

The Pullover

by Bingo

Note: This is a story for adult readers.

Part One

Preparation for the Cell Called Passive Obedience

Chapter One

Like just about everything in my life at that time, it was all my sister's fault. Not that I'm complaining, not at all. It's because of Sis that Nancy and I are together, have been these many years.

Sis - Dot - is a year older than me, the oldest child in our family. The twins are twelve years younger and aren't important to this story so I'll just leave them as the twins.

I'll start at the beginning, pretty much anyways, then jump around some and begin again. That's the only way it makes sense.

Sis and I lived at home with Mom and the twins. Dad was sometimes around; if he had his druthers he was down at Sally's on the river. If he was at home, it was because Sally had heard the roof needed fixing or something similar and sent him on up. Mom never was mad at Sally.

Home was a frame house on the edge of town, Tyler, somewhere in the Midwest. There were two bedrooms upstairs; the twins and I shared one, Dot and Mom the other unless Dad was home. Then Dot shared my bed. Before we get any further, let me assure you it wasn't at all like some of you might think. I definitely kept my hands to myself.

This story, or most of it anyway, starts in 1933. Times were hard. Dad didn't have a regular job and if he found work, he drank up most of his wages. It was worse after 1930. I don't know how Mom did it. Neighbors helped. I had odd jobs but at sixteen and needing to stay in school (or else Mom would kill me), and the times like they were, I couldn't contribute much.

Sis did better and the fall of that year was bringing home a dollar every day, sometimes more, sometimes less, that she made.

Downstairs (see, I'm skipping around a little), there was a kitchen, a front room and a small room that was used for clutter; it wasn't much bigger than a closet. The privy was out back, Mom cooked and heated with coal or wood and we had cold running water in the kitchen and an electric light in each room. Baths were Saturdays, but we washed up every day. We weren't dirty – the twins were all the time but they don't count.

There was a porch on the front, a porch on the back, neighbors on both sides and to the back (far back). The street in front was packed clay that turned to thick mud in winter. We didn't have a car or wagon, did everything on foot.

Tyler has an east-west main street, north-south main street, a square where the streets meet. The high school where Sis and I went was two blocks from the square. I'm not giving street names because they're unimportant unless you live in Tyler.

Tyler is all built up now. Back then the high school was close to the edge of town. It backed onto a creek and woods. Remember that. Nowadays, they'd drop a pipe, cover it with soil, and build over it. They didn't do that much back then. So the town had wild spots that meandered between houses. Down by the river the wild was lush along the steep banks. Sally's, kind of a variety type of place – bar, brothel, hotel, concert hall, dance hall, and Saturday night fight arena – was a mile downstream. The fights weren't scheduled or anything – they were impromptu amateur events.

If you liked music, Sally's was the place to go. If you liked booze, Sally's had the best (not label – the strongest was clearer than water). If you liked women, Sally was awfully pretty as were the girls that worked there, and some of the women who went there liked booze and music so the men were never without companionship. Sally had some cabins she rented by the night (some said by the hour but that's a flat out lie). You'll meet Sally later on. You'll like her.

My dad was the tall skinny dark haired guy who's quiet when he's drinking. He wasn't like some. He never beat up Mom or Sally. He just didn't have any sense about money when he was drunk.

House, school . . . One more thing, no, two. Miss Nichols was the principal of our high school. She was young, still in her twenties, very good looking in a severe way, and everyone in town was waiting, with baited breath, to see if she could pull it off. A woman in a man's position. Imagine. Miss Nichols also taught art.

This was Miss Nichols' second year as principal. She was known for being very strict, which parents appreciated, and was definitely respectable. Miss Nichols didn't date, spoon, fool around or have anything to do with the opposite sex.

In this state, and this wasn't uncommon, if a woman teacher married she lost her job. That went for women principals, too. Inevitably women teachers who didn't date or eventually marry were considered to be funny, like those men who didn't date or marry. Lesbian wasn't a common word back then.

The other thing to remember is that along the north-south main street, the business district was only five or six blocks long with the square at one end. There were other shops and businesses close by, but this was the hub. I'm going to have to tell you the streets, aren't I, or this won't make sense. Here's a map:

[map goes here]

Most of the businesses were between seventh and third. There was a dock on Bryant. Sixth crossed the river with a beautiful old stone bridge. The blocks on the west of Talmudge were short and all were dead ends, except for First and Bryant which joined with a walkway along the river. Clancy's, a bar, was on the corner of the walkway and First. There were wood steps down to the riverbank in front of Clancy's. On Bryant the street descended in a cut to the dock so wagons and trucks could load and unload.

Looking at the map, we lived a half-mile northeast of the square. The high school was two blocks east on Sixth and Sally's was a mile south. It was on the river, remember that too.

We did pretty well when Dad was gone. Sis and I did our homework on the table, Mom sewed or read. We had electricity but couldn't afford a radio. Sis' dollar and what I could make helped a lot. The bank owned the house and we were always behind on our mortgage but it was better for them not to kick up a fuss. At least we tried to pay. That was twenty-five a month, plus we had water and electricity and taxes and medical bills and you can understand why Mom always looked tired. She sometimes got work as a cook at big socials but mostly she kept eye on the twins who were a handful.

Sis was seventeen, tall like everyone in the family, slender, not badly thin. You could definitely tell she was a girl. She wore her hair long, to stand out I guess. It worked. Her hair went all the way down her back; raven black, shiny and iridescent in the sun. Dot has, she's still alive, lives in the neighboring county married to a judge, dark brown eyes, arching eyebrows, and lush lips. Even smiling they looked lush. She looked good in a dress, even a hand me down found at the

charity bazaar. She walked with her whole body. Her shoulders and arms, legs and hips, everything moved except for her head. It was almost like she was (is!) swimming. Unless she absolutely had to she went barefoot and her feet had (have!) the tallest arches you've ever seen.

When she talked she sometimes placed two fingers on the listener's wrist. Can you see it?

I'm tall too, dark, though my eyes are gray. Nancy says I'm handsome; that's not what I see in the mirror and we'll leave it at that. I'm studious, when I came back from the war I went to college and now teach in my old high school. Imagine that!

The war. I'd lost track of my sister (we begin jumping around here) after she left home when she was eighteen in 1934. I ran into her on Honolulu where I was on leave before getting shipped out. She was in one of the brothels on Hotel Street, a three dollars for three minutes kind of place. High, but beggars can't be choosers and the streets were packed with beggars. I was waiting my turn in a room, pants off, ready for action, listening to the whore and the man she was with on the other side of a curtain. I planned to make every second count when it was my turn.

They finished, she told him to get dressed and leave, all at the same time she was coming through the curtain for my turn. They did it like clockwork, those whores did, they had men lined up for blocks.

She was naked, lighting a cigarette, looked up to say something to me, and we both laughed. I didn't recognize her at first because her hair was shorter, styled with those big curls over the brow, down the sides and across the back like they had then.

"I only have three minutes, Charlie. It's good to see you."

We sat side by side on the bed. "You, too, Sis."

"Want me to . . ."

"No, I'm okay."

"Sure?"

"I'm sure, Sis. Fancy meeting you in a place like this."

"I'll clear forty thousand at the end of the year, Charlie."

"You're kidding."

"You saw them lined up. It's like that every day."

She could see me do the numbers in my head. "Just like old time, hunh, Charlie?"

"Well, I . . ."

"Interested in meeting a swell girl? It'd have to be after work, later tonight."

"I'm shipping out tomorrow."

"We'll get you on the boat, even if we have to carry you."

"I have to report back at," I looked at my watch.

"Forget it. You'll be on the boat tomorrow. That's what counts."

"I don't know."

"She's swell, Charlie. I told her all about you, she's been dying to meet you, and here you are. You'll like her." Dot gave me a huge wink, curling her lip and everything. We both laughed.

"Okay." I knew I shouldn't but Dot can talk me into anything. Believe me.

"We get off at midnight. You have some paper and a pencil?"

I found what she needed. "You might as well put those on, your time is almost up." I dressed while she wrote an address.

"Get a cab and go to this address. It's our home; four of us girls share it. Donna will fix you supper, there's stuff to drink but don't get drunk. Nancy doesn't like it when her hopes are dashed so take it easy. We'll roll in around midnight. Take a nap. Nancy is insatiable."

Dot slapped my butt. "Get going, mister."

I have her a hug, went out the door and told the scared eager looking kid, "That's a wow girl, not some washed up old hag. You're in for a treat, fellow."

That's how I ran into my sister. Nancy by the way was (I hope still is) a very nice girl but she's not my Nancy. Just so there's no confusion.

Okay, now to make any of what happened believable you have to know how good Sis was at convincing me. She never, or almost never, had to try hard. She just told me I should do something and I did it.

She never told me to do absolutely crazy stuff like walk on glass barefooted. And usually, but not always, Dot had a sense of humor. Sis always told me to do something that in the end was for my own good.

When I was fifteen she told me this girl liked me who didn't like me at all. I believed her and for weeks provided no end of amusement to her and her friends. She made up for it by helping me lose my virginity in a most unusual fashion which I'll tell later.

Dot was compassionate. One night Dad came home and Dot had to sleep in my bed. Normally that wasn't a problem, but this night I'd been playing with myself under the sheet, quietly so as to not wake the

twins. Sis ran into the room, shut the door and jumped into bed before I could do anything.

"What's this?" she asked.

I thought it was better if I kept my trap shut. The less said the better. Her hand felt incredible.

She giggled, moved her hand slowly up and down. "If you don't tell me, I'll stop."

"Dot don't. That's my cock."

"You mean I shouldn't?" She released me. It was dark in the room; I could see the shine of her eyes and not much else.

Of course I meant she shouldn't.

She put her hand back on my cock, her other hand across my mouth and said, "But if I'm not to, why'd you tell me? Don't say a word."

She squeezed and stroked me slowly. It was getting impossible to keep still. I wanted to shut my eyes, fall back on the pillow, open myself up to her.

"You like this, don't you, you dirty little boy?" Her hand moved faster, fingers slippery with my stuff.

I couldn't move. I gave a grunt.

"You're an animal. Do you know that? An animal, wanting your sweet sister to do this for you."

I sighed.

"You're going to have to make it up to me, Charlie. Oh, you dirty boy. What have you done?" She pushed me away, wiped her hand on my chest. "Disgusting little wretch."

I fell back onto the pillow. I wanted to curl up on the pillow and die. One didn't do these things with girls, much less one's sister. Now she knew everything.

Sis settled against me, her back to mine. "I hope you never think of putting that big thing in some girl. It would kill her, Charlie. She'd die, my brother would be a murderer and everyone would know that you'd killed her with your fat big cock. How gross."

I began to cry.

"Stop it, idiot. I'm thinking."

I stopped. I felt so incredibly miserable. I could see Sis visiting me in prison before they put me in the chair. Everyone would look at her in a funny way because I was her brother.

"Goodnight, Charlie," Dot said. "We need to talk tomorrow after school."

"Okay," I said.

"Whatever you do, don't touch your thingie until I tell you you can. Not that way at least. You can if you need to pee." She said in a low voice, not a whisper, "Every time you touch it, it'll get bigger. You have to stop now before it's too late." Her voice dropped down to a whisper. "You heard about that poor boy in Greene county, didn't you? His got so big he had to use a wagon to cart it around. Eventually he joined the freak show."

Oh God. I shouldn't have even started, no matter how good it felt.

"I think there's something we can do, Charlie. I don't think it's too late. And there may be a way to reverse the awful damage you've done. Imagine even thinking some sweet girl would even want that monster in her; you must be crazy. Not even the girls who hang around Sally's, not even the ones who have the clap would want you near them. You'd tear them apart."

"Oh, God," I said.

"Shut up. You'll wake everyone in the house." She was quiet for a moment. "I don't trust you. Put your hands over your head."

I did, sobbing.

Sis got out of bed, rummaged through my things and came back. She tied my hands to the metal bedstead. "There," she said. "Now you won't be bad, will you?"

"Thank you, Sis," I sobbed.

"Charlie, the last thing I want is having you going about town with your huge cock in a red Radio Flyer wagon and everyone saying that's Dorothy's brother. Wonder what's she's like?"

"I'm sorry, Sis."

"You should be. Goodnight."

Chapter Two

I met Dot after school in the ravine beyond the playing field. The ravine was lined with trees and underbrush so we were pretty much private from prying eyes. I climbed down the bank and joined Sis on a log.

She smiled a first, turned serious. "I checked around and found out what we need to do." She heard my moan. "Don't worry, no one knows it's my stupid brother."

After a few moments of waiting for her to continue, I said, "Well?"

"We're waiting for someone."

"We're waiting for someone?"

She groaned. "Didn't they tell you that self abuse would also make you into a moron?"

I remembered hearing that but I always thought it was a lie. Anything that felt that good . . .

"Take off your pants."

"My pants?"

"You're repeating me, you numskull. Take them off and your drawers, too."

"But you said someone was coming."

"Someone is and they need to check your condition."

"They're a doctor?" This was sounding serious. Perhaps everything would be simpler if I ran away.

"Are they off?"

"Yes."

"Sit back down on the log here. Put your hands behind your back."

I did that, afraid to look down to see if I'd gotten bigger.

"I'm tying your hands so you won't be tempted to play with yourself."

It seemed to me she tied them unnecessarily tight. "Did you need to use my tie last night? I couldn't wear it today."

"The casual look becomes you. I have rope so I'll be able to tie you before you go to sleep each night."

"Do you have to?" I found my voice breaking; it made me sound like I was whining.

"Of course I have to. You may not care but I won't have a brother of mine using a wagon, in your case it may have to be a wheelbarrow, to haul their dick around. I'd cut it off first. You don't need it for anything, do you?"

"But . . ."

"Do you? That little bit of excrescence, which grows like Pinocchio's nose each time you play with it, is just a useless flap of skin."

"It is not."

"Okay. What do you do with it?" She gripped my chin so I couldn't look down. "Well, Charlie?"

"I need it to pee."

"I don't have one and I pee just fine." Her eyes didn't blink. I had to look away.

"Oh God, Dot, say you won't cut it off."

"No. If you're not good, off it goes."

I heard a sound overhead. "Who's that?" I closed my legs and bent forward. I had a hardon like you wouldn't believe.

"We're down here," Dot shouted.

"Sis, what are you doing?"

She grabbed the hair at the back of my head and pulled back. She leaned over and said very slowly, "Everything I'm doing is for your own good. Either you go along with me cheerfully or I'll find an ax."

Oh God, they were coming closer. I shut my eyes tightly. "Yes, Sis."

"Hi, Elizabeth," Dot said.

My eyes flew open. Elizabeth, who was a year younger than me and already had a town-wide reputation, grinned at me.

"You weren't kidding, Dot."

"Sis?"

"Shut up." Dot said to Elizabeth. "Did you get the memo book?"

"It cost fifteen cents. Hi, Charlie."

"And a pencil?"

Elizabeth took the pencil out of her pocket, handed it to Dot. Her eye never left me and my embarrassing predicament.

"We're keeping a tab, Charlie. You'll need to pay us back." She jabbed my side. "Are you listening?"

Elizabeth sat on the other side of me. "Open up and let me see."

"Dot!"

"Do it, Charlie. You understand Elizabeth will be providing a service. Each time she'll enter it in this little book. You'll need to pay her back."

"Dot!" Elizabeth's hand touched my cock. I was blushing furiously, my sister talked about something on one side of me, Elizabeth on the other side examined my predicament.

"You're right, Dorothy," Elizabeth said.

"I told you. The numskull absolutely wallowed in self-abuse. How much, do you think?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"Oh," I said as I shot over Elizabeth's hand.

Elizabeth giggled; Dot hauled off and slugged me. "Idiot. I-di-ot! You have to hold it. Going off like that is as bad, no, worse, than if you'd done it yourself.

I looked up to see Elizabeth wiping her hand on her dress.

Dot wrote twenty-five cents in the memo book. She showed me the page. "Total it up. Go on. You can add, can't you?"

"Forty cents."

"Forty cents and you're just as bad off as you were before we even started." Dot jumped up. "I'm going to find an ax."

"Don't be hasty," Elizabeth said. "Some of the fellows are quick like that at first."

"You mean there are others like me?"

"Not exactly like you."

Dot jabbed me. "Numskull. Without Elizabeth most of the town's youth would be resorting to extreme measures." She sat back down.

"Are you sure, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth grabbed my cock and stroked it. "Oh, sure." My cock leapt to life and bounced merrily. "I haven't seen one quite like this, though."

"That's because he's a numskull. Hold it." Dot jabbed my side.

"I'm trying to." I gritted my teeth.

"Show him your pussy, Elizabeth, so he can understand the problem."

Elizabeth stood and lifted her dress. Her hand away from my cock was part relief, part maddening loss. She thrust out her pelvis, used two fingers to spread her lips. "Here it is."

I stared. I'd never, ever, seen anything like it.

"See the hole? Show him."

Elizabeth leaned backwards, spread the inner lips. "Can you see it?"

I nodded slowly.

"He can see it." Dot pushed my face into Elizabeth's pussy. "Tell her it's beautiful."

"It's beautiful." I managed to say. The hairs made me want to sneeze.

"When you're married, numskull, if any woman is ever dumb enough."

"I'd marry him," Elizabeth said.

Dot laughed. "To make her happy you stick your cock into that little hole. See the problem, Charlie? You won't fit any woman. You would have easily fit if you weren't a little pervert."

All the time she was talking, Sis was rubbing my face in Elizabeth's pussy. It smelled nice but was wet. I wasn't sure about the wet.

"Elizabeth has the biggest hole of anyone I know."

Elizabeth giggled and wiggled her pussy against my nose.

"How many times a day, Elizabeth?"

"Three," she said. "Oh." The boney area above the pussy thumped my nose.

"Seventy-five cents a day, Charlie." Dot rammed my face into Elizabeth's pussy with every word.

"Oh," Elizabeth said.

Dot jerked my head back. "What do you have to say for yourself?"

"I'm sorry, Sis."

"Not me. To her."

I looked up at Elizabeth. She was doing something with her fingers and didn't seem to be listening to us. "I . . ."

"Thank her, you idiot."

"Thank you, Elizabeth."

Elizabeth swayed before me; a soft moaning sound came from the back of her throat.

"In the morning before school. Lunch. And after school."

Elizabeth's body wiggled, she said, "Oh," and sat down heavily next to me. She grabbed my cock.

"Think you can hold it this time, sport?" Sis asked.

I nodded my head and clenched my teeth.

Elizabeth giggled, moved her hand faster.

I tried to block out the erotic sensations that spread out from my loins, began to climb up my back. I bit my lip.

Dot punched my side. "Hold it."

"Oh God," I said. I tasted blood in my mouth.

Dot pinched my nose. "Hold it."

My eyes flew open and I gasped.

"Another twenty-five cents," Elizabeth said.

I looked down; my cock was huge, red and glistening in her hand. Her finger played with the tip. That created an incredible sensation. I wanted to scream.

"Spendthrift," Dot said in my ear.

"Ah."

"Another twenty-five cents," Elizabeth said.

"Idiot." Dot said to Elizabeth, "You can stop now."

"Sure?"

"We have our work cut out for us, let's not lose sight of the goal."

"You're right," Elizabeth said. She licked her finger. "Want to see?" She thrust two fingers covered with my stuff into my mouth.

I gagged, then realized it didn't taste that bad.

Dot said while Elizabeth's fingers played in my mouth, "You'd better do a lot better tomorrow, Charlie. I still think the ax is the best solution."

"Not the ax," Elizabeth said softly in my ear. Her tongue tickled. "He's hard again."

"If you don't do better, Charlie, we'll have to punish you."

"Whips, Charlie dear," Elizabeth whispered.

I burst out crying. It was all too much.

Chapter Three

Elizabeth was a beautiful girl, fifteen and I guess the proper word would be, common. Every small town has several, not all fifteen-years-old mind you, but extremely similar in how easily they spread their legs for just about anyone.

I could go on giving my ideas of what makes some girls different but I think you, my reader, are here for something else. But it should be mentioned that this was 1933 and the Depression was in full force. A lot of men weren't working; too many were at home being nuisances. Sex was a commodity then as now, and when there was no other way for a family to make money to put food on the table, daughters earned it on their backs, directly as prostitutes, indirectly as whores whose many boyfriends gave them presents.

Also remember that youth, male and female, were clamping at the bit to be free. Sexual license was a freedom as good as any other in a time when so many people felt they were doing without.

So visualize. Elizabeth eagerly earned quarters in the ravine behind the school (and elsewhere but we're not quite there yet) helping me during my treatments with a diligence that gained my admiration and not a little love.

Dot was there every time for the first week or so. She was the one who tied my hands, assisted me in a variety of ways, most not kind, to focus my attention on anything but what Elizabeth was doing to me with her practiced fingers.

Elizabeth's blue eyes always seemed to shine brighter when she saw me with my pants down at my ankles. Her short straight blonde hair swung gracefully as she moved her hands.

This close I could examine her dress, see how the print was faded and the light background, which might have been white originally, was a soiled dun color. There were stains on the dress that the pattern couldn't hide. A seam on her right shoulder was beginning to pull apart. A button on the front was missing so I could see into her dress and glimpse her belly. The square neck collar front opened when Elizabeth bent forward and I could see her small breasts. If I was standing, Dot had decided I should be worked on in a variety of postures, I could look, if I dared, and see down the front of Elizabeth's dress as she knelt before me, hands busy, eyes fixed on my cock as if she willed it to shrink to fit her hole. I would see her breasts, her belly and her bush sometimes, straight through her dress to the ground.

Usually I was too busy to look. Dot penalized me if I jumped when she hit my ass with a forsythia branch stripped of leaves. That hurt so much and she did it so often it was a wonder that I could sit afterwards.

I didn't want to, Lord I didn't, but I came much too quickly to satisfy Dot's strict standards. I was to last an hour, was punished if I couldn't. And because I couldn't that was the reason all her efforts for me were foiled.

Dot's last day with us, at least as a regular companion, Elizabeth knelt before me, my hands and arms were tied above my head to a tree limb. It was so hard to stand while Elizabeth tried to fix my cock. Dot hit me in the small of my back.

"Look at this," she said. She held the memo book in front of me.

I saw the column of numbers scrawled in pencil on the page. What Elizabeth was doing to my cock felt so good.

Dot grabbed my hair and shook my head. "Look at this. What does it total?"

I tried to do the math in my head, couldn't think straight. "Uh. Five dollars."

She swung my head from side to side. "No. No. No. Idiot."

"Five dollars, twenty-six cents."

She slapped my face. "Get the ax, Elizabeth, I'm not putting up with this any longer." She lowered her tone. "It's for your own good."

Elizabeth didn't stop what she was doing, in fact picked up speed. I began to dance on my toes.

"The ax, Elizabeth."

"Later," Elizabeth said.

"Okay, later," Dot said. "This is your last one, Charlie. Enjoy it while you can."

"No!"

"Yes, Charlie. Your last one." She emphasized each word with a tug of my hair. "Finis."

"Oh." My eyes flew open as I felt something indescribable. "What's that?"

"What do you think it is?" Dot tipped my head forward.

I saw my cock in Elizabeth's mouth. She held my cock with both hands and just the tip was past her lips. Her tongue . . . My belly tensed, my back arched and I tried not to do it.

Dot slapped my ass and Elizabeth's hands fell away. I was in her and I screamed as Dot wrenched my nipples. The pain with pleasure was too much for me and I fainted.

I came to with Dot whipping me all over as she screamed at me. Elizabeth sat on the log watching us, her dress pulled up to her hips, her fingers in and on her pussy. She smiled as she watched me try to spin away from the blows, my ankles tangled in my pants. Elizabeth had a smile on her face I'd seen nowhere else but here, and on no one else but her. Her blue eyes blazed as she watched me. When I next saw her after spinning, her eyes were shut, her head was thrown back and Dot stopped.

My skin burned, I pulsed all over, and my erection bounced eagerly.

"The total is for six dollars and forty cents. With interest."

"Interest!"

"With interest it's eight dollars even."

"That's too much."

"I thinks so too. That's why we're going to cut it off."

"No!"

"I've had it with you, Charlie."

I could tell she was angry as she untied my hands. Her face was red from the exertion and her breathing was fast.

I fell to my knees and moaned. My wrists burned, my whole body burned.

"Get the ax," Dot said.

"Okay." I looked up to see Elizabeth get off the log, her dress fall to her knees and she walked over to where the old rusty ax lay that Dot had found somewhere and brought to our meetings as a reminder.

"No," I said. "You can't."

Dot grabbed my ear and tugged. "Get up." I tried to swat her hand away. "Then we'll do it here," she said.

A firm kick in my side topped me over.

"As soon as you see a clear shot, chop it off," Dot said. Elizabeth looked down at me, grinned with the ax raised over her head.

"No. You can't," I screamed. I'm not too ashamed to admit I begged. "What if you miss?"

"We won't miss if you hold still," Dot said. She prepared to kick me again.

"No." I was crying.

Dot kicked me in the leg. "Roll onto your back."

"No," I wailed.

She raised her foot. "Get ready, Elizabeth," she said.

"No. Please don't. I'll pay you back."

"How?"

"I'll work."

"Get ready, Elizabeth."

Elizabeth leaned forward, the ax held over her head. "What if I kill him?"

"We'll dump the body in the river tonight after dark," Dot said.
"Ready?"

"No," I screamed.

"On your back."

I rolled on my back and covered my cock with both hands. I was shaking from fear.

"Take your hands away."

"No. Please don't."

"Ready, Elizabeth."

"I'm ready." She grinned at me. "Nice knowing you, Charlie."

"Oh dear Lord. I'll do anything."

"Take your hands away."

"Too bad it's not hard and sticking up. I'm liable to miss," Elizabeth said.

"Anything. Just tell me. Oh." Elizabeth prepared to swing.

"Stop," Dot said. "Let me think a minute."

Elizabeth stepped back, let the ax head rest at her feet, the handle in her hands. I was able to look partway up her dress. Of all things, at that moment I was looking up Elizabeth's dress.

"You'll do anything?" Dot asked.

"Anything."

"Regular treatments and you'll be good now?"

"I'll be good. I'm doing my best, Dot."

"Your best isn't good enough."

"I'll do better."

"And you'll pay us back?"

"Every penny."

"With interest?"

"With interest."

"Can you use him, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth let the ax handle fall. "I can use him."

"Then your share, Charlie, is a nickel," Dot said.

"Dime," Elizabeth said.

"Are you sure you want to do that? That only gives you a nickel."

"That's okay, Dot," Elizabeth said. She had a funny smile on her face.

"Get up, Charlie." Dot stood back. "Pull your pants up. You were pretty disgusting just then."

"I'm sorry, but . . ."

"No excuses."

"I'm sorry." I stood and fastened my pants.

"I'm done with you for now, Charlie. I won't be back except to check up on you two from time to time."

"What . . ."

"Elizabeth," Dot turned to her, "no slip ups. Remember."

Elizabeth nodded, still smiling at me.

"Explain it to him."

Elizabeth jerked my arm. "Over here, Charlie."

I watched Dot walk away, up the bank and out of sight. I turned to Elizabeth. "Explain what?"

Elizabeth patted the log where she was sitting. "Come here."

I sat next to her; she put her hand on my leg and gave a squeeze. I smiled at her, I didn't know what else to do.

"You're my man now, Charlie. You get . . ."

"Your man?"

"My boyfriend. You get a dime . . ." She must have seen my face. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," I said. No one wanted to be Elizabeth's boyfriend. I smiled at her.

"You get a dime for every guy I fuck. We'll charge a quarter, you see, and you get a dime because you're my man."

"What?"

"Dot gets a dime too because it's her idea." She pursed her lips.

I'd never kissed a girl before. I puckered my lips and shut my eyes. Nothing happened. I opened my eyes.

Dot looked at me. "You can see me naked if you want." Her eyes were so blue and her stare so intense.

"You mean you . . ."

"But Dot says we can't do it, you know, fuck, yet. I need to work on you some more first. Do you want to do it again?" Her voice was high; she grinned. "It will only be two and a half men."

"Two and a half men?"

"Take your pants off." She stood and pulled her dress over her head.

I stared at her. There was so much to see I couldn't see it all after the first split second.

"Take them off." She drew her hand up her leg to her pussy. I'd seen that before, but not the rest.

I said something stupid. "Two and a half men?"

"You're my man now. It's up to you to find them for me."

I stood and fumbled with my pants. This is crazy, I thought. She's naked and I haven't even kissed her yet.

Her whole face glowed as she fell to her knees. "We can start tonight after your treatment."

"Start?"

"Finding men." Dot touched my cock and it jumped. "Be good, Charlie. Remember."

I shut my eyes.

"Dot didn't say I couldn't do this." She kissed me. I felt her teeth lightly scrape my skin.

"Oh," I said. I almost fell over.

"That was very naughty," Elizabeth said. "I'm going to tell Dot what you just did."

"Don't." I fell to my knees so we faced each other. "I'll be good. I promise. Just don't . . ."

Elizabeth kissed me and I felt her tongue with something slimy on it enter my mouth. Something? I knew what it was.

Chapter Four

It wasn't hard finding men for Elizabeth, not after the first few days or so. It was hard for me. Frankly, I didn't have the slightest idea what was going on and was pretty busy with my own problems. I was continually overwhelmed with what seemed an insurmountable difficulty, the size of my cock and how, despite the treatments, it hadn't gotten any smaller.

I was still a virgin. I had kissed a girl for the first time in my life at sixteen and I guess I was dating.

I know some of my readers remember how confusing young love is. I did love Elizabeth – for her diligence, for the way her blue eyes carved a hole in my soul, for how her hands felt and the sweet kisses afterwards. I loved Elizabeth, this was something I grew to realize, for her dependability. She was always there for me.

But finding her men – the first night I was all twisted up in knots, didn't have the slightest idea of what I was doing or how to go about it.

Elizabeth led me by hand through town, everyone saw us, noticed my condition – wide eyed stare, leaves stuck to my clothes, mussed hair – and hers, to the walkway between Clancy's and the dock. Three men watched us from a bench in front of Clancy's, enjoying their beer in the early evening light when the whole world slows down.

"Go on," Elizabeth said to me. She let go of my hand and went to the stairs down to the river.

The men grinned at me; I followed Elizabeth down the stairs asking her, "Go on, what?"

"I'm telling Dot for sure," she said. "I wasn't going to, but if you try to weasel out of our deal, just take advantage of me like all the rest, I'm telling her everything."

"Everything?" We stood on the path along the bank of the river. Lights were on at the dock; we could hear a car pass in the distance. It was quiet otherwise.

"That we did it."

"But we didn't do anything, did we?"

"Oh yes we did. Everything. Most especially everything."

"Kiss?"

"You're cute. You know that?" She fell to her knees and brushed sticks away in a circle. She stripped off her dress and lay on it. In the gloom her eyes were bright and I found it hard to concentrate because I was trying to see everything. "Do you want me to tell Dot?" she asked.

"Of course not."

"Then go up there and tell them where I am and it's a quarter. Get the quarter first before you tell them where I am. I'll do the rest."

I stared down at her.

"Come here," she whispered.

"What?"

"Come here."

I fell to my knees.

She grabbed me and pulled me close. "Dot wanted to give you just a nickel but I want you to have a dime." She kissed me.

It felt funny being on my knees, now hands and knees as she wrestled me. That's what I thought she was doing and I was getting a hardon which made everything stranger, and she was naked and I could smell her and she smelled so nice and warm.

Elizabeth said, "You're my man, aren't you?"

I was afraid my voice would squeak. I gave a nod and swallowed noisily.

"Then you need to find ten for your treatments today plus extras for last week and the interest."

I nodded; my face was so close to hers our lips were almost touching.

"Don't forget the interest."

I tried to shake my head but she wasn't letting me go.

"Are you going to do it for me?"

I gave a nod.

"Are you?"

"Yes." My voice did squeak.

She let go of my head and let her arms fall above her head.

I rose slowly to my knees looking down at her. I wanted to touch her but knew if I did, something terrible would happen. I wanted to do something, anything. I didn't have the slightest idea of what or how. All I knew was her hole was too small and that I was a numskull for even thinking she'd let me.

I blurted out, "I love you," and stared at her wondering where that came from.

"I know you do." She moistened her lips with her tongue and I wanted to scream. Her nipples were round and thick on her breasts. I stood quickly and backed away.

I faced the water, it got darker and finally my cock fell. Elizabeth motions behind me were subtle. I could hear her breathe and the rustle of cloth.

I'm shy. I'll always be shy. Those last steps up to the walkway took forever. It was dark now. There was hardly any moon. I steeled myself the best I could before I stood on the walkway, faced the grinning men on the bench. There were four now, three sitting, one standing; all looked at me.

I couldn't go any closer. "My girl," I said. They couldn't hear me.

"What happened to the cute piece?" the one furthest to the right shouted. He was a coarse looking man, unshaven, in his undershirt, with mean eyes.

"My girl," I said.

"Cat's got his tongue," the one next to him said.

"Or the bitch bit it off." They all laughed.

I wanted to run. The ax would have been kinder. "Twenty-five cents," I screamed.

"Twenty-five cents what?" the mean-eyed one said. He stood and came toward me.

I backed into the rail. "The treatments cost twenty-five cents each." My eyes went from one face to the other.

"Treatments?"

The three others joined their mate and ringed me. "Treatments?" they said.

"A quarter," I said. My knees were shaking and my mouth was bone dry.

"She's down there?" The mean eyed one asked.

I nodded. All four men grinned at me. None of them had all their teeth and their breath stank.

"Our lucky day, Mike," one said. He turned to go down the steps.

"Wait," I squeaked. "I need your quarters first."

The mean-eyed one spat at my feet and raised his eyes to mine. "What if I don't want to pay?" He and the others left me and went down the ladder.

I began to cry. It was horrible. I ran to the steps and shouted down, "If you don't give me your quarters for your treatments, she and my sister will cut off your cocks with a rusty ax."

There was quiet in the night.

I heard a voice say, "They'll do what?"

"Cock your cocks off with a rusty ax. It's terrible. If they miss, they'll throw your body in the river after dark."

I heard their voices below but couldn't make out the words. I heard steps approach up the bank. The mean-eyed one came to me. "Four quarters, right? For our treatments. Right?"

I nodded.

"And treatments are what I think they are?"

I guessed so. I gave a nod.

He took my hand and dumped change in it. "You count and make sure. And then go down to tell her we paid you. No rough stuff."

I counted the money; it was a nickel too much. He told me to keep it. I passed the other three on the way down the steps. I could smell them, couldn't really see them. I made my way to where Elizabeth waited.

"Who's that?" she said.

"Charlie."

"What's taking you so long?" She sounded short with me.

"There are four, they've paid me."

"Well bring them here."

"Okay. They wanted to be sure you knew they paid me."

"Charlie?"

"Yes."

"Do you really love me?"

I hoped so. "Yes."

"Then don't make me wait so long."

"I have an extra nickel, too."

"I knew I could trust you. Send them along."

I turned away.

"Charlie?" she said.

I turned back.

"You'll still love me, even if I'm a . . ."

I nodded.

"You will, won't you?"

"Of course I will."

"Go quickly then."

Turned away.

"I'll be thinking of you and how one day we may be able to . . ."

"I'll get them." I rushed off.

I was finally beginning to realize what they meant by the wages of sin. For a few moments of self-gratification I had to lose so much, frustrate my sister, and suffer shame. I vowed never again.

"Twenty-seven paces down the path," I told the men. I watched them go off for their treatments. I realized why, in a town as small as ours, there were so many no accounts. Men who did little to hold a job or a woman's love.

They were loud enough for me to still hear as I climbed the steps. I sat on the bench in front of Clancy's with my head in my hands. What Elizabeth and my sister went through because of me.

It was fifteen minutes later when they came up onto the walkway. They smiled at me; I smiled back hoping everything went okay. Seeing them made me despair of ever finishing my treatments. Two leaned up against the brick wall and whistled while the mean-eyed one joined me on the bench. The fourth went into Clancy's.

"She asked us to help you, kid. Said you needed a lot of money."

I nodded. "The interest," I said.

Everyone agreed. "The interest will kill you," they said.

"It nearly did."

"Jim's getting beers. Want one, kid?"

"I'm too young to drink, sir."

They looked at each other, one nodded. The mean-eyed one patted my leg. "Don't let it get you down."

I sighed. "It's just that . . ."

"You want one of us to tell the others in the bar?"

I brightened considerably. "Could you?"

One of them got a look from the mean-eyed one and peeled himself off the wall and went into the bar.

"Buck up, kid. You must love each other a lot."

"I do, we do." I looked at their faces.

"You going to get married one of these days?"

I burst into tears. "We can't. I'm too big for her."

There was silence, someone coughed; they looked at each other.

Two men came out of the bar. "Is this the kid?"

The mean-eyed one sat back on the bench. "Give the money to him." He turned to me, "What's your name, by the way?"

"Charlie." Four dimes and two nickels fell into my hand. I said to them, "Thanks."

The one leaning against the wall said, "I'll show them."

"Don't be rough on the girl down there," the mean-eyed one shouted.

When Jim came out with the pitcher and mugs he handed one to me. "Drink up, kid."

I held the mug and saw my reflection in the glass. The foam on top looked pure, almost like snow. I raised my eyes. "I can't."

"You'd better, kid. You're in for a long night."

Chapter Five

Loving Elizabeth, which I thought I did, little knowing how deep a love could be, expanded my world in many ways. I saw a new Tyler and walked its streets with a new awareness.

The next month and a half were, for Elizabeth, the happiest time in her life. She told me repeatedly how much knowing me and having me as her man gave her so much, so many times, in so many ways.

It wasn't all idyllic. I gave the money each night to my sister and she checked up with Elizabeth the next day to see if our numbers corresponded. Dot kept strict records and watched out for Elizabeth as few girls would their classmates. If Elizabeth told Dot fourteen, I had better have given Dot three fifty the night before. If I lost a dime or had fifty cents too much I was severely punished, which I had the impression Elizabeth enjoyed watching.

Elizabeth and I acquired a reputation as time went by. It wasn't uncommon that on the way to Clancy's a car would pull alongside us. We were given a lift and for a few minutes, while I watched from the front or not, the driver and Elizabeth fucked in the back seat. I held a warm quarter in my hand.

It didn't take too long to realize that what Elizabeth gave the others held little similarity to the treatments I received regularly. My fascination turned to sorrow as I looked at theirs and realized they'd stopped before it was too late, unlike foolish me. Elizabeth relished having her hole poked as much and often more than the men who used her.

With cooler weather our schedules changed. Morning treatments still continued but lunchtime Elizabeth was busy in the ravine with others, classmates who thought I was a fine fellow for sharing his girl. My impression was they said other things behind our backs.

I collected quarters, nickels, dimes, and pennies from a steady stream who went down into the ravine below me to spend a few minutes in Elizabeth who was stretched out naked, no matter how cold, by the log.

Sometimes Elizabeth gave me money she'd made before lunch. A kiss, sometimes still tasting of a boy, a hug, and she'd be eager to rush off to help me work off my debt.

After school I had another treatment, my second for the day and we'd go to Clancy's. When the weather turned frosty the men at

Clancy's begged the proprietor and he finally relented. Elizabeth used a back room for a flat rate of three dollars a night; the men who visited her paid the bartender.

I dislike the taste of beer or liquor, otherwise I would have ended up like my poor father, a spendthrift drunk. They kept a supply of coca-cola for me, a bottle of which I tried to nurse through the night. Elizabeth's tips or extras paid for that and gave us the bit to spend for a sandwich for the both of us.

Partway through the night was my third treatment and it was the one I enjoyed the most. The room was warm, spartan with a mattress on the floor, soiled bedding and a washstand. We could barely hear what passed outside the walls; it was the only time we were truly alone.

Elizabeth always had a spunky smell, less strong in the mornings if she'd had a chance to wash. By evening the smell almost made my eyes water. Not that it smelled bad, it didn't. Just different and strong and animal like.

As the days passed I was able to overcome my inclinations and sometimes did pass the hour limit set by Dot. She'd purchased a stopwatch with Elizabeth's earnings, the expense duly recorded in the memo book as more I owed, and Elizabeth religiously kept track of my progress noting the times in the memo book.

I did so well because of Elizabeth's tricks which helped me more than Dot's beatings. Sis was unmerciful some nights after she'd tied me to my bed, a pair of my shorts stuffed in my mouth so I wouldn't disturb my mother or the twins, though I think the twins watched, eyes big as owls'. I never saw for sure.

Elizabeth's tricks boiled down to distraction and the best distraction for me (she said it was good for her too – sometimes she forgot what she was doing) was to lie on my back and have Elizabeth straddle my face. She gave me orders for what I should do which I tried with all diligence to carry out.

I already knew what my come tasted like. Her soppy pussy was a melody of tastes, different each time. The slippery surfaces, sometimes tangled with her hair, were a landscape that I visited and tried to map with my eyes closed. It was a different landscape than the one I'd briefly seen a number of times. There were ridges, valleys and the tight deep well which had a different texture. There were folds and a tender knob which Elizabeth wanted special and very specific attention paid to. "Lighter," she'd say. "Lighter still." After a minute, "Faster," and when I did it right she gave a shake: a wrench on my cock and a bump on my nose.

Elizabeth never tied me though I secretly wished she would. I kept myself as rigid as possible, never moving my hands or arms, unless she told me.

Walking home late at night, hand in hand, we were lovers, we talked about what we wanted. Elizabeth wanted a new dress; she got one even though the expense went in the memo book. Elizabeth wanted one day to go to Chicago, to make real money, and have a fur coat. She wanted to see a movie, though she saved her nickels and did without. Her family was poorer than ours; it surprised me how poor people could be.

If it was warm enough, we sat on the front porch of her house. There was no furniture. We sat on bare pine boards, our feet dangling over the edge. We kissed repeatedly and if she wasn't too tired she played with my cock, a special treatment that ended with me coming in her mouth and us sharing a final kiss. She'd button her dress, say goodnight and go inside, her eyes bright as she looked one last time at me.

At my house I went upstairs, put the money on my bedside table, and undressed. Dot slipped in, tied my hands to the bedstead, took the money and always told me I never appreciated fully what Elizabeth and she were doing for me.

It was true. I didn't understand everything that happened around me, didn't understand my feelings for Elizabeth or hers for me. Years later I wish I knew where she was so I could thank her. Dot has been thanked, by both Nancy and I, though there were things Nancy felt needed to be redone in her own fashion.

Dot handed me a ring one morning, something she'd bought in the dime store; a cheap code ring made of stamped tin. "Give it to Elizabeth," she said. "You owe her this at least."

I asked, "Why?"

Dot gave me a funny look. "You don't know a thing, do you?"

I shook my head. I confess I was often in a state of total ignorance.

"Give the ring to her. She's wanted one but was afraid to tell you."

I dropped the ring in my pocket.

"I added the dime to your tote. Do you have any idea how much you owe?"

I shook my head, got my schoolbooks ready.

"Thirteen dollars and forty-six cents. Plus interest."

"What?" That woke me up.

She grinned at me and left for school.

It was after school, after my treatment, on our walk to Clancy's that I gave Elizabeth the ring. It was on Talmudge, right in the center of town. All I could think to say was, "Wear it for me."

She held the ring and began to cry. She slipped the ring onto her finger but it was too loose. She held her hand out so I could squeeze the ring ends tighter. She couldn't talk she was so overcome with emotion.

I held her close to me, felt a tap on my shoulder. Two men wanted to use her; I wanted to put them off for at least a minute or two because of our emotional state.

"Back here," Elizabeth said to them. She gave me a kiss and I wiped the tears from under her eyes. She took my hand and the men followed us to an alley.

They gave me a dollar and I was thankful I had change. They leaned Elizabeth against a damp brick wall, pulled her new dress up and took turns. I stood next to her, facing away, holding her hand which gripped mine tightly. She made a little whimper after the first one was done with her, moaned a high keening moan continually as the second fucked her.

I knew what fucking was now and hoped, God willing, that some day I'd be able to be inside a woman. The men talked to me about it, before or afterwards, while waiting as others took their turns. They told me, mostly in simple terms, what it felt like and how they enjoyed it. They often treated me as if I were a partner in some astonishing adventure with them.

At first fucking fascinated me, how men looked, how big their cocks were, how much smaller I was sure than mine, how Elizabeth looked, what they did together, for how long. Then I became sad always watching the same thing over and over that I wanted to do but couldn't. The ax those times would have been kinder. I could still have been Elizabeth's man, could have been a partner or comrade with a host of fellows in our adventure through life as they used her. It would have been no different except I had a cock and couldn't because, at times like these I could have hurt myself or worse, of my ignorance or lust. I was paying for that manyfold and I was just sixteen. What would it feel like years from now when I was twenty-five, forty, sixty-three? Would I reach the point where I could no longer bear it and kill myself at seventeen? Would Elizabeth always cherish the ring I gave her, not knowing how stupid I was, and that Dot made me give it to her? Would she still think of me years later when she'd made her place

in the world; had a family and a husband who was truly her man and not just her pimp?

They left us and Elizabeth let her dress drop. Her new dress was an indigo print, very small white flowers on a very dark blue field. The dress was pretty and very little stained. "Just a minute, Charlie," she said. "I have something to tell you. You may want your ring back."

"The ring is yours," I said.

Her eyes began to tear and she gave me a crooked smile. "Charlie, I'm pregnant."

No one had sat down with me and explained the birds and the bees. No one had explained the simple facts of life in plain words. I knew nothing and what I'd seen the past weeks had been filtered through a personally constructed worldview.

"You've been careful not to touch their belly buttons with yours, haven't you?"

She looked at me and began to grin. "Only yours, Charlie." She cast her eyes down. "I'm afraid it wasn't an accident."

"What do you mean?"

"We'll have to get married now."

I wasn't sure if I was old enough to get married. "Can we do that?"

"My parents married when they were fifteen. They lied to the judge."

"Oh."

"You'd marry me, wouldn't you?" She touched my hand, took my finger. "Even if we couldn't . . ."

"Are you sure it's mine?"

She nodded and I believed her.

"Let's talk to Dot first," I said.

She gave me a look. "You're still my man, even if we don't get married, aren't you?"

Her face was flushed, eyes bright, red lips parted. I could see the impression her nipples made against the soft dress fabric. Her fingers squeezed mine, stroked my finger like they'd stroked my cock a short while earlier. I wanted to hold her close to me. I said, "I love you, Elizabeth."

She grabbed me and pressed her face against my shirt. "You're my man forever and ever, Charlie. I love you so much."

Chapter Six

Dot didn't have one kind word for me that night. After tying my hands above my head, counting the money on the nightstand and pinching my nose shut for several minutes she said, "So you got Elizabeth pregnant, did you? By touching navels no less. Why doesn't it surprise me?"

I squawked; she put her hand over my mouth.

"Elizabeth is the best thing that's ever happened in your life, outside of having me as a sister, and you don't even realize it. One day, and knowing you, it will be sooner than later, she'll be gone and you'll wonder why."

I tried to let my eyes speak for me.

"I want to see the both of you at lunch tomorrow. You'll have to explain to your buddies that Elizabeth and you will be elsewhere. Of course you'll have to make up the lost income."

She released my nose since I was turning blue. I wanted to ask her how come I was always so far behind since Elizabeth and I were working our butts off already but I knew better. Dot was relentless.

She tapped my cheek. "You, my boy, are going to be punished for being bad." She got off the bed, pulled my covers down and off the bed leaving my bare skin exposed to the frigid night air. She took an extra moment to stare at the source of all my problems and shook her head. "If Elizabeth weren't so fond of you, I'd cut it off. And you," she said to the twins. "Keep your mouths and eyes shut or else you'll end up like him."

I could hear them burrow under their covers.

As I shivered I tried to remember all the ways in which I was blessed by good luck. I had a dear sister who loved me which meant she probably wouldn't kill me tomorrow. Especially not since I owed her so much money according to the memo book. Plus the interest.

I was lucky because my sister was so smart. And besides being smart she was ingenious. I almost wanted to see what she'd do to me next.

I never expected to, at sixteen, have a girlfriend like Elizabeth who would let me take so many liberties with her. I knew Elizabeth in ways the men who enjoyed her body never dreamt of. Of course they were freely able to use her hole which was something I could only in my wildest fantasies imagine being able to do some day.

Elizabeth and Dot were loyal to me. That meant a lot.

Once I was done with the plus sides of my life the negatives weighed down on me. I was cold, had to piss in the worst possible way. So bad that crossing my legs didn't help one iota.

I'd gotten my girlfriend pregnant. I shocked even myself at my stupidity.

But the worse part was, no matter how hard Elizabeth and I worked my debt grew each week. I couldn't see how. The only thing I could think to do was raise the price from a quarter to thirty cents. A nice round number. Three dimes, six nickels.

I tried to think of anything but my present condition. What I came to realize was that if Dot ever found out about my arrangement with Clancy's (which had made perfect sense at the time but now I wasn't so sure). Three dollars was a lot of money, but then Elizabeth was probably visited by more than twelve men.

My thoughts didn't save me that night. What saved me was Dad coming home, stumbling up the stairs and falling into Mom's bed. Dot got out just in the nick of time. As she was arranging the covers in my bed so they'd cover her, but not me, I told her I really, honestly and truly, cross my heart and everything, had to go.

She ignored me at first but realized if I had an accident she'd be swimming in the same pool as me. She untied me; I used the bedpan and meekly resumed my position. She tied my hands and covered the both of us.

She poked me with her elbow and said, "I know what I'm going to do. Ask Sally. She'll know."

Dot was exactly right.

"I'll play hooky in the morning, meet you and Elizabeth down by the river, by the bridge."

"Thanks, Sis."

"You'll still be punished, you know."

I nodded. I knew.

She turned over so her back was to me and was silent for a few minutes. "While I'm whipping you watch Elizabeth and see what she does."

I already knew what Elizabeth did. She played with her pussy and looked at me so closely that it scared me. If I'd had my pants on, I'd think my zipper was down.

* * *

Elizabeth and I shared one class, art, with Miss Nichols. Once we began to go together, Elizabeth persuaded, in a way I can guess, the boy who sat next to me to move so she could have his seat. Miss Nichols raised an eyebrow but that's all.

Miss Nichols dressed severely, all in black, tight collar, long tight skirt, corseted bodice that made her body look hard. Her sleeves were to the wrist, even in summer. She was in her twenties but dressed like women did almost thirty years earlier.

In spite the way she dressed, art class was adventurous. Miss Nichols expected us to draw from life, a draped form of course, and Elizabeth was her favorite model. For some reason Miss Nichols never liked my drawings and took every opportunity to critique my portrayal of line and form. She often put up my drawings so the whole class could see what I'd done so woefully wrong.

Miss Nichols constantly reminded me to pay particular attention to form, often pointing out a part of Elizabeth's body and describing it in terms that made me blush and the rest of the class titter. I wondered sometimes exactly how many in the class had never seen Elizabeth in her alltogethers.

Miss Nichols when talking to the class often stood next to my seat, her hand on the chair back. Sometimes she actually brushed me with her clothing or with a finger and I had the most peculiar sensations.

Until Elizabeth, I'd often worshipped Miss Nichols from a distance, and those moments of contact were electric to me. There was something about her tall, stately form and the way that she bore herself that made me want to both cower and call attention to myself.

Once Elizabeth and I became lovers, most of my attention was focused on her and not on Miss Nichols, though I was constantly aware of Miss Nichols' presence anywhere in the room.

During class I passed Elizabeth a note telling her of our meeting with Dot. Elizabeth passed the note back with loose change wrapped up in it.

Miss Nichols took the note from my hand, still unopened, and I froze. She sat at her desk, opened the note, and arranged the coins in neat piles on the desk. "Mr. Johnston and Miss Hubner. I want to speak with you after class." She looked straight at me, laid the note on the desk and said to the class, "We'll draw until the end of the period. Who will model for us?"

Elizabeth's hand always went up.

"You, dear." Miss Nichols looked around the room. Her gaze stopped at me. "And you, Mr. Johnston."

Elizabeth and I went to the front of the class.

Miss Nichols rose to her feet, walked slowly around us, said to the class, "Is anyone able to suggest a tableau?"

A voice in the back said, "Make them kiss."

Miss Nichols smiled. "A capital idea." She took Elizabeth's shoulders and shifted her to the right. After a moment Miss Nichols had her in position and stood back. "Mr. Johnston, I want you to kneel at her feet, your posterior facing the class."

I knelt.

"Take her ring and kiss it. The ring is new, Elizabeth, isn't it? Let me see it."

"It won't come off, miss."

Miss Nichols held out her hand, Elizabeth laid hers in it. Miss Nichols glanced at the finger, squeezed Elizabeth's hand and let go.

"Surely, Mr. Johnston, you could afford something in better taste."

I said from the floor, "Uh."

"Speak up, Mr. Johnston."

"That's all I could afford."

"There's a dollar twenty-three on my desk, sir."

"One twenty-three?" Where were the missing two pennies?

"You know very well what I'm talking about, don't you?"

I was damned if I did, damned if I didn't. "Uh."

"Kiss the floor, Mr. Johnston. Miss Hubner, Elizabeth dear, put your foot on his head."

I could hear classmates titter when Elizabeth's foot rested on the back of my head.

"Hands behind your back, Mr. Johnston."

This was a damned awkward position. The floor tasted like it hadn't been cleaned in decades.

"Class," Miss Nichols said. "Our tableau here represents the natural state of man. Mr. Johnston will only rise if Elizabeth relents. I hope she thinks twice before doing so." Miss Nichols sat at her desk; I heard the chair scrape. "You have twenty-five minutes to capture this very moving representation. Use your highest facilities. Best drawing gets an A for the week. Mr. Johnston, you get an F." She paused. "F is for failure, falsity and how foolish you look at this moment. Elizabeth, you get a C for being common."

By the end of the period Elizabeth's foot couldn't help but press firmly on my head. I was beginning to think I was coming down with a cold.

Chapter Seven

Elizabeth and I had to go to Miss Nichols' office after school for detention. After the humiliation of art class and punishment by Dot at lunch my desire to run very far away was the strongest it had been since my treatments began.

The only things that made life worth living were my feelings for Elizabeth and how exciting my days had become. Other feelings existed which at the time were barely recognized and a little frightening. Like how I felt kneeling before art class with Elizabeth's shoe on the back of my head. I was close enough to her to smell the familiar heady odor she gave off. I was filled with shame but for part of that time my cock was very hard.

During my punishment at lunchtime, I was leaned up against the abutment of the stone bridge, down by the river, traffic passing overhead. My pants were at my ankles while Dot used an old leather belt. I was allowed to look to my left where Elizabeth squatted facing me, her dress pulled up over her hips, both hands busy at her crotch, her blue eyes fixed on my ass, mouth open, pink tongue sliding slowly across her beautiful lips.

Afterwards Elizabeth was unexpectedly diligent when giving me my treatment and I spent much too quickly. Dot punished me again while Elizabeth licked her fingers and looked up at me. "I love you," she said. I was too busy responding to the blows Dot gave me to reply. Elizabeth's ardor frightened me sometimes. I thought she had limits, a prescribed range of behaviors which were predictable. She constantly surprised me. I tried to hide the surprise behind my usual docile demeanor. Not easy to do when a wide leather belt is being swung with a lot of force and your girlfriend has your come on her face and hands.

I was literally spent by the time school was over. We knocked and Miss Nichols said from within, "Enter."

Her office was dainty and feminine, a surprising contrast to Miss Nichols' forbidding exterior. The book shelves on one wall also held pretty painted vases with flowers. Pictures on the wall, framed by wide oak boards, were of slender males in Shakespearean dress. The walls themselves were painted a pale ivory that reflected back the sunlight from the windows which had curtains at their sides and nothing to obscure the view from the back of the school.

Miss Nichols sat at her desk; the note and stacks of coins were in front of her as was a long leather covered cane. She'd opened the top buttons of her collar so we could see the delicate white lace at her slender neck. Her hair was let down and fell across her shoulders and around her face in a thick dark cascade. Seen in this aspect, Miss Nichols was disarmingly beautiful.

The office's chairs had been drawn back to the walls – we were expected to stand. Miss Nichols smiled at Elizabeth, her frown for me was fixed. Her fingers stroked the cane lightly, her hand in the air above it. She touched and played that cane like a pianist their instrument. Fingers flicked, softly touched or pounded the cane according to an inner tune only Miss Nichols heard.

"You may as well drop your pants now, Mr. Johnston." She turned to Elizabeth. "This whole sordid affair troubles me, Elizabeth. I hope I may be so familiar. I trust your meeting at lunch time went well."

"Yes, miss," Elizabeth said.

"Hurry up, Mr. Johnston. We can't be kept waiting all day for you." She turned her smile to Elizabeth. "Whatever feelings I have about these shenanigans I must temper them because of your youth, inexperience and unwarranted affection for this young Casanova.

"You, sir." She turned to me. "Hands to your sides. I care nothing about your pitiful little thingie." She stopped and I was sure I noticed her eyes widen and lips part slightly. "My, but you do have a big one. No matter." She turned to Elizabeth. My sobs drew her attention back to me. "Whatever is your problem?"

I wiped my hand across my face but kept my head bowed and mouth shut. It was shameful to have Miss Nichols verify my sister's appraisal of my debased state. What made it worse was knowing in advance what Elizabeth's reaction to the situation would be.

Miss Nichols rose from her desk, and came by my side. Her fingers squeezed my shoulder. "Contain yourself, Mr. Johnston."

I gave a quick nod of the head, took the proffered embroidered handkerchief and blew my nose. "I'm sorry," I said softly.

She lifted my chin with her fingers and turned my face toward hers. "My, but you are a sensitive scoundrel, aren't you?"

Her hazel eyes and the perfection of her features harrowed my soul. I began to tremble; her fingers on my shoulders helped me remember where I was and my unfortunate state.

She studied my face for a moment longer, said, "You aren't quite the shallow cad I thought you were." Her former authority was

reinstated by, "Turn away from us, Mr. Johnston. Your aspect doesn't please me."

She swung my shoulder in a direction and I followed through until I faced away from the desk.

"Bend forward, Mr. Johnston. Hands on your knees."

There was a moment's silence and I felt a finger lightly touch my lower back. "Your father's work, no doubt."

"No, miss. His sister's," Elizabeth said.

The finger lightly traced a line across my buttocks. "Mr. Johnston, I'm surprised at your behavior in light of your sister's loving touch and the corrective impulse behind it. No matter." The finger left me.

That finger burned me like no whip ever had.

My sobs recommenced and my hands and arms trembled as I held my knees. I prayed I wouldn't faint or die of shame. In contrast, my heart beat wildly and I felt a surprising exhilaration.

Miss Nichols sat at her desk, spoke to Elizabeth. "I know more about your activities than you can ever believe. While I can't condone them entirely, I also understand that you perform a very necessary labor for this benighted community. Necessary and not necessarily demeaning. Remember that."

She paused and I could hear the coins tinkle together. "One dollar twenty-three cents. How much, Elizabeth? Is it by the act, by an allotted time?"

"A quarter, Miss Nichols."

"So this is for five?"

"Yes, miss. Larry was two cents short. He promised to make it up to me tomorrow."

"See that he does, dear." Miss Nichols paused while thinking. "How many in the past, oh, twenty-four hours?"

Elizabeth took so long I turned to look at her. She was counting on her fingers, frowning, shaking her head, raising a finger, nodding. Miss Nichols was patient through the whole performance. "I'm not sure, miss. There were six before lunch, two after, Charlie of course."

"Of course."

"Last night, since after school? Two in the alley after Charlie gave me the ring. Then Clancy's and I'm not sure since I don't need to count. It's flat rate, miss."

"Guess."

"Twenty?"

"At Clancy's?"

"Yes, miss."

Miss Nichols was silent for a moment. "Twenty-nine but it could be more, couldn't it?"

"Do I have to count my father?"

"It could have been forty. Plus Mr. Johnston."

"We've done it four times."

"Interesting. Mr. Johnston acquits himself well then?"

"We haven't done it all the way, miss. Charlie's getting his treatment because he's . . ."

"I think I see."

The silence in the room was broken by the harsh crack of the cane against the desk. "You astound me, Mr. Johnston." I heard the chair scrape on the floor. "Elizabeth, you and Mr. Johnston will come to my office after school for detention through the school year. You are to keep accurate count of the number of men this scoundrel has sold you to and we will have reparations. A stroke of the cane for each assault on your feminine virtue. If you aren't able to deliver the strokes adequately, I will perform the punishment. I promise you Mr. Johnston will be on his hands and knees after my first stroke."

"Are you sure, miss?"

"Forty, dear. Make them bracing, space each one well apart so he might enjoy the full effect. I hope the chastisement will temper his behavior but frankly I have little hope."

Her strong fingers gripped my shoulder. "No antics, Mr. Johnston."

If Miss Nichols hadn't restrained me, I would have been out the door after the first stroke. Elizabeth seemed to be unbelievably severe for such a sweet girl.

I was on my knees shrieking, blubbering and trembling uncontrollably when Elizabeth was done. Miss Nichols gave my shoulder a final squeeze and left me.

I could hear Elizabeth pant next to me. It seemed to me that the heat of her endeavors made her scent stronger.

"Face me, Mr. Johnston."

I turned slowly on my knees and saw through my tears Miss Nichols sitting behind her desk. Her face was flushed and her eyes unusually bright.

"Mr. Johnston. We'll anticipate Elizabeth's number for the weekend on Friday so that Monday won't be unbearable for you." She turned to Elizabeth who held the cane with both hands close to her stomach, one end of the implement of torture nestled between her breasts. "Elizabeth, you did very well." She rustled papers on her desk. "Off with the both of you."

I stood, pulled up my pants. I burned and explosions of sensation still poured through my body. Elizabeth took my hand and drew me to the door.

"Mr. Johnston," Miss Nichols said behind me. "You are forgetting something."

I turned to face her and saw her finger pointing to the money. "No, Elizabeth. Mr. Johnston will take it."

I walked slowly to the desk trying not to look at Miss Nichols' face. I reached for the coins and she took my hand and squeezed it with unexpected force.

"What do you say, Mr. Johnston?"

I stared at her face and was lost in her gaze. I blinked first under the intensity of her unrelenting stare, said, "Thank you."

She let go of my hand. I took the coins. She smiled at me; I had a glimpse of her perfect teeth. "Mr. Johnston, you show promise. I look forward to our meeting tomorrow." I knew I was dismissed when her eyes left me.

Elizabeth took my hand at the door and she pulled me down the stairs, out into the schoolyard, across to the ravine. I looked over my shoulder and saw Miss Nichols in her office window, her hand on the pane by her face.

Elizabeth ravished me with her mouth and even after I was done, clawed my buttocks with her fingernails. Her eyes never left mine. Eventually she had to breathe. Her fingers still stroking the welts she'd given me, she drew her mouth away and smiled up to me. "You're so brave," she said. "I love you so very much."

I swayed above her.

Elizabeth held the stopwatch up to me. "But you've been very bad and I'm telling Dot."

Chapter Eight

That was a hectic week. Dot arranged for Elizabeth and me to spend the weekend at Sally's. I'll never know how she convinced my parents. Our weekend would be a working weekend. Dot rented a cabin for us, seven dollars and fifty cents on the tote plus the interest, where Elizabeth could work. As part of the deal Elizabeth would get a free consultation with Sally.

Dot said Dad would be staying at home for a while but didn't give a reason if she knew of one. Dot decided that my bed was too cramped for the both of us so I slept on the floor on old blankets and feed sacks. My hands were tied as usual, this time to a leg of the bed.

I wonder years later what the twins thought of this arrangement. They were in bed when I came up late at night. I had to wake Dot which was awful because doing that always put her in a nasty mood. She took the money, waited for me to undress, never silent of course, a series of remarks on what had become standard subjects ensued, she tied my hands and went back to sleep.

The twins heard all these comments, saw me in the morning sometimes, watched Dot's treatment of me and they never said a word. A portion of my earnings was given to Mom every day. Mom never acted as if she noticed the fruit of my labors. Dad slept in and wasn't awake when I went downstairs so my only knowledge of his presence was his loud snores at night in the next room and his workboots in the hall by the foot of the stairs.

What made the week hectic was Dot's alteration of two main components: my treatments and our arrangement at Clancy's. The arrangement at Clancy's ended Tuesday night with Dot arguing loudly with the bartender and owner. Threats were made involving law enforcement (which existed in our town but was awfully lax). My understanding afterwards was that if the law were called another item would have been added to my tote.

All of a sudden Elizabeth's and my nights were free; our only problem being where and how to work off my debt.

Dot had that problem solved too.

You have to realize that years later when Dot returned to this state, she didn't marry the judge for respectability. He married her for her money. Other reasons too, of course, Dot is beautiful, but that was the clincher.

Dot figured Elizabeth could make more Friday and Saturday nights at Sally's, along with the after church trade on Sunday thrown in, to more than make up for what Elizabeth made at Clancy's, expenses, cabin and meals included.

Elizabeth and I did have more time to be together and we used it productively downtown in the soda shop and movie theater. Elizabeth still worked, of course, and our mixing in society, or what passed for society, expanded Elizabeth's exposure.

In other words, things kept on getting better for her. Elizabeth still could visit with her Clancy's regulars in her first spot on the river. She also had several alleys, a hallway, the movie theater itself once the lights were off and she made use of all.

The fundamental change in the treatment was initiated Tuesday evening after leaving Clancy's for the last time. Elizabeth followed Dot; I held Elizabeth's hand but was last in line. Elizabeth and Dot were having words since this was all as much a surprise to Elizabeth as it was to me. It was after nine, dark, November and cold as we crossed town.

"What's the idea, busting in on me while I was having a party?" Elizabeth asked.

"Shut up," Dot said.

"No, I won't shut up."

"You will if you know what's good for you."

"What are you saying?"

"Do you love Charlie?"

"Of course I love him."

"And you want to do what's best for him?"

"Of course. Always. Don't I, Charlie?"

I kept my mouth shut.

"Charlie's arrangement at Clancy's was costing him, Elizabeth. I know you're doing your best. And I know I left it up to you two to work things out, but you both are idiots."

"I'm not." Elizabeth looked at me.

While it was prudent to keep my mouth shut where my sister was involved, the opposite was true in the case of Elizabeth. "You're not stupid."

"That's what I said." Elizabeth hurried, pulling me after her, to catch up with Dot.

Dot grinned at me when we caught up. It was a grin full of promise. "From now on," Dot said, "what you do outside of allotted times is up to you two. But we have a strict schedule we need to keep."

Why? I thought but didn't dare say aloud.

"And procedures." She went through a gate. "Back here."

We followed her through a backyard to an unused carriage barn. I didn't know whose house it was, but the barn was definitely not that unusual.

In 1933 horses and wagons were still used. Tyler was out in the country surrounded by farms. For many, a horse and wagon or buggy still made more sense than a car.

Dot struck a match and lit the lamp.

"Is it okay to do that?" I asked.

She glanced at me with that look. "Take off your clothes and lie down on your back."

I had a choice to make. Argue and get beaten. Comply rapidly and perhaps not get beaten so badly. I undressed.

"What's going on?" Elizabeth asked.

"Just watch and you'll see."

I lay down on the rough wood floor. It had been swept but was dusty and smelled of old hay.

"Arms on your chest."

I did it, saw her drop a coil of rope by my side and kneel.

"Like this," she said arranging my arms so they crossed each other and each hand touched the other arm's elbow. She tied me quickly.

"Are you watching, Elizabeth?"

"Yes. Are you going to whip him?" I thought I heard a note of eagerness in her voice.

"Probably not. You caned him this afternoon, didn't you?"

"Forty." She said it with a smile.

"We don't want to overdo it, do we?"

No, I thought. I waited for Elizabeth's answer but she was still trying to decide.

Dot got up and walked out of my sight. She came back holding a roll of cloth. "The piece de resistance." She let it unfurl.

Dot had sewn several feed bags together. In the center was a hole about nine or ten inches in diameter. "Take the other end," Dot said.

They held the cloth over me and lowered it. I couldn't see anything with the cloth over my face. The darkness was interesting. My other senses became more acute. I could hear Dot and Elizabeth move about the barn. I felt cool air over my genitals.

They pushed the fabric close to my sides so I could feel it not just on the upper surfaces of my body. They whispered and I heard Elizabeth's giggle. The cloth was lifted from my face and Dot asked, "Are you okay in there?"

I blinked up at her. I felt Elizabeth's hand on my cock. Dot covered my face.

"The problem from the beginning," Dot said. The hand stopped moving on my cock. "Keep doing everything as before. You're keeping track of the time, aren't you?"

"I always do, Dot. You know that."

"Good. The problem was we had a cock and we had my brother. Originally I wanted to separate the two and it would definitely have made our lives easier." Elizabeth began to speak. "No, I agree. The ax was crude and unnecessary."

I sighed.

"So we tried to alter my brother's behavior. And we have, to a very small extent. What we should have done was taken measurements before we began the treatments. It's a pity we didn't. But I," Dot kicked me. "Are you paying attention under there?"

"Yes, Sis."

"I think it's definitely smaller."

My heart skipped a beat.

"I'm not so sure, Dot," Elizabeth said. "See?"

My heart almost stopped. I wanted to cry.

"No, I'm sure it is smaller. Maybe not small enough."

"Oh," I said.

Dot kicked me. "Who asked you?"

I felt Elizabeth's lips on my cock.

"So I've separated the cock from the man. If the cock is very good." She paused.

"He's so very good," Elizabeth said. Her lips returned to my cock.

"If he's very good all week, for every treatment. At least an hour, never less, better longer. I believe," she kicked me. "Are you listening?"

"Yes," I said.

"I believe that it is entirely possible that my brother's cock will no longer be a virgin at the end of the weekend."

"You mean?" Elizabeth stopped what she was doing.

"I don't think Charlie knows enough how or when to be good. But I think his cock does."

"Do you?" Elizabeth said. I think she was talking to my cock.

"Three treatments a day. Morning before school. Two in the evening. All here. All under the shroud for Charlie, all out in the open for his cock where he may frisk and play, as long as he is good."

I heard shoes near my head; Sis lifted the cloth. "What do you say, Charlie?"

"Please let it be true." There were tears in my eyes.

Dot smiled at me, tossed the cloth back over my face. "Make him suffer, Elizabeth. Make every moment an agony."

Chapter Nine

It was while leaving the barn Thursday night that Elizabeth and I began our first argument. She'd finished giving me my second treatment of the day, it was dark, and I was still smarting from her caning in Miss Nichols' office. The caning and the tally of numbers leading to it was the source of the argument which I started by asking her innocently enough, "Why didn't you tell Miss Nichols a number like six or even nine instead of eighteen?"

"You want me to lie?" Elizabeth's dress had one pocket for change and the stopwatch which she always carried. She handed me the key to the gate and took my hand. "I wonder who lives here?"

"There's never a light on. I think it's vacant." We were going to a movie, something silly I hoped because I enjoyed hearing Elizabeth's laugh.

Going to movies was new for us and we hadn't figured out the movie house schedule. Last night twice in a row we'd seen the same movie; I was hoping there'd be something different tonight.

"Back to the topic at hand. Why not tell Miss Nichols a nice low number?"

"Eighteen is low."

"She upped it to twenty."

"Just think what it'll be Friday and Monday?" I noted a hint of glee in her voice.

"That's why you need to give a nice low number. Like six."

"You like multiples of three, don't you? Six, nine, twelve, fifteen. How about thirty? That's a low number."

"You're making fun of me. It's no fun getting caned."

"It isn't supposed to be fun, Charlie. Not for you at least."

"Besides, it wasn't eighteen."

"Last night, let's see. I think it was six. You should know, you were there. This morning, three. Lunchtime another six."

"It wasn't that many. Not six."

"It was. Then two this afternoon."

"That's seventeen, which I don't believe."

"There's you. I don't need to count my dad and besides he didn't last night."

"It wasn't six at lunch."

"It seemed like six."

"The Dobry brothers, I remember them."

"Sam and Philip. I don't know the other guys' names."

"There weren't any other guys. I know it wasn't six last night."

"It was. You were there, remember? I don't like this, Charlie. Dot has me keep track of the numbers. I do, and there's been no complaint."

"Okay. Leave it at eighteen. Why'd you have to hit me so hard?"

"Would you rather I do it or Miss Nichols?" She stopped, pulled her hand out of mine. "You don't like me any more."

"I still like you, Elizabeth. You know that."

"I don't know that. Next thing you'll want me to lie to Dot because your cock wasn't paying attention tonight and was too quick."

"I wasn't. You said I did well."

"This is make believe, Charlie. I say your cock was quick because it was. Dot says we can't this weekend. You're mad at me because we can't this weekend and I wouldn't lie. We could still do it next weekend if Dot says we can. You think I'm happy with the way things are? I have feelings too, Charlie."

I wasn't sure what she was saying. "I want to as much, maybe more than you do, sweetheart." She turned to face me, her lower lip trembling. I could see shiny trails down her cheeks.

"I do, Charlie. More than anything."

I held her to me. "Forget anything I said. Just don't tell Dot about what we do in the ravine afterwards."

"She already knows, Charlie." Her arms pulled me toward her, her hands held my shoulders.

I kissed her; we resumed our walk.

"I can't lie, Charlie. Ever. That's why if someone asked me if I want to I say sure because it'd be a lie to say no. I want to just as much as they do."

Of course she wasn't telling the entire truth. That's something I didn't know until later.

I gave the ticket girl a dime and we went in the movie theater. We'd already seen it, could tell the feature was slightly more than half through.

The usher led us down the aisle. The choice was the back, middle or front and we'd tried all the seats. From my ass's viewpoint none would be soft enough. Elizabeth took great pleasure in telling me that what she did for me, in Miss Nichols' room and out, was for my own good. She was beginning to sound like my sister.

Elizabeth chose the middle; we took seats and relaxed to watch the film. The theater was almost empty as usual.

I was tired and would have fallen asleep except there was a tap on my shoulder. Elizabeth was facing the screen, face radiant from the reflected light and the joy she felt watching the silver screen. She'd only seen one movie in her life and it was still magic to her.

"Okay?" the usher asked me.

"Sure, go ahead." The usher was a freebie. I didn't count freebies, Elizabeth did in her tally for Miss Nichols during detention and I suspected for Dot too. That was the only explanation for why I was in hot water all the time.

The usher squeezed past me, past Elizabeth, and sat next to her. I heard her giggle, the sounds of her unfastening his pants, and I leaned back and shut my eyes.

Elizabeth gave freebies to the usher since he found men for her. She gave freebies to former boyfriends because she said they didn't count, and to a teacher she was sweet on. I wasn't supposed to know about him and wouldn't have if Dot hadn't told me one night several weeks ago. I guess Elizabeth thought if I found out she liked someone else I'd get angry and perhaps beat her. I would never beat her and I believe she was beginning to see that.

Some people are born filled with jealous bones; I didn't have a one in my body. If Elizabeth left me, I'd be sad, and not just because of the huge balance due that I had to pay Dot somehow. Elizabeth was my first love, and the first person, outside of family, who showed they cared for me.

Elizabeth and the usher were finished. The only time I let go quickly like that was after one of Elizabeth's canings. It was okay then, not at all okay during proper treatments.

The usher squeezed past Elizabeth and me, sat next to me. "There's a group of college boys in the back row who expressed interest."

Elizabeth ignored us. She faced the screen, a smile on her face. Her hand took mine.

"They know what it costs?" I said.

"They know but they say, since there are so many, they should get a discount."

"No discounts." Dot's words exactly. She'd made me a firm believer in the principle.

"There are too many to do it in the theater."

"Okay. Elizabeth knows some good spots."

"I'll tell them how it is."

"Okay." I didn't really care. It was almost easier to slide into debt. "Elizabeth," I said.

"Shush. This is the love scene." She never turned from the screen.

I'd been fighting a cold all week, was cranky and tired. I wasn't stupid enough to begin another argument so I shut my eyes and pretended to be sleeping.

Two things always happened lately when I shut my eyes. First I saw Miss Nichols' face like she was in her office after school. Her face framed by her thick wavy hair, her intense stare. I tried to shut that out and immediately a vision of Elizabeth having sex with someone took its place. Once that thought had been sad, now I suffered from nervous anticipation. What would it be like? Would Elizabeth's hole be able to accept my cock? What if I didn't know what to do? What if Elizabeth didn't like me anymore because I hurt her? What if we got stuck like dogs do? Would someone have to throw cold water on us?

Elizabeth squeezed my hand, took it and buried it in her lap. I could hear her crying; she rubbed my hand against herself.

If I was no longer a virgin, I promised myself, I'd buy Elizabeth a new dress next week.

She kissed my hand, dropped it back into her lap. "Yes, you were saying?"

"College boys. You know somewhere?"

"Stupid question. How many?"

"Enough."

She nodded. "When?"

"I'll find out."

"Don't leave me." She gripped my hand tighter.

I didn't.

The next part of this episode is hard to talk about. So I'll skip ahead. We were in the alley behind the theater, it was cold but Elizabeth was generating enough heat to run a steamship from New

York City to Liverpool. I held her dress as she and the college boys, there were eleven, two carloads, did what they were doing.

Eleven meant two seventy-five. It also meant eleven strokes of the cane tomorrow after school added to however many more. I didn't feel well, couldn't wait for it all to be over.

God knows how much they gave the usher. You know he was on the make too.

The men at Clancy's were rough but it was a nice rough compared to these men. Men, they were just a few years older than me. I was hoping they'd be done soon and Elizabeth and I would do the third treatment and then I could go home.

Elizabeth was on her hands and knees panting when they finished with her. It was starting to snow. Two came toward me, I thought to thank us, as the others stood around Elizabeth.

I never knew what hit me. I came to lying next to Elizabeth who was tied to a lamppost with the remains of her dress in her lap. She was okay. I had a black eye and a sore jaw. I untied Elizabeth who wept because she thought I was dead. I gave her my coat and was ready to go home, skip the treatment, go straight home, but Elizabeth couldn't find the stopwatch which meant we had to go back to the alley.

My jaw was sore and my right eye was swollen. Elizabeth held a handful of snow against my face. I wondered if Elizabeth was so happy to see me alive, and she was, if she would tell Miss Nichols about the eleven tonight. It didn't seem fair.

Of course my pockets were empty, which Dot wasn't going to like one bit.

We found the stopwatch in the alley, shattered, and I almost danced for joy. Then I thought of the added expense. "Don't tell Dot."

"I have to, Charlie. You know that."

"Tell Miss Nichols about the eleven tonight. I don't care, even if I don't think they should count."

"Of course they should count." She was cute when she was indignant.

"But please don't tell Dot about the watch."

"Why not?"

"It costs money, sweetheart."

She hugged me. "I love it when you call me sweetheart."

"I'll buy you a new dress, somehow."

"Don't worry about it."

"Let's go home. I think I'm sick."

She stepped away. "You're not going to let a little setback stand in the way of your treatment and this weekend, are you? Remember what's to happen Sunday?"

It almost didn't seem worth it. "Of course I remember, but I think I'm sick."

Elizabeth took my hand. "I'll nurse you. Plus I have a surprise for you."

I sneezed so hard my jaw and eye ached twice as bad afterwards. I let her lead me to the barn and frankly I didn't remember too well what happened there or afterwards, except I left Elizabeth's with money she gave me to make up for tonight, five fifty in all, from her share she was saving.

I was the first time anyone had ever done anything like that for me and, frankly, I cried. Not in Elizabeth's presence, afterwards.

I loved Elizabeth and now I was frightened of losing her.

Chapter Ten

I was asleep on the floor curled up as much as I could be with my hands tied to the bed. I was cold, I hurt and wasn't feeling good at all. What woke me was the touch of a bare body pressing against mine and Elizabeth's voice in my ear. "Surprise."

I must have made some sort of noise because she answered, "Don't worry, Dot knows."

I wasn't fully awake yet and was wondering what Dot knew.

"Stretch out some, lie on your back and I'll keep you warm."

I rolled onto my back and she lay on top of me. She was heavy but it was an utterly delightful heaviness.

"Feel better?" she asked.

"I think so."

"Remember what I said," Dot said above us.

"Oh, all right." Elizabeth said to Dot and then said in a whisper to me, "Dot doesn't want to you slip by accident."

"Slip in where?" I said.

"You're cute. You know that?" She touched my face. "Does that hurt?"

"Only when I smile."

"You must be feeling better if you're joking. I worried about you."

That made me smile. Dot had shown almost no concern. "Learn to duck," was all she had to say about my being beat up. She added, as she counted the money I gave her, "Elizabeth will be perfectly fine at Sally's without you there. We can put off Sunday's festivities until some other month. May is a nice time to lose one's virginity." Dot looked up at me. "Don't you dare sneeze on me."

"Warm now?" Elizabeth asked.

"I think so."

She rolled off me. She was a combination of an impossible to describe softness and elbows.

When I had my breath back, she was curled against me, with busy hands.

"Charlie needs his sleep, Elizabeth," Dot said from the bed.

"Oh all right." Elizabeth didn't let go of me, she just stopped moving.

I dozed off. Looking back on this, my first night sleeping with a girl, I wonder what the hell I was, or wasn't, doing. Elizabeth was a beautiful, vibrant, bouncy, for want of a better word, girl who'd do anything, at least anything Dot permitted, to please me.

My response was necessarily limited because my hands were tied, I was groggy and didn't feel well, and of course Dot was right above us on the bed and could hear everything we did.

Because I was groggy I was saved from the anxiety of worrying what Elizabeth's or my parents would say. The implications of our first night together were totally lost on me.

"I love you," she whispered, which woke me up. I wasn't sure how much time had passed since I last shut my eyes.

"Did you hear me, Charlie?"

"I love you too."

She gave my cock a furious rub.

Dot sighed loudly overhead.

"Damn," Elizabeth whispered in my ear.

I was okay, I was used to putting it off. I began to doze.

"Charlie," she whispered.

"Yes."

"I want you to know that if something happens and we can't be together for some reason, how much this time with you has meant to me. No one else has been as nice to me as you. Just so you know."

This was the second intimation of loss I'd had.

"It scared me tonight, you lying there. I thought you were dead or in a coma, maybe a vegetable because your brain got knocked. Is what I'm doing okay?"

I nodded.

"If I work at Sally's, I'll be a real whore, Charlie. You'll still like me, won't you?"

"Of course."

"Because if you don't, it'll still be okay. I know women like me aren't the kind of women men stick with for long."

"What are you talking about?"

"Charlie, in case you haven't noticed, I screw around a lot with a lot of different guys."

"So?"

She pressed against me. "I want to be the first woman you fuck, Charlie. No matter what. You know? In case your feelings about me change."

I was having a hard time keeping up with her since my mind kept on slipping away. "Nothing's going to ever change, sweetheart."

"Ahem," Dot said.

"Climb on top of me. That feels nice, Elizabeth. I need to sleep."

She settled on top of me. "Now don't accidentally slip in," she whispered.

Fat chance, I thought. I'd be lucky if I didn't kill her accidentally on Sunday. I could see the headlines, "Teenage Boy Kills Girlfriend. Claims it was an accident." "I love you, Elizabeth."

"Dot said you could stay home until detention tomorrow."

I think I was snoring before she kissed me.

She was kissing me when I woke up. "Good," she said. "I'm to give you your treatment."

"I need to pee first."

"There's no time." She stood above me in her old dress. Of course I looked up it.

She gathered the blanket from the bed and laid it over me, arranging it so it covered me like the shroud in the barn. I felt her lips on my cock which was the only part of me not covered.

Being under the shroud was slow time. Everything Elizabeth did felt like it took forever. By the time a few minutes had passed I was deep in an inner world. I supposed if I could have moved it would have been different. Perhaps, also, the fabric touching my face helped alter my state of mind. This morning I think I fell asleep.

When Elizabeth was done with me, I hadn't come. She whispered, leaving the blanket over my face, "Think of what it will feel like Sunday."

It was impossible to imagine. What I knew was my jaw hurt, my eye was stuck shut, I had to pee and Elizabeth had left the room without untying me.

Dot came to my rescue before leaving for school. She pulled back the blanket from my face and untied my hands. She studied me, turned my face to the left and gave a frown. She turned my face to the right and asked, "Does it hurt?"

"Only when I laugh." I grinned at her to show I still had all my teeth.

"Elizabeth said there were only two of them. You are pretty pathetic, Charlie. What made them want to hit you? One of your lame jokes? Or did you try to show them a card trick?"

"I need to pee."

"I could sort of tell by your boner." She sat on the bed.

I wrapped the blanket around me and hunted for clothes to wear.

"It's all worked out. Elizabeth can stay here and keep you company."

"She said she was going to school."

"Next week." Dot showed her concern for my condition by not adding lamebrain.

"You see my underwear anywhere?"

"Just put on your pants and go do it."

"Okay." I sat on the bed next to her.

"Want me to come by and check on you at lunch time?"

"Keep an eye on Elizabeth."

"She's not going anywhere."

"You know what I mean."

"You two were so touching last night."

"She laid on me. That's all we did, Sis. Honest."

"You know what I mean. She really likes you."

"I like her a lot too." Somehow it's harder to tell your bossy older sister that you love your girlfriend because there's no indication the sister would understand.

"You watch yourself the next few weeks. You'll have plenty of opportunity to do something really stupid and lose her. She's stood beside you."

My socks and shoes on, I looked for my shirt. "How'd you get Mom to let her stay?"

"I made it a fait accompli."

I turned and stared at her wondering what in the world she meant.

"You've buttoned it wrong."

"Doesn't matter. It's coming off when I go back to bed. What did you make it?"

"I told them it was going to happen anyway, they'd be much better off if they accepted it with grace."

There was something I wasn't understanding but as long as it sounded like it was going my way I wasn't going to rock the boat.

"I'm off to school," Dot said. She blocked the door. I've never known anyone who could move so quickly. "You have to go to detention. Be there on time. I'll meet you afterwards." She saw my face, grinned, and continued. "We'll go straight from there to Sally's. Anything you want to take, roll in your blanket and leave the blanket on the bed."

I wanted to sit down.

"Got that?"

"Yes. I'm not feeling well."

She moved out of my way.

I had to use two hands on the banister as I went down the stairs. Mom and Dad looked up from the table as I passed. Mom smiled, it's hard to say what Dad did.

Chapter Eleven

Elizabeth had a huge smile when she saw me. She took my hand, said, "Boy, you have a shiner," and I followed her upstairs to Miss Nichols' office.

My nose was stopped up but after sleeping in late I didn't have that hot dizzy feeling. Lunch with Mom and Dad was strange. Dad wanted to talk to me afterwards; I think about the birds and bees. I don't know if Mom had put him up to it or if this effort was something he did all on his own. Using a need to use the privy, I escaped him.

Miss Nichols was sitting at her desk when we knocked and she said we could come in. Her hair was down, she took off a pair of reading glasses and set them on the desk. She studied me for a moment and I began to blush. "I understand you were fighting last night, Mr. Johnston."

"They hit him first, miss," Elizabeth said. She gave my hand a squeeze.

"Nevertheless, Mr. Johnston, unless you can better acquit yourself, I recommend you learn the better part of valor is discretion." She smiled, drummed her fingers on the desk; it was a tight-lipped smile.

There were two bright moments in my day so far: Elizabeth's kisses and being speared by Miss Nichols' hazel eyes.

"We're waiting, Mr. Johnston."

A flash of heat went through my body. I unfastened my pants and let them drop, unfastened my shorts, let them fall. I didn't raise my eyes.

"Thank you, Mr. Johnston." Her voice brightened. "Miss Hubner. You have something to report."

"It was twenty-seven, miss." My heart sank. Why did she have to overdo herself on Friday? "But eleven of the twelve."

I groaned. She was even counting the usher who was a freebie.

"Mr. Johnston. We can very well do without your histrionics." Miss Nichols' voice softened. "Carry on, Miss Hubner."

"Eleven of them paid, then beat up Charlie and stole it."

"Mr. Johnston. I'm sure you're aware that the wages of sin are never honestly gotten and easily lost."

I mumbled, "Yes, ma'am."

"What, sir?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I'm waiting, Mr. Johnston, for your answer." I heard the chair scrape and the rustle of her dress.

"Yes, ma'am," I said looking up. She approached me, took my chin; I winced. She turned my face left and right.

"Any other injuries?"

"My pride, ma'am."

"You have nothing to be proud about, Mr. Johnston." She let go of my chin, gripped my shoulder. "Continue, Miss Hubner."

"So I was wondering if we couldn't just forget the eleven?" Elizabeth smiled at me.

"Nonsense. It's twenty-seven plus an additional twenty-seven. We're making allowances for your condition, Mr. Johnston."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"Do you have a cold?"

"My nose is stuffed up."

"It won't be in a moment, Mr. Johnston." Miss Nichols squeezed my shoulder, gave a smile that made my heart stop then start again double time. "Assume the position, Mr. Johnston."

Her hand spun me in the direction she wanted me to go, followed me down as I bent, hands on my knees. I felt my shirt tail being tossed up onto my back.

"You mark nicely, Mr. Johnston."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"You're so very welcome. When you're ready, Miss Hubner. Fifty-four strokes, slowly done. I want to see Mr. Johnston on his knees by the fifth stroke."

I shut my eyes.

"Relax, Mr. Johnston. This won't kill you." Her fingers gave my shoulder a squeeze.

Her hand remained on my shoulder through the whole ordeal, she kneeling beside me. My shirt and face were covered with tears and snot. My trembling for minutes afterward matched Elizabeth's breathing.

"When you're able, Mr. Johnston, stand and make yourself presentable. You're in the presence of women and are not acquitting

yourself well at all." For all her mockery, Miss Nichols' voice was soft, barely above a whisper.

I wiped my face.

"Not your sleeve, Mr. Johnston." She handed me her handkerchief.

I noticed the embroidered N, a beautiful script in black on the white linen. I blew my nose, wiped my face. My hand trembled spasmodically in wild jumps. She took the handkerchief from my fingers, helped me rise.

Miss Nichols wasn't a large woman, shorter than me, in fact. But her hand under my elbow raised me as if I weighed nothing at all.

I fastened my pants, heard Elizabeth lay the cane on the desk. I looked up; Miss Nichols sat behind the desk watching me. Elizabeth to my right looked like a wild carnivore who'd spotted their prey. Her eyes were bright and shiny, her cheeks flushed a scarlet, her dress was missing a second button and had fallen open. I could see her chest move as she panted, one breast was almost completely exposed. Elizabeth's lips were open slightly; her tongue peeked out at me.

"I wish to talk to Mr. Johnston for a moment, Miss Hubner. Do you think you'll be able to restrain yourself?"

Elizabeth stared at me, didn't acknowledge Miss Nichols' words.

Miss Nichols studied Elizabeth for a second and turned to me. I had to remember to keep myself from wiping my running nose with my sleeve.

"Come here, Mr. Johnston." She motioned to behind the desk.

I walked slowly. I was still feeling the sensation of the caning in bright bursts. I was afraid I might stumble.

"Thank you. I know you and Miss Hubner have plans for the weekend. I expect you to acquit yourself well, better than last night."

"Yes, ma'am." Little better than a mumble.

"You interest me."

I raised my eyes and was caught by her stare.

"I would like to begin private tutoring sessions with you while in school. You'll come to this room during third period. We'll be discussing this book." She took a hardbound volume off the desk, held it in her hand. She wiped the cover with the palm of one hand, clasped the book tightly. "The Charterhouse of Parma by an author whose pen name was Stendhal."

"Yes, ma'am."

She smiled at me, a broad smile. "Buck up, it isn't all that bad." She handed me the book; I held it warm from her touch. "You'll read the first fifty-four pages this weekend." Her eyes danced. "Yes, Mr. Johnston. A page for every one of Miss Hubner's affaires."

She watched me, her eyes never blinking.

I couldn't speak.

She rose, her closeness made me step back. "Your sister will meet you in front of the school. I understand you will be undergoing, if all goes well, an important rite of passage for young men this weekend." There was no smile, if anything there was anger.

I stared at her. Did she know everything?

"Well, Mr. Johnston. What do you say?"

"Thank you, Miss Nichols. I will do the assigned reading."

"And meet me here for third period Monday. Very well." She turned to Elizabeth. "Miss Hubner. I expect a full accounting Monday after school. If your labors leave you indisposed, I'll carry out the punishment."

Miss Nichols turned to me. "Mr. Johnston. You are a disgrace. I want you to know that. What you expect us women to do for you is outrageous. No gentleman would even entertain, for one second, the thought of what you expect, without a qualm, this young lady to do for you. Love has made her a fool. I hope she soon sees the error of her ways. Please leave, you disgust me."

Each word was an unexpected blow. Elizabeth took my hand and led me to the door.

Miss Nichols said, "Young lady, not in the hall, not anywhere in this school or you will be expelled. Do I make myself clear? Learn to restrain yourself."

Elizabeth giggled, gave a curtsy and pulled me down the stairs. We heard the door shut overhead. I wiped my runny nose with my sleeve, let Elizabeth pull me where she would.

Elizabeth pushed me against the school building wall. We were outside, three feet from the door. She unfastened my pants, dropped my drawers and kissed me as she fondled my cock. I could feel her rub my cock head against her pussy as she thrust her tongue in my mouth.

My head swam; she fell to her knees and rubbed my cock against her breasts. Somehow, somewhere, she'd taken off her dress. She plunged my cock into her mouth and fucked me.

I shut my eyes and fell into a fantasy in the midst of Elizabeth's ministrations. I knew if I opened my eyes, I would see Miss Nichols. She'd say to me, "You forgot your book, Mr. Johnston."

I took my hand off Elizabeth's head, winced as Elizabeth raked my welts with her fingernails.

Miss Nichols would drop the book into my hand. I opened my mouth to speak, gasped, "Oh."

In my fantasy Miss Nichols held my jaw, squeezed it and stared in my eyes. "Well, Mr. Johnston. I'm waiting."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"I have never seen anything so revolting in my life." My fantasy gave my chin a squeeze and I let out a whimper. Miss Nichols looked like she was preparing to spit on me. She let go of me, turned and left.

I opened my eyes.

Elizabeth said, "Dot got me a new stopwatch. See? You've been bad again."

Chapter Twelve

Dot was in front of the school standing beside a Model T truck. She didn't look impatient which was a surprise. Elizabeth held my hand in a fierce grip, her other hand held her dress closed, not for modesty, but because it was cold. Of course I'd left my coat at home.

"Get in front," Dot told Elizabeth. "You," she said to me, "ride in back with me."

The bed wasn't very large compared to trucks now. There were three bedrolls and my coat. "Thanks," I said, putting the coat on, and settled beside her leaning up against the cab.

Dot knocked on the cab. "Your problem is, you think about sex all the time." The truck lurched forward, picked up speed. "You and Elizabeth are well-suited." She looked down. "I wouldn't get that book dirty if I were you."

I brushed off the debris; it looked like hay mostly, and put the copy of The Charterhouse of Parma in my pocket. Each bump in the road reminded me of Elizabeth's fifty-four strokes.

Sally's was still quiet. We stood away from the truck while Elizabeth and the driver finished their business, the bedrolls at our feet.

Getting of the truck, Elizabeth said, "You think someone here will have a safety pin?" She showed how she needed one by opening her dress. Dot groaned and told her to get the bedrolls.

Sally's was on the river, set back just a little from the road. Here the land had dropped in elevation so the river was just a few feet from the plowed fields.

The more pious in town prayed that one day the river would wash Sally's downstream or so badly flood the establishment that all the buildings would have to be razed. Sally's withstood the river. Periodically it did flood, and afterwards Sally and her helpers used the flotsam that providence brought as building materials for new additions, shanties and cabins.

Since the land was flat and the soil rich, farm fields came up to the borders of Sally's. A line of sycamore trees was along the bank of the river behind the buildings.

Sally's was a conglomeration of buildings. The roadhouse, a long single-storied structure, faced the road. Now that prohibition was repealed, drinking was open, but there was also food and music.

To the right, behind the roadhouse, was a barn, not very big, about the size of the carriage barn where I received my treatments. Perhaps thirty feet long and sixteen feet wide, in warm weather bands played for dances here. Scattered between the roadhouse and the river were the cabins set haphazardly with no rhyme or reason. Lights strung on wires held up by poles along walks led to the cabins. Some of the electric bulbs were white, some red and some blue. Again no rhyme or reason. Each cabin was a one of a kind. Some were tarpaper covered shacks, a few were neatly clapboarded, one was built of round logs painted black, the rest were rough sawn board sheds. All of the cabins had a large number or letter painted on the door. Dot was leading us to thirteen, one of the tarpaper shacks. It did have a metal chimney above the roof putting out smoke and a stack of cordwood against the wall.

Dot opened the door. "There isn't a lock. You want privacy, use the hook."

Elizabeth stood in the doorway with a smile on her face. She was radiant, carried the bedrolls to the single bed and let them fall. "This is ours?" She turned to face Dot, her dress half open.

I shut the door and stood by the small woodstove putting out heat. It was nicer than it looked outside.

"This is where you'll be working this weekend," Dot said.

Elizabeth walked around the single room touching things. The chair, the washstand made from two by fours and painted green, a bookshelf with several tattered magazines, the row of hooks on one wall, the kerosene lamp on a shelf by the window. She said to me, "Don't you love it?"

What made it nice was how beautiful Elizabeth looked. "I love this cabin and I love you."

"Yeech," Dot said. "We need to get your treatment done so Elizabeth can get to work. Only one treatment tonight." She unrolled a bedroll which turned out to be a blanket and the shroud. "On the floor, big boy."

I undressed, not wanting to leave the stove. Dot spread the blanket on the floor and waited. Elizabeth was next to the bed naked and almost jumping up and down with excitement. She brought her hands behind her neck and up, ruffling her hair. "It's almost like this is our honeymoon, Charlie. I can't wait."

I lay on the blanket and they spread the shroud after tying my arms. "Charlie was bad again this evening," Elizabeth said. All was dark under the shroud. They tucked it close to my body.

"Charlie, can you feel that?" Elizabeth asked.

"Yes," I said.

"That's my nipple." Then she did something else she'd never done before where my cock was enclosed by softness.

"Better watch it, Charlie," Dot said.

I concentrated. I could almost hear music in the distance. I concentrated so hard I lost myself.

"Okay," Dot said. "Hour's up."

I must have been dreaming. "It's been that long?" I asked.

"You're beginning to impress me, brother. You better do something. Elizabeth's beginning to get frantic."

I entered my cock where I was surrounded by sensation. I wondered what Elizabeth was doing. She began to move faster. It was her mouth I realized and a tightness deep inside. I was inside that tightness, probing deeply. I could feel Elizabeth's body on mine. I remembered last night, realized I'd be alone with her tonight, without Dot to stop us.

"Oh God," Elizabeth said. "Do it. Do it."

I could hear her moan as her mouth again dropped over my cock, teeth scraping.

She wants it, I said repeatedly in my mind as my back arched and I came.

Elizabeth's mouth pulled away, her hand held my cock as it pumped and then I felt it rub on her face. "You're in my hair, Charlie. Every man who fucks me tonight will smell you."

"Pleasant thought," Dot said.

I could hear Dot get up from the bed. No springs, but I could hear the rustle of cloth and sound of feet.

"We need to get going, Charlie. Me home, you need to talk to Sally."

Elizabeth pulled the shroud from my face and kissed me. When she pulled away I could see shiny streaks on her cheek and nose and wetness in her hair. She got up and sat on the bed, watched me with a smile.

I got up, rolled up the shroud and blanket and put them under the bed. Elizabeth used her foot to stroke my side. I kissed her ankle and got dressed by the stove.

Elizabeth arranged the covers, put the bedrolls under the bed. It was getting dark so Dot lit the lamp and checked the stove. She went

out, brought in an armful of logs. "Every two hours or so, add some. Don't forget."

"I won't forget," Elizabeth said. She lay on her back, on top of the covers, her finger on her pussy. She turned to look at me. "You know how to get me really horny, Charlie."

"They'll give you a token. Sally will throw you out if she finds out you've been taking money. Tomorrow, Charlie will give the tokens to Sally. She'll pay him fifty cents each."

Elizabeth stopped what she was doing. "A whole fifty cents?"

"You're in the big time, girl. They're paying a dollar."

"Give me a kiss, Charlie."

I sat on the bed and we kissed. Afterwards she licked my fingers clean where I'd touched her hair. Dot took me in the back door of the roadhouse, to the left, away from the kitchen. A woman looked up from her desk, smiled at Dot, ignored me completely.

"Sally, this is Charlie, my brother."

"Sit down, Charlie. I'll be with you in a minute." She smiled to Dot. "I won't ask why you three were taking so long."

"Charlie has special treatments, three tomorrow. Morning, noonish and before evening. After Sunday morning, if all goes well, he'll be finished with them. Not that you don't still need work," she said to me.

"I won't see you until Sunday?" Sally asked.

"Not unless there's a problem. There'd better not be a problem, Charlie."

Dot left and Sally and I were alone. Sally wasn't a conventional woman. She was old. At least she was to me then. Now, I think she was about forty. Her face was alert, still beautiful but you could tell in her youth she'd been extraordinarily beautiful. She had a scar that went from above her eyebrow down to her cheek. That eye was covered by a black patch with an embroidered red rose.

She wore lipstick, that and the rose were her color. Her hair was graying, her clothes were gray. She had magnificent breasts. When I saw her standing later I saw her entire figure. Slender waist and hips, she was short compared to Dot and I, a couple of inches shorter than Elizabeth.

"I can see your father in you, Charlie," she said. She relaxed in her seat. "Ben's not a good provider, son, but he is a good man." She took a cigarette from a case on the desk, raised her eyebrow to me. The one with the furrowed scar.

"No thank you, ma'am."

"You can forget the ma'am, son. Sally is okay and I answer to a host of other names." She lit her cigarette. "Dot is something else, isn't she? Always a gambit going, but keeps her cards held close. Ben's been good to your mother?"

I nodded.

"Wheels within wheels, son." She grinned, picked a bit of tobacco from her lip. "Dot tell you how things work here?"

"About the tokens."

Sally reached into a drawer, tossed me one. "Accept no substitutes."

I looked at it. One side of the brass was blank; the other had punched letters reading, "Good for one screw." "I should tell Elizabeth."

"Don't worry. Jasper is giving her the lowdown right now." She took a puff, blew the smoke in the air to the left of her. "That bother you? She's with someone right now?"

I shook my head.

"You're aren't the first to pimp your girlfriend here. You realize of course one day you'll lose her?"

"I hope not."

"It's not too late." She watched me, a smile on her face.

"I think she's happy."

"Good. Jasper'll be giving me a report in a few minutes." She stubbed out her cigarette. "Want to stay or are you eager to head to the bar."

"I don't drink, ma'am."

"You say, ma'am another time, I'll bend you across my knee and spank you." She grinned at me. "Try it."

"I wouldn't dare, miss."

"So what do you drink?"

"Coca-cola."

"We have that. Have you eaten?"

I shook my head. "She hasn't either."

"We run a tab. In the morning you clear the tab with what you make the night before. Any left over is your profit."

"I understand."

"So you don't drink. Willing to do chores around here? I'll pay you."

I nodded. "Tomorrow perhaps. I'm getting over a cold."

"Tomorrow's fine. We won't get ahead of ourselves." She shifted in her seat. "Jasper's having a fine time. She'll be popular here."

"She's wonderful."

"I'm sure she is. You relax, I've got work to do."

I took out the book Miss Nichols gave me. I stood, took off my coat and hung it from the back of my chair.

Sally looked up for a moment and returned to her work.

Chapter Thirteen

Sally looked up from her desk. "Jasper sure is taking his time. Your girl needs to learn to turn them over quicker."

"No one has ever complained," I said.

"I bet they haven't. Jasper won't be complaining either, not his hide anyway. I'm waiting for his report before going to have dinner." She frowned, tossed her pencil onto the desk. "You're free to use that token you didn't return."

I held out my hand. "I'm sorry. I won't be able to."

"Keep it. Why ever not?"

"Do I have to say?"

"I don't pry. But I have to admit you're the first to turn down a free fuck. No, keep it in case you change your mind." She looked past me. "Think she'll work out?"

A short man entered the room. He was stocky with a muscular build, black curly hair. His face looked like those on busts of ancient Roman emperors. I stood.

"Jasper, meet Charlie, Ben's son."

Jasper's face broke into a smile, held out his hand. "I've heard a lot about you." He said to Sally, "Liz talked her head off about her man."

"How'd she do?" Sally asked.

"She's okay." He saw me begin to bristle. "Calm down, son. She's friendly, spirited, a good lay."

"An hour's worth," Sally said.

"I had to explain things. And I made her wash her hair. Someone's jizz was all over her."

I blushed.

Sally ignored me. "Told her the rules?"

"And she repeated them after me. No games and she's smarter than most here."

"Pretty?"

"Very pretty. Blonde, blue eyes, not built but she does well with what she has."

"You'll let everyone know?"

"She'll be popular."

Sally looked at me. "Sit. Looks like you have a moneymaker." She asked Jasper, "Anything else?"

"She'll need someone to bring dinner by, and she needs a safety pin."

"A safety pin?"

"For her dress."

"Take care of it." Sally turned to me. "You can join me for dinner. We have some business first. What do you want to call her?"

"Her name's Elizabeth."

"Most of the girls have monikers. Little Orphan Annie's in seven. All the girls are in cabins with numbers on the door. Cabins with letters are residents or guests. Think about it. Liz is okay, too, or even Elizabeth.

"You want to get some photos, face shots, nudes, whatever. Some of the men have favorites and they like a memento. She can ask for a gift for the photos, but otherwise no tipping or extras. The dollar the customer pays is a package deal. Understand?"

"Yes."

"Good. One last thing. Liz will be available to anyone here. White or colored, thin or fat, young or old. If you or she is going to have a problem with that, you'd better leave now. Some girls can't abide a colored man or a chink. Others find the exotic exciting."

"Elizabeth has never had a problem in the past." I was remembering that carload of black men. Elizabeth hadn't been any different with them.

"You?"

"No."

"One last thing. Ben, when he's here, gets his pick. What are your feelings about your father and your girl?"

I hadn't thought about it. I had to admit it made me feel a little queasy but that may have been the idea of my father and any woman, even my mother.

"You're taking your time on that one. I'll put her off limits to him."

"Thank you."

"Ready for dinner? I'm famished."

"Yes." I had to stop myself from saying ma'am.

She walked around her desk; I followed her through the kitchen into the main room of the roadhouse.

It was noisy, smoky and the colored lights strung along the walls and posts did little to illuminate the room. Sally led me to a table and we sat facing each other.

"After dinner, take your token and visit Orphan Annie. I think you and she'll get along."

"But . . ."

"Consider it an order, young man. I know you've had your ashes hauled at least once today, right?"

I nodded.

"But I think you'll like Annie." She said to the waiter, "The usual for me and he gets the same."

There were men in suits, well-dressed women, there were men in work clothes and women who dressed simply. Everyone had something to say.

"A lot of the traffic doesn't even stop in here. They get their tokens and head out back."

I turned to her; didn't say a word. She was leading the conversation.

"We'll be busy tonight until three or four. Need a place to sleep?"

"I was planning to sleep with Elizabeth tonight."

"Honey, she won't be done for hours and afterwards she's going to be tired. Besides, I just meant until she's done."

"I would."

"Use my cabin." She tossed a key onto the table in front of me. "It's the one with the big S on the door."

"Thank you." I took the key and put it in my pocket.

"What was that book you were reading?"

"The Charterhouse of Parma."

"Like it?"

"I don't know yet. I have to read it for school."

"A bit advanced for you. What's your age?"

"Sixteen."

"And she's?"

"Fifteen."

Sally studied me for a moment. "Like school?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Make an effort and you'll be rewarded." Someone came and whispered in Sally's ear. Sally said, "No," and the black woman went off quickly.

"I fight fires constantly. Well, what do you think?"

"It's nice."

"Meet your expectations?"

"I don't know."

"Don't worry. It takes a while." She paused. "I'm about to pry. How long you and she been doing this?"

"Several months."

"You don't look or act the type. If she's able, I'd like to see Liz at breakfast tomorrow. You too. She might be too tired. That's okay. We'll run into each other sometime during the day." Sally looked around the room. "Wonder what's taking them so long with dinner? They're busy." She turned to me. "You're sure this isn't bothering you?"

I shook my head. "I have a cold."

She smiled. "Say hi to Annie. You'll like her. She's more sophisticated than most of them out back. Then go to bed. I won't bother you. I'll be up until the wee hours."

"Thank you."

"You're buying my dinner. You realize that, don't you? And tomorrow morning I might have more personal demands."

"I can't."

"You're a man. You can do it. I promise you, it won't kill you. A little bit of experience would be good for you. All you've ever had are young ones like Liz. Right?"

I shook my head. "I can't."

"Can't or won't?" She looked less happy.

"Can't, miss." She frowned. "Do we have to talk about it here?"

"Maybe we'd better, Charlie me boy. No one can hear us in all this clamor. Go on. Explain why you can't."

"I'm too big," I mumbled. My face was beet red, I was sure of that.

"You're too what?"

"Big," I said louder.

"You're what?"

"Big," I shouted.

Sally laughed. "No one is too big."

I was sure people had stopped talking and were watching us. "I'm still a virgin."

Sally watched my face for a moment then began shrieking laughter. Now I knew everyone was watching. "That's what Dot said, but I didn't believe her. You mean you've never . . ."

I shook my head.

"But the stuff in her hair?"

"My treatments. Sometimes Elizabeth goes overboard."

"I bet she does. I didn't think you were the type. Stand up and drop your pants. I want to see this."

"I have to?"

"Do what I say." Sally's voice was stern.

I stood. "Do I have to?"

"Do it." She watched my hands fumble with my belt. "Stop. Sit down."

I sat and stared at her.

Sally grinned as the plates were set before us. She looked to me, said to the waiter, "Jim, meet Charlie. He's pimping the new girl, Liz, in thirteen."

"Howdy do," the waiter said.

I looked up to him. He had red hair, freckles all over his face and ears that stuck out.

Sally said, "Guess what? He's still a virgin."

Jim grinned at me, left.

"Dot said you were to be deflowered on Sunday. I think I'll add a twist."

Chapter Fourteen

Sally thanked me after dinner and sent me on my way, reminded me that Annie was in seven, though any of the numbered cabins were open to a token.

I got my coat and book from her office and went out the back. The yard looked pretty strung with colored lights. I could hear laughter, cars and smell woodsmoke. The wind was from the west.

I wanted to check on Elizabeth and walked to thirteen. The pathways weren't packed, but there was traffic. I followed a group of three men but stopped when I saw they were headed to thirteen. The word must be out about the new girl. All three went in without knocking. I was given a brief glimpse of the lit room before the door shut behind them.

It was too cold to stay out for long. I found Sally's cabin, a modest, clapboarded, neatly painted structure. It was close to the river, away from most of the noise. I left my book inside, checked the stove and went back out.

In a way I felt deserted by Elizabeth. That was foolish but that was my feeling. At least at Clancy's I could chat with the men there and nurse my coca-cola. Sometime during the night I'd have my treatment.

In spite of the pressure, I enjoyed my treatments and the way Elizabeth matter of factly handled or used me. Her lack of fright, her lack of pretension, made me feel better about myself.

I found cabin number seven and knocked on the door. After a moment it opened and the girl said, "What is this? A gentleman?"

She was pretty, dark-haired, with gray blue eyes. In a way she reminded me of Miss Nichols, though of course Miss Nichols would have nothing to do with a place like this.

"How many are there?" she asked. She stared at me.

"Just one," I said.

"Come in out of the cold." She backed from the door, sat on the bed in her black robe. "Could you check the fire for me?"

I added two pieces of wood, warmed up by the stove before turning.

"Let me guess your name. Do you want to chat first or get down to business right away?"

"Chat, I guess."

"Younger than me. Handsome. Is this your first time in a place like this?"

"Yes."

She smiled. "My only bites are love bites. Andrew?"

"Charlie."

"You can sit on the bed with me." Her eyes looked past me as I walked toward her.

I sat next to her, put the token in her hand.

"Thank you," she said. She turned from me, felt along the shelf until she touched a jar. She dropped the token in to join the others. "There. That's taken care of. What would you like to do? After we talk."

I cleared my throat.

She grinned, the tip of her tongue showed briefly between her lips. "As if I don't know. Want to see what I look like?"

She took my silence for yes and stood. She took off the robe and turned slowly. She sat back on the bed and placed her hands in her lap.

She was pretty; it was hard not to stare.

"Do you have a girlfriend?"

"Yes."

"Is she as pretty as me?"

"Prettier, though not everyone might think so."

"You're nice. Is she a good girl and that's why you're here?"

"I'm a virgin," I said.

"Ah." She held the elbow while her finger tapped her chin. "Ah."

"I think I'd better go."

She held my hand. "Am I scaring you?"

"A little."

"So your heart is beating faster. Your thoughts are jumbled." She laughed, took her hand from mine. "You've fallen in love with me." She touched my hand. "Dear boy, you mustn't fall in love with a girl like me. We're fickle."

The door opened.

"We're busy," she said. "Come back in half an hour." The door closed.

"I should go."

"You have to kiss me or I won't let you leave." She waited. Her pale eyes were aimed just to the left of my face.

I leaned toward her, slipped and my hand fell onto her leg.

She laughed, wrapped her arms around me and pulled me close. She found my lips and we both fell across the bed. One hand took mine and held it to her cool breast.

"I have to go," I said.

She rolled against me, kissed me harder.

The door opened and Sally's voice filled the room. "Well, well. Annie, meet our resident virgin."

"We're getting acquainted now, Sally. He's a nice boy."

"Not so nice, Annie. He has a girl in thirteen."

"I don't believe you." Annie sat up, pulled the robe across her shoulders. "You're letting the cold in. Shut the door." Annie sat so she didn't touch me.

I said, "I should go."

"No, stay a minute." Sally shut the door, stood in front of it. "Annie, I sent Charlie here. How'd he do?"

"I liked him."

"He's okay. He's Ben's son."

"He's not a nice boy, is he?"

"Not so bad. A victim of circumstance. How are you doing tonight?"

"The usual."

"You should quit the blind act. It scares them."

"It's not an act."

"She can see as well as you or me, Charlie."

"Not in here. I'm blind as justice."

"In lucky seven. Want a project?"

"Depends."

"Charlie is spending the night in my cabin. Want to keep him warm? I'll make it worth your while."

"Does he really have a girl here?"

"Liz in thirteen. She's popular tonight."

Annie turned toward me. "How could you?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

Annie stared at me giving no indication she could see me. She turned away from me, felt along the shelf, took the jar and dumped out a token into her other hand. "Here. I don't fuck pimps."

"Betcha change your mind before the end of the weekend. He really is a virgin."

"Here," Annie said.

"Come on, Charlie. Time to tuck you in. Keep it, Annie." Sally opened the door.

I got off the bed, backed away from Annie, said to her, "I'm sorry." She turned holding the token out to me.

Sally took my hand and led me toward her cabin. "Sorry to break things up but I received special instructions about you."

She unlocked the door to her cabin, followed me in. "Go on. Get undressed. I'll stoke the fire."

I stood for a moment, watched Sally bring in an armload of wood.

"Go on," she said. "I don't have all day."

I took off my coat and undressed. Sally watched me with a smile. Her eyes widened when I dropped my drawers.

"You really pulled your pud with a vengeance, didn't you?"

I sat on the bed, covered myself with my hands. "I'm smaller now."

"I bet. I can't wait until Sunday. Okay. Get in position. My instructions were to tie your hands so you can't play with yourself."

I held my hands over my head after getting under the covers.

Sally shook her head. "Of all the damnedest. Does Ben know you're whipped?"

"I don't think so."

"Who did that to your ass?"

"Elizabeth."

"The girl in thirteen?"

I nodded. She snorted and tied my hands.

"Too tight?"

I shook my head.

"It takes all kinds, I guess. So your whore beats your ass. Anything else I should know?"

"How many men is Elizabeth . . ."

"Tonight? Depends. Twenty-five, thirty. Maybe more."

I groaned.

She got off the bed, checked the stove and said from the door.

"Annie will like you tomorrow. Give her a chance. She's lots of fun."

"Is she blind?"

"What do you think?"

I nodded.

Sally smiled. "Her talents are wasted here. My instructions are to wake you when Liz is done and take you over to her cabin, tie you up and I don't think you'll have any problems with her. I bet she'll be too tired to slip you in."

Sally opened the door. "I can't wait until Sunday. I've been invited to watch. All the girls will be there."

I remembered how Annie felt, how different from Elizabeth. Perhaps it was just that Annie looked like how I thought Miss Nichols would look unclothed. I could see the book on the chair. I was still on page one and Elizabeth was forging quickly ahead.

Chapter Fifteen

My life had become a circus of humiliations.

Sally woke me up, left my hands tied, threw the coat over my shoulders, dumped my clothes in my arms and set me on my way to cabin thirteen. "Your precious book will be perfectly okay here. You'll be too busy to read in the morning anyway."

Elizabeth squealed when she saw me at the door, pulled me in, took the clothes and coat from me and left me standing, bound and naked by the stove while she went to get her collection of tokens. She showed them to me, too many to hold in one hand. My only comfort was the knowledge that she had small hands.

"Guess how many?" she said, her hands held high under my nose.

"Twelve?" I was too tired for this.

She shook her head. "Guess again." Her whole face was radiant and smudged.

"Eighteen?"

She shook her head; her whole body followed a beat behind. "Guess again."

"I have to pee."

"I have a trick to show you." She put the tokens in my shoe (of all places), pulled me over to the bedpan.

I lowered my hands, but she said, "No, silly." She pressed up against my back; her hands held my cock and aimed. "Go on."

"It's going to miss."

"Guess how many?"

I took a second to relax my bladder. The stream shot high, she lowered, too much, swung my dick too far to the side, giggling all the time and rubbing her naked body against my back. I think three drops made it to the pot.

She shook my cock, held it as she pressed her chin into my back. "Someone had an accident and will have to clean it up."

"Aren't you tired?"

"Guess how many?" She released me, came back with a towel. "Go on, clean it up."

I knelt and wiped up the pee. Elizabeth said above me, "Tonight was fantastic. I've not had this much fun for ages."

I was unsteady standing up, held the towel to her but she pointed to a basket. "Over there." I let the towel drop from my fingers, turned toward the bed.

"Thirty-three," she said from the bed. "You'd better sleep on the floor. I'm so excited I don't know what would happen if we were together in bed."

She lay back on the bed, pressed her hands over the top of her pussy. "I'm so squishy." She giggled and shook her hips. "Your stuff is under the bed."

"Thanks," I said. I spread the blanket and sheet from my bedroll on the floor, lay down and pulled what cover I could over me.

"You didn't put wood in the stove, did you?"

I got up, opened the stove door and managed with care because of my bound hands to drop two pieces of wood in. As I went toward the bed, she looked up at me and said, "Blow the lamp out."

I lay back down, pulled the cover over my body. The blanket felt awfully thin on the cold floor. "Goodnight," I said.

Elizabeth was quiet on the bed; after a few minutes I could hear her snore.

Breakfast came before my treatment. I was stiff and sore and my head was completely stuffed. Elizabeth sat on the bed by my side as I counted the tokens. She was right. Thirty-three more pages of the book I had read only page of so far. Thirty-three more strokes of the cane. I took a token out, dropped it into my pocket. "I have a date tonight."

Elizabeth could tell I wasn't in a good mood. She hung on my arm with both hands as we walked to the roadhouse. She smelled ripe from all the fucking, looked wildly beautiful. The touch of her bare skin was intoxicating, even with layers of clothing between us.

Annie and six girls were already there along with Sally, Jasper, Jim and several other men whom I didn't know yet. Annie studied Elizabeth carefully as we sat, I across from Annie, Elizabeth next to me on my right. Another girl, older, sat on my left.

"When everybody's here I'll introduce you two," Sally said.

Annie held her coffee cup in two hands and grinned at me over it. "Hiya soldier."

"Who's she?" Elizabeth whispered.

So many answers popped into my head at once I was boggled.

"Who is she?" Elizabeth said louder.

Sally grinned at me. Annie said, "Coming by to visit me again tonight, big boy?"

"You didn't?" Elizabeth said.

Annie took a sip of coffee, her eyes never leaving my face. She blew a kiss at me while Elizabeth was shaking my arm and becoming even more agitated.

Another girl came and I guess that was it.

"Everyone," Sally said. "This is Charlie, Ben's son, and his girl, Liz."

"My name isn't Liz," Elizabeth whispered to me.

"It is here until we can come up with something better."

"Back Door Gertie," Annie said.

Elizabeth tried to freeze Annie with her stare. I looked elsewhere.

"Introduce yourselves," Sally said.

"I already know the men," Elizabeth said.

I expected they were all freebies, not thirty-three, thirty-eight was more like it.

"Charlie doesn't."

"He just knows some of us girls," Annie said with a grin. "Hard to believe he was a virgin."

Elizabeth looked like she was ready to jump across the table.

"Still is, Liz," Sally said. "Don't let Little Orphan Annie get your goat."

"Just a mere technicality."

"Introduce yourselves. You two girls, if you want to fight, save it for later. You can be part of the entertainment tonight. The customers love a good catfight."

"I'm Jasper, we've already met."

I gave each of the men a nod as they introduced themselves. The girl next to me, a red head about twenty, was Sophie. Annie. Sue who was older, plump and friendly. Lori was sullen, dark-haired, like most of the girls; Elizabeth was the only true blonde. Gypsy sat next to Elizabeth and they quickly became pals. Granny was a cook and Soshel, a good-looking black woman, said she wasn't a pro but not above helping out sometimes, was the housekeeper.

The girl who sat next to Annie, Nel, was a mystery to me. She only paid attention to Annie who ignored her almost completely. Nel was very plain with a bad case of acne who was about Elizabeth's age. I

wondered what drew her to a place like this and what drew men to her.

"So, Charlie," Sally said. "I understand you have a treatment scheduled for after breakfast. The girls and I want to watch."

For some reason something Annie did made me blush. I turned to Sally but was interrupted by Elizabeth.

"Charlie and I need to talk first. Don't we, Charlie?"

I gave a nod, afraid to shift my gaze past Annie again. She was a most disquieting young woman. She'd completely fooled me last night, but the strange thing was this morning I wasn't completely sure she could see. Her pale eyes seemed to look past me.

"I'm done," Elizabeth said. "Come on, Charlie."

"We'll meet you at thirteen in five minutes," Sally said. "We'll take care of accounts for you afterwards. And Charlie." I stopped and turned. "It will just be us women attending." Elizabeth jerked my hand and I followed her.

We stood on the short dock on the river. It was December now, cool but the afternoon looked to be sunny and relatively mild.

Elizabeth studied my face, didn't speak right away.

Then she held out her hand. "I want the token back, Charlie. If you want to play house with that bitch you can do it out of your share."

I gave her the token; it wasn't worth fighting about.

"All of a sudden, now I'm a whore, you aren't treating me the same." Elizabeth turned away from me. "I knew it would happen. It's like I'm dirty or something."

If I hadn't spent part of the night sleeping on the cold floor, if Elizabeth's antics hadn't put me off, I might have tried to placate her. I said nothing. I wasn't cold to her, but I refused to acknowledge or dispute a word she said.

"You're the best thing that's ever happened to me. I want us to be lovers forever, even if we can't marry. I know you'll have other women, but I want to be your first. Give me that tomorrow, and I don't care what you do to me."

Her back was to me. The breeze of the river was cold. Her hair raised in wings toward me. Her dress fluttered like a sail. I was cold in my coat; she only wore a lightweight cotton dress.

I held her from behind, my arms across her belly. She gave off so much heat and her heady smell surrounded us. I rested my chin on her head. "Let's go back to the cabin, Elizabeth. You have my love. Annie

intrigues me. No more." My first lie to her. "You'll be my first." Events would conspire differently. "I want to bathe you after my treatment."

"With your tongue?"

"If you like."

She wiggled against me. "I'm sorry. It's just that I know you don't really like me anymore. It makes me crazy."

"I love you."

"That's not the same." She turned in my arms; I found my hand in hers, my hand opened by her and the token placed in it. "From now on, all I make is yours." Her other hand had wormed its way into my pants. "And, for the time being, this is mine."

We kissed and I was dizzy for a moment. Her dress was open, my hands on her breasts. She had to pull me to the cabin.

Granny, Sochel and Nel weren't there. Sally, Annie, Gypsy, Lori, Sue and Sophie were. Someone had put wood in the stove. I got a whiff of smoke when we went in.

They didn't say anything which made it slightly easier for me. Elizabeth rolled out the blanket for me to lie on and waited while I undressed. Annie attempted to make a comment but Sally shushed her.

Six pairs of eyes besides Elizabeth's watched me as I lay down. Elizabeth tied my arms across my chest and covered me with the shroud.

Elizabeth whispered by my head as she tucked the shroud close to me, "Don't disappoint Dot and me, Charlie."

Elizabeth's lips on my cock knowing Annie was watching – that five other women and Annie were watching almost made me falter. I clenched hard, my fingers bit into my arms and I was forced to imagine something disagreeable: Elizabeth and my father coming in from the back yard, him zipping up his pants, giving me a wink. Elizabeth walking up to me and giving me a kiss where I could taste and feel my father on my tongue.

Anger wasn't what I wanted at that moment, what I wanted was peace. I listened to the logs in the potbelly stove crackle and pop. I was the smoke in the chimney, the smoke and embers floating up above the cabin, over the conglomeration of cabins and paths, the barn and the roadhouse, the fields and the river.

I fell asleep.

Elizabeth woke me, saying, "Do it," and slapping my leg. I listened and could hear nothing but Elizabeth's efforts. My cock was in that

tightness deep in her mouth. I felt it, and my whole body whooshed toward it. I came, gave a squeal and my body stiffened.

A moment later, Elizabeth pulled back the shroud. The light around her head was too bright. I could see her eyes, the wetness of her lips and she kissed me.

I was in a daze for several minutes later. She uncovered me; I could see no one else in the room. "Where are they?"

"They left after about forty-five minutes. Sally said it was the damndest thing she'd ever seen. Even Annie was . . ." Elizabeth didn't have a word for it. "Our best time ever, Charlie. An hour and a half and I think you could have gone longer except I was getting sore." She gave a lopsided grin as she tucked me into bed. "Me after thirty-some men last night. Not a care in the world. You're the one who makes me sore." She kissed my nose, tucked the bedcovers around me.

"I need to talk to Sally."

"After lunch." Elizabeth climbed into bed beside me. "I need a nap." She lay half on me, her fingers playing with my cock. She kissed my nose. "It's okay if I play with some of the guys this afternoon, isn't it? After your treatment?" She watched me carefully.

I said, "Of course," but I couldn't tell if that's what she really wanted me to say.

Chapter Sixteen

I had exactly fifteen pages of The Charterhouse of Parma read and little expectation of being able to read more. The girls were all working, Sally needed her cabin for some undefined reason and I was left to my own wits. Sally hinted she had important matters to discuss but left it at that.

I envied Jasper and the other men for being able to take what they wanted or needed from the girls, and my impression was from not a few of the women visitors, and still retain their independence.

Not me. Each treatment today was more grueling than the previous and I'm not entirely sure Elizabeth was alone; Gypsy may have helped her. The two seemed to have become bosom buddies. The attachment wasn't so close to keep Gypsy from cornering me in the afternoon and offering me five dollars to be the one, as she put it, to "pop your cherry."

Having my cherry popped was an absolutely repugnant image. The prospect of what would happen tomorrow was frightening enough without the additional image of objects exploding. If I'd had any sense I would have headed south or north on Talmudge, traveled far, perhaps hopped a freighter and sailed to South America.

Gypsy wasn't the first to offer me an indecent proposal. Sophie was the first; she was in cabin two (I was enjoined to remember the number and location). Sophie's offer was non-monetary, purely for the fun of it. Being speared by my cock wasn't, in my mind, a fun thing to do. She assured me it would be and that Elizabeth need never know.

If Sally's seemed busy Friday night, it was surely busy Saturday night. The place was hopping.

I sat on the dock for as long as I could stand the cold, decided to visit Annie (I admit I wasn't in my right senses), warm up and see if I could go back to Sally's cabin and finish my reading.

I knocked on number seven; there wasn't an answer so I tried the door. Annie sat dressed, her suitcase open on the bed, clothes spread out. "I'm busy," she said. "Try someone else."

I closed the door behind me. She stared at the floor, I stood by the door, not moving, enjoying the heat of the room.

She leaned against the bedstead and sighed loudly. "Is that you, Charlie?"

"Is everything okay?"

"You should leave."

I checked her stove, went out and brought in an armload of wood. She stood, took off her coat, lifted the suitcase from the bed and moved it on the floor.

"Drop the latch, will you?" She stacked her clothes from the bed in a chair and undressed slowly.

I latched the door and warmed my hands by the stove.

Annie, when she was naked, sat in the middle of the bed. "Get my purse for me. It's somewhere in here."

I found her purse, carried it to the bed. She looked in my direction but not at me. She reached out her hand for the purse but was off two feet to my right.

There was a jiggle at the door, a knock. "I'm looking for Charlie," Sally said. "Is he in there with you?"

"Are you?" Annie softly asked.

"No," I said.

"He's not here, Sally, hasn't been by all night. If you see him, tell him I'd enjoy a visit."

Sally walked off without responding.

"Where's my purse?"

"Here." I bumped her hand with it.

She opened the purse, took out her billfold and handed it to me. "Take out twenty."

"Why?"

"You came here to fuck. I'll pay you twenty to be first."

"You're kidding."

"Twenty dollars to a two-bit whore isn't kidding. I trust you to take the right amount."

I gave the billfold back. "Elizabeth will be first."

"Do you have any idea how many johns are wannabe pimps? Your Elizabeth will be in someone else's hands before the weekend's through."

"Okay to talk?"

"So you won't take the twenty?"

"No."

"We can talk, but it'll cost you." She held out her hand.

I gave her the token. She put her billfold back in her purse, left the purse on the bed. She felt along the shelf and dropped the token in the glass jar.

"Sit down," she said.

I sat next to her; she held my hand.

"Your hand is cold."

"I've been outside for a while."

"Having second thoughts?"

"I'm always having second thoughts."

"Nel said that Sophie said your ass was black and blue from all the welts."

"Elizabeth."

"Elizabeth whips you?" She didn't sound surprised.

"After school."

"You can have all the money in my billfold. I'll become your girl, get first crack at you, and you'll get all I make. I won't whip you."

"I love Elizabeth."

"You don't love me?"

"I don't know."

"I think there's two hundred, a little more. We could go north and you could put me in a high-class house, make twenty-five a day off me."

That was a lot of money.

"I could get you other girls. Nel would come along. She thinks she's in love with me." For the first time that night Annie's face turned to mine and she looked at me directly. The way her eyes looked at me made my eyes water. She gave my hand a squeeze. "You aren't saying anything."

"I'm staying with Elizabeth."

"You know how to break a girl's heart, don't you? Thirty to be the one."

"Sorry."

"How sorry?" She grinned at me, pulled my hand to her lap. "Feel that?"

She felt soft, wet and warm.

"I've been told I have the best cunt east of the Mississippi." She leaned against me. "Stick a finger in."

"I couldn't."

"Go ahead. It won't kill you."

"I better not." I tried to pull my hand away. "I better go."

"Go on, stick your finger in and I'll let you leave."

I put my finger in her hole. She was able to grip me so tightly I flushed, felt a wave of heat all over my body. My ears began to roar.

"Kiss me," she said.

I shook my head, trying to escape the grip of her eyes and her cunt. She held my head with both hands and we kissed. "Forty dollars," she said as her hands fell to my legs.

"I have to go."

"You can leave anytime you want to. We can go north and I'll make you rich and we can be lovers in the morning. You'll dress well, have a new car. Nel will work her ass to be near me. We'll have to throw her a sop now and again. Me, never you. You'll be my man. You'll have a dozen girls, but only I will get to touch you like this."

Her hands on my cock felt wonderful. I was so hot I wanted to ask her to let my finger go so I could undress. I wanted something cool to drink. "Do you want me to get you something from the bar?"

Annie laughed so hard my finger popped out. I could smell her; the whole room was suffused with her odor. She smelled clean and unfucked.

There was a pounding on the door. "Charlie, I know you're in there."

It was my sister's voice.

I stood; Annie fell back on the bed laughing. "Dot?"

"Unlock the door, Charlie. Right now."

I slid the latch back, stood aside as Dot and Sally came into the cabin.

"What's her problem?" Dot said.

"It's hot in here." I had to say something.

"Button your fly, Charlie," Sally said. "I'll take him back to my room."

"I'll be with you in just a minute. I have to talk to her first." Dot strode toward the bed.

"Come on, Charlie," Sally said. In the yard she asked, "Did you two?"

I shook my head.

"Myself, I never thought virgins were worth all the trouble. Give me an experienced lover any day." She pushed me toward the path to her cabin. "In your case, I might make an exception."

The cold outside air cleared my senses. I knew I was in trouble.

Sally unlocked her door, told me to sit in the chair and read. I picked up the book but the words swam before my eyes. Dot came in a few minutes later.

"It's okay," Dot said. "They didn't do anything. Is she really blind?"

Sally grinned and said, "Ask him."

"Charlie," Dot said. "I can't leave you alone for a day before you begin causing problems. Drop your pants."

I looked at Dot's face, saw the look in her eyes and decided I'd better do more than she asked. I stripped and waited. Dot went over to a carpetbag and took out her old belt. "I think we'll need a room tonight, Sally."

"B is vacant."

Dot doubled the belt and gave a quick sideways stroke. I tried to keep from making noise.

"It's a good thing Elizabeth isn't here. She encourages him." Dot got a good solid stroke in. "You make me so mad, Charlie."

"I'll leave you to your tender devices," Sally said.

"We'll take B, add it to the tote." Dot gave a quick double stroke that made me hop.

Sally smiled at me from the doorway. "Think about it, Charlie. My mercies are more tender than your sister's."

Dot got in a good one that made me howl. On my hands and knees on the floor, blubbing, my nose suddenly clear as streams of mucus poured from it, I wondered just what the hell was everyone talking about.

Chapter Seventeen

It snowed the night before I lost my virginity. The next morning Dot took me from her cabin to Elizabeth's; neither of us said a word.

The snow around the cluster of buildings was beautiful. The strings of lights along the paths had a dusting of white. I had a moment to enjoy the clear blue sky before entering the gloom of Elizabeth's cabin.

The cabin was very warm and close with all the bodies within. Elizabeth sat on her bed, freshly bathed, her hair still damp. Her bare skin glowed. In attendance were Sally and Soshel on each side in their robes, Soshel's a silk kimono which showed only a little wear. Standing to Sally's left were Annie, Nel and Sophie. Annie's pale eyes glittered. On the other side of the bed stood Sue, Lori and Gypsy.

I hadn't expected an audience and came to a stop in the doorway. Dot gave me a push and shut the door behind us.

Surrealism in 1933 existed only in the minds of a few artists, most of whom lived in Paris. None of them then, and few afterwards, could have portrayed what I saw and felt.

The room was quiet except for Elizabeth's giggles. The poor girl was just as nervous as I was and for good reason. I hoped that those present wouldn't need to be called as witnesses in an inquest.

Dot had dinned into my head a litany of the unending punishments I would receive if I screwed up this morning. I tried not to think of the glee she had when she showed me the rusty ax which she promised would solve the problem for once and all if I didn't acquit myself well.

My mouth was suddenly very dry.

"Take your clothes off, numskull," my sister said. I complied woodenly while Dot spread the blanket on the floor and prepared the shroud.

Seeing Annie's face made me wonder if I hadn't made a mistake last night. If we'd done it, then all this would be necessary. I'd be free. Seeing Elizabeth's face reminded me what my loss would have been.

I lay on the blanket and waited while Dot tied my arms.

"Just a minute, Dot," Elizabeth said. I turned my head and watched her get off the bed and walk gracefully toward me. She'd gained so much this weekend, had a poise and charm she hadn't had

before. She knelt by me and kissed me slowly. She raised her lips from mine, whispered, "Forty-eight last night plus the boys who work here."

I think my eyes showed a little of the terror I felt. She touched my lips with her finger, said, "I have a surprise for you." She rose and helped Dot cover me and tuck in the shroud.

Not one woman in the room warned Elizabeth of her immanent danger. I licked my lips and said in the darkness that surrounded me, "I love you, Elizabeth."

I felt Elizabeth's mouth on my cock then she crawled onto me.

"Charlie," she said. "I'm to be first and last. Others will help me but you have to save yourself until I tell you. Don't disappoint me."

Her hands held my cock as if it were a prayer. The grace that followed was overwhelming. I heard Elizabeth gasp and then there was movement.

I almost fainted, had to try to separate myself from the sensations Elizabeth's sweet hole offered and her soft grunts. She, all of a sudden, placed her hands on my arms; all of her weight bore on my chest.

There was so much happening it was easy to forget myself. Each motion or touch splintered into a thousand shimmering bits. I found myself standing on a plain of broken glass which, in the sun, sparkled with a too bright intensity. I squinted my eyes and listened to the sounds of my footsteps.

No names were said, but I could feel a difference with each one. A different tempo, touch or tightness. A difference in breathing. I'm unable to tell how many used me, if all or just certain ones. It could have been the same three in infinite variation or it could have been all nine, excepting my sister and there was no way to know if that exception was warranted.

I didn't try to put names or faces to what I felt, though I had to believe one was Annie's because of her grip on me and the deftness of her touch. That's when I almost lost myself, saved only by a timely kick in the side.

I could tell Elizabeth had fun during all this because her giggles floated around the room. I heard the stove door open, logs placed in, and heard the iron door grind closed. I heard footsteps on the floor close to my head. I heard the rustle of cloth – the shroud, robes, bedding – I never could quite tell which.

I tried not to think about my state as a novelty for a group of prostitutes to amuse themselves with on a slow Sunday morning. I

tried not to think about Annie's offer, going north to Chicago or Detroit, perhaps New York City itself. I tried not think of Miss Nichols and what she would say tomorrow about my deplorable progress in my reading of The Charterhouse of Parma. I especially tried not to think either of the punishment I was due or her opinion of the current proceedings.

I tried not to visualize her look of loathing as various women rutted on me or even worse, a look pass over her sculpted features that meant she wished she too would have a chance.

I heard the door open and close. The cold air chilled me; I was sensitive to the icy December air let in.

My jaw hurt because of how I clenched my teeth. I tried to breathe through my mouth. The room was quiet as a new one climbed on top of me, settled slowly onto my cock.

Years later I'm amazed at how the women restrained their vocal reaction. I never asked Elizabeth, my sister or anyone else who was in the room but I believe they held a piece of fabric between their lips, a glove or hanky. Something to bite down and muffle sounds from the throat.

As the tempo picked up, Elizabeth screamed, "Do it. Do it." I could hear panting. Elizabeth screamed, "Oh God." My cock was buried in her and I felt her body rub my legs. I let go, gasped shrilly, and rose to meet the engulfing cunt. I heard a grunt, felt the body shudder on mine and a collective sigh from the others in the room.

I heard Annie's voice by my ear, "You're so much more appealing with your face covered."

Elizabeth said, also close to my ear, "Oh, Charlie. That was fantastic."

Someone's hand, Elizabeth's? attempted to pull the shroud from my face, was stopped by Dot. "Not yet."

The cunt left me or I fell out first, I didn't know which. I was crying and my jaw ached and I had to pee. The room quieted and the shroud was lifted from my face. Elizabeth looked down on me with a smile. She kissed me and held me close to her as I heard people leave.

Dot said above us, my eyes were shut but she didn't sound angry, "I'll see you both tonight at home." Eventually Elizabeth's kisses stopped and she uncovered me.

Untied I hobbled toward the bedpan. Elizabeth held me, as before, and missed just as badly. As I cleaned up the mess she prepared our bed.

I hadn't lain like this with Elizabeth, both naked and exhausted from lovemaking – she with others, me too with others – and unbound. I reveled in my freedom and took every opportunity to explore her body. Elizabeth never resisted, almost always permitted, lay completely open to me.

I was the one who fell asleep first.

Elizabeth was out of bed when I woke, neatening the room, beautiful in her naked animal splendor, humming sweetly. I couldn't forget the sensation of being buried deep within her, completely understood every man's desire to do the same. I understood how cruel some girls could be and how completely without artifice my lover was.

She noticed my eyes on her, grinned and walked toward the bed. I reached out and touched her cunt.

"There's no time, Charlie. I'm going to be busy in a few minutes. You're to stay in B. Dot left the key by the lamp." Elizabeth seemed so much older than me.

"We have to reach an understanding. Just as everything I make with my body is yours, everything you make with your body is mine."

I wondered what she was talking about. She took my shoe off the shelf and showed it brimming with tokens from last night. "This is yours." She took a gray rag from beside the shoe, unfolded it and showed me a handful of tokens and a stack of bills. "And this is mine from this morning." She folded the rag carefully, put it by the shoe.

"You need to get dressed and get out of here." She pulled the covers from the bed, sat watching me. She said after a moment. "You're so beautiful, Charlie. You should have seen them. If anyone visits you in B this afternoon, you must get at least a token, preferably more. Unlike me, Charlie, you can accept money, gifts and tips. Sally said so."

Elizabeth pulled me close to her. I saw her breasts jiggle and wondered if they hadn't grown larger. Her nipples looked so sweet and pink. "You can't say no because of age or race. Understand? Just like me." She let me go, hunted for her brush.

I watched her brush her hair. The sun through the window behind her made every hair glow. I ached to be in her.

She took my hand, pulled me toward the door. "Dot wanted me to remind you about your Charterhouse of Parma assignment." She kissed me. "I love you, Charlie. I wanted to be your first, but you'll understand that the two hundred and fifty dollars was an offer I couldn't refuse. I'll try to make it up to you tonight." She pushed me out the door. "Tomorrow I'm going to buy a new dress."

Chapter Eighteen

My afternoon wasn't at all like I expected. I'd planned to finish my assigned reading in The Charterhouse of Parma, perhaps have a nap, and maybe even see if someone would join me in a snowball battle.

By four, Sally had been the longest visitor and had left only a few minutes earlier. Sally's proposition was simple, in her mind at least. She seemed to believe we'd discussed things we hadn't, or that there was a complete understanding on my part on what she talked about.

I liked Sally and I enjoyed being able to relax with her and not have to perform tricks like a pet dog. I'd collected tokens from Sophie and Gypsy and while the experience was tremendously exciting for me, and perhaps a bit of a letdown for them, who I really wanted to be with was Elizabeth.

Sally enjoyed talking about the past and I enjoyed hearing her stories. She was plainly lonely and I thought she missed my father's presence. I tried not to think of what that presence entailed. And I especially tried not to think of Sally's part in the events of this morning.

The Charterhouse of Parma wasn't like any other book I'd ever read. I still didn't know who the hero, or heroine, was or even when the story was supposed to take place. The affairs of the del Dongos were confusing to say the least.

I was saved from being further confused by a knock on the door. I looked at the page number before laying the book aside and saw I was only on page sixteen. I hated to think of what Miss Nichols would do to me tomorrow. And the thought of trying to catch up with Elizabeth's efforts this weekend was daunting.

I unlatched the door and saw Nel with Annie behind her. Annie looked slightly to my left. Her pale eyes and the seriousness in the way she held her lips distracted me.

"Can we come in?" Nel asked. She didn't seem any too pleased with the prospect.

"Show him," Annie said.

Nel held out her open hand. Two tokens and a two-dollar bill.

I swallowed hard because I was a bit worn out.

"Well?" Nel said and I stood away from the door.

Annie's hand was on Nel's shoulder. Nel led her to the bed and they both sat down, Nel watching me, Annie's eyes focused elsewhere. I shut the door and sat in the chair.

"Where do we do it?" Nel asked. She stood and took off her coat and dress, tossed them into a corner.

"What's he doing?" Annie asked.

"Getting an eyeful."

Annie grinned, rose to her feet and undressed. "Is the door latched?"

Nel got up and checked, latched the door. Nel's body wasn't attractive to me in the way Annie's was. Nel was short, red haired, freckled all over and plump. She sat on the bed next to Annie and stared at me antagonistically. She didn't seem to like me at all.

After a couple of minutes Nel said, "I need to get back to work soon. Are we going to do it or not?"

I sighed, got to my feet and undressed. This was so much work. I lay down in the center of the floor and waited.

Annie smiled, looked off in the distance. "Nel's going to show you something, Charlie. Then we have a proposition to make. Isn't that right, Nel?"

Nel shrugged. She was plainly not excited. She stood, walked slowly toward me.

"Show him," Annie said.

Nel turned away, bent her knees and pulled her butt cheeks apart.

What I noticed were dirty fingernails.

"She's been taking it in the ass all day to get ready for you." Nel let go of her butt checks, straddled me, facing away from me and slowly squatted.

I was young and the mere thought of a naked woman got me hard. I'd been tempered by Elizabeth somewhat, but seeing Annie and to a lesser extent Nel had me ready.

I lost two virginities that Sunday and in retrospect neither was the event it could have been. I'm sure my readers have all be told that with a loved one sex is always best, being told and actually experiencing the difference is something that occurred after an expanse of time in my life. Years later I can confirm the truism.

Nel rested on me, breathing heavily. I saw her round ass, not as pimped as her face, jiggle almost imperceptibly. I saw movements that felt like cataclysms.

Annie shuffled her feet as she walked. "How does that feel, Charlie? Like heaven?"

She fell to her hands and knees. I watched her breasts sway as she crawled, one hand out, feeling.

"You wouldn't take the two hundred last night. Nel chipped hers in too. We have almost four hundred. It's yours if you take us from here. We'll be your girls."

Annie straddled my face and slowly lowered herself.

Annie tasted different from Elizabeth. The sperm in her was that complex melody, each time a little different. Annie's own taste was wetter, saltier, slipperier.

This was different from the games Elizabeth and I had played. Quieter, more intense in sensory experience, and any time Annie was near me my heart beat faster.

"Show him what you can do," Annie said.

Nel began to move, slowly at first, quickly building up to a violent crescendo. Annie rose slightly so I could breathe. She held my hands in hers, swayed above me.

If I hadn't been afraid of hurting Nel, I might have enjoyed it more. Annie settled back down on my mouth, held my hands to her chest and slowly rocked as Nel jerked rapidly up and down.

I don't know how much time had passed when Annie said, "Get him ready for me."

The tightness that was Nel left me and I felt her body shift as she changed position. Annie swung off me and I could see Nel as she lowered her mouth to my cock. Her face was wet and I could see she was crying. When she was done she held my cock for Annie.

Annie slid slowly down, facing me, her head tilted back, Nel's left hand on her hip. When I was completely in Annie stopped moving, held Nel's hand and let out a gasp.

Being able to see what was happening was new to me. I'd been able to watch Elizabeth's hand and mouth at first, less frequently when the shroud came into use. This morning I'd seen no one and the sensation was pure, unsullied by visual impression.

What I saw now profoundly affected my experience.

Sophie, Gypsy, Nel and now Annie, each experience was different in ways I couldn't analyze then, try not to analyze now. Besides now, with Nancy, there's love which alters everything.

"Almost four hundred dollars, Nel's ass and my cunt, and a promise of at least twenty-five a day from the both of us. Chicago or New York if you want. A new car, nice clothes. You can take in other women if you want." Annie gave my cock a squeeze and I yelped.

"You shouldn't have to think that hard, Charlie." Her cunt began to move in ways hands and a mouth never could.

"Elizabeth," I gasped. I arched my back to drive deeper in her.

"Elizabeth stays here. Just us, Nel and I. Help him decide, Nel."

Nel gave me a look that was frightening. She let go of Annie's hand and moved toward my chest. She grasped a nipple, my left, and twisted. This was the first time I'd seen her smile.

I think I screamed. Nel slapped my face, pinched me harder and then struck my face with the back of her hand in full swing.

"She'll hurt you unless you say yes."

I tried to protect myself with hands as Nel pinched and slapped me. Annie meanwhile fucked me with the best cunt east of the Mississippi. Below my waist I was deeply thrust into bliss' seat. Above my waist I waged a battle to protect myself from Nel's cruelty.

"Say yes," Annie said.

Nel leaned closer, held both my ears and whispered, "I hate you," before giving them a twist. My hands were unable to stop hers. I reached up as Nel opened her mouth and began to bend down. Her teeth looked sharp as daggers. I pushed against Nel's face; she bit a finger hard. I shrieked as her hands reached for my eyes.

"Say yes," Annie said.

"Yes," I said.

"Back off," Annie said. "Let me seal the agreement."

Nel knelt over me, her hands by her sides, her face vacant as she watched us. Annie's cunt relaxed slightly and she fucked me hard and fast. "Do it," Annie shouted.

I gasped and my spine jolted and it felt like half my body tried to climb through my prick into Annie who held still, her cunt walls rippling.

I think I passed out. One moment I was there under Annie and the next Nel held my arms behind my back as we left the cabin. I was dressed, shaky and out of breath. Annie followed behind. I could hear her whisper to Nel.

Nel frightened me, but Annie terrified me. Nel was like a mad dog of frightful aspect. Annie was the dog's owner who had great glee in

using it to terrify small children. There was no telling what Annie might do next.

Nel pushed me toward the dock. We were almost there when Elizabeth said behind us, "There you are."

My heart actually did a happy skip.

Nel stopped me and Elizabeth came into view. "I thought you might try to slip away." She held out her hand to Annie. "The money first, then you can take him." Elizabeth gave me a wink. "Dot's orders."

"Dot's orders," I said a bit too loudly.

"You don't think we'd just let you wander off, do you?"

"They tried to kill me."

"It's a hundred for all night. You know the rule, girls."

"What?" I said.

Elizabeth grinned at me. "Don't worry, they don't have it."

Annie held out her billfold. "It's in there."

Elizabeth opened the billfold, counted through the money, and took out a hundred. "Thank you."

"But you said they wouldn't have it." I wanted to say more but Nel convinced me to keep my mouth shut.

"I didn't think they would." Elizabeth said to Annie, "He's to be in school tomorrow."

"He'll be there," Annie said.

"You can't let them . . ." Nel could be cruel.

"A deal's a deal, Charlie."

"But . . ."

"I'll see you tomorrow, Charlie." Elizabeth folded up the bills and stuffed them in her dress pocket. "I'd better get back to work."

Nel pushed me toward the dock where I saw a rowboat tied.

"Sorry, Charlie," Annie said behind us. "It's now almost three hundred. We'll make it up to you. Won't we Nel?"

Nel shoved me and I almost fell off the dock.

Chapter Nineteen

My three days with Annie and Nel ranged from tediously boring times alone tied up to spectacular sex that I still remember. The sex was with Annie when Nel was out working. Nel and I never did anything, at least not that way.

The first night, down river in a seedy hotel whose halls stank of urine, I slept on the floor, bound more carefully than Elizabeth or Dot ever cared to do. The tying was Nel's work, done while she complained about how I'd ruined her ass, accented with a few kicks that did no lasting damage. Annie was able to seduce Nel from Nel's delight in abusing me and they spent the night in the bed making love. I witnessed, by ear, I wasn't able to see them, a new and different face of Nel's and could perhaps better understand her hostility toward me.

Nel peddled herself afternoons and evenings; Annie stayed with me. I remained bound, my feet untied for visits to the bathroom down the hall led by Nel. I began to know how a dog must feel that must stay inside all day and its reaction to its master's footsteps.

I'm not quite sure how Annie proposed to shift the dynamic so that I would be in charge as their, or more properly her, man. I think she imagined Nel's work would replenish the billfold and that someday everything would be as she'd promised me.

Even after three days I couldn't tell if Annie was truly blind. There were moments when I believed her eyes were as good as mine.

Annie's use of me, in Nel's absence, was sedate and prolonged. I won't pretend that I didn't look forward to those times in her amazing cunt, but I found myself more and more pretending I was with another which caused not a little confusion since it wasn't proper to think such things of one's high school principal.

While Nel and Annie made love in the bed above me I thought back, after a day the weekend seemed ages ago, to Elizabeth, her scent and her smile and the way her skin felt against mine. If it had been Elizabeth who'd taken me, I couldn't help but believe I would have been a great deal happier.

My rescue came Wednesday night before Nel was back. Jasper and Dot appeared in the open doorway, Annie stopped briefly what she was doing on me then continued more briskly. Dot shut the door behind them, stood next to Jasper watching us. I smiled up to her.

"You're in trouble with Miss Nichols, I hope you know."

"Do it," Annie said. "Do it."

My back arched and my eyes pleaded with Dot's as I came. Annie fell across me.

"The deal," Dot said, "is that you get to borrow," she emphasized the verbal, "him. Not keep him."

Annie held me and didn't say a word. I couldn't move with her on top of me and my hands and feet tied.

"Elizabeth's down in the car waiting for us, Charlie. When you're done." Dot sat on the bed.

Jasper leaned against the wall and grinned at me. I guess he knew what this felt like. He must have an older sister too.

"What upset Miss Nichols the most, Charlie," Dot said, "Was that you didn't take The Charterhouse of Parma with you."

"I didn't have an opportunity to pack."

"Check to see if there's any money around here, Jasper."

That roused Annie. She sat up, still gripping my cock tightly so I couldn't slide out. "That's ours," talking about the billfold Jasper had found.

"You owe Elizabeth, dear." Dot kicked her feet like a little girl as she looked down at us.

"Charlie wanted to go with me. Isn't that true, Charlie?"

I shook my head.

"You said yes."

"Nel was torturing me."

"She loves you."

I rolled my eyes.

"I love you." She began to rock her hips.

"I think he's done for a while, Annie."

Jasper took money from the billfold and handed it over Annie's head to Dot. Annie grabbed for it.

"You can see," I said.

"Is he stupid or what?" Dot said. She stuffed the money into her sweater, got off the bed and kicked me.

Annie jumped up, almost tearing my cock off, and struck at Dot. Jasper held Annie as she struggled. Annie managed to kick me as I tried to roll away.

"Untie me," I said.

"Why?" Dot said. She took the money out of her sweater and began counting it.

"So I can go. Nel is crazy. She wants to kill me."

"Sounds sane to me," Dot said. She separated the bills into three piles. She folded one pile in half and stuffed it back into her sweater. "This is yours, Jasper." She touched a pile. "And this is Elizabeth's."

"Please," I said.

"Oh, all right." Dot bent and struggled with the knots. "I'm going to need a knife."

"Are you going to be good?" Jasper asked Annie. She gave a nod and stopped fighting him. Jasper took a pocketknife out of his back pocket, opened it and handed the knife to Dot.

Dot's eyes gleamed when she held the knife. She rotated the blade so it glinted. "If you weren't finally beginning to pay Elizabeth back for everything you put her through, brother mine, I'd cut it off and leave you here."

I watched the blade as it moved overhead. I twisted to watch her cut my hands from the bed leg. She only nicked me once. My ankles were cut free and I sat up.

Annie dressed in a corner. I found my clothes, put them on after removing the ropes from my wrists and ankles. I wanted to leave before Nel got back.

Dot handed me a pile of money. "This is Elizabeth's. You give it to her."

I saw a twenty on top and didn't look further. My hands were shaking when I put it in my pocket.

"What about me?" Annie said as Jasper opened the door to leave.

Dot looked to me. "Well?"

"I don't know," I said.

"That's the truth." Dot said to Annie, "Come along and we'll see what Elizabeth says."

Annie put her hand on my shoulder and followed me, putting on her blind act again.

"What about Nel?" I said.

"I don't care about Nel," Annie said behind me.

"So be it." Dot led us down to the car.

Elizabeth jumped out of the Chevy, ran to me and gave me a big hug. "Charlie!"

I was happy to see her too.

"See the car I bought. Once you learn, you can drive it." Elizabeth noticed Annie and stopped. "Oh."

Annie said, "I want to go back too."

"It's your choice," Dot said.

"Charlie?" Elizabeth pulled me away from Annie's grip.

Jasper got into the driver's seat; Dot sat next to him. Annie waited next to the car watching us.

"What do you think, Charlie?"

I honestly didn't know. I still liked Annie for some reason but trusted her about as far as I could throw her.

"Is she good in bed?" Elizabeth asked this and looked down. She was blushing.

"Yes," I said.

"Better than me?"

"No. I love you."

She raised her eyes and smiled. "You still love me?"

"Of course," I said. She was in my arms.

"I've made you a ton of money, Charlie. Not as much as you've made me, that's true."

"Oh," I said. I took the wad of bills out of my pocket and handed it to her.

She counted the money twice before folding it and putting it in her coat pocket. "New dress, Charlie. See?" She unbuttoned the coat and showed me.

She looked so beautiful. The dress had only one stain, on the bodice, and that looked recent. Her blonde hair glinted in the sun. "We'll keep her, Charlie, if she gives half to me, half to you. How does that sound? And she'll get a freebie once a week. Seems only fair." She grinned at me. "I've missed you."

"Elizabeth, you have no way of knowing how much I've missed you."

"Shall I tell her?"

"Please."

"Go wait in the car then." Elizabeth turned back to me. "Isn't she a beauty? Cost a hundred but isn't she a beauty?"

I watched Elizabeth walk to Annie, noticed Elizabeth had new shoes too. I sat in the car behind my sister and waited. Elizabeth sat next to me and Annie behind Jasper.

Elizabeth and I held hands during the drive back; everyone in the car was silent. Jasper parked in front of my Mom's house and Dot and I got out. We had to wait as Elizabeth tipped Jasper. Annie watched us from the back. She motioned to me with her finger.

I went to her window. "Thank you," Annie said.

"Thank Elizabeth."

"I will when she's done." She paused. "I'm sorry."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"It was fun while it lasted, wasn't it?"

I didn't have the heart to tell her, on the balance, no, although there were moments.

"I'm sorry," she said. She cried beautifully.

I gave her hand a squeeze and left her. Elizabeth joined us after a few moments and she took me upstairs to our room, the twins were sleeping on the couch.

Elizabeth watched me with so much happiness in her face as Dot tied me to my bedstead. After putting me to bed she and Dot left to go downtown. Elizabeth wanted to see if she could get a few more in before tomorrow.

As I lay in my bed, warm and at home, the best place to be, with the love of a good woman sustaining me in lieu of dinner, I tried not to think of the total number. Elizabeth would tell me tomorrow morning. It could be hundreds.

Chapter Twenty

Before third period began I knocked on Miss Nichols' office door. "Come in," she said.

She was behind her desk, dark hair in a tight bun, collar buttoned, her hazel eyes flashed when she saw me. "Sit down. I will be with you in a moment."

I sat in the chair placed in front of the desk and breathed a sigh of relief. In a perverse (very perverse!) way I'd begun to think Annie and Miss Nichols were the same person. Of course they weren't and I knew that. Perhaps it was wishful thinking except Annie terrified me, whereas Miss Nichols only frightened me. They were similar – dark hair, same general outline of the face – but their eyes were entirely different. Annie's were almost lifeless. Miss Nichols', while they were able to freeze me, had warmth. A hint of the emergence of green in spring.

I'd only finished the first sixteen of the fifty pages of my assignment and I knew I had no excuse to offer. Plenty of reasons, but I couldn't offer the goings on of a brothel to Miss Nichols. She was worlds apart from such adventures; another way in which she and Annie were diametrically opposed.

The bell rang; Miss Nichols put down her pen and raised her eyes. There was no smile. "Well," she said.

When I swallowed the noise was so loud she winced.

She stood and walked toward me. As she circled my chair her dress brushed my shoulder. She went back toward the desk, passed it and stood in front of the window. A halo of light surrounded her; I could just barely make out the details of her face.

"Well, Mr. Johnston. What do you have to say for yourself?"

I didn't have anything to say for myself. I couldn't even plead stupidity.

"I understand that sweet Elizabeth wasn't enough for you. After debauching her, you set out to turn your sister to ruin."

"My sister?" My voice squeaked.

"My understanding is that she, like Elizabeth, will be," she paused, "working, an euphemism if ever there were one, at Sally's. Next weekend." She leaned forward, placed her hands on the desk. "I also understand that one of the poor unfortunates who," she paused,

"works there, is now under your sway. When will enough be enough, Mr. Johnston?" She stood, turned toward the window and shut the curtains. "I find it hard to bear even looking at you." She shut the other window's curtains and the room was pitch dark. "You outshine the devil himself."

I heard the chair scrape, a rustle of cloth. I could see nothing in the room. I heard her settle the chair close to me, heard her sit down.

"When. If, rather, you reach the end of The Charterhouse of Parma, you will read where the two lovers meet in silence and darkness. Like this, but we aren't lovers, Mr. Johnston. Oh no. You are the fiend and I a poor woman who must devise a way to save my gender from your evil clutches. Put out your hand."

I stuck out my hand and it was taken, held between both of hers. I broke out in a sweat. She didn't speak which made it worse. My hand was held by hers, and I felt such a rush of pleasure. I could smell her, not her, the toilet water she used, the powder on her face, and her dress' starch.

I didn't want to think of her naked and in my clutches, or me naked in hers, but that's what came to mind. What came to mind was how Annie felt when she used me. I bit my lip.

"There," she said. "Perhaps that will help. Prayer has remarkable powers, Mr. Johnston. And I pray I may stop whatever pernicious influence you have on young females. I pray they see the error of their ways. And I pray you become again a son whose mother would be proud of him." She let go of my hand.

I had an erection. I left the book on my lap and held the wood chair seat with both hands.

"Tell me about your weekend, Mr. Johnston."

I was dumbfounded.

"I already have Elizabeth's astounding numbers. Well, Mr. Johnston. I can guess, without asking, that you didn't do your reading assignment. I can only assume by where you were and who you were with what you were doing instead. And then that little gallivant with two denizens of such a place. Alone in a hotel room with two women of the night for almost three whole days. Tell me. Was it worth it?"

I was sweating profusely. My erection jerked and the book fell off my lap.

"We're waiting," Miss Nichols said.

"Annie and Nel kidnapped me."

She gave a snort. "Surely it was the other way around. I was told you were found engaged in an act of . . . Such things must not be talked about on these premises."

"They did. They kidnapped me. Nel beat me up."

Miss Nichols gave a low laugh. "You fantasize, Mr. Johnston. The woman you call Nel is a victim. A weak defenseless creature coarsened by contact with the likes of you."

It felt so close in the room I was finding it hard to breathe.

"Well, Mr. Johnston?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Nichols."

"Sorry for what?"

"That you don't believe me."

"Why should I?"

"Because it is the truth."

"You think you are able to discuss truth with me? What is sweet Elizabeth?"

"My girlfriend?" Even I wasn't sure any more.

"She's a . . ." Miss Nichols rose to her feet, said above me, "You know very well what she is."

I swallowed noisily.

"And this woman you call Annie. Don't you imagine she has a family, a sister perhaps, who worry about her? Who would like nothing more than to have her home again rather than, what? Mr. Johnston."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"Sorry for what? This discussion is going in circles."

"I'm going to be sick."

She moved closer, took my head and held it close to her. My face was buried in stiff cloth. I could feel a corset underneath. I didn't know then what it was – stiff and unpliant. When I finally did understand what a corset was and what it felt like, I hearkened back to this moment.

"Come, Mr. Johnston. Be a man."

I could barely breathe.

"Feeling better?"

I shook my head as much as her hands allowed. Her fingers moved slowly across the back of my head, down my neck, onto my back.

"What is it about you, Mr. Johnston, that makes young women lose their senses and do wanton acts? You look and dress average enough. You have no money, in spite of three women's efforts to make you wealthy. You are a failure and you aren't even a man yet. What about you makes women into sots?" She pulled my face back using a handful of hair.

I could see nothing but she moved and acted as if she could see plain as day.

"Let me tell you a secret. Kneel first. Down on your knees."

I slid off the chair after she stepped back. I looked from my knees up into darkness that was bright and coruscating. I heard a rustle of cloth and realized Miss Nichols knelt in front of me. I couldn't tell if it was inches or feet away.

"Hands behind your back. Hold them."

I felt her move close to me, her arm circled around me, and her hand held my wrists.

"Say, I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry, Miss Nichols."

I could feel her breath on my cheek.

"What is there about you that makes me want to do certain things? Things a woman shouldn't, mustn't do or even let the thought of them linger for a moment."

My heart hammered. I licked my lips.

"I see your smirking visage and my immediate impulse is to lash out. I want to leave deep fingernail scratches down your cheeks. I want to brutalize you." Her voice softened.

"I think of poor Elizabeth or the woman you call Annie held in your fetid embrace. I want to tear you limb from limb. I want to revel in your disemboweled corpse." She sighed. "I'm lying of course."

Each syllable was a puff of her sweet air on my cheek. I was utterly lost. I had no idea what she was talking about.

"When you come to the end of The Charterhouse of Parma, remember our discussion. Remember the darkness. Remember the silence that surrounds the lovers' embraces." She let go of my wrists, moved away. "We'd best not meet like this again, Mr. Johnston." She stood. "I'm stronger than some of my sisters. You will not prevail."

I heard the curtains open, kept my eyes closed.

"To be in such a state in a woman's presence is an affront, Mr. Johnston."

I looked down and blushed. I held the book in front of me. "I'm sorry," I said.

She rushed across the room, slapped me hard. She stood above me where I sprawled on the carpet breathing in painful gasps. Her cheeks were flushed.

I wanted so much for her to like me.

"When you are presentable, please leave." I heard her sit at the desk.

I got up off the floor and sat in the chair, covering myself with the book. It was a long twenty minutes. Miss Nichols ignored me until I got up to leave.

"Third period tomorrow, Mr. Johnston. I hope, after our discussion, that you will want to read the book. No more shilly-shally."

I turned and looked into her hazel eyes. There was the faintest of mocking smiles on her lips.

Chapter Twenty-one

None of the subsequent third period sessions with Miss Nichols were quite so dramatic as the first. In fact my life entered a pattern that remained the same (except for important exceptions) until the end of the school year.

At the end of every school day, Elizabeth and I went to Miss Nichols' office for detention. While Miss Nichols at times was charming during third period, she was always stern and verbally chastised me during detention. Elizabeth always used the cane on me, the number was always forty strokes, though Elizabeth had to report her twenty-four hour number to Miss Nichols. That report always resulted in the principal's tongue-lashing of me.

Being in the same room with Miss Nichols was unnerving for me no matter how nice she was or verbally unmerciful (I never got used to either). While she held my shoulder during my whipping I shuffled unsteadily between pure bliss and pure terror.

Miss Nichols' eyes could cause me to stop in my tracks, mumble or lose all control and break into tears. I always felt like she could see inside me, judge the good and the bad, and that I could hide nothing from her, not even my thoughts and firmly stifled desire.

At night when I should have been sleeping I remembered Miss Nichols' glancing touch and then I imagined what she would look like wearing less clothing. Never naked. I couldn't imagine Miss Nichols undressed. She wore black, satin or leather depending on the mood, tight dress or riding pants with a black silk blouse. I was obsessed. Part love, part a desire to better understand my foe.

My time at Sally's wasn't entirely wasted. I saw and heard things. The girls told me stories or led me on adventures (never outside the cabin, mind you).

At home, at nights, I continued to be bound. Elizabeth more often than not shared Dot's bed rather than mine. She said she was too tired or was saving me for some unexplained big event.

That Elizabeth was tired I don't doubt. She worked evenings at Sally's and whole weekends once I learned how to drive her car. Besides her work for me, she had to manage my work for her which was less spontaneous and often required arranging setting and cast.

Elizabeth and I still loved each other, talked of marriage, once we'd made enough money. The memo book always showed an

astounding debit in spite of Elizabeth's numbers each day. I had no say in what happened to the money I made her.

One bit of unfinished business to be taken care of that week was Elizabeth's pregnancy. The Sunday I was kidnapped, Sally promised to take care of everything (her exact words) for fifty dollars. The date for the procedure was Sunday the following week.

I must have shrieked when Elizabeth told me fifty dollars because she instantly went to work to mollify me.

I said it again. "Fifty dollars?"

"Don't you like my new dress?" This was on Friday before detention. Elizabeth had gone shopping again, had a second new dress and bought a sweater for me.

I was wearing the sweater, two sizes too small so the wrist openings were halfway up my arms and the tail three inches above my belt. It hurt to breathe. Elizabeth had forced me to wear the thing (I was to wear it every day until the end of the school year) using tactics that ranged from tears to threats. I was able to withstand the onslaught for two minutes before caving in utterly.

"It's a beautiful dress, Elizabeth."

"Aren't I worth fifty dollars?"

"More than that." She waited, watching my face, lips parted, arms holding me tightly. There was a cute smudge on her chin. "You mean everything to me. It was a shock. That's all."

"Sally said I can still have babies. We'll just put it off a while until I'm ready." She neatened my sweater and began to make plans for the weekend.

The weekend was more of the same for Elizabeth, much more. We barely saw each other. Dot worked at Sally's on weekends too but I was never sure doing what exactly. She had a lettered cabin, took men like the girls but it wasn't a constant stream.

My time at Sally's, once things settled down, was spent in B, divided between treatments (Dot insisted on their continuance), study for Miss Nichols' third period sessions and customers.

We'll talk about customers later. The important thing to remember is that there was very little time for study.

Jasper taught me how to drive. There were only three lessons since I just had to know how to start, steer and stop the thing. The car went from school to Sally's to home. About two miles round trip.

Elizabeth called me her chauffeur, had Dot sit in the back seat with her. Both of them had the crudest comments for the males we passed on our trips. I was often in a state of embarrassment.

I had to wear a special hat while driving, hold the doors open for them and do just about everything but click my shoes at attention. I bought the gas with money borrowed from Dot or Elizabeth (with interest of course).

All of this is sounding terrible but it wasn't. Elizabeth was my beacon. She didn't just light my way, she guided my steps. In her own fashion, Elizabeth of all the women who used me, excepting my Saturday evenings with Annie, gave me the most pleasure. All the time I only wished it were more often, or without the shroud covering me during treatment.

The sweater was silly but I let her have her little joke because it marked me as hers. After several weeks of wearing the sweater, the other students no longer seemed to have time for me which was all to the better because of Elizabeth's projects for me. I'll go into those later.

While I loved Elizabeth more than ever in spite of her being a common whore, she didn't feel the same way toward me. Looking back I can see the steps she took to distance herself from me, after I became as common as she, and would become more common still as time passed.

I knew something was wrong. I couldn't see the problem or acknowledge the fact that it was insoluble. I drove myself to love Elizabeth more, demonstrate my love continually. No wonder she and Dot made fun of me. I was a fine example of the male species.

The only person who understands me for who and what I am is Nancy. I'm triple blessed.

One incident and then we can proceed to the next chapter where things pick up pace a bit. This was on the weekend after my ordeal, the second driving lesson finished on Saturday evening, Jasper took me back to my cabin.

I considered Jasper my friend though we weren't close. After the fuss the girls made over me the previous Sunday none of the men at Sally's were close. They were friendly and that was it.

Cabin B had electricity and after Jasper turned on the light, he checked the stove while I readied myself for the evening.

They'd installed a heavy chain, held by a ring bolted to the wall with a shackle at the other end. The shackle went around my ankle. I could move from the bed to the bedpan and in a semicircle that

covered part of the floor (but not the stove, thus Jasper's ministrations).

I was naked of course since I would be expected to work also this evening. The appointments for my labors were on a chair by the bed – a blindfold I had to put on before she or they, sometimes it was several, came in, the ropes to bind me, and the casket to hold the special tokens Sally had made just for me.

Jasper finished and said to me before leaving, "Your father is one of my best friends. I don't think it is fair that you've supplanted him in Sally's eye. I don't think it is fair that you and your sister have turned this place upside down."

I hadn't expected this. Jasper had always been cordial.

"Put your damned leg out."

I hung my leg off the bed. Jasper locked the shackle around the ankle, taking care not touch me.

"I wouldn't have expected this of a son of Ben's"

The look of utter disgust on his face was new. I've seen it since on others; it's always an awkward moment.

He continued. "I can unlock your chain, you can get dressed, I'll take you north, south, east or west. I'll even give you money, enough to take you anywhere."

"I can't," I said. Partly because of Elizabeth, partly because of Annie's visit in an hour or so. Partly because of the way Miss Nichols' nostrils flared when I walked into her office.

Jasper stood at the door. "You're not a man. You know that. You let them beat you, fuck you, humiliate you; a man wouldn't let anyone do that to them."

It was interesting to watch Jasper. As he talked he rubbed his right hand on his leg. He was earnest but I wasn't sure how different I was from him. He loved Sally, would do anything for her, got to fuck Sally's girls, but barely merited attention from her. He'd do anything for an hour with her, just talking over a meal or in her office. I think he was jealous because she spent the night with me.

"Thank you," I said.

There was a knock and Jasper answered. Nel gave him a note.

I stared in shock. I thought Nel was long gone.

Jasper read the note, put it in his pocket, and said to me, "If I cared, I'd feel sorry for you." He left.

Nel stood in the doorway. "My ass still hurts, motherfucker, fatherfucker, sisterfucker, brotherfucker, guppy fucker, quick catch the dog, it gets fucked too." She slammed the door and I heard the lock click outside.

For the next hour I worried that Annie would bring Nel with her. She didn't.

Chapter Twenty-two

In the spring of 1934, when it was warmer outside, Dot or Elizabeth or both decided that it was time for me to begin working at lunchtime in the ravine, Elizabeth's former spot.

Elizabeth had slowly been cutting back in her daytime activities, except for my treatments, and I wasn't always sure, because of the shroud, if she was the one there. She made up for what income she missed in the day at night at Sally's. Often we didn't get home until early in the morning.

She still thanked me for what I'd given her, allowing her to be free with favors. Sally's was the best thing that she had ever experienced in her whole short life.

I still wonder what happened to Elizabeth, what she's doing now in her middle age. I hope she's happy with the choices she made – the choice that set her on the path to be with me, the choice to do what Dot required in the months we were together, and the choice in the end to leave me and go her own way.

After my morning treatment in the carriage barn Elizabeth was the one to tell me about the change to be instituted. I was exhausted, some treatments were more tiring than others, and sat while Dot rolled up the blanket and shroud.

There were two shrouds now. The old shroud remained in the barn. Dot had made a new shroud of red muslin and that stayed in Cabin B at Sally's. She must have had extra time because she'd embroidered in black letters a single word, "Haven," in the center, just above the hole. Elizabeth sat next to me, wiped her face with her skirt hem. She'd had a workout, too. "You amaze me, Charlie," she said.

"Don't give him a swelled head," Dot said over in the corner.

"I don't know how you hold out."

Dot said from the doorway, "A couple of kicks at the right moment helped, didn't they, brother? You two lock up. I'm going to school."

Elizabeth wiped her crotch with her new skirt. She'd had the skirt for only a week and the whole hem was crusty and stiff. "Charlie?" she said.

I lifted my head, turned to look her in the face. Elizabeth's hair was waved with spit curls now, she wore a blouse and sweater, the sweater the same color of mine but it fit better, carried a purse, everything a

young society girl would have – except for the crusty hem, bare ass which she wasn't afraid to show, and breasts that had gotten much larger and moved freely without a brassiere. I was a very lucky sixteen-year-old, soon to be seventeen – my birthday was in the end of April.

"I'm not going to be working in the ravine anymore at lunch, don't need to. We'll do your treatments then."

There wasn't anything to object to.

"Some of the girls at school have heard about you and expressed an interest. It's only a quarter for five minutes, but that's okay, isn't it?"

Lunch was half an hour. I wondered which girls.

She kissed me. "Poor dear. Too tired to talk." She got up and went to an old workbench covered with clutter. She brought back a parcel covered with shop paper and tied with string. She handed it to me. "You take care of this. Dot made another for you for just at school."

My eyes would be covered, as usual, so I wouldn't see them. "Okay," I said. I'd learned it was best not to question or argue. I was sore enough after the daily canings.

"Let's be late for school," Elizabeth said. She stood and removed her skirt.

"I don't think we'd better." I watched her.

"Oh come on. No one will notice." She had her sweater off.

"They always notice in my case." She was naked in less time than it takes me to untie my shoes. I could see several bite marks on her left breast, from last night at Sally's I supposed. She looked spectacular.

"You always say that." She reached out her hands. She had sex appeal oozing from every pore.

"I'm always right."

You'd think that as a sixteen-year-old who was getting it all the time, who no longer even bothered to count how many times total, much less with who (I often didn't know anyway). You'd think it would have been easy to say no, get up, and get to school on time.

I had detention anyway. I think my infractions pleased Miss Nichols to no end since they reaffirmed her abysmally low opinion of me. But an opportunity of skin on skin sex with Elizabeth, being able to see her and not worry about how fast I came, was impossible to miss. I got my clothes off quickly.

"Lie down," she said.

I was hard before my back hit the floor. I heard a rustle of paper, soon saw Elizabeth stand over me with a black shroud.

"We can break it in," Elizabeth said. Then she flung it over me and in a second she settled on my cock, slowly sliding down, giving a very happy moan. I couldn't see a blessed thing.

Lunchtime was no better. Dressed, lying on the damp ground, my cock sticking free of my pants straight in the air. The black shroud went over me and my world was without sight, solitary and quiet. Elizabeth had gone off to bring the girls down. I wasn't to see them to protect their reputations. They couldn't see me to protect mine, or so Elizabeth said.

Mine was ruined anyway. I think if Elizabeth hadn't been my constant companion half the males in town would have gladly slaughtered me for imagined or real wrongs I'd done them. I saw the looks they gave me, heard the way they talked behind my back so I could understand just a few select words. Women weren't like that about Elizabeth. It was almost as if they appreciated a relief from their husbands' attentions. It wasn't the same in school for the girls but my presence tended to prevent catfights in the hall.

I heard their voices as they came down the hillside; the leaves from last year were noisy, noisier than them. There were giggles. It felt like Elizabeth let them each handle me to see that it was real. I hoped none were virgins.

Most women, and all the girls today, let out a faint gasp or sigh when they settle on me. Each was different from that moment on. Some settled on me and it felt like they did nothing. Others bucked wildly.

I thought about third period today while they used me. I'd be punished severely, on the spot here and later elsewhere, if I forgot myself and was my cock for a few moments and felt what they were doing.

Miss Nichols recently had begun chatting about her childhood. She'd had a very strict father and when he wasn't at home, he was a very successful businessmen, was under the care of a governess who was even stricter and a disciple of physical discipline.

She talked about her rare moments outdoors; most of her childhood had been spent in a very large rambling house. She was uncomfortable now when outside, never took walks, enjoyed the view from the windows at school or at her home. Here I perked up for I wanted to know everything about her home. Where it was, how big it was, if it was decorated like her office.

The first one's time was up, the next got on. When the first one had started there had been laughter and nervous giggles. I knew by now the mechanics of sex and its purpose. I knew I could accidentally impregnate these girls, had possibly impregnated Elizabeth. She'd had three abortions done by Sally.

I wanted to sleep, tired from last night and all the long nights previous.

Miss Nichols had me sniff the daffodils in a vase on her desk. From her yard, she said. I tried to imagine it.

Dad slept downstairs on the couch after a fight with Mom. The twins had to shift for themselves. Dad would have been off to Sally's except she'd given word, somehow, and he knew he wasn't welcome. He resisted the urge to bust me wide open, enjoyed the beer money he got every evening, not enough to do damage, enough to keep him happy. And I expect he'd had Elizabeth. I never asked her, she never said, I never saw them act together in a manner that would suggest such a familiarity. My feelings toward Elizabeth had cooled momentarily but it wasn't hard to come to see sense in the situation.

The daffodils had no smell that I could tell except for green freshness. Miss Nichols' odor filled the room in indescribable ways. I think most noticeable was the scent of her face powder, though when she wore leather I could smell that.

The second one sounded familiar and I wondered if it was the girl who sat next to me at math.

The third and the fourth were a blur of motion. I had to work hard to remember where and who I was.

Who was I? I as the prick women fucked without having to shake the boy's hand or look him in the eye. I was the shadow of a shape under the shroud attached to a cock.

Miss Nichols never touched me when we talked. She still had her moments of outright disdain, sometimes her anger would flare and I could see her knuckles turn white and her lips tighten.

My back felt damp and I wanted to get up when the fourth left me. I think they helped her off. She was weeping and I could hear voices as they talked softly a few feet away.

The fifth settled on me and I knew immediately who it was, but it couldn't be. She wasn't a student. "Annie?" I said aloud.

The cunt stroked my cock, gripped it and shook it as the body above me shook.

"Annie?" I said louder.

“Not yet,” Elizabeth said above me. I felt a toe prod me.

Everyone was silent and I could hear the girl’s fast breathing as she fucked my cock. The cloth of her garment swished against the shroud; there were liquid sounds.

I heard the class bell ring and people leave as I was fucked. “Elizabeth?” I said. There was no answer.

I don’t know how long I was fucked. With Elizabeth and Annie and to a certain extent Sally, I was there when I was fucked. I was taken places I never expected to visit; the sensations were profound, enthralling. There was little enticement to come. I stood alone on a vast beautiful plain, buffeted by a thousand winds. I was rooted to the spot, mouth open, almost unable to breathe because of joy and wonder.

I have no idea how long she went on before she said, “Do it.” It was Annie’s voice. Afterwards I learned she’d assumed my lunchtime sessions, would keep the money for herself.

Miss Nichols could barely contain her fury during detention.

Chapter Twenty-three

Prom night at Sally's was an event before it even started. Special decorations were put up, the barn was lit and a band from the state capitol tuned their instruments.

Obviously not everyone went to the prom at Sally's. The official prom was at the high school, in the gym, with a group of staid townspeople chaperoning. There were no chaperones at Sally's, there was plenty to drink, and for boys without a date, the cabins in back were a welcome relief.

Sally's didn't usually host a prom, but because of Elizabeth and her ties with half, perhaps more, of the males in town and the surrounding region, everyone wanted to help her celebrate.

A private celebration was held in Cabin B, just Dot and I in attendance. With the end of school looming, Dot was graduating. I had summer to look forward to and Dot had plans to keep me busy. Life would have been easier if I'd had to make money pushing a reel mower all day, every boiling hot day, under the harsh sun.

Sisyphus' labors were nothing compared to mine.

Dot's remarks were accentuated with a stroke of her trusty old leather belt. I couldn't have left even if I'd wanted to – my ankle was chained as usual to the wall. In between lashings and my outbursts I could hear excited talk on the walkways, the band begin to play and the noise of cars being driven onto the grass nearby to park. That meant the normal parking area was packed.

"First off, idiot, there'll be some changes made. Some you'll like, some you won't, none of them are anything I want to hear your comments on. Understand?" She was panting over me, the leather belt held limply in her fingers. "Understand?" She gave the belt a swish.

"Yes." I couldn't take my eyes off the belt end.

"First off, there's no reason that you should be available to just women, is there?"

I shook my head. An indeterminable number of girls had used me too.

"And you can't see, so it doesn't make a difference, does it?"

It made a huge difference to me. Dot had settled on a hood over the blindfold several months ago. Sometimes I felt like I couldn't breathe.

"Does it?"

In the long run, no. What I felt wasn't important. That had been dinned into my head some time ago. "No." It did though.

"So don't be surprised if you hear a man's voice or if your backdoor is being used."

"What?"

I got whacked hard. "You heard me. Why not? What do you care?" She stroked my stomach with the belt end. "After all I've done for you."

"I'm sorry." Maybe she was kidding.

"Second item is your summer days spent in idleness." She whisked my belly with the belt. I wanted to grab it, didn't dare. "I bet you thought with school over you'll sit at home or better yet here and do nothing."

"I'll work," I said. I tried to protect myself from the next blow. All she did was swish the belt across my belly.

"Of course you will. We'll set up in the carriage barn and you'll be there unless we get a call." She whacked me. "How will we get a call?"

"I don't know." I was crying.

"I've done so much for you and look at you. Disgusting."

I covered myself. My traitor body. I knew after a whipping Elizabeth would be eager for me. Especially if she did the whipping.

"Well? What do you have to say?"

"I'm sorry." She whacked me several times. "Thank you," I screamed.

"You're welcome," she said. "I wish I didn't have to go through all this to get a thank you. How will we get a call?"

"I don't know."

"Think."

"I am thinking. I don't know."

"Third item is what I've been expecting for some time now." She sat on the bed. "Elizabeth is going to Chicago. She sold her share in you to Nel and Annie."

"No!" I think I screamed that word fifty times.

"Danny. You know Danny, don't you?"

I shook my head, my knuckles in my mouth, teeth biting hard.

"Danny comes through about once a month looking for girls for his place in Chicago. I'm sure you've met him. I know he's seen you,

was quite impressed. But." Dot reached out her foot to kick me. I was in a ball, lying on my side. "But he saw the turmoil you cause here and said she couldn't bring you."

I was quiet through the pause.

"If you weren't such a fuck up I'd have gotten enough from the both of you to set myself up in business in town – open a bakery. I've always wanted to make fancy French patisseries. Bet you didn't know that, did you?"

I shook my head.

"That's because you are a self-centered lout, only interested in planting your cock in as many cunts in a day as you possibly can."

"Nel?" I asked.

"Nel is getting the car and will drive to the barn from here with a message. She's pretty broken up over this, you know. She and Elizabeth had grown quite close."

My eyes couldn't get any shutter.

"Let's see. First item, men. Second item, your new summer job. Third item, Nel and Annie. Annie will be with you during the daytime. I'm too busy to babysit you all the time. Nel and Annie will bring you here in the evenings. You're staying here at night from now on. I get the bedroom all to myself. Annie and Sally can fight over you; I'm not getting involved. I think that's it. Oh." She stood up. "I almost forgot. You owe Sally two hundred and thirty-seven dollars."

"What!"

"I thought you'd try to weasel out of it." She whacked me with the belt until there was a knock on the door.

"Charlie!" I heard when the door opened. I uncurled enough to see Elizabeth in the doorway. She was beautiful.

She came to me, knelt, touched my skin and her eyes widened. She licked her lips, turned to say over her shoulder, "Could I have a moment to say goodbye, Danny?"

"Don't take long."

I shut my eyes, felt her stretch me out and roll me onto my back. I was afraid if I opened my eyes, I'd see him. And he'd be there with a smirk on his face as he watched me like this.

Her cunt slid ever so slowly down my cock and I wished it were skin against skin one more time, her lying across me, us touching all over.

Her use of me was quick and noisy. When she was ready she yelled, "Do it." Her yell changed into a steady scream and I came in her for the last time. We stayed together for a minute and then she climbed off and let her skirt fall.

My eyes were open but too filled with tears to really see anything. She left me; I heard the door close and began to sob. I remembered our first kiss, my first kiss ever.

"Roll over," Nel said.

"What?"

"Here's the belt if you need it," Dot said. "Charlie, you'd better do as she says. I have work to do. Nel, he's to be in one piece when Annie gets here in," there was a pause, "twenty minutes."

Nel was silent.

"Go ahead and whip him," Dot said. "I know how you feel."

I didn't hear the door close because of my shrieks.

I found myself on my hands and knees shuddering, something huge was shoved hard up my butt. It hurt worse than anything. Anything! Worse than Nel's whipping, worse than Elizabeth's leaving, worse than anything.

I dropped my head onto my arms and sobbed as Nel jerked on my cock.

"Come on," she said. "Show me you like it."

"Get it out of me."

"Now you know how I felt, bastard. Doing me that way. Come on. Show me you like it." She jerked hard.

"Owwwww."

"I don't know what anyone sees in you." She slapped my ass. "Make an effort."

I was afraid to move. I knew she was crazy. She wanted to kill me, was doing it now.

"Lie on your back, knees on your chest."

I didn't move quickly enough, she grabbed the grain silo in my ass and shoved it into the next state.

I moved in all directions at once, anything to get away from her. I ended up on my back, knees on my chest, Nel by my side, her fingers on my brow smoothing my hair.

She smiled at me. I noticed one of her front teeth had a big chip missing. "There, there, sweetheart." Her other hand moved the silo in and out of me. She bent to me and we kissed.

I was in incredible pain but her tongue tasted sweet in my mouth. Her tongue was hard and insistent. I opened wider.

Her other hand was on my cock which was still slippery from Elizabeth. I held Nel close to me as we kissed, she lifted up and I held her until I had to let go.

She looked so kindly on me as both hands worked. I was confused. She said, "Do it," and I shot across my stomach and chest. Her hands till worked on me and I felt warm, almost faint.

When I opened my eyes Nel was gone and Annie stood over me. She said, "You fucking bastard," and gave me a kick. I tried to roll away from her; she hit me with the belt. Her eyes glowed the palest blue, so cold it hurt to look at her. "You despicable worm. Because of you I lost Elizabeth." Kicks and belt strokes rained on me. I rolled in a ball and lost everything but the desire to be away. I didn't exist anymore. I was a twitching body without a master.

She quieted and bent close.

There was something that made me say, "No, Miss Nichols. Don't. Please don't."

Annie grabbed my hair and banged my head against the floor. "Don't." Bang. "Ever." Bang. "Mention." Bang. "My." Bang. "Sister's." Bang. "Name." Bang. Bang. Bang.

I remember vomiting and not much else.

Chapter Twenty-four

I don't need to tell everything here, do I? At first I was just a cock, now I was also a hole, used in much the same way Elizabeth had been used.

Oh, how I missed her. Although over the past months we'd grown apart, there was still that immediate closeness born of familiarity and, in our case, surely more. I hadn't lied when I told her I loved her and I don't believe she lied either.

My purpose was gone and I was cast adrift, though still shackled to the wall in Cabin B. Nel, strangely enough, and I became close after that kiss. Annie was a tormentor of body and soul. She enjoyed making her regulars, her lovers as she styled them, jump through hoops for her attention. She didn't care about money. A lover's token bought the same as some casual fuck's. Her lovers were expected to give her more.

She enjoyed orchestrating my treatments so they involved the most abuse and humiliation possible. If she'd led me down Talmudge naked, with a chain around my neck, it would have been no worse. In spite of that, or because of it, I think her obsession with me was at least partly love.

Nel was responsible for the opening of me and teaching me to take something much larger than a grain silo (which turned out to be a short section of broomstick) up my ass. After the first time she used lard which eased the way of the objects she inserted. She was gentle, surprisingly, and I felt a genuine closeness.

Her lovemaking was earthy – strong and overwhelming in its constant and increasing intensity. She wasn't a lady; she was raised on a farm and knew how to handle animals with assurance. She could have cared less about my cock, except to reward me for my increasing acceptance of my state. She and Annie were the only ones I saw. Sally, if she visited, came at night when it was dark. All the others were impressions and experiences that fell back to vagueness in the onslaught of fresh experiences and were almost all quickly forgotten.

See me, if you will, on the floor on my back, the shroud or hood over me, and used for so long and by so many that my continued erection was painful almost beyond enduring. I couldn't come if I'd wanted to.

I wasn't always quiet – there were moments of pain or almost ecstatic bliss that wouldn't permit me to keep my mouth shut. It was a strange form of waiting, I knew not for what, those weeks after Elizabeth left me.

Other times, Annie held my head as my hole was used. She told me how good I was, how beautiful. If anyone spoke, man or woman, I quickly forgot their words. What mattered most was the touch of Annie's fingers and the sensation of anticipatory pain that always proceeded such affaires, where Annie whipped me with various devices, a cane, a crop, or a buggy whip, which was still relatively common in those days. How she loved whipping me.

After Elizabeth left, the last few detentions after school with Miss Nichols were brutal. She almost never spoke, just pointed to where I should stand. I bent over, my pants on the floor, shirt flung up onto my back, and my hands were held behind me by Miss Nichols as she used the cane.

The difference between Miss Nichols' brutality and Annie's was subtle but one I deeply felt. It was as if Miss Nichols wanted to whip Elizabeth back into my life, if she could, and return the both of us to our innocent states. Annie whipped me to expunge the past, to make the present searing pain my only existence.

After the school year was finished, Annie still drove me to town, led me to the ravine in back of the high school and prepared me for a host of schoolgirls and perhaps older women. Dot sometimes met her there and received her share of my earnings, and Annie's since Annie was, after all, my whore. I never, as usual, saw a nickel.

When summer started my days and nights were spent at Sally's except for those interludes in the ravine. When away from the cabin and allowed to dress I still had to wear the sweater, too small and almost unbearably hot in summer. Annie added a brightly colored beanie which I had to wear everywhere I went.

Imagine us walking downtown, in the square, in early evening, an hour before dark, me dressed like a clown and Annie strikingly beautiful in the best clothes she could buy. Annie held my hand tightly in hers and enjoyed engaging passerby in conversations about the weather. Women looked on my face in shock or greed to have me for their own. Men found a need to spit on the ground when I passed. Even the ones who the night before had used my hole cruelly.

I was too tired to despair completely, to try to find a way to end my life. I was already in hell and could only imagine because of my slapdash religious upbringing that the hell I was destined for would be even worse.

Yes, I enjoyed the women who used me. It was a game of mine to force them to submit in whatever manner I had at my disposal, however meager, bound and hooded. I was still the instrument of their pleasure and I could, by subtle movements or not, encourage or end that pleasure.

And yes, my orgasms were deeply felt, not fleeting wisps of feeling. I had too many, more than any seventeen-year-old deserved. And gave too many, though at the time I thought their cries and moans were my vengeance.

Everything ended on June twenty-seventh, a Tuesday, it was afternoon and Annie and Dot had escorted me to an assignment, a private house visit which was becoming more frequent and I believe highly profitable to both. Little did the high society that used me, the high society of a very small town, realize that they were by no means the first on a busy day. They were assured I was clean and believed those assurances. Of course I wasn't by then.

I didn't know the house; it was stone, two stories with a round turret on the corner. There was a street or two of such houses, very far from my parents' at one end of town or Clancy's at the other.

I was led in, made to wait in the parlor, told not to touch anything, and left while arrangements were made upstairs.

The lady's husband wasn't at home and perhaps the housekeeper sent away, though that wasn't always so. I never saw; Annie or Dot, this time it was Dot, hooded me. In this case I was led upstairs, led into a room and made to undress.

Of course it was impossible to wear the hood and to pull off the tight sweater. Sometimes I was made to face the wall, others placed in a closet. At all times I had to keep my eyes closed.

A stage happened next with all its variants. I was "prepared" - fondled, stroked, commented on. I could tell Annie's touch; I believe Dot never touched me. My body was an object of appraisal and the user's desire was amplified by such fondlings, which went as far as fellatio, always with a giggle or a comment.

These women, for all their finery, were no different than any of the others who used me. I was told to lie on my back. Sometimes on the floor, more usually on a soft bed which was unnerving, or a few times was placed in a chair or over a hassock. Sometimes bound, sometimes not. Sometimes the women wanted my tongue first and the hood was drawn back slightly.

This time I was on a bed, my hands tied to each corner, my feet left free. The lady used my cock and I tried to accommodate myself to the

unused softness of the bed with springs. My bed in the cabin had slats under the mattress which was less fatiguing on my back.

The lady had become increasingly frantic and vocal; the bed thumped on the floor which perhaps did more to hide his footsteps than her yelling which by now had dropped to a whimper.

I have no idea where Dot or Annie were in the room when her husband, president of the bank, came in.

I heard his curses and a scream from her. Perhaps he hit her, perhaps a threat alone had drawn the scream. Her cunt left me; there was confusion on the bed. Fighting? I don't know. I think I heard Annie's voice before his fists knocked me senseless.

What I know is from afterward, told to me by Nancy. Annie I never saw again. Dot only once until years later.

Nancy said that they, who they were wasn't clear, wrestled the husband from me, and pulled his hands from my neck. What is best remembered at that moment was the fierceness of my erection and how I never struggled. Perhaps Annie stood and stared as the lady and Dot handled the husband.

Somehow the room was free of the husband; perhaps he was loading his pistol in another room. I was freed, carried out of the house. To carry my unconscious form down the hall, down the stairs, through the house to the door and across the yard to be placed in the car took at least three persons, maybe more.

What I know is that I woke in utter darkness, naked on a hard cot. I woke and went back to sleep again. I knew I was dead.

Chapter Twenty-five

I was in darkness and hurt. I have no idea how long I was in darkness; I often slept. The only breaks to the silence were mechanical noises (the furnace, I know now), and distant sounds that could have been anything. Place an empty can over your ear and you'll hear them. Pops, throbs, the sound of eyelashes meeting. And outside the sounds of the body perhaps an intimation of the mechanism of the universe – slow wheels, a bellows pumping, the crackle of a star being created or dying.

I woke and someone was with me.

"Charlie?"

"Dot?"

"How are you doing?"

I couldn't tell where she was, how far away or close. I knew she wasn't sitting on the cot with me. "Am I blind?"

"It's dark here. That's the way it has to be, Charlie." Her voice became urgent, "None of us expected to have to bring you here just yet and certainly not this way. But we did and you're safe for now."

"Where am I?"

"I can't say. I only have a few minutes. I'm going. I'm supposed to thank you and I guess I do, even if nothing came out right."

"Thank me for what?" I lay on my back on the cot and stared at nothing. It's amazing how many colors darkness has once you've lived in it long enough. How many colors and shapes. "Dot?"

"I'm here." She moved and I could tell she wasn't that close.

I sat up, stood and moved toward the sound of her voice.

"You can't come here, Charlie."

I banged into a metal grill, thick metal bars. "Where am I?"

"Charlie, you're where you belong. Trust me. You're where you were always going to be one day."

"Am I crazy? Where am I?"

"Annie's left town. She's going south to New Orleans. I'm leaving in a few minutes but I'm not to tell you where I'm going. Elizabeth is in Chicago and Annie will be in New Orleans, for a while at least, if you want to find them. Mom and Dad are okay. The house is paid off

and there's a little money in the bank. They have the car, too, now. You can't remain in town if you ever decide to not stay here."

I sat on the floor because I was dizzy. My head pressed against the bars. "What's happening?"

"You'll find out, Charlie. Just don't do anything stupid, okay?" I could hear her move away in the dark. "We all love you." I heard a door close.

Nothing made sense. Nothing at all. Who was we? Where was I? Who was I?

I eventually go up and returned to my cot. I was naked; it was too cool to be away from the light covers for long. Who was I?

Is a person what they do or what is done to them? If so, I no longer existed. Is a person the thoughts in their head? If so, I was a string of memories and nothing else.

I was surprised at how strong my memories of Annie were. Before, it was easiest to remember her most recent whipping, a degrading comment, or how I felt when she touched me. But now what I remembered was the best cunt east of the Mississippi and her pale-eyed stare. They were mixed up with Elizabeth who I was beginning to realize left me long before she went to Chicago. My memories of her warmth, her skin and her every dedication to my treatments were overlaid by more recent events.

I wondered, and wonder still, what part Nel would have had. Was Annie eventually to have been supplanted by Nel and would Nel have been supplanted by another? I was beginning to understand a little better Sally's sadness. She was a bystander only and knew it, able to watch, but not be a signpost in my life. I've never been told about Nel's place in the scheme of things, but I suspect it was important.

Food was slid through a small flap in the wall. Sometimes I'd wake to the sound of the flap closing. Sometimes I'd hear the food arrive. The meals were nourishing, not fancy, and not what I would have chosen on my own.

There was a toilet in a corner of the small room, three walls and the cell door. It was impossible to clean myself – there was no water or towels. I grew accustomed to the sensation.

There was precious little to do except remember. For some reason my cock never grew hard in spite of my memories. I'd been in an increasingly sexualized universe and was abruptly thrust out. Memories and boredom couldn't resurrect my lost existence.

How many days? I didn't try to count. I had no ways to count the days.

My solitude came to an end and my life began, totally; all that had gone before was just an attempt to live, a shadow or mimicking of true life.

My life began with the sound of a door opening and footsteps. I could hear the rustle of cloth. A chair scraped and silence enfolded me again. They moved with surety in the darkness; I had to feel about and bump into things.

There was no sound and after some time I asked, "Who is it?"

There was no answer. After a bit the chair scraped and they left me. The door closed and I was utterly alone.

I anticipated the next visit with excitement. Surely they'd come again. Perhaps we'd talk. Perhaps they'd turn on a light. Perhaps I could leave.

When they did come again, a day later? I have no way of knowing, I stood at the cell door and watched in the direction I thought they were. They sat in silence and eventually left. I stood holding the bars; the cold metal pressed into my skin and against my erection. I dared not touch myself and break the spell.

Memory still existed but it was overlaid with eager anticipation.

Day after day the visitor sat; day after day I pressed myself against my bars. A week, two weeks, I'll never know, after the first visit, the person spoke and a thrill went down my spine and I almost said her name.

"Perhaps you remember this passage from The Charterhouse of Parma, when Clélia speaks to Fabrizio at night because she could never look on his face. Listen: "It is I who have come here to tell you I love you, and to ask if you are willing to obey me."

I tried to speak.

"Silence." She got up and approached me. So close I could smell her.

"The only word you may say is either yes or no. A word more and you'll be cast out." She was quiet.

I held my bars and pressed against them not thinking of her possible reaction to my nakedness or my state.

"Yes or no. If no, you will be taken from here, north or south as you decide. My sister awaits you in New Orleans. Elizabeth awaits you in Chicago. Or not. There are no promises, life is fickle and you have grown used to expecting too much.

"If yes," she stopped. "There are no promises there either. Life is fickle and you have grown used to expecting too much. There will be darkness and silence and unlike Clélia and Fabrizio our love will not." She stopped. "Is this bearable for you? You may answer."

"Yes."

"Only this? Nothing more? Ever?"

"I'm not sure."

She stepped closer; I felt her fingers on my face. "Dear child." Her hand struck my cock.

I jumped back from the cell door.

"Our love will not take the avenues you are accustomed to. Come here."

I approached the cell door slowly.

"Closer."

I pressed against the cell door, found tears running down my cheeks.

We both were quiet; eventually she went back to her chair. "You may not speak again except to say yes or no. Don't answer now."

Her scent lingered for minutes before slowly becoming a memory.

"It would be all too easy for me to devour you, leave only a husk, pliant to my will, but I want more. It would be easy to fall sway to your very visible allure, give in utterly, pliant to your will, but I want more. If you say yes, we'll try a third way which may destroy either or both of us. If you say no we are saved. Me to continue to live a mediocre life. You to squander yourself." She stood. "Answer me tomorrow."

"Yes," I said.

She rushed to the cage, reached through the gate and pulled my face into the bars. "I require absolute obedience." She pulled harder and the bars ground into my forehead. "Obedience." She let go. "I could kill you. Are you willing to give up all hope and desire?" She walked away, shut the door.

I sat on the cot, my head in my hands. I had no hope or desire to sacrifice. I was empty, nothing.

The next day the door opened, she sat in the chair. I waited for her to speak. When she didn't, I waited for some sign. It felt like hours. I was pressed against the cell door, my cock like a lodestone pointing to the most important degree of its compass.

She sighed, stood and walked away.

"Yes," I said.

She stopped, said, "I hope that in all the ways I act, my love for you is always evident." She closed the door behind her.

I held the cell bars until I could stand no longer. I sat on my cot and waited.

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