about it. She had fucked Jack and they both watched May masturbate. Lin rested her head against Jack's shoulder and she waited until May was done. Only then did she sit down across from Jack so she could lip read and report. May breathed a sigh of relief. Jack noticed, of course, and asked Lin if she wanted to go home. Lin shook her head. It took her quite a while to admit that she did not want to give up the beautiful sex with the Master and May. She was very unhappy and Jack put his arm around the crying girl. Would she be allowed to stay until the end of school, she asked when she had wiped her tears. May nodded, that was already in six weeks, she murmured. Jack still wanted to discuss it with Lady Janet, but for him it was okay.

Jane was fine with it too. Lin called her mother and told her that she really needed a real adult bed instead of her crib. She might let girls sleep over in the future, she said. Yes, of course, for fucking too, she was not only fucking men, but girls too! Jane, Jack and May grinned as she said that out loud. Yes, Lin shouted into the phone, I said, fuck with girls! And with boys! After the phone call, Jane asked why she lied to the mother? Lin looked her straight in the eye and lowered her gaze. She was sleeping at May's place and they were also having sex. Girl sex. May blushed and nodded, yes, my lady! Jack later asked May if it was true and May admitted it, lately she masturbated Lin with her hand and Lin licked her clit to a wonderful orgasm. No, she had never licked Lin!

May was generous and let Lin fuck Jack every day. Lin had changed a lot, she could fuck excellently by now and made it as nice as possible for Jack. She was passionate and very active. When he came to squirt, she caressed his buttocks and squeezed him very tightly so that he could squirt very deep in her vagina. Jack couldn't stand May masturbating sad and lonely and let Lin

make him stiff with his mouth to fuck May too. Quite deliberately, he sometimes fucked May first, not wanting her to feel like a spare tire. The days flew by, one day it was time.

Lin asked to visit her sometimes in the morning and smiled when Jack said that she had to get up very early. She really did come once a month and lay with Jack and May. He enjoyed watching the girls make love. Lin taught May how the licking went, because she had a hard time with it at first. When they smoked after sex, Lin would talk about the boys and girls she lured into her bed and pussy. She was now over 18 and starting to menstruate. Jack prescribed her the pill and May explained to her exactly what to watch out for. Lin almost messed up the last year of school because she became obsessed with fucking. But she managed to do it.

Lin's mother said to her that she had not known that girls fucked each other. She was very surprised because Lin was doing it. She herself had never cuddled with a girlfriend, never masturbated with one together. She had also seen fucking only once, many years ago. She told Lin the whole story.

Her friend, her husband and she were already pretty drunk and the two of them fucked uninhibitedly. She had been very aroused and had let the man fuck her to orgasm. More precisely, she had stripped naked like the two and pressed her pussy against the bodies of the two while fucking. The girlfriend rubbed her clit, she almost passed out from pleasure and the girlfriend stopped abruptly when her husband pulled his cock out of her hole and laid on top of her. He penetrated all the way and fucked like out of his mind. She cried out in orgasm and then patiently let him continue thrusting like a sheep and he stiffened. She felt very clearly how he squirted into her in solid jets. The evening continued in a humid way, her friend masturbated several times in front of her and her husband without any shyness. The girlfriend masturbated her several more times and her orgasms were light and came quickly.

But she was far too inhibited to masturbate in front of them as well, despite the alcohol. She timidly searched for her friend's clit and easily found it. It was a strange feeling to touch another woman's clit. She explored the other's cunt curiously until she urged activity. She masturbated the girlfriend several times until just before orgasm. But the girlfriend grabbed her clit herself for

the finale and jerked off really hard, much harder than she did. You are not energetic enough, laughed the girlfriend and masturbated her to orgasm several times, but she still did not dare to masturbate herself.

The girlfriend saw that he was fully ready again and urged him to fuck Lin's mother properly. She was already very horny from being masturbated by the girlfriend and so she had let him fuck her again. He could do it really well and she screamed at her orgasm. Again she behaved passively like a sheep afterwards while he continued fucking for a very long time. He squirted, but not as hard as the first time. They met a dozen more times to fuck together, the man only wanted to squirt in Lin mother's vagina, that was agreed with his wife. He usually fucked her twice in one evening, once even three times. The girlfriend masturbated her several times and she also masturbated the girlfriend, now a bit more energetic. But the latter always rubbed herself to orgasm in the end.

That was all the excitement the mother had experienced. She lowered her head and sighed, she had seen nothing else of the sexuality.

Lin said lightly that she could watch her from the darkened living room when she had visitors. She left her door open and the light on from then on. The mother would watch whenever she had a girl. The girls cuddled and kissed, they licked their clits or masturbated each other. The mother would watch and sneak to the door to be even closer while watching. She watched curiously when she brought a boy, fucked him and made him hard again. But watching the girls fuck each other was much more arousing and horny.

Lin was glad that her relationship with her mother had developed so well and that she didn't have to make secrets out of fucking. She never told her about Jack or May, though.

Lin reassured her that she was taking the pill and that was one hundred percent safe. The mother sighed, she had never used contraception and had had hundreds of men squirt into her since Lin was born. That's why she had gotten pregnant at 16 from her affair with a wealthy Chinese man who had given her the small apart-

ment and given her a fat bank account for Lin. He fucked her every day. He had died in a car accident when Lin was 10 months old. They had visited his grave a few times, but had given up on it over time.

Lin's visits with Jack and May became less frequent, as she had predicted, and stopped altogether toward the end of the school year.

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Spanish Intermezzo And End

by Jack Faber © 2022

Jane was okay from the start with Jack fucking May or Lin in the morning. He was much more balanced during the day and evening and was very sensitive about fucking or caressing her during her evening masturbation. She had plenty of variety sexually, as she lay with Veronika once or twice a week. However, she left right away when Veronika had gentleman callers. Veronika kept discussing with her, but to seize the opportunity and fuck with the gentlemen. Jack also thought she should only listen to her gut feeling and the feeling in her pussy. He wouldn't feel cheated, he would love her just as deeply as ever. She knew his attitude towards sex, so she should go ahead and live it up. She had always been faithful to him and that was very honorable. But she shouldn't hold on to things she had promised decades ago, he said. Jack smiled and said he sensed her ambivalence and encouraged her to get fucked if she wanted it herself.

Jane resisted her conflicting tendencies, but she let Veronica tempt her into making love in front of the visitor. She struggled because she couldn't open up to Veronika's caresses and lovemaking as naturally as she usually did. If a man wanted to fuck, "then please fuck Veronika." She liked to watch while fucking, Veronika fucked just divine and really got the men going. Jane played with her labia and clit and liked to masturbate while watching. It was an added thrill to have the strangers watch her masturbate. She was quite soon in the mood to make real lesbian love to Veronika in the presence of the man. She shooed away the cocks that were pushing against her and left it to Veronika to fuck them. This worked quite well for a while. One thing led to another. She just licked Veronika and the man approached her ass. He was persistent and she immediately stopped licking when he penetrated from behind. It was not unpleasant, she was already aroused from licking and buried her face in Veronika's pussy. He fucked quite well and squirted long before she orgasmed. She sank down on top of Veronika and whispered for her to do the same. She lay down and covered her face with her arm while Veronika licked her to orgasm. He wanted to penetrate again right after her orgasm, but

she shook her head and got on all fours. He fucked her in the doggy position the second time as well.

This became the new routine. She found making love to Veronika pleasurable again and let every man fuck her in the doggy position. She bent over Veronika and got on all fours. They cuddled and gave each other long French kisses, Jane's face was on Veronika's luscious breasts or she buried her face in Veronika's pussy while the man fucked her from behind. She bit Veronika's lips very lightly or her pussy when the squirting excited her. It reduced the fucking to the purely sexual and was not as intimate as face to face fucking. She reserved that for Jack alone. Of course, she reported to Jack completely openly and honestly that she was getting fucked doggystyle over at Veronika's place. She was uncertain at the beginning of the conversation, but she gradually loosened up and soon she was laughing with Jack about some oddballs fucking her. The sexual variety did her good and she was soon enjoying it contentedly. The cocks were all different and the men fucked very differently too. But she only allowed herself to be fucked in the doggy position, preferring to lie on Veronika's beautiful body and she kissed or fondled Veronika's breasts while he fucked her from behind.

Veronika of course also dragged women to make love to her through the night. Jane liked to join in the morning, because she always found the sex of women exciting and very horny. Veronika sometimes still slept and Jane undressed and lay with the unknown woman. She gently stroked the strange creature until she awoke. The girl was still sleepy and returned the caress of the young stranger who lay naked next to her. Jane aroused the mostly young women in the blink of an eye. They were stunned or in a sleepy trance and let Jane do whatever she wanted. Until the orgasm she was finally awake and they fucked very quietly, they never disturbed Veronika's sleep. Often she didn't know the name of the woman she was making lesbian love to and they whispered very quietly.

The *Sunday Gazette* was not a quality newspaper, more like a trash rag. Nevertheless, their sloppily researched article was printed in the better media. The article was supposed to be about Mossley House, but in a subordinate clause it mentioned the manager, who by all accounts was living in an incestuous relationship

with her brother, a downtown doctor. The following day, the age-old story of the compromising photo with James was also re-hashed on the BBC. The photo from a photo in an old newspaper was just bad and they didn't even put a black bar on it. Jack and Jane tried to duck away, but it was impossible. They quietly flew to Torremolinos in Spain, where they had vacationed three times before. Jack bought the hotel on the beach and let everything go on. They occupied the entire penthouse above the 6th floor all to themselves. They lived the 6 summer months there like the other guests of the house, the media did not find them and soon London forgot the whole story.

It was a wonderful time. Jane rented a convertible and explored the beautiful countryside with Jack. They swam in the ocean, sunbathed on the beach and learned to sail. They learned Spanish and Jane worked on her scientific articles just like at home. It was a carefree time, they kept in touch with Veronika and May. Week after week they postponed their departure and could only tear themselves away when the bad weather set in.

While the Lordship was in Spain, May and Veronika remained alone in a large house each. May kept the house in good repair during the day and went to Veronika's house in the afternoon to spruce it up. Veronika invited her to spend the night in her big bed. Veronika taught her everything about lesbian lovemaking, every lustful position and every way she could bring a girl to orgasm.

When Veronika brought a man, she slept alone in Peter's bed. Only after a while she stayed with Veronika and let the man fuck her too after having fucked Veronika. Veronika could sometimes find two men and they fucked horny and hot next to each other with the men. May was very soon happy about the changing men, she had previously fucked only with a handful. She cooked the finest dishes every day and the wine at dinner put them in a fucking mood.

Some times Veronika brought a girl or a woman, May liked that a lot too. She loved lesbianism almost as much as fucking with men. When she was alone with Veronika, they would lie quietly next to each other after making love, smoking and talking about everything. Veronika told her sexual life story and so did May hers. She had not known until now that she was Master Jack's adoptive

mother and that she had learned how to masturbate and fuck from him. They talked about incest, which had driven out the Lordship and which made no sense from her point of view. Veronika's incest with Jack was only legally incest, but not really. They had come together by chance and it had just happened that way. Step by step. Jane and Jack had only met and fallen in love with each other as adults. The fact that they were siblings didn't matter. It was as simple as that!

Jack and Jane came home by cab only in the early evening. The house dark, Veronika's light was still on. They walked over and found Veronika and May in Veronika's big bed making love. They grinned conspiratorially at each other and lay down with them. They hadn't seen each other in six months and a reunion in bed was a great thing. Jack pounced on May like a drowning man and they fucked so hard they couldn't hear or see. May had orgasm after orgasm from sheer pleasure and Jack thrust into her like a wild bull. She clutched him as he squirted and bit his lips. Veronika and Jane watched their insane fuck orgy breathlessly.

Jack sat next to May and put an arm around her. They watched Veronika and Jane make lesbian love. Jack only had to reach out his arm to caress Jane's hot body. The two made intimate love and kissed to quench their thirst. They orgasmed at the same time and Jane, lying on Veronika's body, fucked Veronika's cunt with hers during orgasm as if having sex with a man. Jane loved this position while orgasming, fucking Veronika like a man. May caressed Veronika's breasts and teats, just like Veronika loved it.

They smoked and told each other what they had experienced during the months. Veronika stroked Jack's cock, which quickly stiffened. So it happened that Jack fucked Veronika, the first time in a year. Veronika masturbated as always when she let Jack fuck her. He took a very long time and experienced a full, satisfying squirt. May held Jane close and almost passed out with envy. But she knew that, as before, she would be Jack's favorite. She caressed Jane's tender body, for the two had never been naked together before. Jane was a little inhibited at first, for she had always kept her distance from her maids. Of course, she had watched May and Jack fuck, but had never come out of the hiding. But young May knew exactly how to seduce a woman and soon Jane's cunt

was on fire. Jane sighed in surrender as she let down her guard and surrendered to May's hands, lips and tongue.

Jack had rested his head in Veronika's bare lap and was watching Jane and May continue after each orgasm.

May moaned with greed and pleasure as she orgasmed and Jane lay between her wide open thighs and fucked her as she orgasmed like a man. These orgasms lasted minutes, they exploded time after time.

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